













# The Bookman



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# The Bookman



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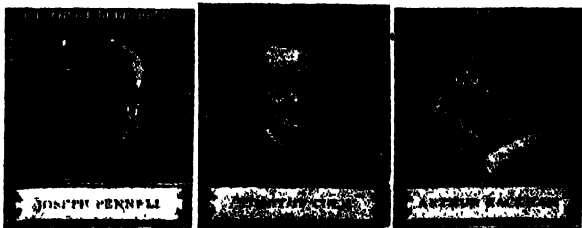
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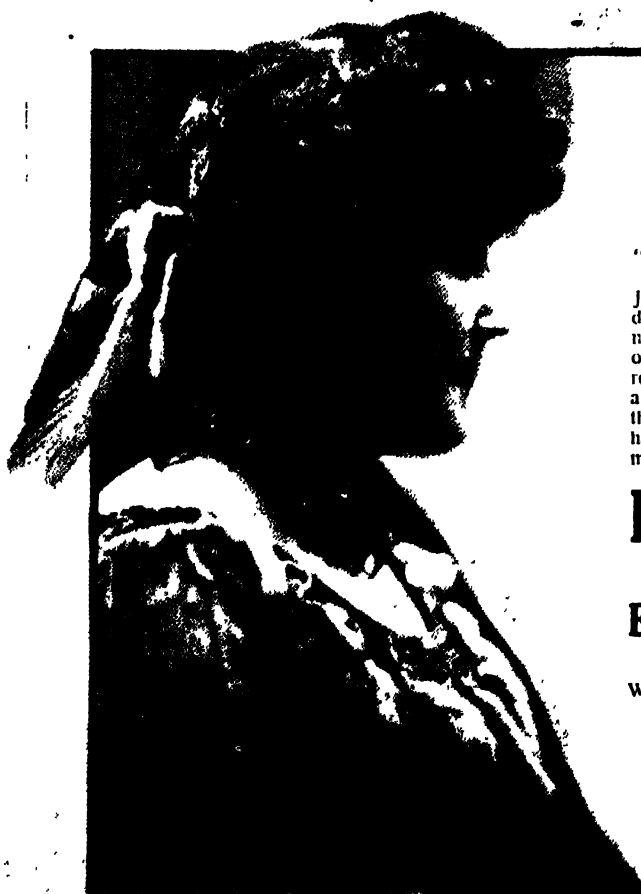
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## NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

## News Notes.

We had intended printing some of the letters we have received from all parts of the British Isles complimenting and congratulating us on the BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS NUMBER, but these are so numerous and so unanimously eulogistic—one reader declares it is honestly worth a guinea; another would sooner have gone without all the other Christmas Numbers he has seen this year than have missed the Christmas BOOKMAN; and so in various terms the same high praise is given—that we have decided to thank all such readers collectively and assure them we very greatly appreciate all the kind things they have written of us.

Mr. Heinemann has published a new edition of Mr. Zangwill's striking play, "The New Religion," for which the author has written a preface.

Under the title of "Pages Assembled," Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing this month a volume of selections from the books (some hitherto only privately printed) of Sir Frederick Wedmore.

Mr. George Edgar, whose story of the Prize Ring, "The Blue Bird's-Eye," was one of the most

successful books of last year, has just completed his second novel, "Swift Nick of the York Road." It is a highwayman romance, and will be published this spring by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

We mentioned last month that "Tide Marks," the new novel by Margaret Westrup (Mrs. Margaret Stacey), was to be published immediately. Its publication has, we understand, been now fixed for next autumn.

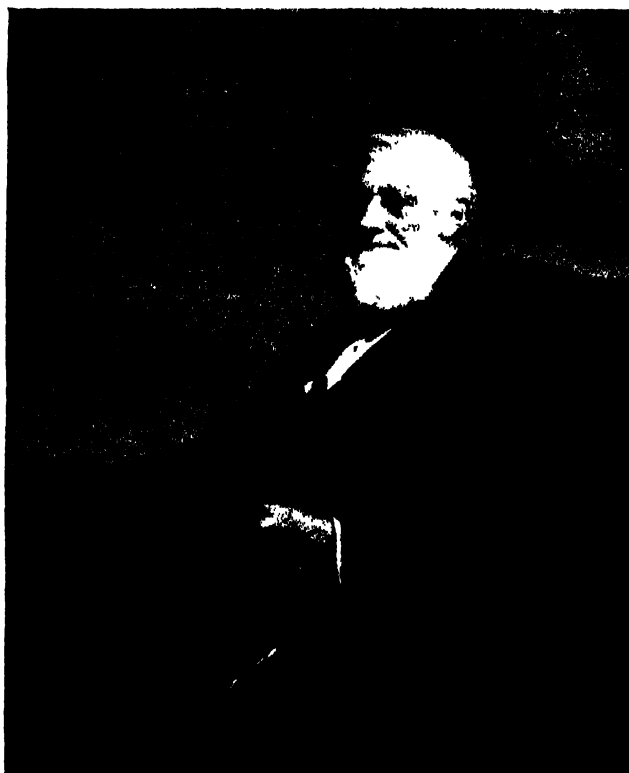
This month brings us to the Centenary of Sir Isaac Pitman, who was born at Trowbridge on January 4th, 1813, and arrangements have been made for what can be literally described as a world-wide celebration of the event. When the project was mooted a few months ago it was taken up with enthusiasm, and a large and influential Committee was soon formed, with Sir Thomas Crosby (himself for many years a writer of the Pitman system) as President. There are to be important gatherings in London, Bath and New York, and a large number of other meetings in honour of Sir Isaac are to take place in various parts of Great Britain, the United States, Australia, India and Ceylon. Eminent Continental stenographers have intimated their intention to be present at the principal British celebrations. To say nothing of the Continent, "Pitman's Shorthand" is known and used wherever the English language is spoken, and its writers are to be found in all classes of society. Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the

new President of the United States, is proud of the fact that he is one of them. There are many eminent medical men, who for years past have kept all their records in the Pitman shorthand, and equally eminent K.C.'s who make extensive use of the same accomplishment for professional purposes. What journalism owes to it everybody knows. It has been adapted into twenty different languages, including French, German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Welsh, Latin, Chinese, Japanese and Hindustani.

"Sir Isaac Pitman was trained with a view to his becoming a schoolmaster," says Mr. Edward A. Cope, the energetic Hon. Secretary of the Pitman Centenary Celebration, "and was entered at the Borough Road Training College of the British and Foreign School Society. An old system of shorthand that came under his notice fascinated him; realising its possibilities as a means of saving time, he adapted it with the idea of teaching it to others, submitted it to a publishing firm, was recommended to invent a new system, took the advice, and ultimately produced his own shorthand in 1837. It was based on the principle of disregarding entirely the conventional spelling and employing symbols to represent sounds. For that reason he styled it "Stenographic Shorthand," a title abandoned later in favour of "Phonography." It was a crude method at first, but it underwent much revision in subsequent years and developed into the practical system now so well known. It was propagated in its early days by a remarkable crusade, undertaken by its inventor, several of his brothers, and a few ardent disciples whom he had infected with his own enthusiasm. Large meetings were held throughout the kingdom; lectures were given, and classes started. The movement was mixed up with a Spelling Reform agitation and provoked a good deal of opposition. But the shorthand spread and got into use. Its inventor lived to see it recognised as the English stenography. His admirers presented

him with his bust by Brock in 1887, when the Jubilee of the system was celebrated. On the recommendation of Lord Rosebery he was knighted in 1894. Three years later he died. A Memorial Portrait, the cost of which was defrayed by writers of the system, was presented to the National Portrait Gallery; a Memorial Window was set up in the church at Bath which he had habitually attended; and a Tablet has been placed by the Corporation of Bath on the house in Royal Crescent in which he lived for many years." It is enough to say in his praise that all the honours bestowed upon him were well earned. Any one wishing for further information concerning the Centenary Celebrations should communicate at once with the Hon. Secretary, Mr.

Edward A. Cope, Avoca, Selsdon Road, South Croydon, Surrey.



Sir Isaac Pitman.

From the memorial portrait by A. S. Cope, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving (Miss Mabel Hackney) have arranged to dramatize Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's charming novel, "Little Thank You." Mrs. O'Connor modelled "Jimps," the dog of her story, upon "Mop," the wonderful fox-terrier who has already appeared on the stage, acting a "star" part specially written for him by his master, Mr. Laurence Irving.

"Red Harvest" is the title Mr. Newman Flower has given to his first novel, which is to be issued this month by Messrs. Cassell. It is a romance based upon the events that led up to the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Servia nine years ago, and its scenes are laid in London, Paris and Belgrade. Mr. Flower has an interesting story of how his novel came to be written. Not long since he met a man in Paris who had been associated with the assassination, and he told a remarkable story, which Mr. Flower resolved to re-tell in the form of fiction, and "Red Harvest" is the result. Mr. Flower is well known among the Society of Dorsetmen as a keen student of Thomas Hardy, and better known to the rest of us as editor of those popular monthlies—*The Story-Teller* and



*Photo by Eug. Peron, Paris.*

**Joseph Turquan,**  
whose new book, "A Great Coquette: Madame Recamier and Her Salon,"  
Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing this Spring.

*Cassell's Magazine of Fiction.* "I remember very gratefully," he says, "the first advice given to me by a former Cassell editor, Mr. Max Pemberton, who told me the only sound recipe for writing a story was: 'First have your story to tell—then tell it.'" He adds that in his capacity of editor he has always based on this maxim his judgment of stories submitted to him. With what success he has applied it to the writing of his own first novel we shall know when we come to read it.

Mr. Irwin S. Cobb, whose "Back Home" has been published by Mr. Heinemann, is described by an American critic as a blend of Mark Twain, O. Henry and Edgar Allan Poe at their best. He was born in Kentucky in 1876, and has been a hard-working journalist since he was in his teens. At the age of nineteen he was "the youngest managing editor of a daily paper in the United States," and went from editing the *Paducah Daily News* to join the *New York Evening Sun*, then to the *Evening World*. But one time and another he seems to have done work for half the principal papers of New York. His first



**Miss Lillian Street,**  
whose new book, "Jim and the Squire," is  
published by Messrs. Putnam.

short story, "The Escape of Mr. Trim," appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is a story of the delightfully irresponsibly humorous kind, for humour is Mr. Cobb's predominating quality, but like all true humorists he has a fine sense of the grim, the gruesome and the terrible, and for sheer grimness and uncanny horror it would be difficult to equal outside the pages of Poe such of his stories as "Fish-head," "The Belled Buzzard" and "An Occurrence up a Side Street." In the course of a lecture at Columbia College, Mr. Gelett Burgess spoke of Mr. Cobb as "one of the ten great American humorists"; but the American writer, Mr. Robert H. Davis, says with reference to this that "Cobb ought to demand a recount—there are not ten humorists in the world, but Cobb is one of them." It is Mr. Davis who also says, "the extraordinary thing about Cobb is that he can turn a burst of laughter into a funeral oration,



**Mrs. W. S. Jackson,**

who has translated two of the latest volumes in Mr. John Lane's collected edition of Anatole France

a snicker into a shudder, and a smile into a crime. He writes in octaves, striking all the chords of humour, tragedy, pathos and romance with either hand. Observe this man in his thirty-sixth year, possessing gifts the limitations of which even he himself has not yet recognised." Ten of his strongest and most characteristic stories are included in "Back Home."

Mr. Wilfrid Jackson, whose book of essays, "Cross Views" was published the other day by Mr. John Lane, is a barrister and was called at Lincoln's Inn in 1894. He is, moreover, a nephew of Mr. Alfred Austin's. He is the author, as most of us will remember, of three delightfully humorous novels, "Nine Points of the Law," "Helen of Troy, N.Y." and "Trial by Marriage," which were also published by Mr. Lane; he has written on Caricature and French and English Draughtsmen in the *Nineteenth Century*, and is an occasional contributor of verse and prose to the *Bystander*, the *Taller*, and other papers. Mr. Jackson's wife, too, has done good work in literature, and recently translated "At the Sign of the Reine Pedanque," and "Jerome Coignard," for Mr. Lane's collected edition of Anatole France's works.

It is now an open secret that the successful novel, "The Odd Man" by Arnold Holcombe, published some two years ago by Mr. John Lane, was the work of Mr. Arnold Golsworthy (The "Jingle" of the *Bystander*). Readers who enjoyed that hilarious story of village life will be pleased to hear that Mr. Golsworthy has completed a new novel, "The Little World," which will be published this month by Messrs. George Allen & Co. He has chosen a theme that lends itself well to his keenly satirical, genially philosophical outlook on life. It is a dramatic story that develops out of the lives of typical residents in a London suburb to whom a few obscure streets with high-sounding names form a little world of their own.

In his admirable series of character sketches, "Prophets, Priests and Kings" (Alston Rivers), Mr. A. G. Gardiner included a brilliant study of Lord Morley, in which he describes him as "the only 'double first' of his time. He is perhaps the only double first since Burke. Other men have won distinction in more than one field. Canning wrote verse. Disraeli wrote novels. Macaulay was an orator as well as an historian. Gladstone discussed Homer as vehemently as he discussed Home



**Mr. W. S. Jackson,**

From a drawing by himself.

Rule. . . . But of none of these can it be said that he was in the front rank alike of literature and of statesmanship. It may with reserve be said of Lord Morley." Passing to a subtle analysis of Lord Morley's character, Mr. Gardiner says: "In the deep-set, contemplative eye and indeterminate chin of Lord Morley you see the man who inspires others to lofty purpose rather than the man of action. In his study, alone with the past or the present, he hitches his wagon to a star and rides away into the serene. In a set speech, face to face with a great issue, he sounds a note of moral greatness, clear and pure, that is heard from no other lips. . . . He has often been on the losing side; sometimes perhaps on the wrong side: never on the side of wrong. . . . There is about him a sense of the splendid austerity of truth—cold but exhilarating. It is not merely that he does not lie. There are

some other politicians of whom that may be said. It is that he does not trifle with truth. . . . He brings to the consideration of politics that historic sense which is the most rare and valuable element in contemporary criticism. He seems aloof from the dust and heat of the conflict, watching the unfolding of a new chapter in the eternal drama of things, and making his comments, not in the spirit of one of the actors, but with the cold detachment of the Greek chorus. The alarms and excursions of politics, its subtleties and stratagems, do not appeal to him. . . . His true place is with Burke on the back benches, applying the test of eternal principle to the momentary task, rather than with Walpole on the Treasury bench, seeking to make principles bend to the necessities of occasion." Our photograph of Lord Morley on page 203 is one of the portraits that illustrate Mr. Gardiner's book.

## The Booksellers' Diary.

### LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

January 1st to February 1st, 1913.

#### Messrs. A. & C. Black.

- BURNETT, JAMES, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P. (Edin.)—Handbook of Medical Treatment 3s. 6d. net.  
 BURNETT, JAMES, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P. (Edin.)—The Pocket Clinical Guide. 1s. 6d. net.  
 BURNETT, JAMES, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P. (Edin.)—The Pocket Prescriber. Third Edition. 1s. net.  
 CHARLES, REV. R. H.—A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life in Israel, in Judaism, and in Christianity, or, Hebrew, Jewish, and Christian Eschatology from pre-Prophetic Times till the Close of the New Testament Canon (The Jowett Lectures for 1898-99). New Edition. 10s. 6d. net.  
 HEADLAM, CECIL—France (Making of the Nations). Containing 32 full-page Illustrations from Photographs. 7s. 6d. net.  
 ROBERTSON, W. G., AITCHISON, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.P., F.R.S.E.—Manual of Medical Jurisprudence, Toxicology, and Public Health. Second Edition. With 19 Illustrations. 6s. net.

#### Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons.

- HARBOUR, G. F., D.Phil.—The Ethical Approach to Therms. 1s. net.  
 CUSTANCE, ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD N., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.V.O.—The Ship of the Line in Battle. With Diagrams.  
 MEKZEL, THEODORE, Ph.D., D.C.L., LL.D.—A History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century. Vol. III. 15s. net.  
 PAGE, ARTHUR (Barrister at Law)—Conservative Principles and Modern Problems. 5s. net.  
 THEOBALD, F. V., M.A. (Cam.)—A Text Book of Agricultural Zoology. New Edition. 8s. 6d.

#### Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

- ARNOLD FORSLER, RT. HON. H. O.—History of England. New Edition. 5s.  
 ARNOLD FORSLER, RT. HON. H. O.—Civil Service Guide. New Edition. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net.  
 BRIGHTMORE, PROFESSOR A. W., D.Sc., M.I.C.E.—Structural Engineering. 10s. 6d. net.  
 CHESTERTON, G. K.—Father Brown. 1s. net.  
 FLOWER, NEWMAN—Red Harvest. 6s.  
 HAGGARD, H. RIDGER—Child of Storm. 6s.  
 HAGGARD, H. RIDGER—The Yellow God. 1s. net.  
 MARSH, RICHARD—A Master of Deceit. 6s.

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 CROUCH, W. WALTER—Charles Dickens and Social Reform. 4s. net.  
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 HAMMOND, FRANCES—Let them Say! 6s.  
 JAMES, WINIFRED—The Mulberry Tree. 7s. 6d. net.  
 JONES, HENRY ARTHUR—Principles of the Modern Drama. 7s. 6d. net.  
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"Brenda."

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# THE READER.

## LORD MORLEY AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

BY ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH.

IT cannot be truly said of Lord Morley that he is known only as a man of letters among politicians, and as a mere politician among men of letters. He has pure art and fame in each sphere. No statesman has great rank in the realm of literature; no writer austere except Disraeli, has risen higher in the service to literature. Voltaire "is supposed to have hinted to Marshal Fleury that to have written epic and drama should disqualify a man for serving his king and country on the busy fields of affairs," and according to Lord Morley, indeed, Burke like some other men in our history "showed that books are a better preparation for statesmanship than early training in the subordinate posts and among the permanent officials of a public department." On the other hand he has said in his essay on Vanvenargues that "for sober, healthy and robust judgment on human nature and life, active and sympathetic contact with men in the transaction of the many affairs of their daily life is a better preparation than any amount of wholly meditative seclusion." In his own case, while winning in each domain an independent success, the one career has made him fitter for the other; we have seen the author of a score of volumes acting with distinction as Secretary of State for India, and carrying the Parliament Act through the House of Lords, and we have seen the practical politician embodying his personal experience of statecraft in his books, and especially in the "Life of Gladstone."

Sir Algernon West has quoted Lord Morley as saying, many years ago, "I wonder if I should not have been happier writing obscure philosophical works, which nobody would read, on the Hog's Back, than leading a

political life." This, we may be sure, was not an abiding feeling on his part. He has observed that a French philosopher rated literature, "as it ought to be rated," below action, and he has personally shown a high ambition in the political world and a noble pride in the position of ruler and leader. "Most literature, nearly all literature," he writes apropos of Turgot, "is distinctly subordinate and secondary; it only serves to pass the time of the learned or cultured class, without making any definite mark either on the mental habits of men and women, or on the institutions under which they live. Compared with such literature as this, the work of an administrator who makes life materially easier and more helpful to the half-million of persons living in the Generality of Limoges or elsewhere must be pronounced emphatically the worthier and more justly satisfactory." In the case of almost every literary man who enters Parliament, regret is expressed at his giving up to party

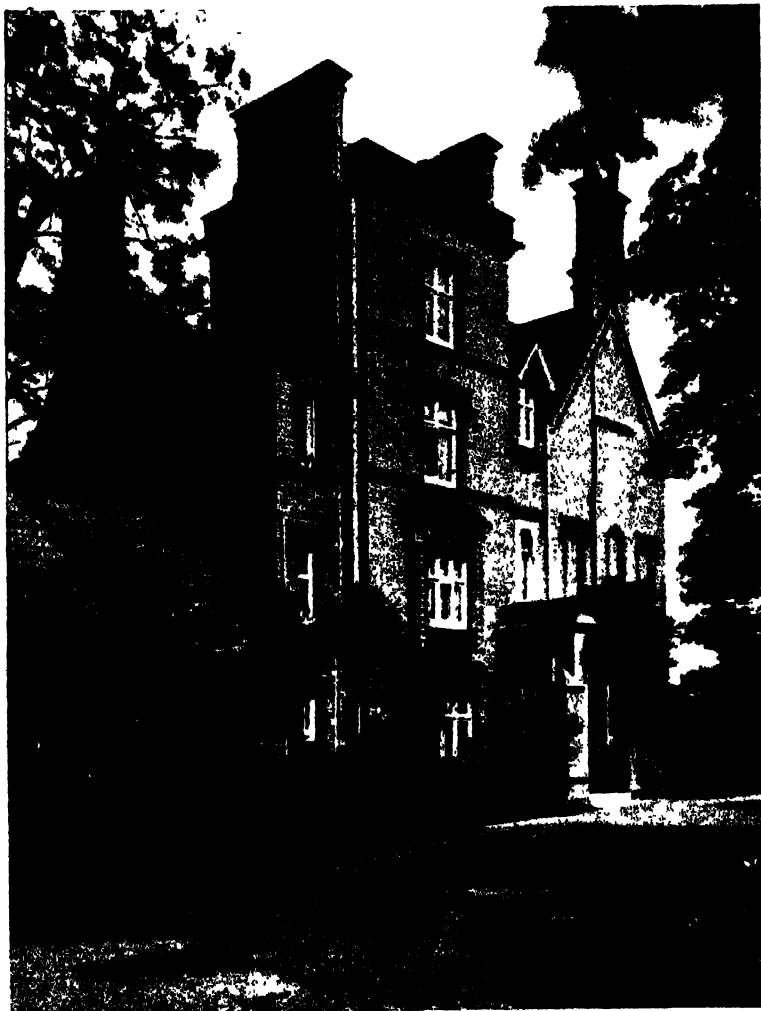
what was meant for mankind, but regret, as a rule, comes from opponents of the party to which he has devoted his talents. There is no reason to believe that the man of letters who, as Secretary of State, was responsible for the enlargement of the liberties of the Indian people, regrets the fact that for thirty years of his life politics and Parties have occupied a very large portion of his time. On account of these occupations, it is true, we have been deprived of the book which he intended to write on Chatham. How much else has been lost to literature we know not. We must judge Lord Morley by what is and not by what might have been.

Born at Blackburn on Christmas Eve, 1838, the son of a surgeon, John Morley passed the early years of his



Photo by Haynes.

Uttarpara Jai-Vishna Public Library, Lord Morley.  
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Lord Morley's House at Wimbledon.

life in his native town. He was still very young when he went up from Cheltenham College to Lincoln College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1859. In his Oxford days, as he has recorded, "the star of Newman had set and the sun of Mill had risen in its stead." "Two men have made me"—he said late in life—"John Stuart Mill and Mr. Gladstone." The influence of the Liberal leader concerned the second stage of his career. His early debt to the philosopher was acknowledged fully by the grateful "pupil," who held in affectionate remembrance Mill's "wisdom and goodness, his rare union of moral ardour with a calm and settled mind." Burke and Wordsworth, Goethe and Emerson, were among the teachers who influenced him through the printed word; for a time he felt the spell also of Carlyle, and he owed much in his walk through life to the companionship

of George Meredith. On leaving Oxford he had a considerable struggle to secure his footing as a man of letters. He combined tutorial work with journalism, taking a mastership at a school at Charlton in Kent. His literary apprenticeship was served under the Rev. Frederick Arnold on the *Literary Gazette*, the title of which was subsequently altered to the *Parthenon*, and he himself became its editor before he was twenty-five. One of his Oxford friends, Mr. Cotter Morison, had married a daughter of Mr. Virtue, the publisher, who was the proprietor of the *Gazette*.

Early in the 'sixties, middle articles in the *Saturday Review* contributed by the young writer who became a Viscount in 1908, were attracting attention, and a selection of these formed his first volume, published without his name, under the title "Modern Characteristics," in 1865. Some of his sayings may be quoted to illustrate his suggestiveness. In an essay on "False Steps," the young man remarks that "probably about the most fatal blunder that anybody can perpetrate is a bad marriage; and, moreover, of all blunders this is the commonest." Again, in "Clever Men's Wives," he declares: "No wife is perfect who cannot be a severe critic upon occasion." Discussing "Minor Tribulations," he says: "If a man tells you that he likes the flavour of Gladstone claret as well as that of Lafitte, or Cape as well as Port, or a bad dinner as well as a good one, you know at once that he is talking only for the sake of some imaginary effect; and you not only scout his execrable philosophy but entirely disbelieve in his sincerity." On "Philosophers and Politicians," he gives a hint of his own ambition by saying: "Some

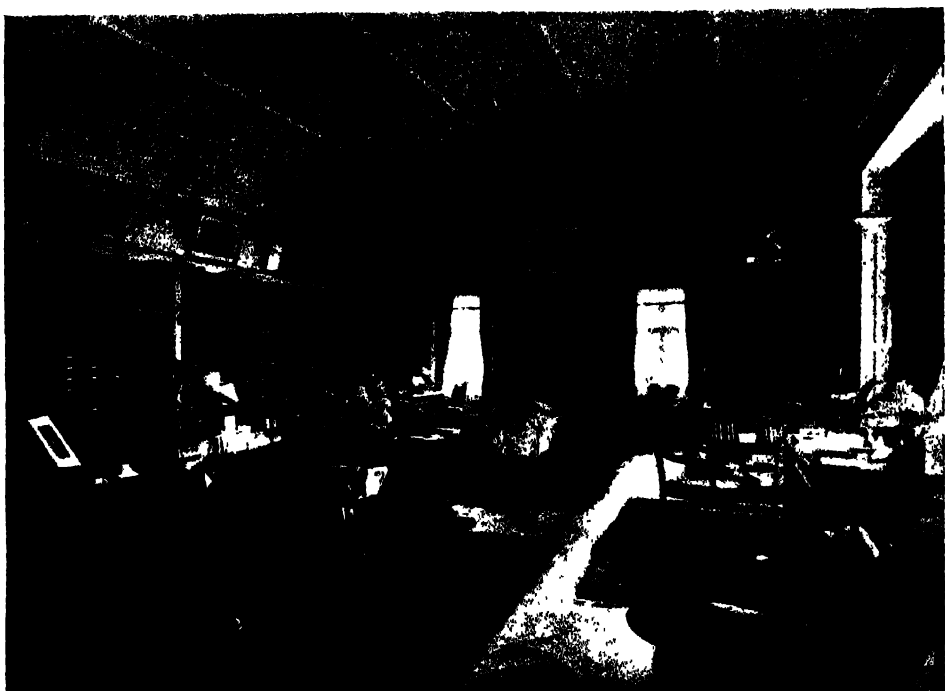


Photo by Haines.

Lord Morley's Library at Wimbledon.



men would rather have been the author of 'Hamlet' or the Principia, than have held the highest authority in the State, but they are very often just the men of the smallest intellectual calibre and least likely to erect one of these intellectual monuments more lasting than brass." Perhaps he was thinking of himself when he saw "no good reason why the hopes of a political career should stand in the way of what might be an extremely useful literary career."

It was due largely to the influence of Mr. Cotter Morison, who was one of the founders of the *Fortnightly Review*, that Lord Morley succeeded Lewes as its editor in 1867. For a short time he edited also the expiring *Morning Star*, a Radical paper which enjoyed the assistance and patronage of Mr. John Bright. Lord Morley's literary and political power really dates from the time when he assumed the control of the *Fortnightly*. Believing in an open mind as the true secret of wisdom, he made his review the organ and instrument of all that tended to progress and freedom. A certain dissent from received theologies, as the editor noted, was found in company with new ideas of social and political reform. Mr. Harrison wrote in its pages his powerful defence of Trades Unions; it contained Mr. Huxley's memorable paper on the Physical Basis of Life; and Mr. Chamberlain, the rising Radical leader, contributed to it the most pungent articles he ever penned. In a single number we find a criticism by Mr. Chamberlain on the Liberal programme, a review by Mr. Leslie Stephen of Disraeli's novels, an article by the editor on a recent work on supernatural religion and chapters of "Beauchamp's Career." The contributors included Bagehot and Freeman, Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, Swinburne, William Morris and the Rossettis.

The contents of several of Lord Morley's books appeared first in the *Fortnightly* and there were, of course, from his pen contributions of a more polemical character. One volume of the *Review* includes not only his articles on Mr. Pater's essays and the death of Mr. Mill, but another entitled "The Five Gas Stokers." This, which appeared in January, 1873, was a vigorous protest against a heavy sentence on men for conspiring to break the Masters and Servants Act, and the writer scornfully remarks that "the public, whose gross fury may be supposed to have made the judge bold, has retired with sullen half-ashamed satisfaction to the enjoyment of the luxuries with which it commemorates the birth of the divine communist." Lord Morley, who had been an

unsuccessful candidate at Blackburn in 1869, was as biting as Mr. Chamberlain in his criticism of the Liberal authors of the Education Act of 1870, which caused so much disappointment to dissenters. The system of signed articles introduced by Mr. Lewes was maintained, although not inflexibly, by his successor, and in the valedictory article which he wrote in 1882, reviewing his fifteen or sixteen years editorship, he held that it had on the whole been justified. He claimed, too, that reviews, of which his own was the first English type, had brought abstract discussion from the library down to the parlour, and from the serious student down to the first man in the street.

Many volumes, the result of close research and sustained thought, came from Lord Morley in the years of his editorship of the *Fortnightly*. His "Modern Characteristics" was followed in 1867 by his first book on Edmund Burke, and in quick succession by his biographies of Voltaire (1872), and Rousseau (1873), by his volume "On Compromise" (1874), by "Miscellanies" (1871-77), by his "Burke" (1878), in the English Men of Letters series, which he edited, by "Diderot and the Encyclopædists" (1878), and by "The Life of Richard Cobden" (1881), which brings us to within a year or two of his election to the House of Commons. "On Compromise" was described by Mr. George McLean Harper, in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* as the moral portrait of the author. It is, to quote Lord Morley's own words, a vindication of the simple right of living one's life honestly. With a fine, persuasive temper he develops the doctrine that a man



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Lord Morley in 1886.

is answerable at his own peril for having found or lost the truth. He pours irony on creatures of the conventions of the hour, and on such, for instance, as those who, while not believing in hell, think hell a useful fiction for the lower classes. The "possible utility of error" is discussed by him tearlessly and yet considerably. It may be supposed that high political position proved embarrassing to one whose sense of responsibility was so keen as that of the author who, in the book "On Compromise," wrote scornfully of "the education of chiefs by followers, and of followers by chiefs, into the abandonment in a month of the traditions of centuries or the principles of a lifetime," but whether his opinion of the House of Commons view of human life was modified or not we may be sure he maintained, as far as possible, his own intellectual integrity.

A splendid service was done by Lord Morley in his

series of studies of the intellectual precursors of the French Revolution. To him the ordinary English reader is indebted for much of what he knows concerning Voltaire, "the very eye of eighteenth century illumination," concerning Rousseau in whom, "polite Europe first hearkened to strange voices, and faint reverberation from out of the vague and cavernous shadow in which the common people move," and concerning Diderot and the Encyclopaedists who sowed the seed of all the great improvements bestowed on France by the Revolution. Not only does the author assist us to understand the teaching of those illustrious thinkers, but he gives us an interest in the men themselves. His portrait of Rousseau, that "master example of sensibility," has a sustained attraction even to the simplest student, and it contains many of those suggestive *obiter dicta* which contribute to the charm of Lord Morley's style. For instance he notes: "There are men, famous or obscure, whose lives might be divided into a number of epochs, each defined and presided over by the influence of a woman." He refers to "that intractable emptiness of pocket which is the iron key to many a deed of ingenuous looking self-denial and Spartan virtue." And he points out that, "one side of character is obviously tested by the way in which a man bears himself in his relations with those of greater social consideration." To his volumes on Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot, Lord Morley adds a series of essays on Vauvenargues, the

moralist and composer of aphorisms; Turgot, "perhaps the one sane Frenchman of the first eminence in the eighteenth century"; Condorcet, whose creed embraced a passionate belief in the infinite perfectibility of human nature; and Joseph de Maistre, the champion of revived Catholicism.



Photo by Elliott &amp; Fry

Lord Morley in 1890.

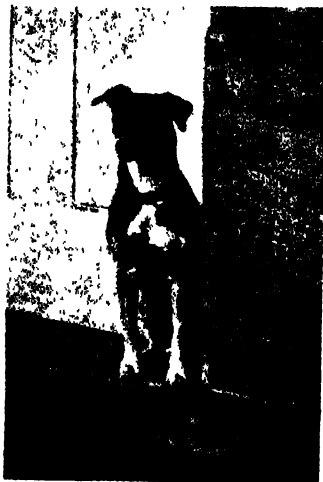
His studies of English statesmen, Burke, Cobden, Walpole, Cromwell and Gladstone—to give them in the order of publication—cover types which are widely diverse and yet each of which, in part at least, appealed to his sympathy. The first of his books on Burke, in 1867, was a historical study, almost entirely critical; his second, eleven years later, in the English Men of Letters series, was rather biographical, and has proved one of the most enjoyable and successful of his volumes. There are no men whom Lord Morley more frequently mentions than Turgot and Burke. The Frenchman appeals to him as "one of those to whom good government is a religion," and he shares Burke's passion for an ordered liberty. More than once he has quoted the great Whig's declaration: "I flatter myself that I love a manly, moral, regulated liberty." "The liberty, the only liberty I mean, is a liberty connected with order."

He showed during his Indian Secretaryship, how he accepted this doctrine, and although Burke was not, in his opinion, always on the right side, it is possible, as he holds, to be in the wrong with humanity and breadth, and he would very gladly have been in Burke's company at almost all times, whether talking with Samuel Johnson, in the literary circle or acting with Rockingham. In Richard Cobden also he found a congenial champion of wise, just and sedate government, and the two volumes published in 1881, give a graphic, faithful, instructive record of the man who played so great a part in the Free Trade movement, and who had been much misunderstood.

Sedateness was aimed at by Lord Morley in journalism no less than in government. "No dithyrambs, *s'il vous plaît*," he



Photo by Haines.



Lord Morley and his two favourite dogs.



He was once an Editor.

would say to his colleague Mr. Stead, when editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*. His own articles in that journal, which he conducted from May, 1880, until August, 1883, were characterised by a distinction and refinement which commended them to readers who cared much for good literature and not at all for Liberal politics. In 1883, Lord Morley at last found a seat in the House of Commons. Rejected at his native place in 1869, and at Westminster in 1880, he was now elected for Newcastle-on-Tyne. From 1883 until 1885 he edited *Macmillan's Magazine*, but thenceforward the responsibilities of a leading position in the Liberal party limited his freedom as a publicist. The Irish Secretaryship, to which he was appointed at the beginning of 1886, drew him to the thickest part of the political battle, and there he remained so long as Mr Gladstone lived, whether in or out of office. Fortunately, however, the author was never extinguished in the politician.



As St. Patrick of Ireland.

In the midst of discussions on coercion in 1888, Lord Morley produced his book on Walpole as one of the Twelve English Statesmen series. This gave us a vivid, homely, friendly picture of the Whig under whom Parliamentary government was rendered firm and a long stride made towards Cabinet solidarity, and it gave us also finely drawn sketches of George the Second and Queen Caroline and Bolingbroke, and other figures of the time. Nowhere, indeed, was Lord Morley's touch surer than in this work. His careful, painstaking presentment of Oliver Cromwell followed in 1900, and the crown was set on his literary labour by his "Life of Gladstone" in 1903. The merits of this discreet, dignified, masterly biography are recognised as fully by one Party as by another. It could not have been written by a politician who was not a man of letters, nor by a man of letters who had not been engaged in politics.



As an Indian Charmer.



But he is always Honest John.

Four sketches of Lord Morley by Sir F. Carruthers Gould.  
Reproduced from "Picture Politics" by kind permission of the artist

By no means a complete record has yet been given in these notes of all Lord Morley's literary achievements. He edited the Works of R. W. Emerson (1883), and Wordsworth's Complete Poetical Works (1888), and besides those already mentioned he issued several volumes of essays and addresses, including "Studies in Literature" in 1891, and new "Miscellanies" in 1886 and 1908. Lord Morley told Matthew Arnold that "whenever I travel I carry a volume of your writings with me. Before making a speech I read it for inspiration, and afterwards I read it again for consolation." There are politicians and journalists who frequently turn for stimulus and also for solace to his own essays, finding therein a store of suggestive ideas expressed in a style which is both easy and dignified. Take, at random, that literary gem, the sketch of W. R. Greg. The personal touches are graphic, as when we read that "he liked pleasant gardens; set a high value on leisure and even vacuity; did not disdain novels, and had the sense to prefer good wine to bad." One thinks several times of the writer himself when reading what he says of Greg. For instance, "the vice of small talk and the sin of posing he was equally free from; and if he did not happen to be interested he had a great gift of silence."

Character is impressed on everything that Lord Morley has written. The same individuality, serene, sedate, self-respecting, self-collected, is visible from his earliest volume to his latest. His modes of thought and expression sometimes recall George Eliot. We read in his "Walpole," that "a good name in those days was not incompatible with a jovial temper and much steady drinking." This sentence might have appeared in "The

Mill on the Floss." To a French *prosateur* he was more indebted. In one branch of literature he was, he said, "reared on George Sand." French influence has been seen in his lucidity. There is charm in his harmony of language, in a certain archness that relieves his gravity, in his aphorisms, allusions and precepts, and in his happy choice of words from a limitless vocabulary. He is not afraid of repeating his favourite quotations. Lords and Commons have heard him quaintly exclaiming that "things are what they are and their consequences will be what they will be," and often he has declared with a smile that "the sons of

Zeruiah are too hard for us." He is fond of recalling the maxims of Vauvenargues that "great thoughts come from the heart," and that "magnanimity owes no account to prudence of its motives," and Helvetius's saying that "in order to love mankind we must not expect too much from them." Repeatedly in print and speech he has quoted Wordsworth's description of a mind "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone," and Goethe's noble, majestic psalm, *Das Göttliche*:—"Let man be noble, helpful and good, for that alone distinguishes him from all beings that we



Lord Morley in 1894.

know." Not only literature but Parliamentary debate, so stilted and stunted in its language, has been enriched by his apt, animated, precise and penetrating phrases as well as by that integrity of mind and that insistence on the high moralities of life which have distinguished his whole career. *Chercher en gémissant* is advice which he has accepted from Pascal, and it may be said of himself, as he said of Burke, that he possesses the sacred gift of inspiring men to use a grave diligence in caring for high things.

## CARDINAL MANNING AND OTHER ESSAYS.\*

BY MONSIGNOR R. H. BENSON.

**M**R. BODLEY has two great qualifications for writing such a book as this. The first is that he is essentially a spectator, identifying himself with none of his visions ; and the second is that his mind is as shrewd and keen as that of a Frenchman. And it is precisely in the possession of those two characteristics that he finds, too, his limitations.

His two essays on French affairs are admirable ; the former of the two, that on the Decay of Idealism in France, is keen and philosophical ; he dissects, correlates and visualizes with wonderful skill : he shows— even by little illustrations from contemporary crime—how, while the Saxon toils at the superficies of things, the Gaul fastens upon an Idea—at least, how the Gaul used to do so. And he finds in the famous Dreyfus case the last national explosion of Idealism, centreing round the idea, rather than the person, of the Jew. Further, he distinguishes the old frame of Idealism from the more recent, and predicts that Catholicism, however great its revival may be, will no longer serve. Idealism may recover ; but it will not be that which evolved Chartres and Beauvais, or even the basilica of Montmartre.

His essay on the Institute of France is more historical and narrative. It is crammed with information ; it deals with the history of his subject through the periods of the Revolution and Napoleon Bonaparte, and reveals a reality and *camaraderie* in the affairs of French literature and art such as are practically unthinkable for England.

But his essay on Manning is, of course, the centre of gravity in his book. He unites the three in one volume, simply because they happened to have been formed from three lectures delivered in 1911.

And Mr. Bodley, as spectator, had very great facilities for knowing the Cardinal. He, although a young man, was continually welcomed at Archbishop's House, and, in a way, to an intimacy that must have been very nearly unique. He sat with him night after night ; they gossiped pleasantly together of Oxford and London society and a thousand interests. It was almost certainly the Cardinal's wish that Mr. Bodley should have written his biography. And, to these unique opportunities, Mr. Bodley brought an unique power of observation and discernment. As a fine and delicate sketch the essay is superb. The old Cardinal lives and moves in the dark austere room with the malachite crucifix, and the "faded red skull-cap cocked over one eye-brow" : he utters his sharp little comments, he renews his Oxford days, he reads a line or two from a book he takes down from a shelf. Neither are the greater matters wanting. Mr. Bodley indicates the old man's passionate fight for great causes, his official dignity, his private quietness and simplicity, his boundless ambitions for the interests with which he identified himself. He was essentially a public man ; he was acting outwards, always—moulding, guiding, encouraging : he lived really in action ; in his privacy he was but reviewing his past, and meditating on

his future. He was at home in the world of life ; his own rooms were but ante-chambers to life. All this is beautifully depicted in Mr. Bodley's pages, with wonderful art and balance. It is a thousand times more competent as a biography— if the object of a biography is to reveal a personality—than the official "Life." The old man really lives ; one would know how he would wish to be treated if he were to return to earth, and what comments he would make on the present affairs of England.

Yet it is exactly Mr. Bodley's extremely keen insight into a temperament with which he was at least intellectually in sympathy— a temperament, that is to say, that is patient of the kind of analysis in which Mr. Bodley excels— it is probably this very insight that is incapable of focusing itself upon other temperaments that have little in common with the Cardinal's ; and it is one, therefore, that probably missed certain characteristics in the very person he describes so admirably. All this is brought out very vividly in Mr. Bodley's treatment of Newman. He says, very justly, that "there was fundamental antagonism between Newman's temperament and Manning's." "If they had been both born Catholics," he continues, "both sent to a Roman seminary at an early age, or submitted to the same discipline for the priesthood— even then they would have fought had they crossed one another's paths in the course of their pious ministry." All this is entirely just, a reader of the two published biographies—the one so bitterly unfair, the other so luminously tender— would endorse every word. It is the more astonishing, then, that one so balanced and shrewd as is Mr. Bodley can continue to condemn so fiercely the temperament of Newman, and fail to see that just because he understood the one so well it would be at least probable that he would not understand the other, and that he should not have made allowances for this. "For Newman's subjective mind," he says, "the whole scheme of Christian economy, and perhaps even the whole scheme of the universe, had been organised for the saving of the soul of John Henry Newman. Manning's objective vision, on the contrary, put his own personality in the background." This is an amazing judgment to pass. It would be just as unfair, but no more, for a fanatical Newmanite to say, "Manning's self-love and self-confidence showed itself in his boundless ambitions and activities : Newman, on the other hand, showed his modesty and self-distrust chiefly by his retirement from the world." And again, Mr. Bodley compares, with scarcely disguised contempt, Newman's gentle upbringing at home, his love of Oriel Common-Room, and his quiet life at Birmingham, with Manning's captaincy of the Harrow Eleven, his strenuous Union speeches at Oxford, and his fierce fights at Westminster—implying that the former lived only for himself, and Manning for others. Of course the temperaments were different ; the whole world knows that, and the two protagonists, perhaps, best of all. Newman certainly found fault with Manning ; and Manning, as these pages show, found a delicate and gently spiteful pleasure in

\* "Cardinal Manning, and other Essays." By J. E. C. Bodley 9s. (Longmans.)

finding "ten distinct heresies . . . in the most widely-read works of Dr. Newman." But the pity is that men like Mr. Bodley who, on their own showing, are critics and observers rather than contestants, who stand (or ought to stand) above the dust of the fray, do not seem to understand their own partisanship, and should not be able to do justice to one character without injustice to the other. Both characters had a centre from which each worked, both had a circumference of activity; their methods were not the same, nor their ideals, but both served a common faith with whole-hearted loyalty. Mr. Bodley fails to do justice to this, and in his enthusiasm for one type is unable to understand the other.

For, after all, when all is said, when Newman's sensitiveness has been emphasized to the full, it remains that he was patient and obedient. Until the close of his life he remained in a certain obscurity, while Manning triumphed all along the line: the one received blow after

blow, the other honour after honour. The one asked, at the worst, to be let alone, the other, at the worst, to be given his own way. It would have been more just, as well as more gracious, if Mr. Bodley had confessed his lack of sympathy with the more sensitive of the two natures and had said no more.

But, apart from those limitations, the essay is magnificent as a sketch and an analysis of a particular type of character— and the character of one, too, who has helped to mould the history of our own generation. There is but one more limitation—and that an inevitable one—the fact that the essayist was not a Catholic. Had he been so he might not only have understood the greatness of the author of the "Apologia," but have perceived, too, more of the secret motives of the great Cardinal whom he delights to honour. But, as he tells us, Manning never attempted, even, to press the Catholic religion upon his acceptance.

## "THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1913.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

*The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 3; answers from Foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 2 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

*Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotation of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original continuation of any Nursery Rhyme (in not more than twelve lines)—telling, for instance, what happened to Miss Muffet after the spider frightened her away.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- V.—A COPY OF THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

### RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss Anita Lee, of 16, Mulgrave Street, Liverpool, and HALF A GUINEA to E. G. Buckeridge, of 5, Holly Village, Highgate, N., for the following:

#### "TO KEEP LOVE HOLY"

For me it is not in your eyes to gaze,  
To take your hand, lead you by love lit ways,  
I may not sully with a temporal touch  
The lips so pure, the form I crave so much,  
Throw wide the gate of longing—draw you in—  
Have done with earth and cry "Ah, heaven begin!"  
To wear your favour here or win you fame,  
To die for you—this crown I cannot claim.

I may not even look into your face  
And tell my love, but only pray for grace  
That I must stand without, afar, apart,  
And still the echoes of my lonely heart  
To think of, dream of, live and feel for you  
To love you, that is all that I may do,  
Like distant gentle star to see you shine,  
And while I wait, Oh God, thus may be mine—  
"To keep love holy."

ANITA LEE.

#### LONDON IN FOG.

Fog on the streets— and romance at the heart of it,  
Every street adventure, every house a mystery,  
Windows lit like stars,  
And the dim electric cars  
Swaying down the fairway like lighted ships at sea

Fog on the streets— and London strange and beautiful  
All her secret colour glowing fold on fold,  
Street lamps aflame  
Like jewels in the haze,  
All her open doorways shimmering with gold.

Fog on the streets— and London decked for carnival,  
Masking in the spirit as the soul of her would be,  
London as she gleams  
In the splendour of her dreams,  
Venice of the water-ways, Athens of the sea.

E. G. BUCKERIDGE.

We select for printing :

• • • FORGIVE !

Forgive, dear love, the nameless little sins,  
The sins which Love alone perceives as such :  
The hand withdrawn, the unresponsive touch,  
The little trifling things which mean so much,  
Which lose their nothingness when Love begins,  
And make or mar the guerdon which Love wins.

Forgive the hasty, unconsidered speech,  
Spoken half in jest, but giving sudden pain :  
The word unspoken which would have made things plain,  
The eyes averted, which if turned again  
To speak to thine in language Love doth teach,  
Would have restored to harmony each with each.

For thy dear Love's sake, love, forgive all this,  
And seal thy love's forgiveness with a kiss

Ah ! happy they who thus may plead for grace,  
And even while pleading, know they are forgiven.  
When Love with Pride successfully has striven,  
And self-abasement to the soul has given  
A blessed peace. Then lovers shall efface  
All sense of wrong in one long deep embrace.

But Oh ! what anguish can more poignant be  
Than of the heart which vainly longs to plead  
Forgiveness from the dead ? Shall the dead heed ?  
We know not—but we trust they may indeed,  
Being with Thee, Lord, see as Thou dost see,  
And even like Thyself, most merciful be

We trust so—but alas we still know this ;  
They cannot seal forgiveness with a kiss !

(G. E. Reece, Rose Cottage, Peterston-s-Ely, near Cardiff.)

A SONG OF ARCADIE.

In Arcadie, in Arcadie,  
The blossom hangs on every tree,  
A land of heather-haunted hills  
And open moor and laughing rills,  
Where all day long no sound is heard,  
Save swish of grass and song of bird,  
And drone of honey-heavy bee,  
In Arcadie, in Arcadie

The gates of Arcadie are high,  
Above a sentence meets the eye  
Deep writ into the massive stone,  
"No man may enter here alone"

For many moons I strove in vain  
Yet never could an entrance gain,  
'Tis only Cupid holds the key  
To Arcadie, to Arcadie.

Sweetheart, before it grows too late  
Shall we not seek the Golden Gate,  
And with the God of Love for guide  
Explore the glowing country-side ?  
Ah ! leave this world of everyday,  
Where no one cares to laugh and play,  
And wander hand in hand with me  
In Arcadie, in Arcadie

(Dorothy Tweeddale, 8, Weld Road, Birkdale, Lanes.)

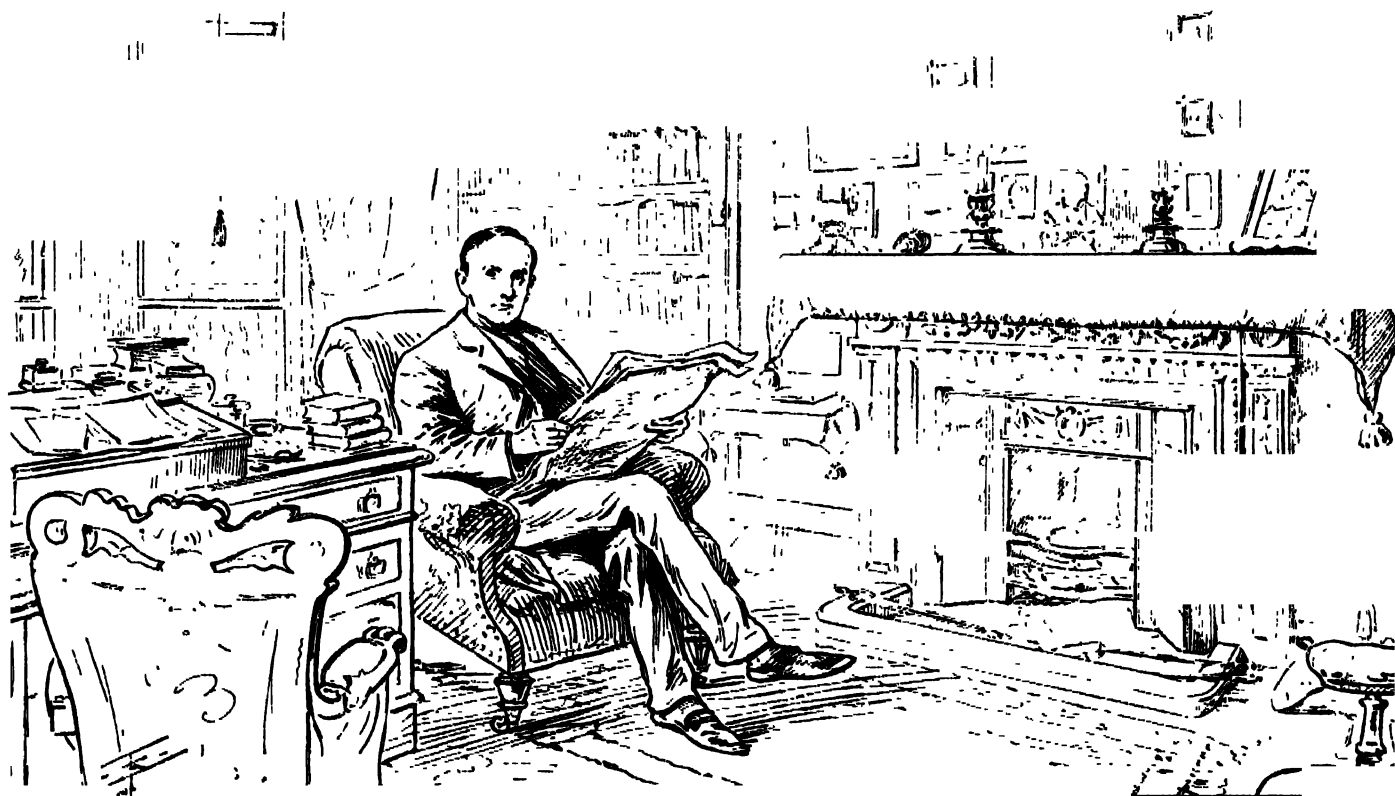
MADAM.

"Madam," say they, "died at noon ;  
Hair just tinged with early snow,  
And her forehead marked too soon  
By the finger of life's woe "  
I know better ; far away  
In my youth's a burial stone  
In its shadow, I to day  
Linger silent and alone  
And the date is plain to see—  
"Marion May day '63 "

"Madam," say they, "keeps her pride,  
Though she be but pallid clay "  
Could I, stealing to her side,  
Look upon her face to-day,—  
There'd be little left to tell  
My old tender sweetheart by  
Twenty years too late the knell  
Tolls for parting agony  
On her coffin lid should be—  
"Marion May day '63 "

(Elsie Kendall, The Brush, Askrigg R.S.O., Yorkshire.)

The LYRIC Competition has again been rather disappointing in quality, though the number of entries has been perhaps larger than ever before. We specially commend the LYRICS sent in by Edmund Howard (Putney), Miss MacDonald (Bridge of Allan), R. N. Watson (Southport), F. M. L. (Cottingham), Miss A. E. Richardson (London, S.E.), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead), M. C. Foulis (Chilton), Guilhemus G. Jackson (Northampton), Phyllis Tweeddale (Birkdale), Irene Wintle (Liverpool), Alice W. Linford (S. Tottenham) Mornice Mackenzie, M.A.



From a pen-and-ink sketch.

Lord Morley in his Library.





**Lord Morley enters  
the House of Lords.**

Drawn by G. R. Halkett and published  
in the *Fall Ball Gazette*.  
Reproduced by kind permission of  
the Artist.

J. H. Langlois (Leeds), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), T. Maynard (London, W.), G. B. Hardwick (Ealing), Bertram J. Saunders (Pontypridd), E. Summers (Dukinfield), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham), Collin Brooks (Southport), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), J. Berkely (Andover), Guern F. Newnham (Gillingham), E. Swanson (E. Finchley), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), R. W. King (Catford), Francis Cocks (Uxbridge), G. M. Smith (Bristol), Doris Dean (Burnley), C. W. Turner (Brierfield), E. Irene Seaton (Dresden), G. J. Holme (Gl. Malvern), Ruth Ranken (Barnet), Agnes E. M. Baker (W. Hampstead), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Miss B. T. Buggs (Edinburgh), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Alice Wise (Leicester), A. S. Bhandakar (Bombay), A. Lee, Junr (Southport), W. Hazard (Castlewellan), Alex. C. Welsh (Victoria, Australia), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), Eric P. Freeman (Bexley Heath), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), H. Bertram Howlett (Putney), S. Edwards (Sheffield), Sybil H. Graves (Bournemouth), Wilfred J. Grout (Folkestone), E. Gleave (St Helens), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), D. C. Yarrow (Glasgow), M. W. Nettleton (Huddersfield).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr Charles Powell, of 290, Oxford Road, Manchester, for the following:

THE HABIT OF LETTERS (REVIEW BY FRANCIS BICKLEY)  
"Here's yet a postscript"  
SHAKESPEARE.—*Twelfth Night*.

We also select for printing:

THE VOICE FROM THE NIGHT BY CHARLES ERNEST STERRY. (George Allen & Co.)

"—Vocal are the noses  
Of peasant and of king"

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.—*Verses and Translations*.

(F. Squires Cook, Drumholiston, Carrick Road, Ayr.)

THE SOUL OF GOLF BY P. A. VAILE

"And see there"

E'en the Parson's beginning to swear!"

R. H. BARHAM.—*Ingoldsby Legends (Blondie Jack)*.

(Jessie Miller, Shaidarran House, Co. Londonderry.)

THE BIG FISH. BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.  
(Methuen & Co.)

"And still the wonder grew."

GOLDSMITH.—*Deserted Village*.

(Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell,  
Auckland, New Zealand.)

III.—This Competition was not particularly popular, but it was very close, and the winner only just managed to secure her prize intact. We award THREE NEW BOOKS to Miss Ethel R. Williams, of 6, Tyndall's Park Road, Clifton, Bristol, for the following New Year's Greeting to Mr. E. V. Lucas:

Serenest quiet, flame embroidered gloom,  
The flash, on ordered shelves, of red and gold,  
The after-flavour of a tale well told,  
A dog or two asleep about the room;  
The picture of the Dutchman's little maid,  
Her underlip aguiver in a smile,  
Lucas, be yours, for company the while  
The gentlest essayist's beloved shade

We also specially commend the work sent in by Rev Edwin C. Lansdown (South Woodford, N.E.), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Ellen L. Clutterbuck (Bromley, Kent), Isabel Lewis (Edinburgh), Leonard Harling (Skipton), Anne M. Wilcock (Scarborough), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford, Notts), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle, Hants), R. H. Kipling (Devonport), M. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row, Co. Durham), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham, S.W.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Miss E. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), James Edwin Ruddle (Trowbridge, Wilts), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Miss I. J. Bryant (Ilminster), and Eveline Swanson (East Finchley, N.).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Sybil Waller, of "Oriel Lodge," Wollstonecraft Road, Boscombe, Hants, for the following:

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. BY RICHARD MIDDLETON  
(Unwin)

This book consists of slight studies of childhood, written with so rare a charm and such a real sympathy and understanding.



**The Gladstone Biography Company (Unlimited)**

Drawn by G. R. Halkett. Reproduced from *Punch* by kind permission of the Proprietors and of the Artist.



of a child's mind, that no child-lover should miss reading it. Not since "The Golden Age" of Mr. Kenneth Grahame have we come across anything which can approach it in its line. Mr. Middleton's writing is full of poetry, yet as entirely free from unhealthy sentimentality, as it is from the exaggerated coarseness by which in their desire for robustness and realism so many modern writers seem to think the normal schoolboy must necessarily be depicted.

We also select for printing :

THE COLLECTED VERSE OF RUDYARD KIPLING.  
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

In this generous volume are gathered all those stirring poems of Kipling's that have blown like a bracing breeze into our national literature, and pioneered that new school of poetry which calls a spade a spade. Kipling does not wrap his verse in ultra-beautiful language, but shows us life's beauty, horror, and humour in clear-cut word-pictures that bite into the brain. We read the "Barrack Room Ballads" as though we had slipped into Tommy Atkins' skin; and all the poems have the same thrill of realism that makes them vital and unforgettable, a legacy for all time.

(Alan C. Fraser, Highlands, Dodington, Bridgwater.)

HELEN OF LANCASTER GATE. BY PHILIP GIBBS.  
(Herbert and Daniel.)

Round a charming type of womanhood Mr Gibbs has written an eminently readable story. All the characters are delightfully human, and if we have not met them in real life, we can well believe that the author has done so. Helen's engagement to the Under Secretary for War is ended by her inability to fulfil it as well as by the financial disgrace of her father. Her marriage, her life with her husband, the charm of her little son; the loyal comradeship of "the other man", the return of her prodigal father—all are told with verve and sympathy.

(Mary Gillott, 45, Nottingham Road, Eastwood, Notts.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY MATTLAND. BY MORLEY ROBERTS. (Evelough Nash.)

Throughout this interesting, if not fascinating, book, the reader's mind is torn with the problem. Should it have been written, and if so, why in this particular manner? We see no reason why Gissing's tragic story should not be told, especially if it be the opinion that he "was sent to Hell for the purpose of saving souls", but we do object to the manner of the telling. The fictitious names are surely unnecessary, and leave one bewildered as to how much is truth and fiction, yet from Mr Roberts' standpoint he has written a moving story.

(G. E. Wakealey, 10, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts.)

Good reviews were also sent in by Miss M. C. Barnard (London, S.W.), N. Raghunathan (Madras, India), F. S. Fiv (Norwich), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough),



Photo by London Stc

Lord Morley.

Mary Kingdom (Harlow, Essex), Leo Delcati (Cotnam, Bristol), J. Drummond C. Monfrie (Putney, S.W.), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead, N.W.), D. Pratt (Chatteris), A. Gordon Fletcher (Erdington, Birmingham), Bertram J. Saunders (Pontypriid), Agnes Macaulay (Great Malvern), E. Chadwick (Derby), M. Fergusson (Chester), Miss Van der Pant (Highgate, N.), Lottie Hoskins (Moseley, Birmingham), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), Emily Kingston (Blairgowrie), M. A. Newman (Badingham), and A. A. Chadwick (Derby).

V. -The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to the Rev. F. Horn, Rowland's Castle, Hants.

## DISRAELI CONTINUED.<sup>1</sup>

BY WALTER SICHEL

IT is indeed pathetic to read the sentence in the preface which tells us that this volume "was delayed by reasons of health." Hardly had it appeared than the author's untimely end added a sense of catastrophe. Not only has the pen dropped from his hand, not only is the work broken off, but that hand can write no more and the work itself is unfinished. Whoever may be privileged to pursue it will have to tone down somewhat of individuality if the style is to remain impersonal. And if its best qualities are to be prolonged, a certain tenseness and terseness must be shown also. But surely other qualities there are in accord with a theme so vibrating. Nor is it ungracious to note that some lack of them causes defects which are actual obstacles—imperfections, not only of sympathy but of understanding, and of atmosphere even where colour might bewilder.

\* "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield" By William Flavel Monypenny. Vol. II., 1837-1846, 1912. 12s. net. (London, John Murray.)

For the initiated (always few) this second volume displays more of these than the first. In the first there were at least the inner clues of the "mutilated diary" to guide us, nor were we yet confronted by that crowded period of action which so readily lends itself to maps rather than pictures—to description, even of temperaments. In this very regard an excerpt from an autobiography in a recent catalogue would have shed some light (though an alert perceptiveness might have forestalled it) on the *passio* of the *Representative*, and perhaps on the meaning of "Vivian Grey"†. In the second, gaps at

† Cf. a most interesting letter of retrospect (in Mr. Daniell's recent catalogue) from Lord Beaconsfield to Mr. J. Hanney, dated December 17th, 1862. "I caught hold of the secret—anything political and which concerned Mr. Canning interested me. I rather, I dare say very intrusively, pushed myself into their affairs; but boys are pardoned and often encouraged. I saw some opening to public life and some connection with an eminent leader with whom I sympathised. It is not now very easy to get into Parliament, in those days it was still more difficult."

times and misconceptions tend to block out the true back-scenes. Nor is there enough width and completeness of view; the book almost seems to grow as it goes. And often too there is that sort of solemn head-shaking, that "candid friendship," that "point-a-moral" manner which make neither for depth nor vividness. We miss that centrality of outlook in which Disraeli delighted, the sole centralisation, indeed, that as political thinker he ever favoured. Moreover, there is overmuch of the didactic. When Disraeli seems to trip, much that would modify assumptions is allowed to pass; and, involuntarily, he is turned into an "awful example," black by the side of the lily-white Peel. He is absolved, it is true (and Peel absolves him), from the worn count of vindictiveness, but he is charged (as Peel never charged him)—and without exhaustive scrutiny—with "falsehood." His intrinsic bigness of soul, his dæmonic force and impelling motives are too little regarded. Granted that great men sometimes stoop, how seldom they stoop for trifles. Greatness, of course, must not be thrust on us, but no yard-measures of Lilliput will take the due stature of genius.

The nine years of this period were critical for Disraeli himself as for the country. The storm and stress of his youth were over, he had lived through many romances, out of which he had always created new worlds of his own, and his marriage to the widow of his colleague was to prove one of mutual devotion, as deep as it was delicate. She, as he recorded in the desolation of her death, was the most cheerful and the most courageous of women, while not many years earlier she assured a friend that through his tenderness her life had been one long scene of happiness. These pages reveal not only his love-letters (hers have perished) and their attendant, his Byronic tragedy of "Alarcos," but also the characteristic missive, or rather the strange proclamation, that he addressed to her on a misunderstanding which was soon ended. He fancied that she had reproached him with interested motives. He was perfectly frank with her:

"I avow when I made my advances to you I was influenced by no romantic feelings. . . . I was not blind to worldly advantages . . . but I had already proved that my heart was not to be purchased. I found you in sorrow and that heart was touched. I found you, as I thought, amiable, tender, and yet elate and gifted with no ordinary mind. . . . Now for your fortune; I write the sheer truth. . . . It could not benefit me in the slightest degree. . . . To eat and sleep in that house, and nominally to call it mine—these could only be objects for a penniless adventurer. Was this an inducement for me to sacrifice my sweet liberty? . . . No, when, months ago, I told you one day that there was only one link between us, I felt that my heart was inextricably engaged to you. . . . From that moment I devoted to you all the passion of my being. By heavens, as far as worldly interests are concerned, your alliance could not benefit me. All that society can offer is at my command. I can live, as I live, without disgrace till the inevitable progress of events [mark, here, the *Man of Destiny*] gives me that independence which is all I require. I have entered into these ungracious details because you reproached me with my interested views. . . . Not all the gold of Ophir should ever lead me to the altar. Far different are the qualities which I require in the sweet participator of my existence. My nature demands that my life should be perpetual love. . . . Triumph—I seek not to conceal my state. It is not sorrow, it is not wretchedness, it is anguish, it is the *endurance* of that pang which is the passing characteristic of agony. . . . My heart outraged, my pride wounded, my honour nearly tainted. . . .

Farewell. . . . For a few years you may flutter in some frivolous circle, but the time will come when you will sigh for any heart that could be fond. . . . then you will recall . . . the passionate heart that you have forfeited and the genius you have betrayed."

It shows a self-centred sensitiveness worthy of "Count Alarcos." Her answer was immediate:

"For God's sake come to me. I am ill and almost distracted. I will answer all you wish. I never desired you to leave the house, or implied or thought a word about money. I received a most distressing letter, and you left me at the moment, not knowing. . . . I have not been a widow a year. . . . I am devoted to you."

Could the Infanta Solisa have done more? Mrs. Wyndham Lewis did—she made a *précis* of contrasts between their respective characters which is not the least remarkable piece of new matter in the book. Suffice it here to say that she finds him with "no self-love," "no vanity," but "conceited"; never "irritable," yet "bad-humoured"; "very calm," with "manners grave and almost sad"; "very patient, very studious, very generous"; "often says what he does not think"; "it is impossible to find out who he likes and dislikes from his manner. He does not show his feelings; "seldom amused"; to be depended on to a certain degree (while she is "not to be depended on"); "his whole soul . . . devoted to politics and ambition;" "a genius." Nor should it be omitted that Mrs. Disraeli was deeply attached to the blind old father and the gifted sister at Bradenham. These are the gentler voices.

"Genius" includes those creative and intuitive powers and that commanding will which this decade developed both in life and literature. It brought him into relation with repeated crises those social and intellectual upheavals which had so long simmered under the smooth film of stock shibboleths. What distinguishes his attitude towards them is his vision and prevision, his absolute disregard of unessentials, an imagination that not only read but made the future, and the natural derivation of outlook and faculty from a temperament steeped in the atmosphere of history and inheritance. We watch the dramatic moment of his maiden speech, so well given here—one of those half-failures on which he founded his triumphs; and four years later, when a great occasion arose which was grudgingly denied to him, we again watch him sighing to his wife of the isolation forced on all but the oligarchs by Peel's political absolutism. This, however, was ere the group of "Young England" had gravitated to enthusiasm Disraeli and his convictions on the "Condition of England" question in town and country. And as we watch him the "man of destiny" rises always before us, rehearsing the dreams of his boyhood in tones of soliloquy, and translating them into deeds, after long brooding, by a certain spring of spirit suddenly set in motion. "Alroy," that early romance, which with "Contarini," (and much later "Tancred"), holds the core of his being, contains a characteristic passage in this connection:

"A great career, though baulked of its end, is still a landmark of human energy. Failure, when sublime, is not without its purpose. Great deeds are great legacies, and work with wondrous usury. By what man has done we learn what man can do, and gauge the power and prospects of our race."

This, published in 1833, finds its echo in that inspiring speech of 1844 which he delivered to the "trustees of

posterity" at the Manchester Athenæum, and which, oddly enough, escapes the pages under review :

" . . . They (the youth of Cottonopolis) will be called upon to perform duties—great duties. I, for one, wish . . . that they may be performed greatly. I give to them that counsel which I have ever given to youth, and which I believe to be the wisest and best. I tell them to aspire. I believe that the man who does not look up will look down ; and that the spirit that does not dare to soar is destined perhaps to grovel."

The time came when they had to hear him, and not only at St. Stephen's, as one who, though a clear-sighted leader and scathing satirist, was at root a dreamer and a seer—one of whom the brilliant George Smythe addressed the homage—as we here first learn—of "Thank God, I have a faith at last!" It was after "Coningsby": "I never read anything, thought of anything, felt anything, believed in anything before."

There was much warm blood in Disraeli's romantic irony, and Mr. Monypenny has granted his "remarkable power of entering into the lives and feelings of the poor." There is no doubt now as to Disraeli's zeal for the betterment of toil—ever through social sympathy (*noblesse oblige*) rather than by the rigid constraint of "State" patterns. His love of the people was never socialistic, and ever he wished to plant the cutting of democracy on the soil, to nationalise and naturalise it, instead of assimilating it to the detached democracy of the Continent. Indeed, he always viewed everything from the standpoint of national character expressing itself in infinitely expansive institutions, and he detested the class legislation of demagogues. He dared Peel's displeasure by twice avowing a sympathy with the Chartists, though never with Chartism, and in the mid-'forties, too, he deprecated the Government's harshness. These ideas he was to pursue persistently in the 'fifties, though even now they found expression in relation alike to social reform and to the Corn Laws.

Both for him were problems not so much economical as national and social. He had opposed the new Poor Laws so early as 1832 and had even then been warned to hold his peace if he wished to succeed.

Now, again, both on this matter and on factory legislation he displeased Peel by voting in the tiny minority. So with Ireland, which he understood by an historical and temperamental intuition ; and it could have been wished that a passage from the greatest of his Irish speeches had been cited which explains his retort to Gladstone's ironical praise of it some twenty-four years afterwards. Gladstone was now his "right honourable friend," a trusted prop of Peel, who had so much private principle and so little public pity—the pink of mercantile *prestige*, the man of ledgers out of gear with the man of letters, whose "element of wayward fantasy in character" Mr. Monypenny seems to have regarded as almost a moral weakness.

Disraeli created a new *genre*, not only the political

but (as is readily forgotten) the social novel. Everyone will remember the countless passages in "Sybil" and "Coningsby" that at once embodied and inspired the attitude of "Young England"—for an attitude it was and not a system. While the Whig magnates with their tail of Manchester utilitarians and radical capitalists upheld *laissez faire*, "Young England" raised a desired protest that has borne fruit :

"There is no subject," he said, in a speech at Shrewsbury, in 1844, which Mr. Monypenny has done well to rescue, "There is no subject in which I have taken a deeper interest than in the condition of the working classes. Long before what is called the 'Condition of the people question' was discussed in the House of Commons I had employed my pen on the subject. I had long been aware that there was something rotten in the core of our social system, that . . . while wealth was increasing to a superabundance . . . the working classes, the creators of wealth, were steeped in the most abject poverty and gradually sinking into the deepest degradation."

There is no space to detail or even sketch the steps of what may be called the duel between him and Peel. It was not till after 1843, when he clearly discerned the symptoms of a preparation (as of vore) for a change of front, that he ceased to support one who had convinced himself of his monopoly in a revolution against which he had been sent to power. And then, as he was to be reminded, Disraeli began by giving a silent vote. In the February of 1844, Peel had actually complimented Disraeli on his Irish speech, and his sister wrote to Disraeli's wife that she wished :

"The next time Mr Disraeli sees my brother he would put out his hand to him. They are both reserved men and one must make the first advance ; the other would accept it most gladly."

Mr. Monypenny has hinted a doubt. I agree. The conflict was inevitable. It was one of temperaments, outlooks, destinies, circumstances, ambitions. One by one those dashing

sluppies followed, at once brilliant and solid, that convulsed the country, and, though the Bill was carried, annihilated the dead Conservatism for which Peel stood. Disraeli foresaw, as the author well shows and illustrates, the dangers of over-competition and the probable results of a transfer of power. Every word has proved prophetic. He always maintained that to withdraw protection without alleviating burdens would dislocate labour and make for Government-centralisation. He has been proved right. Disraeli did not belittle Peel's true and great powers, but he denied that one so unimaginative could ever grapple with the future, and he called him the "unconscious parent" of agitation. His long tribute and classical analysis of Peel, in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck," well said that the great Minister had felt at the age of sixty "that the star of Manchester seemed to rise, as it were, from the sunset of Oxford."

Much of all the episodes, and especially as to Disraeli's social outlook, is admirably rendered, but parts



Benjamin Disraeli, 1840.

From a picture by A. E. Chalon, R.A., at Hughenden.  
From "The Life of Lord Beaconsfield" (John Murray).

of the novels seem to me to have been misunderstood and misinterpreted. I have no space for the world of wit and the wit of the world encountered in these pages, which portray the brilliant circle within which Disraeli always moved, nor for the two interesting meetings with Louis Philippe and the memorandum for the best means towards an *entente cordiale* which Disraeli drew up, and his letter to Palmerston in pursuance. Nor can more than a few lines be allowed for the "Peel Letter" episode, glanced at in passing, and handled at length elsewhere. Suffice it here to say, of the exaggerated charge in this book, that Disraeli's "falsehood in the House of Commons stands," that in the first place it has been reserved for this generation to make it, and in the second that Disraeli's cry of wounded pride in the letter to Peel, which is assumed to "solicit office," is, at the best, only partially answered by another letter which Mr. Monypenny regarded as its direct reply. This

letter mainly addresses itself to circumstances of an unauthorised intermediary, and it was precisely this story that Disraeli adduced in the House of Commons in 1846 when—at Peel's taunt on his own night of triumph—he urged that the transaction never *originated* with him. Only thus much can here be condensed of an incident which needs further elucidation.

Disraeli's faults were never those of insincerity, though a mind less literal than his cannot be conceived. Rather they were those of an over-rigidity of ideas. And I may be pardoned for quoting a short summary in the miniature "Life" which accompanied a longer undertaking:

"All his faults were faults of intensity. Haunted by ideal pictures of life and destiny which he projected by an enormous will-power into action, he sometimes tended to a certain stiffness of ideas, though never to one of mere opinions. He was almost devoid of prejudice."

## New Books.

### MR. GALSWORTHY'S PLAYS.\*

To the anxious watcher of Mr. Galsworthy's dramatic progress, it is something of a relief to learn from a note in his new volume that the three plays which it contains were not written in the order of their theatrical productions. Mr. Galsworthy's most ardent admirers must have felt considerable concern when it seemed as though the powers of the author of "Justice" had declined upon such immature stuff as "The Little Dream." Even now, we are far from feeling altogether reassured. We should have more faith in Mr. Galsworthy's artistic discretion, if we could learn that "The Little Dream" was the earliest of his dramatic adventures; written, say, at the age of nineteen; and that its recovery from the proper obscurity of its pigeon-hole was due to a momentary aberration of judgment on the part of its author. Its publication, and re-publication, however, would seem to indicate that Mr. Galsworthy still regards this, the feeblest of his offspring, with something of the indiscriminating regard of paternal tenderness. It is not because "The Little Dream" is different in kind from "Strife" and "Justice" that we feel such distaste for it. We have no wish to confine any artist within the limits of our theory of his field of activity. We should rejoice to think that Mr. Galsworthy had broken bounds, and discovered fresh woods and pastures new.

But "The Little Dream" is not even good in its own kind. On reading Mr. Galsworthy's "Poems," we realised that he had been denied the faculty of expressing himself in verse; and the lyrics in "The Little Dream" only confirm

us in our judgment; while the play, as a whole, convinces us that Mr. Galsworthy has no genius for fantasy. "Strife" and "Justice" are the works of an articulate imagination. "Poems" and "The Little Dream" are the works of an articulate fancy. Mr. Galsworthy, dowered with the greater gift, has been denied the lesser; but it is curious that the possession of the one has not discovered the

absence of the other to Mr. Galsworthy himself. It is strange to think that the possessor of such a keen and incisive insight into the characters and personalities of his fellows should have so little power of self-criticism. "The Eldest Son," too, though its theme would seem to bring it well within Mr. Galsworthy's recognised province, falls far short of his best work. It is a well-made play; and has, at least, all the negative virtues; but we expect something more than good construction and an absence of theatricality from Mr. Galsworthy. The distinction of his best work lies in the intensity of his realisation of character. In "The Eldest Son," the "characters" are shadowy and sketchy to a degree. It would seem as though their author had not completely realised them, before he allowed them to set foot on the stage. "The Eldest Son" is merely honest, workmanlike, undistinguished stuff. As the effort of a younger man, we should, doubtless, have hailed it as a work of considerable promise: though, perhaps after all there is more "promise"



Photo by Hoppé

### John Galsworthy

in a work that possesses positive virtues, than in one that is compact of merely negative virtues!

With "Justice" we are lifted at once on to a higher plane of achievement. The construction of the play may be faulty; and the significance of its dramatic crises may

\*Three Plays. By John Galsworthy. 5s. net. (Duckworth)

be too dependent on the operation of temporary circumstances, such as unjust laws; but, however time may "date" it, nothing can ever destroy the vitality of its characterisation: and though the passing of one or two legislative reforms may make an appendix of elucidatory notes a necessity in future editions, we confidently back Cabeson against the assault of time! It should be quite impossible to bury him under foot-notes. When he would seem to be almost snowed under, his kindly voice will be raised in its pathetic appeal to us to "all be jolly together." But our admiration for the creative genius of Mr. Galsworthy must not blind us to the danger his work runs in being so entirely concerned with the accidents of contemporary circumstance. Can a work of art, whose effectiveness is liable to be blunted by the passing of a mere Act of Parliament, justify its existence as a work of Art?

In "Justice" there is no clash of character. Falder is a man fighting a machine: and when the machine falls to pieces the conflict will need a deal of technical explanation. It is not always easy for us to re-construct imaginatively the comparatively primitive machinery against which men have had to fight in the past, but we think it would be well-nigh impossible for any one in the future to re-construct the elaborate and incredible machinery of our present day legislation.

However, it is scarcely our business to speculate on the perspicuity of posterity; and it is more to the purpose to record our profound appreciation of this intensely moving drama. We have read "Justice," again and again, and each time with a keener zest. Our only regret is that we have never had the good fortune to see it on the stage. That is a great experience in store for us. But there is one even greater which we await with equal confidence—the production of a play by Mr. Galsworthy in which the dramatic crisis is lifted high above the clash of contemporary circumstance.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

### STEVENSON AGAIN.\*

The publication of the Swanston Edition of R. L. Stevenson's Works is now completed by the issue of a final batch of five volumes, and those two thousand happy subscribers who doubtless regard with complacency that red-coat rank now finally mustered on the bookshelf are to be congratulated on the possession of the most comprehensive edition of Stevenson yet published. His collected work has been, and may yet again be, excelled in respect of luxurious externalities, but so far as the matter is concerned, it is inconceivable that Stevenson will ever get a more complete and satisfactory presentation. Possibly some day there may be an

\* "The Swanston Stevenson," Vol. XXI.: "The Story of a Lie"—"The Merry Men"—"Olalla"—"Heathercat"—"The Great North Road"—"The Young Chevalier"—"Fables." Vol. XXII.: "Juvenilia," and "Other Papers."—"The Davos Press." Vols. XXIII.-XXV.: "The Complete Series of Letters," edited with Notes, by Sir Sidney Colvin.—Index of Titles. 6s. net each. (Chatto & Windus.)

augmentation of his Letters, whereof a considerable body is understood to be extant that has not yet, for one reason or another, been published, but the roll of all his literary achievements is now complete, though Mr. Francis Watt, in a recent book on Edinburgh, hints at an early novel called "Maggie Arnot," concerned with the Edinburgh underworld of Stevenson's youth. It is said to have been destroyed on the advice of pious friends, and doubtless wisely. Nothing is more remarkable in the relations of the novelist and the band of literary friends and correspondents who wet-nursed his genius than the unerring judgment with which they pounced upon his failures and ruthlessly condemned them.

Two out of the five concluding volumes which now appear, enshrine the "Juvenilia" of Stevenson, a number of examples of those prankish paper-games with which he boyishly indulged himself all his days, and three truncated portions of stories for which the initial inspiration failed after a few chapters had been written. Nobody will regret now that the first juvenile essays of Stevenson have been published, though he was, himself, very apprehensive about the first suggestion to include them in the Edinburgh edition. "I see with alarm," he wrote, "the proposal to print 'Juvenilia.' Does it not seem to you taking myself a little too much as Grandfather William?" There, again, the judgment of his friends over-ruled him; the best of the "Juvenilia" was published without regard for his diffidence, even "The Pentland Rising," long previously withdrawn from circulation at his father's cost. "I abominate and reject the idea of reprinting 'The Pentland Rising,'" he wrote. "For God's sake let me get buried first!" But indeed there was no reason for his sensitiveness with regard to this particular piece; "The Pentland Rising" is quite a creditable effort for a youth of sixteen. Already the touch of style was in his pen: "Poor old man!" he wrote of Andrew Murray, "he had outlived all joy. Had he lived longer he would have seen increasing torment and increasing woe; he would have seen the clouds, then but gathering in mist, cast a more than midnight darkness over his native hills, and have fallen a victim to those bloody persecutions which, later, sent their red memorials to the sea by many a burn."

"The Story of a Lie," is in some respects the least distinguished of his "contes"; it lacks his crispness and a score of his other individual qualities; it might have been done by anybody. That it was done at all is the surprising thing. He wrote it in the steerage of an Anchor liner on his way to California as amateur emigrant, weak in body and distressed in mind, having severed for the



R.L.S. spearing fish in the bow of the schooner "Equator."

From "The Works of Stevenson," Swanston Edition (Chatto & Windus).

time the difficult paternal and filial relations which suggested the keynote of the story, and embarked upon what was unquestionably the most hazardous and solemn adventure of his life. In much better spirit, and in happier circumstances was "The Merry Men" written two or three years later at Pitlochry, the first of his tales with Scotland for the venue. No one else seems to have been much impressed with "The Merry Men" at the time of its first appearance, but the author intuitively realised that he had rediscovered Scotland and hit upon a district and an atmosphere pregnant with possibilities. "I like it much above all my other attempts at story-writing," he wrote to Sidney Colvin. "If ever I shall make a hit, I have the line now, as I believe." It remains the most striking evidence of Stevenson's skill to start a story with nothing more than a vague atmosphere to be expressed, and finish it clothed upon with the appropriate character and incident.

"Heathercat," "The Great North Road," and "The Young Chevalier," never got finished, nor even thoroughly under way, for various reasons. We lost nothing, it may be guessed, from the "petering out" of "The Great North Road" after six or seven chapters had been done; at the best it could never have been more than an indifferent piece of skeltery. "Heathercat"—suggested by some passages in "Fountainhall's Decisions" which was to have been a romance of the Cameronian days and the Darian adventure, was started in 1892, a year in which his working powers were not up to their usual mark and occasional signs of inward depression began to appear in his correspondence. It looks as if he were now paying the penalty for his Samoan Abbotsford and flurried attacks upon too many schemes at once. He had half a dozen stories on the stocks. Power lies in concentration. At all events "Heathercat" remains a torso, also "The Young Chevalier"; those fragments we could have cheerfully done without to secure a completed "Weir of Hermiston."

For the first time in any completed edition, the Vailima Letters and the Letters of Stevenson to his family and friends are brought together in their proper chronological sequence. Of the peculiar and abiding charm of them—the philosophy, the humour, the self-revelation of them—every reader of Stevenson is gratefully aware. They enormously aid in the conception of his character and aims as a man of letters, and so are an essential and appropriate culmination to the Swanston Edition.

NEIL MUNRO.

## POETRY.\*

One of the most interesting books before me is the one bearing the name of Tennyson. Not that Mr. Tennyson achieves a great deal; for when he is most perfect he is usually least original, as, for example, in "Aspirations":

"For that Thou pointest further still  
Than that dumb hand upon the hour,  
Nor givest the boon to sap the will,  
I thank Thee, wise and tender power.

\* "A Legend of Old Persia and other Poems." By A. B. S. Tennyson. 5s. net. (Heinemann)

"The Elf." A Magazine of Drawing and Writing. By James Guthrie, of Flansham, near Bognor. 21s. net.

"Nature and other Poems." By Alfred Williams. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald)

"Enchantments." By John Gurdon. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

"Exodus, and other Poems." By Martin D. Armstrong. 1s. 6d. net. (Lynwood)

"Egypt and other Poems." By Francis Coult. 3s. 6d. net. (Lanc.)

"A Dream of Daffodils." By H. D. Lowry. Arranged for Press by G. F. Matheson and C. A. Dawson Scott. 2s. 6d. (Glaisher)

"King Fialar." By Johan Ludvig Runeberg. Translated by Eirikz Magnusson. 5s. net. (Dent)

"The Poem Book of the Gael." Selected and Edited by Eleanor Hull. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus)

"Shepherd Songs of Elizabethan England: A Pastoral Garland." By Adelaide L. J. Gosset. 5s. net. (Constable.)

"For that Thou givest my soul some pride,  
Not grudging sorrow for a mate,  
For this my wild and lovely bride  
I thank Thee, just, compassionate.

"For that Thou givest my soul some strength  
Of that high strength which rules the stars,  
To brave the time and wait the length,  
I bless Thy name and kiss my scars."

In his more characteristic poems, which are in the main narrative, his touch is more uncertain and the final impression less definite. In fact it is impossible without a multitude of quotations to say what it is that at once disappoints and promises in this book. But one thing is certain, that Mr. Tennyson has a natural bent which only poetry can satisfy. He has character and original colour. He has also a gift of words and rhythms, which almost always saves him both from commonplace and from artificiality. A few harsh inversions only mar a style of unusually easy vocabulary and construction. The difficulty is that it too seldom culminates unless with the help of a tale, often a moral tale. When his temperamental lightness—at present often taking the form of flightiness—really gets free expression Mr. Tennyson may be expected to do remarkable things.

Another poet who often emerges from his words as if peering out at us between them is Mr. James Guthrie, who has just published a new instalment of "The Elf." This is a book of prose and verse and drawing by himself, which he has issued in parts for several years. The pictures instantly announce a distinct individuality, a distinct and rare beauty, which has now reached a masterly expression. The poems are more shy but reveal again and again in moments of delicious accent the same individuality and beauty.

Neither Mr. Guthrie nor Mr. Tennyson quite represents himself in words. Mr. Alfred Williams does still less: he uses them only as counters which are clearly only a nominal equivalent of the ecstasy and aspiration behind them, of that experience of life on the downs, in a Wiltshire village, and by a Swindon forge, which enables him to say:

"I have drawn a strange breath, I have smelt life with my nostrils,  
I have imbibed secrets, I have drunk at the well of mystery;  
I have seen Beauty playing with her sisters under the trees  
in the meadows,  
And naked Love, purer than a lily, bathing in the sunlight . . ."

His work at its best has the passionate, throbbing purity of the later Richard Jefferies; but with a quieter sensuousness and a metrical resemblance to Whitman and the Blake of the Prophetic Books. His "winter," one of the completest of his poems, is like a mediæval Celtic poem of description and reflection. One verse of one poem, "After the Rain," shows at once what he feels and what he can express:

"After the rain,  
The hills show brighter, their green slopes,  
Washed with the essence, purer, clearer,  
Are lovelier, sweeter, plainer, nearer,  
Life stirs within us, and our hopes  
Kindling in the heart and brain,  
Forthwith a rosier colouring assume,  
Earth is studded o'er with bloom,  
Young we grow, we know not how,  
Banished every toil and pain,  
As we see the red sun dipping,  
O'er the meadows tripping, tripping,  
After the rain."

As he says himself, nobody will go to him for "tricks of fancy and unnatural thought," but for natural desires and satisfactions or rather, an inadequate, but not deceptive, equivalent of them in verse.

Mr. Gurdon has a much more assured style, but though professedly a poet of passion he is less individual. Mr. Gurdon has already written a tragedy on the lines of "Atalanta in Calydon" and includes in this volume a "prologue written for the commemorative performance at the Lyceum Theatre of 'Atalanta in Calydon,' April 4th, 1911." As might therefore be expected words are for him.



a lordly decoration of thought and feeling. He seeks not to communicate something but to create certain profound simple impressions, as of farewell, of despair, of satiety, etc. He attains a level of excellence, but not many days after reading:

"Close nestle my lips in the curve of your throat  
Where sweet fragrances dwell as of amber, or seem  
As the scent of the moon-coloured lilies that float  
On the waters of dream . . ."

it will be difficult to distinguish it in memory from other work of this class.

Mr. Armstrong has similar aims but a more diffuse manner and fewer cries of agony and despair. He aims at a legitimate but not quite relevant or necessary grandeur, and for the present succeeds best in this sonnet on "The Temples at Paestum":

"Stranded like wind-calmed galleons on the plain  
They lie between the mountains and the sea,  
Where pilgrim years bring gifts of sun and rain  
To Peace, twin-sister of Eternity

"There among fields of deathly asphodels  
They stand serene: the ignoble and the vain  
Passed with their makers: still within them dwells  
Mankind's divinity that shall remain.

"Civilization, kingdoms, centuries,  
Life, death and love, ambition and despair,  
Passing, as empty barges down a stream,  
Leave them august, like sleeping deities.  
Nature herself, the ageless, ever fair,  
Has aged and sunk into a broken dream"

It is as difficult to be original as it is to be quite sincere in this strain, but there is a genuine enthusiasm in Mr. Armstrong for the sea, for antiquity, for the wind, for revolt, for J. S. Bach, which makes it a pleasure to meet his book.

Mr. Coutts also is of this class and has already achieved things which he cannot hope to surpass without a rebirth. He never pretends to regard words as mere counters. The word "incomparable," e.g., is a good thing in itself to him, or he would not say:

"In that incomparable day,  
The time of strong impetuous youth"

The three epithets convey only Mr. Coutts' admiration of youth and do not distinguish him from the multitude who agree with him. His new book is an admirable series of similar grand draperies cast over thoughts and fancies of no extraordinary kind.

H. D. Lowry's fame does not gain by the publication of these "last poems," but the many admirers of "The Hundred Windows," will be glad to have the portrait and Mr. Edgar A. Preston's memoir of the author.

Runeberg's poem is a long simple narrative in ballad style and with a ballad subject. Mr. Magnusson's translation reveals the heroic skeleton of it, but being in verse, and that not masterly, it cannot do much more. A prose rendering must have proved far more valuable. At the same time the poem is powerful enough to penetrate any disguise and it can be read through at a sitting with pleasure.

Miss Eleanor Hull, the editor of "The Cuichullin Sign," etc., has drawn upon great and abundant treasures for this new anthology of Irish Gaelic poetry. The verse translations are by a number of distinguished men, living and dead, but I could wish they had all been in plain prose, which is always capable of revealing the native sweetness and strength of Irish lyric, as Messrs. Kuno Meyer and Douglas Hyde have testified. But there is no anthology half as welcome as this is, and none so necessary.

The same cannot be said of "Shepherd Songs." It was not a necessary thing to do, but by bringing together "workaday," "holiday" and "passionate" shepherds it may further in some degree the true understanding of the pastoral convention. It includes a number of beautiful things in a form suitable for presentation.

EDWARD THOMAS.

## TOBY'S SECOND INNINGS.\*

"Toby M.P.'s" second instalment of reminiscences will attract a wide circle of readers who remember the flavour of the first instalment. Those who have their doubts as to the capacity of the genial showman for collecting a troupe equal to his first one may be at once reassured. It is true there are some dull shows among the many engrossing "turns." There are even some repetitions. We hear twice over how much Mr. W. H. Smith would have given to be able to resign the Leadership of the House, and the circumstances of Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation are hammered into us relentlessly. There is, too, some little lack of the sense of proportion. We experience scarcely a flutter of interest in the discussion whether Mr. Gladstone did right to resign, when he was beaten in the elections after the first Home Rule Bill. And, speaking



Sir Toby, M.P.

By E. T. Reed.  
Reproduced from *Punch* by permission of the Proprietors.  
From "Forty Years in the Wilderness," by Sir H. W. Lucy. (Smith, Elder.)

generally, it may be said that the political side of the reminiscences is the least interesting.

Yet even here there are not wanting those suggestions and half revelations which are so genuinely and appetisingly tantalizing. Those who are not in the secret would give much to know who the distinguished lady was, who, meeting Lord Randolph in St. James' Street, when he thought the Cabinet would be driven to ask him to withdraw his resignation for want of a successor, put the very pertinent question: "What about Goschen?" Who again was it who "wore the cornflower of a chequered life?" In a lesser degree our curiosity is piqued as to the identity of the

\* "Forty Years in the Wilderness. More Passages by the Way." By Sir Henry W. Lucy 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

young lady who sang before Queen Victoria and reduced her to tears with a rendering of "The Wearin' of the Green." This anecdote perhaps exhibits the remembrancer at his best, for here he is in a position to correct a popular version of a story.

Although Lord Charles Beresford is now a parliamentarian, he "was not ever thus." The main current of his life has given St. Stephens a wide berth. There is no inconsistency then in asserting that a volume which is weakest on its parliamentary side is strongest in its stories of the breezy Admiral. We seem to be back in "Tom Cringle's Log" when we read of the jolly midshipman, as he was then, lassoing the legs of the conductor in a Peruvian opera house, as the said legs depended through the ceiling into the room below. Very characteristic, too, of the Admiral is his message from Gibraltar in reference to the passing of Rodjestvensky's fleet after the Dogger Bank outrage: "Most awkward mistake: awfully sorry. Have blown up the Russian Fleet: thought they were trawlers." But the hero of these stories is exhibited in his most delightful mood by the narrative of his dealings with the rogue "Tom Fat." That narrative deserves a place in all collections of tales for the inspiration of youth.

A somewhat unusual aspect is placed upon the acquisition of the Suez Canal shares, and if this version is correct, which we have no reason to doubt, Mr. Greenwood will be compelled to share the honour usually bestowed upon him with a certain banker. Exception may perhaps be taken to the tone of one or two references to Queen Victoria, and no good purpose is served by revising public house gossip to the detriment of Lady Beaconsfield. It must be allowed, however, that Sir Henry Lucy by no means confines his criticisms to those persons who are not of his way of thinking. Mr. Labouchere's reputation, for example, will certainly not be enhanced by these reminiscences. A professional plotter and mischief-maker, as the author represents him, may be possessed of all kinds of personal virtues, but those who have the best interests of their country at heart will be slow to award him a niche in the National Valhalla. But as we implied before, it is something of a relief to get away from the close atmosphere of the House of Commons, and to feel ourselves transported to the windy wastes of Kurdistan, there to behold Mr. Palgrave, the explorer, furtively stealing out of his tent at night to eat the sacred onions. Even a particularly gruesome and unusual ghost story seems to have more reality and kinship to life than these intrigues at St. Stephens.

W. A. F.

### SCOTTISH HISTORY.\*

The author of this attractive volume came to Scotland many years ago as ignorant of the history as he was of the countryside. In the spirit of inquiry he has wandered down many by-ways of romance, plucking here and there such flowers as took his fancy.

In "By-paths of Scottish History" Mr. Barbé has chosen a somewhat unfortunate title, since, out of twenty papers, six are devoted to that most unhappy of queens, Mary Stuart, and her four Marys, and another to her son, James VI. The contents of the book otherwise are sidelights on the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and when writing on such subjects as "The Isle of May," "The Invasion of Ailsa Craig" and "The Old Scottish Army," Mr. Barbé is entertaining, while in "Master Randolphe's Fantaisie" and "The Song of Mary Stuart" he is more than a pleasant companion. From the point of view of historical importance the last paper is the most valuable in the book and deserving of our attention. That "The Song of Mary Stuart" was not the work of the Queen has long been suspected for a variety of reasons, but that Brantôme should have composed it, and hidden his identity, may be claimed as original.

The sketch devoted to Queen Mary and her great beauty will appeal to every sympathiser with that most romantic

\* "In By-paths of Scottish History." By Louis Barbé. ros. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

of women. The author has examined several hundred engravings of the Queen and expresses disappointment with all. But that problem must ever remain a mystery, and certainly the Morton portrait at the beginning of the book only deepens our perplexity; for who would have the courage to say that the Queen who broke so many hearts was not beautiful?

Here is a brief and touching paragraph of her last hour. "According to one account the Queen of Scots wore black, according to another auburn ringlets, on the morning of her execution. Both, however, agree in this, that when the false covering fell she appeared as grey as if she had been sixty and ten years old."

She was also "of a full figure, and became actually stout in later life"; so stout, that she had "a double chin."

One would prefer to pass on and retain the fairer, timeless picture of her buoyant youth, like a flower in the grey scil of Scotland, and remember her great spirit and how she wept (she often wept) that she could not lie out on the bare ground like the men.

In the sketches of her four companions, the famous Marys (two of whom, Mary Carmichael and Mary Hamilton, should be rightly called Mary Fleming and Mary Livingstone), Mr. Barbé has treated each character separately, and has taken us beyond history into the solitude of their future, when the Queen had gone to England and when clouds gathered, only too soon, about their happiness. Old age brought as little peace to some of the Marys as to their fair mistress.

Of the remaining papers, such as "Riotous Glasgow," "Edinburgh and Her Patron Saint" and "Loretto," there is little to be said. They are slight sketches on obscure subjects, mere fleeting footnotes to local history, more suited for a periodical than the greater dignity of such a large and elegant volume as this.

The last article, "The Story of the Long Tail Myth," must feel considerably lost in its present company. Despite Mr. Barbé's sturdy defence of its presence, we are convinced that by no conceivable by-path, no matter how secret, could it be traced to Scotland. However, we do not wish to cross swords with the author over that, as — with the exception of "The Song of Mary Stuart" — it is perhaps the most absorbing and enticing of his wares.

In short, this is certainly a book to read. In the making of such books as this only such writers as Andrew Lang know the qualities that are indispensable, but one would imagine that a combination of expert research and a glowing pen go a long way.

And Mr. Barbé has the sympathetic mind. Were he to retrace his footsteps (we speak only in metaphor), and follow the Scot in France, who knows what might not come to light? He is peculiarly suited for such a study, where his nationality and his knowledge of Scottish History should prove an invaluable alliance.

F. W.

### THE MODEL EMPLOYER.\*

Professor Ashley says rightly that the experiments described in this book are "full of valuable suggestion" — to the business man, and no less to those who look to the State, or to the great union or Syndicate as the future ruler of industry. Bournville, for it is of Bournville Mr. Edward Cadbury writes, is one of our present day models of industrial organization an example of what may be done when the aim of the employer is "a combination of business efficiency together with an all-round development of the workers as individuals and citizens." The success on the business side is easily proved. In 1880 the number of employees was 303, at the end of 1911 it was 6,182. That "the loyalty of the worker to his own class and its organizations" has not been lessened in the Bournville "atmosphere and spirit of co-operation and good-will," we take for granted since trade unions are encouraged by the firm. Mr. Edward

\* Experiments in Industrial Organization. By Edward Cadbury. With a preface by W. J. Ashley, Ph.D. 5s. net. (Longmans.)



Cadbury, indeed, notes that there is a distinct "improvement" in trade-unionism:

"The better education of the employees is beginning to have its effect. There are now in the works strong branches of various unions, and the membership is increasing steadily. This sign of awakening industrial consciousness is found also amongst the girls, and a branch of the National Federation of Women Workers has been established."

• We have not space here to describe all that is told in this book. People who really want to know what can be done in these days of keen foreign competition and "social unrest" by an enlightened captain of industry must read "Experiments in Industrial Organization" for themselves. They will not be disappointed. For whether it is the selection or the education of employees, the discipline of the works, the methods of remuneration and organization, the provisions for health and safety, or the industrial conditions that are explained, it is all of interest, informing and illuminative.

## THE WORLD'S END.\*

From Pole to Pole—so long a household phrase with us—will, apparently, soon be Mr Amundsen's designation. Even in these days of wonderful transit it seems to be almost unbelievable that one man should go so far, should compass the whole, wide world. "Intrepid Explorer" has lost the grip, the sense of its old meaning. We want a new term, a stronger phrase for these Amundsens, Shackletons, Scotts, Pearys and their kind. For what can now be expected from the latest Pole-discoverer but that he will reach the most northerly point of this planet just as he and his companions have gained the most southerly, although, decidedly, not with the same comparative ease and certainty, because the varying conditions make that impossible. We must remember that it was Roald Amundsen who, five years ago, in the *Gjoa*, a 47-ton cutter, issued from a successful attempt at the North-west Passage, after centuries of failure by other and none the less determined and capable men in far larger and better equipped vessels. And—just a human point in passing—as the *Gjoa* was making for Herring Straits, her labours done, her triumph achieved, she met the *Duchess of Bedford*, under the command of Ejnar Mikkelsen, going into the Arctic on a similar errand, never to come out again. Not one scrap to belittle his rare ability, his keen foresight and preparation for possible difficulties he has enjoyed enviable good fortune in his ventures—"the best of luck" he calls

\* "The South Pole: An Account of the Norwegian Antarctic Expedition in the *Fram*, 1910-12." By Roald Amundsen. Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Chater. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. In Two Volumes. £2 2s. net. (John Murray.)

it; and it is for these several reasons that we think he is so likely to be successful in the north.

For the present, however, we have to consider him as the discoverer of the South Pole, and this record of how he and his four companions travelled over the ice and the mountain chains from the Great Barrier to the Pole and back, makes vigorous, inspiring reading. Yet whatever a man's action may be, daring and great or little and cowardly, we always like to know what he is behind them, apart from them, in addition to them; and here is a sidelight on the man whom all the world of explorers and adventurous spirits generally will ever somewhat envy for his two history-making exploits:

"Here I am, sitting in the shade of palms, surrounded by the most wonderful vegetation, enjoying the most magnificent fruits, and writing—the history of the South Pole. What an infinite distance seems to separate that region from these surroundings! And yet it is only four months since my gallant comrades and I reached the coveted spot. I write the history of the South Pole! If anyone had hinted a word of anything of the sort four or five years ago, I should have looked upon him as incurably mad. And yet the madman would have been right."



From "The South Pole

## Roald Amundsen.

R. Amundsen (John Murray.)

across the Arctic, with a great effort to reach the Pole in the course of it, he just ran down south, packed his sledges, put on his skis, hurried out to the Pole and came home again. So that if they do not now fit out his expedition as such a one was never before fitted out—well, if they don't, Roald Amundsen ought to change his flag.

As to the hardships, the terrors and the well-nigh overwhelming desolation of such a venture. Does any sane person need to be told about them here? Even if the least adequate justice could be done to them in a review, where the purpose is to give an idea of the whole, rather than to single out a feature that is, after all, only a portion. One is thrilled—no other word will fit—by the dash and go over the mountain passes, 11,000 feet high, ice-bound and often smothered in blinding snow, or sleety hail; just as one feels the party's pleasure and comparative ease of mind to be away again on the farther plateau, heading for the Pole, with now happily, but unknown to the voyagers, no more great ascents to scale laboriously. Then the triumph of that last observation, taken and checked again

and again for accuracy's sake, 90° south! The Pole! Yet all up to this so plainly set down—no flow of words, no picture making, no deviating from the subject; and still the record is not a barren one. Simple and matter-of-fact, as ever are the man-of-action's records of his own share in deeds that thrill the world of humanity, the story is told with that oneness of view which has made the best in all our literature of things done. Then there was the good-bye to "Polheim," the Pole camp:

"It was a solemn moment when we bared our heads and said farewell to our home (the tent) and our flag."

So to the joy of the homeward run to "Framheim" (the "home" built of a shed and ice-chambers, containing the "Crystal Palace," on the Barrier, near the *Fram's* anchorage); when the ski-runners of the party became so hungry that they "would have swallowed pebbles without winking." Then amongst the mountains again, and we are permitted to see some of the glories of the scene, as the leader of the party stands at the opening of his tent, at one o'clock in the morning; when the sun, away over the Pole nearly, makes the snow-clad peaks glisten as if they were polished, while the lower portions throw dark shadows that make a powerful contrast, and over all there is the wonderful, awesome silence, of treeless, frozen solitudes—all the more wonderful because it has the strange power to draw men back to it and its terrors.

Next came the descent to the lower plateau, the far edge of which was the Barrier, and there "Framheim." Says the leader:

"The going was precisely the same—loose, fairly deep snow. We went quite easily over it, however, and it was all downhill. On the ridge where the descent to the glacier began we halted to make our preparations. Brakes were put under the sledges, and our two ski-sticks were fastened together to make one strong one; we should have to be able to stop instantly if surprised by a crevasse in going. We ski-runners went in front. The going was ideal here on the steep slope, just enough loose snow to give one good steering on ski. We went whizzing down, and it was not many minutes before we were on the Lieberg Glacier."

Another descent, and they were on the Barrier plateau, in 85° 5' south, with eleven dogs left—out of about fifty—to draw the three sledges containing provisions for thirty-five days, "the dogs looking just as well as when we left Framheim"; and down came a blizzard, with a great crevasse straight across their path somewhere ahead.

"The snow was very deep and loose, and the going very heavy. Fortunately we were warned in time of our approach to the expected cracks by the appearance of some bare ice ridges. These told us clearly enough that disturbances had taken place here, and that even greater ones might be expected, probably near at hand. At that moment the thick curtain of cloud was torn asunder, and the sun pierced the whirling mass of snow. Instantly Haussen shouted: 'Stop, Bjaaland!' He was just on the edge of the yawning crevasse."

Such, not omitting the delightful "Day at Framheim," were some of the items in the discovery of the South Pole. And Mr. John Murray has done fine justice to his share of letting the world know, and having a lasting record, of how it was all done.

J. E. PATTERSON.

### WILLIAM SHARP.\*

Mrs. William Sharp, in her edition of her husband's writings, has certainly kept the best until the last. These "Vistas" contain the most notable work, in creative literature at any rate, which he produced under his own name. It was almost inevitable that these dramatic studies should have been compared with the earlier plays of Maeterlinck. The two men were trying to produce similar effects by similar methods. But, as it happened, Sharp had no knowledge of the Belgian poet's work when he wrote some of them, and they are all quite personal and characteristic. The

\* "Vistas." By William Sharp. 5s. net. "William Sharp: A Memoir." By Mrs. William Sharp. 2 Vols. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

best of them are masterpieces of suggestion. They display Sharp's feeling for the supernatural and the mysterious at its most effective, and the economy which the form imposes curbs that fluency which was the defect of his undoubted command of language. The finest of them is "A Northern Night," in which the unseen presence of death is really powerfully indicated. Others, such as "The Passion of Père Hilarion," are spoilt by too much insistence. This was Sharp's great fault. The Pre-Raphaelite influence, working on a natural facility, produced a love of detail and description which is in the result too often wearisome. It has this effect in the majority of the stories and studies which complete the present volume, though "The Gypsy Christ" is not without power and fascination.

This readiness of pen had, of course, its advantages. Not only did it enable Sharp to live on what, if it was largely journalism, was at any rate connected, and quite worthily connected, with the literature which he loved; it also saved him from the necessity of deliberately writing below himself. Many men, working slowly at some cherished work of art, have the torture and mortification of at the same time turning out much bad stuff because they cannot write both well and fast. Sharp, with his fluency, could always keep up to, or near, his own average. He neither made his fortune nor produced a masterpiece, but he managed to succeed at once in the ideal and the commercial walks of letters in a way which is only too rare. How he did it is the subject of his wife's "Memoir," which was published last year and is now reissued in two volumes uniform with the collected works.

It is a book of considerable value to the student of later nineteenth century literature. Sharp knew everyone and corresponded with everyone. Nevertheless, the best reading will be found in the earlier pages, before he had settled to the literary career and made his name. To this period belong some good stories. His own description of his first day at school is delightful.

"On the very day of my arrival a rebellion had broken out, and by natural instinct I was, like the Irishman the moment he arrived in America, 'agin the Government.' I remember the rapture with which I evaded a master's pursuing grip, and was hauled in at a window by exultant rebels. In that temporary haven the same afternoon I insulted a big boy, whose peculiar physiognomy had amazed me to delighted but impolite laughter, and forthwith experienced my first school thrashing. Later in the day I had the satisfaction of coming out victor in an unequal combat with the heir of an Indian big-wig, whom, with too ready familiarity, I had addressed as 'Curry.' As I was a rather delicate and sensitive child, this was not a bad beginning."

It seems to be the orthodox thing for artists to be sensitive and delicate in childhood. Possibly, in the retrospect, Sharp, after many days spent among poets and poetry, was inclined to exaggerate those qualities in his own case. In spite of visions and communings with the Infinite, it can scarcely be doubted that the hero of these escapades had a fair share of health and hardihood. He ran away from school four times, and later lived for two or three months in a gipsy encampment, acquiring strange lore which he afterwards put to good use. He was a nomad by temperament, and contrived to see a good deal of the world in the course of his life: on one occasion the *wanderlust* compelled him to throw up profitable appointments in London, and to leave England.

After a voyage to Australia for the sake of his health, and various efforts to school himself to the sober ways of clerkship, young Sharp came to the conclusion that his destiny was to be a writer and (as the phrase then went) a Bohemian. He accordingly went through considerable hardships, at one time living on roasted chestnuts, but ultimately his talents brought him recognition. These were aided by the invaluable asset of self-assurance. His first interview with Rossetti was more admirable for this quality than for taste; and on one occasion he painted a book, not a word of which had yet been written, in colours so glowing that he left the publisher's office the richer by a cheque for £100. He had an extraordinary knack of getting to know people, and he soon numbered most literary men of any standing among his acquaintances. It is, however, rather a limitation that he confined his friendship

so exclusively to men and women of his own or kindred professions. One feels that a stockbroker or two would have been good for him.

There are a great many letters, both written by and written to Sharp in these volumes. The latter are, on the whole, the more interesting. Some of the best letter-writers of the day were among his correspondents. Stevenson writes a note of characteristic whimsicality, enclosing two sonnets, of which I personally can make neither head nor tail. Sharp, however, likes them, and proposes to include them in an anthology which he is making; against which R.L.S. launches an amused protest. John Addington Symonds discusses verse-structure in a way which has become curiously old-fashioned. We are more interested in the matter than the manner of poetry nowadays, and it is notable that whereas when Sharp was editing volumes of "Canterbury Poets," anthologies were made on the basis of form, they are at present made on a basis of subject or mood. There is a very interesting letter from Henley, protesting against Sharp's review of his "In Hospital" and objecting especially to his use of the adjective "crude." "My method is, I know, the exact reverse of your own," he writes; and defends his own method with spirit. Pater's letters are disappointing, but there are some characteristic notes from Meredith. Part of one must be quoted: it is such ideal fare for the comic spirit.

"I have read your book on Shelley, and prefer it, matched with the bulky. Putting out of view Matthew Arnold's very lofty lift of superterrestrial nose over the Godwin nest, one inclines to agree with him about our mortal business of Shelley."

Was the great man pulling his own leg when he allowed himself to write like this? or was his sense of humour sound asleep? Wilde is as Wildian as Meredith is Meredithian. He sends Sharp that really fine sonnet "On the Sale by Auction of Keats's Love Letters," and adds:

"I wish I could grave my sonnets on an ivory tablet—Quill-pens and note paper are only good enough for bills of lading. A sonnet should always look well. Don't you think so?"

But if Wilde too much himself may be mocked as superfine, Meredith too much himself is ludicrous.

Sharp's dual personality, and the evolution of "Fiona Macleod," is, of course, the principal motive of the "Memoir." Though by no means lacking masculine qualities, he always had a peculiar sympathy with women and a power of seeing things from their point of view. It was the growth of this, coupled with other causes, — among them the desire to express his mystical imaginings in a literature which should not be associated with his less intimate work as William Sharp—which gradually evoked the idea of the mysterious poetess who so long baffled the critics. It is remarkable how, in a gossiping world, Sharp, who also loved mystification for its own sake, contrived to keep his secret. He told it to a few friends; but when suspicions were aroused in a wider circle, he denied his identity without scruple. He even, when in considerable financial straits, let slip the opportunity of a Civil List pension because, to obtain it, a complete statement of his claim would have had to be placed on the table of the House of Commons. Before his death, he wrote notes for various friends, begging forgiveness for the deceit. Some day, perhaps, some acute critic will make an elaborate psychological study of all the available data. The result would be very valuable, for though neither William Sharp nor Fiona Macleod were writers of the highest importance, their joint tenancy of one body was an unique event.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

## A VETERAN SOCIALIST.\*

Herr Bebel is now seventy-two, and he is still the honoured leader of the old guard of Social democracy in Germany. This first volume of autobiography tells of his boyhood and early manhood, of the controversies with the followers of Lassalle, the founding and early successes of the Social democratic party; and leaves us at the era of coercion, with Bismarck in power, in 1878. In all modesty and sincerity Herr Bebel has written of the part he has played in the building up of his party, and if the English reader gets too much of the doings of the Lassalleans and wearies of the intrigues and misdeeds of their dictator—Jean Baptist von Schweitzer—there is ample compensation in the pages that deal with the author's more personal reminiscences. In especial are the years of apprenticeship, the life as a journeyman carpenter, and the political imprisonments of interest.

In the Fortress of Hubertusburg, where Bebel—then a member of the Reichstag—had been sentenced to remain for two years for High Treason, in 1872, Liebknecht was already installed:

"There were five or six of us altogether, and when one left the court would provide a fresh recruit. Further, there was always some student sent to the fortress for some duelling affair."

Arbitrary as the sentence seems to us, for the "high treason" was the crime of democratic propaganda on strictly constitutional lines and frank criticism of Bismarck's policy, the prisoners were recognized as political offenders and treated with every consideration. Indeed the doctor who assured Frau Bebel: "If your husband

\* "My Life." By August Bebel. 7s 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)



From "My Life," by A. Bebel (Fisher Unwin).

A. Bebel.

gets a year in prison you may rejoice, for he needs a rest ! " was probably right, so strenuously was Herr Bebel working for " the cause " at the time of his arrest. Bebel himself writes that :

" The absolute rest and fresh air (at Hubertusburg) soon put me on my feet again. . . . It was even discovered, when subsequently undergoing a medical examination, that my left lung, in which tuberculosis had eaten a large hole, had healed during my internment."

The daily routine of prison life is well described :

" We had to be ready dressed by seven o'clock, when the cells were opened for cleaning. (This was done by a so-called ' calefactor,' and prisoners had to pay for this and for the rent of their cells some 15s. monthly). In the meantime we had breakfast in the large corridor. Our friend Hirsch used to take this opportunity to play chess with another civilian prisoner, with whom he used to be continually quarrelling over the game. From eight to ten we were locked in our cells; then we took our regulation walks in the garden. From twelve to three in winter and four in summer we were once more locked up, and then took our second walk, to be locked up at five or six according to the season, until the cells were unlocked next morning. We had the right to burn a light until 10 p.m., and these hours I devoted to study."

Besides learning English and French under Liebknecht's tuition Herr Bebel during this imprisonment read largely in history, political economy, and natural science.

Not always, however, were the prison conditions so favourable as at Hubertusburg. In the end, as all Europe knows, Bismarck's policy of coercion failed utterly, and Herr Bebel in his old age has seen the party of Social democracy become the largest in Germany. J. C.

### "THE PEARK."\*

His Honour Judge Parry is so versatile a man that we may turn from delighting in his children's books, to a consideration of him dispensing justice from his " peark," only to recall that he is a playwright as well as an earnest advocate for certain legal reforms, and besides all these he has his enduring niche as editor of the fascinating letters of charming Dorothy Osborne. Then, too, he gave us not long ago a pleasant volume of miscellaneous essays, and now he claims (and succeeds in holding) our attention with a most engaging volume of reminiscences. The title of this book suggests that it is only concerned with the writer's experiences in Manchester, but it includes recollections of his early London life, bits about his barristerial experiences on circuit, and a miscellany of anecdotes that range far from the city in which he spent a quarter of a century and at which he now occasionally pokes fun. One of the most impressive memories of Manchester is that of its cotton-laden " luries," and Judge Parry says that if he had had a hand in emblazoning a coat of arms he would have chosen " a lurry—not rampant, or courant, but *fas-sant*—night and day constantly and eternally *pas-sant*."

It was by his experience in Manchester that Judge Parry came to be an advocate on behalf of a couple of legal reforms which should be hastened by his well-informed championship. One of these concerns the judgment summons, the machinery of which means in effect the establishing of one law for the rich and another for the poor, and the other is the demand for Courts of Conciliation or Reconciliation, where the parties concerned could together discuss the matter in dispute with the judge in an informal fashion and thus often avoid the lottery of an action. The experiment seems one that needs but formulating to be tried, for it might be the production of much good, while it is difficult to see in what way it could do harm. These subjects are more or less incidentally dealt with in this delightful book, but the reader soon realises that they are matters near the author's heart, though the volume in which they occur is in the main a brightly anecdotal one. The blending of seriousness and fun is one of Judge Parry's happy characteristics as a raconteur—a blending which results in his never being either solemnly dull, or merely flippant—and it is difficult to believe that any readers will be disappointed

\* "What the Judge Saw: Being Twenty-Five Years in Manchester. By One Who Has Lived It." By His Honour Judge Edward Abbott Parry. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

with this record of things experienced, seen and heard by one who has not allowed a number of years on the " peark " to dull his sense of humour, the readiness of his own wit, or appreciation of the wit of other men. One anecdote, as it is that from which the title of this notice is taken, may be quoted from among the large number scattered through the book :

Shee said a witty thing to Lord Coleridge, who was puzzled with the Lancashire dialect. A witness, in describing a verbal encounter, said : " Then the defendant turned round and said if 'e didn't 'owld 'is noise, 'e'd knock 'im off 'is peark."

" Peark ? Mr Shee, what is meant by peark ? " asked the Lord Chief Justice.

" Oh, peark, my lord, is any position where a man elevates himself above his fellows—for instance, a bench, my lord."

Judge Parry goes on to say that the witness had put an adjective before the word " peark " but he did not repeat it, not wishing " to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty," and adds, characteristically, the decisive judgment that " there is no cheek like the cheek of modesty."

WALTER JERROLD.

### A TRAGEDY OF FOUR.\*

There are, they say, but five possible plots in the world : of these Mrs. Wharton has chosen in her latest novel perhaps the commonest of all. Yet this fact by no means detracts from the value of the story, for in her hands a *motif* taken from melodrama becomes a new thing. " The Reef " is at once a study in character contrast of the simplest kind and a revelation in spiritual tragedy of the subtlest. The subject is the contrast between apparent victory and actual defeat, for the woman who seemed to win is really the woman who lost, when laying her hand on substance she found but shadow. Incidentally, too, " The Reef " throws a searchlight on the basic difference between the way in which men and women view the ethics of love adventure.

George Darrow, on his way to Anna Leath, is irritated by a telegram putting off his visit without excuse. By the malice of that fate which waits on weak moments he falls in with Sophy Viner, one of the thousands of women who, with their backs to the wall, are fighting poverty with no weapon of education or professional training. Darrow gives the child what she has never had before—a good time, but emerges from the affair no longer an honourable man. He becomes so much the meaner while Sophy, shallow in brain but profound in instinct, learns from it a power of nobility and sacrifice which nothing else could have taught her. A year later, when his suit of Anna Leath is on the verge of success, he finds Sophy engaged to her stepson.

It is curious to note how Mrs. Wharton deals with a situation so full of irony as this. Where, for instance, Anatole France would have laid stress on the priggish hypocrisy of Darrow, the man who is actually shocked at seeing a woman contemplate the very course of action to which he has already committed himself, Mrs. Wharton is overcome with pity for the four people concerned : for the boy who adores a girl with no love to give him, for the woman so deceived, for the girl so perplexed and the man so harassed. The situation is grimly humorous, but Mrs. Wharton fails to see this apparently. Day after day these people skate over the thin ice of revelation till the facts leap to life just because they are in the air, they cannot remain unknown. And although Sophy effaces herself, it is Anna who will always suffer, since between herself and Darrow at every simplest incident a mocking memory comes before her of the shadowy third. The final touch of satire is given when Darrow refuses to satisfy Anna's morbid curiosity, saying : " It would put something irremediable between us," when the something irremediable is already there to spoil their lives.

The colourlessness of Mrs. Wharton's style bleaches all comment from her pages : what remains therefore of satire is of the very stuff of the tale itself. Yet the work

\* " The Reef." By Edith Wharton. 6s. (Macmillan.)

is unequal. Sophy and Anna live; never has the world-tossed wanderer, the smirched thing with a pure heart, been better done titan in the former; never could a *grande dame* beating at the gates of life be more vivid than in the latter. But the mad Owen is a whirl of inexplicable hysteria; the man Darrow but an irritating enigma. Mrs. Wharton deals so delicately with these masculine nerves that their possessors remain but phantoms. Darrow would not have captured Anna, nor would he have held Sophy: he was not man enough to flutter the dovescotes in this fashion. It is, too, a defect in Mrs. Wharton's delicate cameo-work that her sentimental conflicts are so isolated from the workaday world. Her characters live in a vacuum. Darrow, for instance, is called a diplomat, but actually he has no trade but that of philandering. To draw people so is to botanise without recognising the soil from which a plant grows.

Yet to carp thus is rather to gird at a style of novel-writing, for the works of the high-priest of this school, Mr. Henry James, exhibit exactly the same divorce between a drama and what must have been its inevitable setting, the buying and selling, the eating and drinking, all the activities of the market place, whether of national or individual life. And if a good deal of the weird contrast of actuality is lost by this method of secluding a tragedy, at the same time it leaves more room for the subtle interplay of mind with mind which makes Mrs. Wharton's work so fascinating. We are here very near to the "psychic" drama of Maeterlinck, and within its strictly drawn boundaries "The Reef" is a very fine book.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

### THE COMPLETE MYSTERY.\*

No book of Dickens's has been more written about than "Edwin Drood," and none has been less generally read by the public at large. Even earnest and devoted Dickensians are deterred from reading it, as Mr. Cuming Walters says in his introductory chapter, "because they do not care to be tantalised by a half-told tale." The tale must always remain half-told, of course, but since some "Suggestions for a Conclusion" appeared in the *Cornhill* in 1884, a formidable number of critics have exercised their ingenuity in deducing from so much of the novel as Dickens had done a solution of the mystery that he had finished ravelling but had scarcely begun to unravel. The problem divides itself into three main questions: Was Edwin actually murdered, or had he escaped into hiding? Who was Datchery? and how had Dickens meant to pair off certain of the characters at the conclusion of it all?

The variety of solutions that have been offered bear testimony to the cunning with which Dickens had woven his plot. Following close on Dickens's death, Orpheus C. Kerr wrote a burlesque finish of the story in 1870; in the same year four articles were published in different papers making guesses at how it was to have developed; several writers published sequels to the unfinished romance, plays based upon it, and articles concerning it; then Richard Proctor temporarily laid Edwin's ghost in 1887 with his remarkable book, "Watched by the Dead: A Loving Study of Dickens' Half-told Tale." For eighteen years after that the subject was left as severely alone as if it had been settled once for all. Then, in 1905, Mr. Cuming Walters revived it, and in his "Clues to the Mystery of Edwin Drood" ably propounded his theories that Drood was really and undoubtedly dead and that the baffling Datchery was none other than Helena Landless in disguise. A cloud of controversy rose up about him; it is amazing to read here a list of the multitude of articles and books that have been written since, some in agreement with Mr. Walter's theories, some opposed to them and setting up rival theories, each new theorist

\* The Complete "Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Charles Dickens. The History, Continuations and Solutions (1870-1912) by J. Cuming Walters. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



High Street, Rochester.

From "The Complete Edwin Drood," by J. Cuming Walters (Chapman & Hall).

starting his new crowd of supporters or opponents. Last autumn Sir W. Robertson Nicoll took up the running, made an exhaustive study of Dickens's usual methods of construction, and of the characters and the fragmentary plot of "Edwin Drood" in particular, and delivered what was, in the opinion of most critics, a final judgment on the whole case. He not only acquiesced in Mr. Walters's main conclusions, but deduced from the published novel, from an examination of the original manuscript and from other sources, fresh evidence in corroboration of them, and so admittedly left nothing for further investigators to do. But Mr. Walters seems to have felt it an opportune moment to put out this final volume, which contains the unfinished novel, a lucid summary of the continuations that have been written to it and all the various essays that have been made in the solving of its uncertainties, and a very full and very interesting account of the discussion that has raged round "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" ever since Dickens made even more of a mystery of it than he had intended. Mr. Cuming Walters has done his work thoroughly and well. He has included the fragmentary chapter on "How Mr. Sapsea ceased to be a Member of the Eight Club," which was found by Forster after Dickens's death; he devotes one section to a history of the inception and writing of "Edwin Drood" and an account of the localities and characters of the novel; and another to the sequels and solutions, concluding with a large folding table in which the divers conclusions of the book are tabulated, so that one may see at a glance what theories and beliefs have been held on the points in dispute by those who have studied them. There is also a complete bibliography. The numerous illustrations add greatly to the attractiveness and the value of a book that all lovers of Dickens will welcome with both hands.

### AN OLD ROMANCE.\*

It is so long since Mr. Gosse's version of "Undine" was published that it comes in its present guise almost as a new venture. In any form it is heartily welcome. Discerning donors have by this already noted it and assigned copies (dare we say?) to the stockings of maidens in their early teens; and for such purposes it could scarcely be bettered.

\* "Undine": A Tale by F. de la Motte Fouqué. Translated from the German by Edmund Gosse, C.B. 2s. 6d. net. (Siddewick & Jackson.)

Its appearance prompts the remark that nothing is so dead as the average romance of former generations. For proof of this we need not go back to Don Belianis of Greece, or Palmerin of England, or the metrical romances that pass among philologists as literature, we need not go to "Arcadia," which if there have been few to praise there have been fewer still to love. We shall find the least living of books among the wild fictions that flourished in times far less remote from ours, to wit, in the great romantic outburst, of which the French Revolution is,

in a sense, merely one of the incidents. To us these stories have become humorous. "Werther" suggests the lady who went on cutting bread-and-butter, rather than the youths who died in romantic imitation of the hero, and Byron himself begins to assume the proportions and character of a legend, and lives as a force and influence rather than as one whose words are vital to this generation. "Undine" is a strange survival. It is a spark, still bright, of the great romantic conflagration that blazed to its height and expired in the works of Wagner, whose machinery of giants, gnomes, nymphs, valkyries, knights in shining armour, magic rings, potions, the spell of the mountains, and the mystery of the forest, is precisely that by which the author of "Undine" sought to create his effects. Certainly not the least romantic fact about "Undine" is that it was the book Wagner was reading on the latest evening of his life.

The author himself was a romance. Handsome and well-born, his first recollection was the riding away of a magnificent officer to the wars, and his first thrill the sight of a suit of armour and a great two-handed sword. Henceforth knights in armour and magnificent steeds were his obsession, and he continued to produce in plays and stories a vast succession of heroes, who (in Heine's words) were as brave as a hundred lions and as senseless as two donkeys. Inevitably he became a soldier, and entered (of course) a cavalry regiment. He saw actual service in the Napoleonic wars and was wounded both at Lützen and Bautzen. He met and worshipped Goethe and Schiller, and was as fond of Chamisso (said a cynic) as any cavalry officer could be of one who had been in the infantry. He was (appropriately) three times married, and lived to 1843, long enough to have witnessed a new romantic revival.

He brings with him to us very little of his vast output. In even his more readable stories, like "Sintram" and "Aslauga's Knight," you will find heroines vaguer than Elsa, and heroes more monumentally priggish than Lohengrin. "Undine" alone is really alive, and even in that a modern finds himself preferring the rather Ibsenitish nymph that Undine was before she obtained her soul. Its real charm is in its sense of natural wonder—the magic of the streams and the woods. There its thrill is genuine, even though the methods and idiom are obsolete. The ride of Huldbrand through the forest is just the "Waldesnacht" of so many romantic poets, terrorless now in literature, but dark and wild as ever in the music of Schubert.

GEORGE SAMPSON.



Buckingham Palace in 1790.

The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century," by E. S. Roscoe (Constable).

### PROVINCIAL NERVE CENTRES \*

Under this somewhat unilluminative title Mr. Roscoe gives a few impressionist sketches of life in London and the Provinces. It must be confessed that even the best of our historians have been inclined to lay too much stress on the life in London, and Mr. Roscoe's unpretentious pages fill a distinct gap in portraying the work of other nerve centres of our national life. How little does the ordinary history tell us of Liverpool, its curious isolation from the rest of the kingdom, its dependence on the slave trade, the stream of privateers it sent out to fight American vessels in the War of Independence, or the origin of its traditional conservatism! How seldom do popular histories give a correct description of life in farm and cottage during the first half of the eighteenth century, of the two strings to every agriculturist's bow—his agriculture and his manufacture! The realisation of this fact and of our inability to reproduce it under modern industrial conditions is of no little importance in the quest for means of attracting men back to the land.

On these points, in these spheres that he makes particularly his own, Mr. Roscoe is thoroughly interesting and informing. Scarcely less clear and graphic is the contrast drawn between the middle classes of London, unemotional, tranquil, conservative, and the manufacturers who by their energy and enterprise were transforming the Midlands and the North. Equally forcible is the comparison between the shallow-brained, idle aristocrat of the Capital and such intellectual and progressive aristocrats of the Provinces as Lord Townshend, who in 1730 renounced the career of statesman for that of scientific farmer. One virtue our author does allow the noblemen of the Capital. Alone among the other classes they acquired by their study of French and their travels on the Continent a certain sympathy with other Europeans, which blossomed into an actual *entente* with the aristocracy of France, and also made the great families of England the natural leaders of their country in foreign politics.

Broad and useful as are such impressionist surveys, Mr. Roscoe descends from these heights to steer us through the streets of Bath with their superficial, inconsequential life. Such personalities too as Fanny Burney, Jane Austen and Miss Seward are graceful ornaments of the backwaters of national life, but scarcely deserve the space allotted to them in the study of the main streams of English progress. Nor does Samuel Crisp, Fanny Burney's guide, philosopher-

"The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century." By E. S. Roscoe. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)



and friend, seem to be quite in his element in such a wide survey. We notice too some awkward repetitions of quotations, etc., and an occasional *non sequitur*. The fact that the tenants assembled at the Hall to welcome the squire home is brought forward as an illustration of the decay of the feudal spirit, instead of its subsistence. Nor can we agree that the influence of India on the middle class "has never received due attention." Apart from these blemishes this study of the nation's progress is as satisfactory to the student as it is readable by the curious.

### GITANJALI.\*

We think it probable that a good many people who read Mr. Yeats' very eulogistic introduction to this volume will be rather disappointed when they come to study the actual contents. For these prose translations made by the author from his Bengali poems are clouded in a kind of rosy and gentle mysticism which will be alien to most Western intelligences. They have beauty, but it is the cold and crystal beauty of an ascetic dreamer who has cast from him all the dross of the earth. You will not find in this book the glowing pulse of the East as you will find it in the huge Indian epics, but you will find the pure, exquisite, and pensive visions of a sage. We miss, of course, the cadence of the original verse which is said to be wonderfully delicate and finished, but these translations are quite enough to show us that Mr. Tagore is a true poet. We should not have called him a great poet, but then, naturally, it is impossible to make a statement like this, knowing so little of his work and that in a translation. In India, Mr. Tagore has a reputation of an extraordinarily exalted and universal nature. His genius must indeed be the mouthpiece of a national aspiration and philosophy to have moved so profoundly a country as vast as his. But to English minds, that is to say to the majority of English minds, he would certainly appear to lack substance. He has no obvious grip on reality, without which romance itself, in our eyes, loses its real magic.

There are, in all, 103 poems in the book. They are poems about the experiences of the soul, and they have the calm perfection which might appertain, one imagines, to the outpourings of a disembodied spirit. On the whole, they have the negative rather than the positive qualities of high poetry. They are flawless, but they lack fire. They are noble, but they lack passion. They resemble, somehow, scentless white flowers, with just the tinge of colour on their petals. For they are not altogether without the vital spark, although it is very attenuated. Perhaps the most human of the poems are 10 and 30. They are well worth quoting in full:—

"Here is thy footstool, and there rest thy feet  
where live the poorest, the lowliest, and lost.

"When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot  
reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among  
the poorest, the lowliest, and lost.

"Pride can never approach to where thou walkest  
in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, the  
lowliest, and lost.

"My Art can never find its way to where thou  
keepesst company with the companionless among  
the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost."

Thy love you have the compassion of a Whitman  
touched by the humility of a Dostoevsky. It  
is a rarely beautiful idea.

30 (1st.)

"I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But  
who is this that follows me in the silent dark?

I move aside to avoid his presence but I escape  
him not.

\* "Gitanjali" (Song Offerings). By Rabindra Nath Tagore. With an Introduction by W. B. Yeats and a Frontispiece Portrait of the Author by William Rothenstein. 10s. 6d. net. (Chiswick Press.)

He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger; he  
adds his loud voice to every word that I utter.

He is my own little self, my Lord, he knows no shame; but I  
am ashamed to come to thy door in his company."

There is humour in this poem, airy, bloodless, but true. As for the thought, it is one that has constantly pressed upon most of us, the thought of the double self, as it were. Poe described it in "William Wilson," Stevenson in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and now Mr. Tagore describes it in this small but very effective poem.

As can be understood, Mr. Tagore is an optimist in regard to life. His is much too simple a nature (simple in spite of the utmost cultivation) to be affected by the gloomy tendencies of the modern European mind. To him life is not full of hideous complications for which there are no solutions. His mystical acceptance of the world is far too wide for that. As he says (poem 95):

"I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the  
threshold of life

"What was the power that made me open out into this vast  
mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight?"

"When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment  
that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable without  
name and form had taken me in its arms in the form of my own  
mother.

"Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known  
to me. And because I love this life, I know I shall love death  
as well.

"The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes  
it away, in the very next moment to find in the left one its con-  
solation."

After all, it is not perhaps surprising that a man who can picture life in such subtle and yet simple language should be a power amongst the allegorical and fatalistic races of the East.

RICHARD CURLE.



Frances E. Willard.

From "Frances Willard: Her Life and Work," by Ray Strachey (Unwin).

## FRANCES WILLARD.\*

"I started," says Mrs. Strachey, "to write this book as an outsider and a critic, as one who could judge of Frances Willard's life unblinded by loyalty or affection. But I have not succeeded. I am not an outsider any longer, but a follower and a friend." Beneath those words lies, perhaps, the secret of Miss Willard's success. It was one of personality. Quite obviously it was not so much the things she said that were impressive, but the way in which she said them. When you have reached the end of this book, if you ask yourself what was her special message to the world you cannot give any very definite answer. She preached temperance, purity, women's suffrage, philanthropy—nothing new. Nor had she anything new to say on these subjects. "She knew well enough," says the author, "that her books were horrible." Indeed it would have been surprising if they had been anything else, seeing that she once put together 650,000 words of autobiography in three weeks. And yet the Society she organised numbered its members by the million and had its branches in Japan, Spain, Syria, India, and other remote countries. Nor can its success be attributed altogether to its policy—the policy of "Do Everything," on the principle that "any amount of elbow-room is good for folks." No, the genius of the movement was Miss Willard, with her force of character, her energy and persistence, her unwavering goodness, and—her personal charm. "The first time I heard her," wrote a disciple, "I lay awake all night for sheer gladness. It was such a wonderful revelation to me that a woman like Miss Willard could exist. I thanked God and took courage for humanity." So this woman, with the simple, indefinite message given to her by her sister Mary: "Tell everybody to be good," became what it is but little of an exaggeration to call a world-force, the only woman whose statue is in the Capital at Washington. She worked whole-heartedly, and the statistics of her work form one of the most amazing portions of this book. The meetings she attended averaged 365 per annum. In 1881 she and her secretary sent out 10,000 letters, "and besides this she wrote many articles for the temperance papers, and made many hundreds of speeches." In 1883 she visited every State and territory in the Union, "started societies in every one of them, spoke in every town of over 10,000 inhabitants, and travelled over 30,000 miles." All this, and more, is put vividly before you by Mrs. Strachey in a candid, concise, and ably-handled biography, for which she must gain the gratitude of every one who is interested in social work, and of which not the least attractive portion is the sympathetic account of Miss Willard's earlier years in Wisconsin, first as a high-spirited girl, later as a successful school teacher.

## ONLY A PROLOGUE.†

It is almost inevitable, in critical days like these, that a hero should incur a certain risk of unpopularity when he is obviously an author's favourite. Half a century ago, when the novel-reading world was more impressionable and sympathetic, Dickens played a safe card when he declared 'David Copperfield his favourite child. Nowadays the tendency is to be derisive, and to be suspicious of a central character who dawns upon the horizon in such a glow of prose as Madame Grand throws into her opening chapter. To do her justice, she maintains a varied eloquence and an unceasing enthusiasm for her theme through more than six hundred closely printed pages, and of the length of her project we shall have more to say presently. What is more, Adnam Pratt retains his prime importance in the centre of the scheme, and approves himself a sterling instance of the modern man whose ideas outstrip his chances and his fortunes. From the idyllic opening to the page where he walks out into the world a penniless

\* "Frances Willard: Her Life and Work." By Ray Strachey. With an Introduction by Lady Henry Somerset and 8 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Unwin.)

† "Adnam's Orchard." By Sarah Grand. 6s. (Heinemann.)

and disappointed man, he grips us with a sense of his absoluteness and reality, and upholds the standard of character in contrast with mere opportunities and possessions as embodied in an inferior elder brother. Except that they both proceed from the same yeoman father, the position recalls the contest between the Faulconbridges in "King John," where the measly champion of primogeniture wins his suit against his brother, the man of better parts and lesser title. Shakespeare's hero won in the long run, and we may fairly augur the same of Mme. Grand's.

For this novel, in spite of its six hundred pages, is far from finished, and when we arrive at the last of the present chapters we light on the announcement, "End of Prologue." It may be that the author has relied on the average reader's habit of turning to the end first; and therefore we think that people who are proof against this amiable weakness have a technical grievance against the author. Instead of turning off an average novel of average length, she has set herself to plan an epic on the lines of "Jean Christophe," and we wish her the like success. If she can continue on the present scale, and people her canvas with characters like the Chesterfields and Colonel Mickleham, and Adnam and his father, we have no fear for the result. It will be deservedly classified as of the school of "Middlemarch," and, allowing for the difference of standard and achievement, even modified comparison like this is still rare praise.

## PASSION AND FICTION.\*

If the world wants a thing, you may be sure it will find someone willing to provide it. The world likes to hear of the love affairs of the great and of the notorious, and book after book has been forthcoming whereby it might satisfy its curiosity. Many will be of opinion that the subject had been sufficiently exploited. Not so Mr. Brendon, who presents us with the stories of a dozen great passions. We have no quarrel with Mr. Brendon, for his book is entirely innocuous. No stories of guilty lust does he reveal in purple passages. On the contrary, he is always strictly decorous. The only complaint to be entered against him is that he sacrifices everything to his theme, and even here we are partially disarmed by his frank admission:

"I may be accused, or, if so, shall rightly be accused, of placing the love influence in these stories wholly out of perspective to surrounding influences. But this, of course, is unavoidable, and in making the error I maintain I have erred on the right side, for these stories do not presume in any way to be a contribution to biography; they are merely romances, romances woven around now accepted facts."

Mr. Brendon is clearly an apostle of the dangerous theory that the end justifies the means; but let him continue:

"Hence, if they do anything to make the great persons who figure in them appear more real, more human and more comprehensible than can the calm, clear light of orthodox biography, they will fully serve their purpose, for that is their purpose—to reveal the man, not merely his career . . . After all, the man in love almost invariably is the true man."

It is a long time since the present writer has read anything so amazing. Unless Mr. Brendon is peculiarly unhappy in his expressions, he lays it down that the task of orthodox biography is not to reveal the man, but to give an account merely of his career. Is there another man living who will support this contention? It is true that a bad biographer may not reveal the man any more than he may present an adequate picture of the career of his subject, but that is the fault of the craftsman, not of the art. Still more amazing, however, is Mr. Brendon's statement that the man in love is the true man. Such a remark argues a great courage in the writer, for the whole trend of history goes to oppose it. A man in love does things under the influence of that passion that may be vastly meritorious or utterly vile, for love brings out the best in some natures and the worst in others; but to contend

\* "Twelve Great Passions." By J. A. Brendon. With Illustrations. (Hutchinson.)



that the best or the worst in man is the true man is to put forward a *reductio ad absurdum*. It might as well be postulated that a man in hate is the true man!

Mr. Brendon makes no claim to original research, and with this we have no quarrel, for the book is clearly designed, not for the student, but for the populace. Yet even in such a work there should be a respectable regard for facts, and a definite line drawn between fact and conjecture. In his story of Hannah Lightfoot Mr. Brendon states: "Undoubtedly King George III., as Prince of Wales, met her, loved her, and eloped with her." We should be glad to know on what authority Mr. Brendon makes this statement. "George loved her, loved her dearly. Of this there can be no doubt. Nor until he became king did he desert her and take to himself a royal consort. And he hated himself even then for doing so." Again we demand the authority. At the time Hannah Lightfoot married Isaac Axford the prince was fifteen years of age, and the most closely guarded of youths! There was once produced a document in which Dr. Wilmot stated that he married George to Hannah Lightfoot in 1759, and one of the witnesses to this is Lord Chatham. This document and others were produced in court in 1806. "Of course they were condemned as forgeries; the judges had no alternative," says Mr. Brendon, who informs us that a handwriting expert believed in the genuineness of the signatures. But Hannah Lightfoot, as he has said, was married to Axford in 1753, and Axford was certainly alive six years later! And is there anyone but the author of this book who can believe that Chatham would jeopardise his position by signing the marriage certificate of the heir-apparent and Hannah Lightfoot? There is, it may be admitted, much mystery concerning Hannah Lightfoot; but George was not the only lad in the world who might have taken her from her husband, and, as a matter of fact, he, on the occasion of his son's *hason* with "Perdita" Robinson, volunteered the statement that he had never been engaged in any such discreditable business. But Mr. Brendon, who hints at the dishonesty of judges, will, no doubt, scarcely hesitate to accuse the sovereign of a lie.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

### SCOTTISH LIFE AND POETRY.\*

It is a welcome thing now and then to get a large book, or indeed any book, without a preface. An author who disdains to explain beforehand what he intends to do is a man whose very courage is attractive. The only drawback is that unless his title is singularly precise, you are launched upon his pages without any clear notion of your course and haven; the result is, you are apt to do him an injustice by attributing to him designs which he never entertained. Mr. Watt's title is large enough, but it is vague. Life is more than poetry, and other than poetry. We can see from his three opening chapters, however, that he means to treat Scotch poetry in relation to the currents of national life, so that when we come to Thomas the Rhymer and Sir Tristram in the fourth chapter we know where we are. This is still more clear in the succeeding chapters on the patriotic poetry of Barbour and his successors. The method of treating poetry at any period of the nation's civilization distinctively as an expression of contemporary aims and feelings has its disadvantages. It tends now and then to become discursive; poetry seems in places to be overlooked in the crowd of prosaic considerations, such as witchcraft and theological controversy. But these defects are probably inevitable, and the method itself is intrinsically correct. Burns' receipt for making poetry applies to the study of poetry.

"The Muse, na Poet ever fand her,  
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,  
Adown some trottin burn's meander,  
An' no think lang."

\* "Scottish Life and Poetry." By Lauchlan Maclean Watt. 12s. 6d. net. (James Nisbet & Co.)

The historian of national poetry has to frequent the streams of contemporary life in any period, "an' no think lang," even though they sometimes flow in strange directions. Unless he has patience enough to overhear the moods and movements of the people, he will often fail to understand the true meaning of this poetry. Mr. Watt has conscientiously endeavoured to follow this line, and although it fails him occasionally, as in the last chapter, it richly repays him in the earlier and stronger section of the book. The ordinary history of poetry tend to become a mere chronicle of names and dates and titles. There is something of this, now and then, in Mr. Watt's volume, particularly in connection with the minor poets whom he records so scrupulously; but generally he keeps in touch with the wider phases of patriotism and religion and social life, both in the Highlands and the Lowlands.

More might have been made, perhaps, of the epochal services rendered by a man like George Bannatyne, who rescued so many pieces from "auld and mankit" manuscripts. Next to being a poet oneself a pi us care for poetry is commendable, and Bannatyne deserves gratitude from lovers and historians of Scotch verse. And why is the worthy Rob Stene unchronicled? Let us hope that Dr. George Neilson is right in identifying him with Robert Stevin who was in the king's service in 1587, and died as master of a school in the Canongate, in 1618. At any rate "guid Rob Stene" was a pretty satirist. He loathed Maitland and put his loathing into verse. The verse is more pungent than poetical. Still it is worth recalling, especially when, or if, we can associate it with a vernacular poet of Edinburgh, who was not content with writing Latin verse or teaching Latin prose.

Mr. Watt properly hails *Hamewith* as a triumph of latter-day verse in the northern dialect. It smacks of anti-climax to find the paragraph on this recent little masterpiece followed by the isolated remark that "William Cuthbertson, in ballad, sonnet and lay, characteristically dreams his quiet pictures of rural life; and, with a sweet simplicity preserves within his verse, the light of dying days." It is not merely that this sentence is inserted unchronologically, or that it is too bare to be of any value. A survey of Scotch poetry should not tail off in this fashion. *Hamewith* forms a good climax, and for once Mr. Watt has forgotten his artistic cunning in failing to see this.

The book is written with fervour. The author has evidently gone into many of the critical problems which he scattered across his path, but his main interest is not in texts nor in prosody nor even in authorship, it is in the warmth and energy of the Scottish spirit as reflected in its poetry. Allan Ramsay he praises as the man who "vindicated poetry and the right to smile in Scotland." Even Joanna Bailie he lets down easily. "Her tragedies have been compared to Shirley's and Massinger's; but the comparison would not be made to-day." He refuses to strip King James of his traditional authorship. "The matter remains where tradition left it." But this enthusiasm for the subject has at any rate the merit of life, and Mr. Watt's survey is touched with qualities of popular sympathy and vivacity which a more critical treatment would probably have missed. To say that we occasionally overhear the poet, the preacher, and the patriot, is not to depreciate its usefulness. There are many worse things in writing a history of poetry than the temper which has no desire to pose as an icicle or an iconoclast.

JAMES MOFFATT.

### THE NEW MOLIÈRE.\*

Mr. Hyndman, in his latest "Reminiscences," wonders what Mr. Shaw might have been had his great gifts been nourished on the best cooking washed down with Burgundy born in a good year. A more difficult speculation still is to imagine the regimen that would raise the

\* "The Technique of Bernard Shaw's Plays." By Augustin Hamon. Translated by Frank Maurice. 2s. net. (C. W. Daniel, Ltd.)

commentators on Shaw to the plane of even tolerable interest. Many readers will remember the desolating stream of exegesis poured out some years ago by devout Wagnerians—some backwash of it, by the way, splash up even now, to the delight of the profane and the distress of the faithful. The Shaw stream is rapidly attaining the same proportions and the same character. Small wonder, then, that the younger generation are beginning to blaspheme openly, to pronounce him "awfully ninetyish," and to expose him as a humbug who cribbed his wit from Oscar Wilde, his views of life from Samuel Butler, and his dramatic methods from Molière.

A day or two ago a critic of this school declared to me that the only noticeable quality of Shaw was his mastery of stage mechanism. He did not explain why he and his kind will insist on talking to everybody at length about the man in whom they don't believe; but, anyhow, the judgment was remarkable. Turn to the reviews of the plays published in 1898, and you will find Mr. Shaw credited with various literary qualities, but unanimously denied the possession of the theatrical sense. One very friendly writer remarked of "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant" that the author had grouped together

"as much good and bad work in one book as perhaps ever was brought together in these two kinds since the printing of books began. There is a kind of play-writing which the French call 'Le Theatre Impossible,' which they print in books that make excellent reading, but which no sane stage manager would put on the boards. With one exception, Mr. Shaw's plays are of this impossible kind."

The one exception is "Arms and the Man" for it was difficult to deny, even in those bleak days of the drama, that a thing that had already achieved a fair run was really playable. But observe: 1913 asserts that Mr. Shaw's most noticeable quality is a command of stage mechanism; 1898 asserted that Mr. Shaw's most noticeable defect was a lack of stage technique and (in the quoted instance) appealed to the French. And now here is a French critic delivering nine lectures at the Sorbonne upon the plays of this questionable person, choosing to publish one of them as a separate booklet, and selecting for that purpose a lecture devoted solely to the Molièrish technique of the Shavian drama. Thus the latest critic allows him both the literary excellences conceded by 1898 and the dramatic gifts acknowledged by 1913. Perhaps there is something in Shaw after all.

I wish it were possible to phrase M. Augustin Hamon's lecture. I hope I haven't read it with my eyes or my mind shut, for it seems to me to do little more than say that Shaw's plays are humorous because they are funny, and to support that desperate statement by solemn appeals to Bergson. Very probably it would read much better in its place among the other lectures. We shall see. Incidentally I ask whether the character called Bryan in one place, Brian in another, and clearly intended for Bohun, is a French version of the legal gentleman whom Mr. Shaw borrowed from "Great Expectations," or is merely a whim of the translators. Likewise who are "Bramsden," "Peter Kerigan," and "Judge Howard Allan"? Can the last be intended for Maud Hallam?

GEORGE SAMPSON.

## SWINBURNE: A TEMPERAMENTAL STUDY.\*

This book compels an interest due not merely to its author or its subject, but almost as much to the conjunction of author and subject. The most reticent, cool and wise of living critics has set himself to the "critical study" of the most impulsive and prodigal of nineteenth century poets. I am not sure that in this contrast of temperaments we do not find the most valuable aspect of the book. Swinburne has been dead nearly four years, the hour of ceremonious eulogy has passed; and we begin to ask ourselves questions which (as Mr. Thomas reminds us) are more easy than

\* "Swinburne." By Edward Thomas. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

answers. Now, in fact, is the sober judicial voice heard in the land, anticipating (it may be thought) the judgment of posterity. It is Mr. Thomas's voice, the voice of a man free of illusion, a man who has never had, you think, any illusion at all concerning this poetry. Others have felt Swinburne's poetry as an intoxication, an enchantment; for Mr. Thomas there is at most a splendid incantation and a brief spell. His is the self-possession of one whose intelligence is undisturbed by passion, who has seen others strangely moved, and the singer himself most strangely moved of all; and, so seeing, has noted gravely, narrowly, wittily, the means by which the singer has called up that passionate and powerful spirit. The author of "Rest and Unrest" weighs the words of the author of "Atalanta in Calydon," and "Tristram of Lyonesse."

Mr. Thomas's most penetrating pages are those in which he tries to divine the spring from which Swinburne's lyrical flood streams out—to explain whatever secret there may be in the means by which Swinburne achieves his indubitable impression:

Perhaps the greatest of his triumphs is in keeping up a stately solemn play of words not unrelated to the object suggested by his title and commencement, but more closely related to rhymes, and yet in the end giving a compact and powerful impression.

Of the "Elegy" on Richard Burton he writes:

Memory and thought had been awakened and excited by Burton's death, and the ordinary values of things—the tourist value, for example—had been disturbed or destroyed. His recollections of the mountains ceased to be, if they ever had been, more or less, large, disintegrated fragments of the earth and became a region of the spiritual world, mingling with other mountains, seen, read of, or imagined, coloured and changed by a hundred other images assembled at the passionate thought of death and of the past. . . . Once this paroxysm of emotional thought had begun to enter the form of—"Auvergne, Auvergne, O wild and woeful land" . . . the incalculable suggestions of rhythm began to enter and still further to convert the humorous and rational atheist. The result is, I believe, as accurate and real as a map or a guide book, and that in spite of what, to another view, might seem words only, begotten of words.

Best of all, because a little more cordial, is the analysis of "Ave Atque Vale," ending with such cautious, acute phrases as:

The poem is not a rational meditation, but the uncouth experience of death clothed in the strangest variety of words and ideas, which results in music rather than articulate speech. Perhaps no single sentence in the poem is unintelligible to the mind any more than it is ungrammatical. But the combination is one which the mind cannot judge, though it may approve, seeing the effect, and say that it is beyond her expectation or understanding.

Even in speaking of this poem, and while acknowledging that he "cannot pretend to explain it," he goes on to show with curious precision how its effect is helped or hindered by particular words, and to say that he forbears to question as closely as he might. Frequently you are conscious of this forbearance on the critic's part, and sometimes when it is not evident you will note how easy it is for the critic to become superior to his poet, and, in his quiet, witty way, to make Swinburne appear irreflective, self-contradictory, slightly ridiculous. Witness this, among a long list of Swinburne's phrases about death and immortality:

On the other hand, saluting Baudelaire, he asked the dead if it were well, and were there flowers or fruit where he was, but concluded by bidding him be content.

For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,  
All water as the shore.

Mr. Thomas's skill has never appeared so excellent as in brief summaries and pregnant comments of this kind.

There is another way of looking at Swinburne. When Meredith heard the news of his death he wrote to Mr. Watts-Dunton a letter, the last he ever wrote, in which he said:

"The end has come! That brain of the vivid illumination is extinct. I can hardly realise it when I revolve the many times when at the starting of an idea the whole town was instantly ablaze with electric light. Song was his natural voice. He was the greatest of our lyrical poets—of the world, I could say, considering what a language he had to wield.

It is rich and noble praise, struck out in the heat of intense sorrow. When all has been said that the pure

## THE SURVIVOR

intelligence (of which Mr. Thomas speaks) can devise, you are left with this: either Swinburne was no poet at all, however marvellous his gift for verse, or there is an incalculable *more*—inaccessible to pure intelligence, as secret as life itself, being indeed the life of poetry. It were a bold thing to forecast the regard in which Swinburne's immense volume of work will be held a hundred years hence; but if it survive at all—even by but a few pages of an anthology—it will be because of something rare and individual. That individual thing is the one thing that matters to us now, the one thing we secretly prize, the one thing past analysis. In a dozen ways Swinburne may seem ridiculous, but it is nearly half a century since "Atalanta," "Poems and Ballads," and "A Song of Italy" appeared; and as the flight of so many years finds us still prizing more than a little of these volumes, it would seem that the individual thing is already to be identified though not explained.

This at least is clear, that beyond any poet Swinburne is dominated by rhythm. A poet strives, sometimes consciously, often unconsciously, to conform to a secret rhythm that may distress him by its vehemence, or delicately elude him; it is always to an inward beat and pause that his response is made. Swinburne seems to me to have been haunted, even possessed, by rhythm strong, insistent, irresistible. Of words he was himself the master, but rhythm subdued him. What he heard was large, not delicate; he loved intense things. His submission to rhythm brought something new into English poetry, something which has not yet been freely developed. The choral parts of "Atalanta," "A Leave-Taking," "The Oblation," and perhaps a dozen other poems, remain among the new and wonderful things. "It is not," says Mr. Thomas, speaking of the revolutionary poems, "it is not thought set to music, but music which has absorbed thought." Thus casually, thus unguardedly (you might think), does he utter the noblest and final praise of Swinburne's work. For those who feel this poet to be among the greatest of lyrical poets there is probably not a sentence in Mr. Thomas's book which they can easily repudiate. They will, perhaps, think it fortunate that the first thorough study of Swinburne should render the work of panegyrist and caviller alike unprofitable and vain.

JOHN FREEMAN.

## SCIENCE, NATURE AND ROMANCE.\*

In the ordinary way of science M. Fabre, the great entomologist, would have had to work out a lifetime of drudgery by teaching in an academy, with the prospect, like the Abbot Mendl, of coming into fame long after his death. Either this, or he would have had to toil away at the lecturer's desk, and waste himself upon such elements of science as a popular audience will listen to. He took the wiser course of seclusion and a frugal life in order to pursue his studies without distraction, and work them out to a logical completeness. All the world knows the story now, and of the quiet entry into fame of a man who has played the hermit for so many years, to his own content and the profit of mankind. But it has not been sufficiently grateful perhaps to M. Maeterlinck for making the transition possible within the scientist's own lifetime. It prefers to dwell, perhaps, on the inequality which bestows on the poet and playwright more wealth for a single work, perhaps, than has served to keep M. Fabre all his working years. But this disparity is the world's own fault, and is none of M. Maeterlinck's contriving. Mankind will always pay for pleasure more than it will ever pay for knowledge; and the injustice of this is roughly balanced by the



There Was Chaos and All Manner of Unseemly Noises.

From "People of the Wild," by F. St. Mars (Werner Laurie)

consideration that knowledge such as M. Fabre has gathered is not reducible to money terms.

It was inevitable that, sooner or later, we should get an authorised and uniform English edition of M. Fabre's writings, especially of his ten volumes of marvellous "Souvenirs Entomologiques," but it was not so certain that this English version would appear as soon as we desired. Happily, we get an earnest of it now in the shape of a well planned and well translated volume of attractive but perfectly serious exterior, and the further the series goes the better we shall be pleased. For the publishers have done well to give the book the best of all introductions. This is the essay by M. Maeterlinck, which for most of us has served as the stepping-stone into that world of fact transmuted by genius, of which M. Fabre is master. As the prologue reminds us, the scientist displays that genius of his in nothing more than in his gift of a rare expository style which has nothing of M. Maeterlinck's twilight glamour about it, but a zest and vividness which tingle the blood as we read. To discuss it all in detail will occupy the learned for many years to come; all we are concerned with at present is to applaud and welcome the present expression of it. And if we add a word, it is to lament that science had no such fascinating form when most of us thirsted for knowledge of Nature and her ways when we were younger than we are to-day.

Mr. F. St. Mars does his sparring with Nature rather less gently. He is undeterred by the attack that Mr. Roosevelt delivered a few years ago on the type of animal novel that Mr. Jack London and Mr. C. G. D. Roberts have cultivated with success. His reply would possibly be that it needed no President to advertise a form of pseudo-Kipling literature that the States have accepted so readily and made so profitable for the author. Landseer made himself famous by putting human emotions into the faces of animals, and the result has survived the condemnation of all critics who deny that sort of anthropomorphism the name of art.

\* "The Life of a Spider." By J. H. Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)  
 "People of the Wild." By F. St. Mars. 3s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

When it is well done there may be the same kind of prospective longevity for the romance that puts superhuman reasoning and audacity into birds and beasts and embarks them on adventures of the breathless description. Mr. St. Mars certainly puts sufficient of the "wild" into his seven stories of magpie, wild cat, wolverine, and the rest. We are prepared to believe that there are wild cats in Scotland answering in ferocity to his account, and capable of surviving shipwreck by sea and encounters with eagles on land. But our admission, like our admiration, has the qualification of distance, and we suspect that the author's courage has the same attribute behind it. He makes free with Scotland because he is writing for Americans; and if Scots naturalists are tempted to take the book up it may survive, like his wild cat, because of its fierce American slang. But there is no mistaking the author's powers of invention and force in writing, and when he ceases to strain after smart effects we may perhaps emphasise our praise still more.

### ANATOLE FRANCE.\*

These are two volumes of Mr. Lane's English edition of Anatole France's works, and no doubt they will be warmly welcomed by those readers who do not care to tackle them in the original French. All the same it must be admitted that Anatole France does not translate well into English; if anything, he loses even more than Maupassant. The delicate irony, finish and lightness of his touch cannot keep their original bloom. It would need a master as great as himself to translate Anatole France as he should be translated, and even then it is very doubtful whether his native genius is not too Gallic to be rendered satisfactorily in a foreign tongue. However, all this is not meant to discourage translations of his works (which, indeed, are most necessary); rather is it meant to encourage readers of them who may feel a sense of disappointment which they never expected to feel.

Of the two volumes before us, "Jocasta and The Famished Cat" is much the more remarkable. It consists of two stories. The first is one of Parisian life before and after the Franco-Prussian war. There are four main characters—Monsieur Fellaire de Sisac, his daughter Jocasta, her lover Dr. René Longuemare, and a middle-aged, rich Englishman, who marries Jocasta, called Mr. Haviland. Fellaire is a speculator who has raised himself to an insecure affluence from the most wretched beginnings; his daughter is one of these sombre and passionate figures to whom life is nearly always a burden. She and René love one another, but they never speak of their love, and he goes away to Cochin China, and she marries Haviland, half out of pique and half out of a Madame-Bovary-like wish for luxury. Haviland is a curious, narrow, unimaginative, upright man, who heaps jewellery and so on upon her, but would rather die than be cheated out of a franc. Their life together soon bores Jocasta intolerably, especially as her husband has taken a violent dislike to her father, who has lost all his money in the war and has started sponging upon Haviland. Just then René appears from the East, and all the old feeling is awakened between Jocasta and him. The brightness of this time is horribly darkened for Jocasta by the discovery that Haviland is being poisoned to death by his servant, Groult. Her mind is in a fever of torment, of doubt, of disordered thoughts. Haviland dies, and shortly afterwards she commits suicide by hanging herself. It certainly is, as Anatole France calls it, "a sinister story," "a tale steeped in violence and unrest."

"The Famished Cat" reads almost like a dream. Some of its chief actors (there are many) are negroes or half-castes from Haïti and Martinique, who throw a kind of mysterious and exotic atmosphere over the pages. It is a story of Bohemian life in Paris. The characters are

\* "Jocasta and The Famished Cat." Translated by Agnes Fearley. 6s. (John Lane.) "The Aspirations of Jean Servien." Translated by Alfred Allinson. 6s. (John Lane.)

mostly exaggerated and bizarre types of the Parisian artistic sets. They meet frequently at "The Famished Cat"—a little, cheap restaurant. One of the students is Sainte-Lucie, an indolent, voluptuous, and cat-like Haïtian—a very fascinating and primitive figure. Round him centres this improbable and delicious phantasy of adventure and love. Anatole France's touch can seldom have been lighter than when he imagined this mosaic of a cosmopolitan city. It has, in fact, not only the singularity of a dream, but that dream-sense as of something else behind it, exciting and vague, which one can never quite get at.

It is depressing to have to leave these two masterpieces for the arid and dreary pages of "The Aspirations of Jean Servien." This must be one of Anatole France's least successful efforts. It is the work of a man whose creative faculty is not working properly. To speak quite candidly, it is a dull book—which is always a crime in the eyes of a Frenchman, and doubly a crime in the case of so exquisite an artist and *raconteur* as Anatole France. Jean Servien is the son of a bookbinder. He is born in Paris in the '40's of the nineteenth century, and is brought up by his father and aunt. We are told about his life through the years of boyhood up till the time of his death at the hands of a Commune mob during the siege of Paris. His is an unhappy life, because his temperament and desires are so wholly at variance with his station. He wants to be a man of the grand world, a man of fashion, and he is merely the son of a poor bookbinder. Moreover, he falls desperately in love with an actress, desperately and hopelessly in love. This sorrow undermines his existence and makes death a matter of comparatively small concern to him. What one misses particularly in this novel is the profound conception of character, the glowing sense of atmosphere, which light up the best of Anatole France's work. "The Aspirations of Jean Servien" is almost dry and colourless, it has little of the magic one associates with the name of its author. Of course it is, in a way, finished and able—it would be impossible for anything that Anatole France did to be otherwise—but it is not in the least degree a great book.

But, to end up on the same note on which we started, it is really unfair on Anatole France to have to judge him by translations. Everyone who knows French would agree to that, and a good many would go to the extent of saying that he was actually untranslatable—that is to say, that it would be beyond human capacity to do justice to him in any English translation whatsoever. However that may be, it is certainly completely obvious that it is much wiser to read him in French than to read him in English. But that is, after all, a counsel of perfection. For those who cannot, we recommend these translations.

RICHARD CURLE.

### THE LETTERS OF A POST IMPRESSIONIST.\*

The enthusiastic Post Impressionist, whether he be a connoisseur or an artist, will be delighted with this book, for it will not only strengthen his faith, but will enable him to meet those who coldly disapprove, and those who actively oppose, the movement with real argument and not mere emotional enthusiasm. Every reader who has the honesty to put aside prejudice will be convinced that at any rate Van Gogh and Gauguin were perfectly sincere in all their innovations. Mr. Ludovici's essay is a really valuable part of the book, for though it is often dogmatic, in many places very provocative, it contains much very sound theory, and is a careful and reasoned defence, never degenerating into mere enthusiastic eulogy, of the work of Van Gogh. The personality of Van Gogh as here revealed is very attractive, the letters are in no case given in full,

\* "The Letters of a Post Impressionist." Being the Familiar Correspondence of Vincent Van Gogh. Translated by A. M. Ludovici, with an Introductory Essay on Van Gogh and his Art. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

personal gossip and matters of ephemeral interest are omitted, but there remains a very intimate expression of his creed, minute explanations of his technic, and interesting descriptions of what his pictures are meant to be; and what will no doubt surprise many a passionate love of beauty and hatred of ugliness. When he writes of living artists, he shows a real and generous appreciation of their work, and his general art criticisms prove that he is no mere iconoclast, but one who can understand and enjoy any manifestation of real greatness. There is too that inevitable sadness which comes to every man who is sincere enough to measure his actual achievements by his own ideals. Mr. Ludovici sums up the most important part of Van Gogh's view thus:

"Van Gogh towards the end became quite positive, notably in his attitude towards life itself, but above all in his attitude towards man. After much tribulation and the gravest and most depressing doubts, he at last realised this fundamental truth—that art, sound art, cannot be an end in itself, that art for art's sake is simply the maddest form of individualistic isolation—not to use a less sonorous but more drastic term—and that art can find its meaning only in life, and in its function as a life force. The highest art, then, must be the art that seeks its meaning in the highest form of life. What is the highest form of life? Van Gogh replies to this question as emphatically and uncompromisingly as every rare and healthy artist has done in all the sanest and healthiest periods of history. He says 'Olan'."

Nevertheless, Van Gogh was profoundly dissatisfied with civilised man as he now lives. Mr. Ludovici holds that it was this deep dissatisfaction which brought about his ultimate madness, and gives an explanation of how inevitable it is that in these days so many great men must become mad. This may or may not be true, but it is almost a truism to assert that the most significant feature of all art must be its pre-eminent sanity, and even though Van Gogh's

insanity may have arisen from the thwarting of his artist's instincts, an explanation of his comparative failure must also be found in this same insanity. Many thoughtful persons will recognise that there is much that is divine in this present discontent, but no one can expect true art to flourish until this discontent has been removed. Van Gogh with his sincerity thoroughly understood that, as can be seen by this quotation from the letter of Gauguin describing his death:

"He (Van Gogh) fires a bullet at himself, and a few hours later, while lying in bed smoking his pipe, with all his wits about him, full of passionate love for his art, and without any feelings of resentment towards humanity, he quietly passed away."

A. H. J.

### EAST ANGLIAN HOUSES.\*

Though individually the cottages, farmhouses and other buildings that Mr. Basil Oliver writes about in this interesting volume may be of no particular importance, they do collectively, as he remarks, play an essential part in the history of our national architecture. "They were produced," he says, "by local craftsmen, and are not the work of trained architects, for master-builders were not so designated in England until the days of Inigo Jones and Wren, and such men devoted their attention almost entirely to the larger works. The small buildings were moreover constructed of local materials in the local traditional manner, an ideal combination to which we can never again entirely revert, owing to altered conditions. Thus, being a natural product of the time and locality, the old

work invariably harmonized with the surrounding country. Its simplicity and qualities of picturesqueness are also accounted for to some extent by a singular freedom from affectation or any artificial striving after effect, and have consequently given to it a great deal of character." This is amply borne out by the examples of such buildings that Mr. Oliver describes and by the sketches and the numerous and beautifully-printed colotype plates from photographs with which his book is illustrated. Norfolk, Suffolk, and rural Essex constitute East Anglia for Mr. Oliver's purposes, and his work is the more valuable in that though he writes with expert knowledge, he does not use the technical language that only experts can read with pleasure. He knows his subject thoroughly, and has had the art to treat it in a style that makes it attractive to the general reader. His dates and historical information have been carefully verified; the unusual variety in the types of East Anglian architecture give him opportunities of avoiding anything like monotony in his letterpress and pictures and he has taken full advantage of them. It is a book that architects will find of great practical usefulness, and it should especially appeal to all and they are many and increasing in numbers who are anyway concerned with the architectural renaissance that is now become a potent influence in the life of modern England.

\*"Old Houses and Village Buildings in East Anglia." By Basil Oliver, A R I B A. Illustrated. 21s. net (Batsford.)



*A House in St Nicholas  
Street - King's Lynn*

East Anglian Houses.

From "Old Houses and Village Buildings in East Anglia," by Basil Oliver (Batsford).



## RECENT BRITISH HISTORY.

Contributions of considerable value have been made to English History during the past season. October witnessed the apparition of a stupendous volume upon the book-stalls—a book over a quarter of a foot thick, containing well over a thousand pages, weighing about as much as a well nourished baby, and densely packed with illustrations—all for the moderate price of three shillings and sixpence. A more unwieldy book has hardly been seen since Mr. Paul's "Life of J. A. Fronde." The laudable object, no doubt, was to make it a work of reference indispensable to every middle class family and to carry the formidable defences of *paterfamilias* by a *coup de main*. The size and the weight no less than the title of "A History of the British Nation" are undoubtedly provocative. The book itself, so far as we can judge, is admirably compiled and shows the author, Mr. A. D. Innes, to much greater advantage as a surveyor of the whole field than does his monograph on "England under the Tudors" as a specialist on a selected period. With its great wealth of illustrations, maps, plans and tables, the book is a priceless addition to the reference shelf of the ordinary citizen. The *ordonnance* of the book, as the French would say, leaves very little to be desired. Personally, I should have liked a fuller table of contents. The headings are novel and attractive, but are not quite expansive enough. From the student's point of view, the balance of the book would have been greatly improved had rather a fuller allowance been granted to the period from Alfred to Rufus. While one hundred and thirty pages are devoted to Victoria, Alfred the Great is dismissed in three. This disproportion may be popular, but seems rather an excessive compliment to our noble selves. The book excels in condensed statement. Take the Barons War, the Accession of Elizabeth, the Cornua Campaign—the reader will be astonished to find how full and fair an account has been packed into a single paragraph. The chapters on "Aspects," Economic Progress, Society, Manners and Literature are a notable feature. Altogether, this is a book which attains a very high standard of accuracy and diligently acquired merit. It should count upon a large and unanimous public support.

With this work we must take the opportunity of comparing the six-shilling, seven hundred and fifty page volume on "The Groundwork of British History" by G. Townsend Warner and C. H. K. Marten, recently issued by Messrs. Blackie. This is a book more expressly intended for boys, it is less exhaustive, and aims specially at making boys, who are beginning to regard history seriously, use their reasoning faculties in applying themselves to the subject. It is extraordinarily well conceived and well written. "Groundwork" is not taken to exclude personal detail, and the notes are a delight. It is said that a Guardsman confessed to having felt bored at the battle of Waterloo; but, on the other hand, a boy of fourteen who had left Eton to take part in the campaign, wrote to his mother after the battle was over: "Dear Mamma, Cousin Tom and I are all right. I never saw anything like it in my life." The book is a testimony to the increased importance of historical teaching at Eton and Harrow. Mr. Warner's "Landmarks" are already a valuable asset of the history teacher. The name of Mr. Marten is a talisman to Eton boys. Boys who have studied history under him have travelled in the past and have found the journey delightful. The influence that a good history teacher can exercise is almost illimitable. You have only to mention the name Marten to an Eton boy; his face lights up at once, and he puts forth his full powers.

Mr. R. H. Gretton in his "Modern History of the English,"† goes some way towards defying criticism. One has read, it may well be, one's McCarthy and Bright, and grafted upon these the histories of Spencer Walpole and Herbert Paul, but this brief, succinct, yet compendious chronicle of the eighties and nineties of the last century has in it an

\* "A History of the British Nation." 3s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

† "Modern History of the English." Vol. I. 1880-1898. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

element of painfulness. It is suggestive of a satire by Mr. Beerbohm, or the perusal of an album of half venerable but ridiculously dowdy old photographs—or dashing in a motor through a cemetery of grass-grown tumuli and experiencing a succession of sensational bumps. Perspective is impossible in a period so near at hand. The central figure is Gladstone. How that name thrilled us in the eighties. How powerless, how nebulous it seems now. What deceptions we seem to have been going through all the time! Above all self-deceptions. It was the period of a colossal self-complacency and self-consciousness of virtue, the period of the two Jubilees which the newspapers fostered to the top of their bent. The little touches about Jumbo, bicycling in Battersea Park, the Baccarat Scandal, and Linger Longer Loo, bring it home to us more than generalisations upon the personalities of politicians or estimates of the fluctuations of England's posture *vis à vis* of Europe and America. Mr. Gretton pretends to no exceptional vision, but he chronicles for us upon a peculiar instrument of his own, and when he has done we recognise how dexterously he has manipulated the stops. He must be a man of robust temper, so painfully farcical at times cannot fail to appeal this preternaturally modern history. His chance as a dramatic historian will come with the second volume dealing with the period of the Great Boer War. He has to remember that a new generation is growing up which has hardly heard of French and Buller, and knows nothing of Magersfontein and Spion Kop. His narrative in this field promises to be painfully absorbing. In volume I he holds our attention closely but his theme is not heroic—candidly it reminded me for all the world of the "Diary of a Nobody."

Miss Kate Norgate was set on this work upon "The Minority of Henry III"‡ by Mr. T. A. Archer, the chronicler of the third crusade, and to his memory she dedicates the book. It will be remembered how valorously she championed him in the great epic battle about the palisade at the Battle of Hastings. It is curious to note the divergence in style between the late J. R. Green's disciples and literary executors. Mrs. Green is crusading in the neighbouring island on behalf of St. Patrick and a medieval Ireland which many deem to be almost entirely fabulous. Miss Norgate exposes the baronial oligarchy of the thirteenth century, an oligarchy in the sincere patriotism of which, so far as we remember, J. R. Green had a touching confidence. She adopts more and more the method of S. R. Gardiner, using chronicles where he uses pamphlets, and the intensity of her devotion to these old Latin chronicling-historians makes her three parts of a medieval chronicler herself. She devotes in this volume three hundred well filled pages to the ten years from 1216 to 1226 and it must have cost her full five years to account for this decade in the minutely, thorough and compendious way she has done. After reading her account of the "Fair of Lincoln" and "The Battle of Sandwich" no one will fail to understand the joint ascendancy exercised during this period by Hubert de Burgh and William Marshal. The Earl Marshal is nobly portrayed. Like Clive and Wellington, he was deemed in youth the fool of the family and dubbed "Will Wastemate." In his old age he became the true mirror of a loyal and faithful knight. "God's Feet," said Richard, "I have always held him for the most loyal knight in all my realm." John, on his deathbed, put his whole trust in him. Henry II. and Philip Augustus tell the same tale. In Stephen Langton's words the grand old Marshal was "the best knight of all the world that has lived in our time."

The genesis of the radical and reform movements in Britain has not, perhaps, hitherto attracted so much attention as it deserved from modern historians. There is, no doubt, the suggestive little book on "The English Jacobins" by Mr. Edward Smith, and there is a good deal of information in Erskine May's and similar compilations. This field is now attracting the attention of a posse of capable writers. The chief motive forces were the American Revolution, the political agitations connected with the name of John Wilkes and finally, of course, the stimulus derived from the great

‡ "The Minority of Henry III." With Notes and Index. 6s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

events of 1789. Sir George Trevelyan has recently treated the subject from the American Revolution point of view. We are expecting an elaborate monograph on Wilkes which will, it is hoped, be well documented on the constitutional side from the capable pen of Mr. Horace Blackley; while Mr. Veitch of Liverpool University has long been engaged upon a serious study of relations between French and English Jacobins. But the promise of help from these works is still *in futuro*. Mr. Henry W. Meikle's book on "Scotland and the French Revolution" is a most useful contribution *in esse*. Scotland, he shows, was anything but inflammable material between 1745—1789. Even the burning question of church patronage may be said to have smouldered. Dundas mobilised the Parliament representation of Scotland, the country was rapidly growing richer, the menace of 1745 acted as a perpetual remembrancer of the benefits of 1688 and 1715; there existed certainly a languid agitation in favour of borough reform, the abolition of the Test, and of the slave trade; but so long as the trade returns were satisfactory few questions were asked. Mr. Meikle shows how Burke's "Reflections" and Paine's "Rights of Man" transformed this lethargy into a state of active propaganda. Scotland for the first time became a country of politicians and agitators. Two of Burke's most vigorous critics, Christie and Mackintosh, hailed from North of Tweed. Mr. Meikle gives an admirable account of the unrest of 1791, the rise of political societies such as the "Friends of the People," in Scotland; the fullest account we have seen of "The British Convention" with an appendix of delegates; and of the state trials and methods of repression to which these various agitations gave rise. Of Thomas Muir, in particular, he communicates many new particulars; of Muir, who was to have been a member of the Scotch Directory (he died in exile in January, 1799, and was buried at Chantilly), a rival revolutionist, Wolfe Tone, wrote that he was the vainest and most obstinate blockhead he ever met. Mr. Meikle's references to the literature of the period are very welcome and greatly enhance the value of his monograph. He illustrates the political apathy of Scotland in the seventeen-eighties by Mrs. Hamilton's "Cottagers of Glenburnie." He quotes "The Antiquary" and "St. Ronan's Well," and E. H. Strain's "A Prophet's Reward." But in historical value he gives the palm to the novels of John Galt. The "Annals of the Parish" afford a realistic picture of the social and political transformation, while the "Provost" depicts the Augean condition of Scottish municipal and borough politics before the Act of 1833. This is emphatically a book to be studied and kept for reference. The Bibliography is invaluable.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

## Novel Notes.

**THE HEROINE IN BRONZE.** By James Lane Allen. 6s. (Macmillan)

She lived within less than half a block of Fifth Avenue, and an iron fence and rhododendron hedge ran along the front of her mansion. Her father was a New Yorker of immense wealth, more concerned over the hardy adventurous Britisher who might some day lift the "America's" cup, than over the hardy adventurous American who might sooner lift his daughter. And while he was busy with finance and yachting affairs, a young man with neither money nor a title took to talking through the iron fence and rhododendrons to the lovely girl on the other side. It is a charming fairy tale, with a banker's daughter as the princess, and a rather conceited young American novelist as the prince. But Mr. James Lane Allen tells it with such leisurely delight and careful and careless art, that it becomes almost a joyous, actual adventure in a world of beautiful realities. Mr. Allen has always seemed to us an essayist of fine quality who uses the form of the novel for his

\* "Scotland and the French Revolution." 10s. net. (Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons.)

own purpose. The story in itself does not greatly interest him: and though he falls in love with some of his characters—he is quite in love with his present heroine—yet he likes his work best when it allows him to indulge his special genius. He can be humorous or touching, reflective or whimsical; but he cannot be hurried. Whenever the tale tries to carry him past some point at which he wants to rest and look about him, he stops the action, and holds the reader's attention by keeping him expectant and yet side-tracked. He plays with the story, while pouring out a stream of entertaining remarks and striking observation on life generally. In the present case, he has made the remarkable discovery that modern New York has an idyllic, pastoral side, if approached in the right direction and the right frame of mind. Having by his power of delicate, selective vision, brought out this new aspect of the city of sky-scraping and hustle, he makes it the scene of a pure and enchanting romance. Being, however, an essayist with as keen an insight into human character, Mr. Allen gets an unusual richness of thought and feeling into his beautiful fantasy. His fairy princess subtly changes from a lovely, remote, aerial creature into a woman of flesh and blood; and the conceited young novelist, who tells the story, becomes at last a man. He is really painted with a knowledge of youthful literary ambition which is cruelly frank. He boasts to himself of his coming greatness in a manner that sometimes made us weary of his company. We were quite relieved when Mr. Allen with quiet irony made the supposed great novel, with which the heroine was to be won, turn out a failure. But of course the penniless novelist ends by marrying the banker's rich and beautiful daughter. For, as it always happens in fairyland, she was in love with him from the first.

**THINGS THAT PASS.** By Alice E. Robbans. 6s. (McLose)

In a story so full of clever little touches it is a pity that the plot has not more strength; it lacks grip through being spread out over too great a number of years, and develops too much into a record of incidents in the lives of a certain group of people. If the author had expanded on the characters of these people it might have been more effective. Yet the book has many human and interesting moments. It opens with the coming of Mary West, a young bride, to her new home, a farm in the country: she is one of those people "who seem born into the world for the express purpose of serving others," and throughout the tale she plays a quietly influencing, shadowy part, the principal woman character being Lena Williams, who comes as a lady help to the farm and remains as Mary's daughter-in-law.

**LITTLE THANK YOU**

By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor  
2s. net. (Putnam's)

Readers of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's book of personal recollections, "I, Myself," know that she has a racy gift of humour and a sparkling vivacity of style; they will find these qualities again in "Little Thank You," and added to them a tenderness and quaintness and simple pathos that should carry this charming novel into an easy popularity. It does not attempt to harrow us with grim



Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.

problems; it is not a tract or a medical pamphlet in disguise; it is just a story of everyday life and pleasant everyday people—a love story that is unconventional in so far as that its heroine is a pretty young widow whose love romance is as simple and girlish and beautiful an affair as if she had never loved before, and yet she had loved her first husband as wholly and as passionately. She has one child, the delightful little fellow who is nicknamed "Little Thank You," and he is that rare thing in fiction a child who is childlike and natural and wins your interest and your liking. As a rule the child in novels is a little nuisance and a bore, but Little Thank You plays so important a part in the story which is named after him that it could not do without him; and he is not only necessary to it, but is really its chief attraction. The plot is slight, but it is strong enough because your interest is so entirely taken with the people concerned in its development. The sketches of South American life and character are admirable. To all who like a happy story of happy people, whose happiness is shadowed at times by the misunderstandings and the passing sorrows that come to all human creatures, we recommend this clever novel of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's without any reserve whatever.

**THE RECIPE FOR RUBBER.** By Ralph Stock. With Illustrations by Norman Lindsay. 6s. (Lynwood.)

Probably the bookstalls have already acquainted you with the outward seeming of Mr. Ralph Stock's heroine, for "The Recipe for Rubber" and the clever drawings which Mr. Norman Lindsay has made for it have already been the light in the pages of a popular magazine. You must know her by sight, surely—that pretty girl in the blue bathing-dress amid the tropical or submarine surroundings? You must not be prejudiced against her, for she is quite the nicest swimmer we have ever met, and so unspoiled and fresh and innocent, too. She is the central figure of a very dramatic and exciting little story, quite excellently well done in its way, and we can very strongly recommend her acquaintance. "The Recipe for Rubber" is a workmanlike and enjoyable tale, which simply insists upon being read at a sitting. Mr. Stock is to be congratulated upon a very refreshing first appearance as a novelist.

**GUINEA GOLD.** By Beatrice Grimshaw. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

This is a thoroughly sound healthy book, and will appeal to readers of both sexes who care for adventure, and are interested in living human beings. The story is carefully constructed, and interesting throughout, but it is no mere adventure story in which puppets mechanically go through their parts, the people are actual and always alive. The writing is good, and there are many passages of real poetry and eloquence. It is not, however, a work of great originality, the characters seem somewhat familiar friends, and the incidents are not quite unexpected. But the author is no copyist, in her hands the characters and incidents are alive; this is not the less so, because we are reminded of those we have met before. The story is that of three men, who go into partnership to seek for gold; we follow their steps and their adventures with breathless interest, we see the conflict of their characters and get an intimate knowledge of their lives, we are caught by the romance of gold digging and the perpetual fierce struggle with nature. But we are interested in something besides the gold—a love story with a very pathetic heroine, two of the men love her, she loves one, but they are both loyal and sacrifice everything to make her happy. The adventures in this book are but an incident in the lives of the three men, which will, however, never be forgotten—one at least (the hero) goes back and fulfils his old obligations, and finds satisfaction and happiness in so doing. It is not quite the book that we should expect to be written by a woman, but it contains many of the good qualities which more specially belong to that sex.

**PRIVATE SMITH.** By Captain Oswald Dallas. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

In a brief foreword to this story Sir Robert Baden-Powell states that "if the nation knew more about their

soldiers . . . and appreciated them at their proper worth, instead of merely glorifying them in war and forgetting them in peace, there would not be so much need for conscription or other suggested methods for obtaining soldiers." And although in "Private Smith" Captain Dallas has felt himself called upon to champion Tommy Atkins against public apathy, and even against contempt in some quarters, he certainly has not unduly "glorified" the British soldier, but has given a very fair and vivid description of his parts as displayed in barracks or on the field of battle. Whether the author has unduly extolled the profession of arms is another matter, and one on which some light is thrown by Herr Jansen's recently published "Pride of War." A capital, if somewhat old-fashioned, love-story runs through the pages of "Private Smith," which tells of a subaltern who leaves his regiment under a cloud and re-enters the army as a private soldier in time to serve in the South African campaign. The author gives some graphic scenes from this memorable war, and his book will be appreciated by all who enjoy a typical soldier story.

**KING ERRANT.** By Mrs. F. A. Steel. 6s. (Hememann.)

A historical novelist who takes liberties with the facts of history and confesses her faults in a preface disarms criticism. That is unless the liberties are inartistic. In this case they are not. If Zahir-ud-din Mahommed, the great head of the so-called Moghul dynasty, had not a Maham among his numerous wives he is to be pitied, and Mrs. Steel is determined that her readers shall not pity him. He is a romantic figure in these pages, exiled, triumphant, ambitious, chivalrous, and glittering. The book rings with his songs and clashes with his battles. It is a pageant of Eastern adventure, drawn with singular deftness, and readable even if the reader can bring little or no historical knowledge to the entertainment. A novel which covers the career of such a royal fighter from youth to death runs the risk of being remembered for episodes rather than for continuous development, and Mrs. Steel's book varies naturally in its power of arresting the attention. But every now and then she sketches a bit of scenery, and these vignettes help to lend a unity to the setting of the tale. They are distinctly Oriental, more Oriental than the language of the dialogues occasionally. But, Oriental or not, the story in the main is a full-blooded romance. It was a daring and difficult theme; Mrs. Steel has succeeded in handling it upon the whole with wonderful sympathy and verve, and Babar, even with his new traits, remains a splendid figure on the borderland of history and fiction.

**THE DISTANT LAMP.** By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mr. Begbie is not the first among recent writers of fiction to handle the story of the children's crusade, but he has made some features of it live again in these pages. The religious fervour of the movement appeals to him in its spontaneity and daring. He contrasts the simple enthusiasm of the young crusaders with the religious indifference of the age. A priest half-cynically tells one of the heroes, "Ah, my son, life is a long road, and Time a cripple that lags thereon. For us priests time wears the shell of tortoise or snail; at first we mount up with wings like eagles, then we run and are not weary, presently we walk and do not faint; but finally we sit down, we stretch the limbs, we close the eyes, and to the buzzing of flies and the humming of bees we fall asleep. The heart grows tired. The mass loses its mystery. One yawns at the altar. I tell you what God should do. He should perform a miracle once a year to keep up the enthusiasm of the clergy." It is against this background that Mr. Begbie develops the rush and glow of the extraordinary crusade which ended in such a tragedy. The brothers, Gaspard and Hildebert, and poor Falaise, who died to save her honour, are the main figures in the tale. No reader will expect any analysis or criticism of the crusade in these pages. He will expect and he will find a vivid narrative, full of strong emotion and fervid piety, which is effective on account of its sharply-drawn contrasts.



**UNDER THE YOKE.** By Ivan Vazoff. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

A wholly exceptional interest attaches to a novel describing a nation's struggle for freedom, when written by one of the active participators in that struggle. Be it never so badly written it bears the stamp of actuality; it lives; it is a fact, not a mere tissue woven of the imagination. But this story of the Bulgarian effort of 1875 is not badly written. It is the work of a great artist as well as a great patriot. Dumas himself could not have strung together a series of more thrilling and breathless incidents. Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" hardly excites more of our sympathy with the suffering magnanimous hero. Like Jean Valjean he develops, grows to the stature of a perfect man. At first a mere hunted fugitive, then, what is not much more exalted, a mere wrecker of primitive punishment of lust and cruelty in the great scene in the mill, and the perpetrator of an act of thoughtlessness which entails much suffering afterwards, he rises and grows into the kindly, great souled patriot. This development of his personality proceeds through and by means of a succession of glowing scenes of Bulgarian life and labour. Truth to tell the brilliancy of these different pictures, the detailed portraiture of numbers of dramatic personæ rather difficult to remember by their Bulgarian names that give no clue to sex, rather stays and hampers the main action. It is "Romola" over again, but with this great difference that it is "Romola" written by a Florentine of the Medici age. So we do not by any means grudge the time and attention expended on these full-blooded, many-coloured pictures: Marko supping with his joyous family under the ivied wall, the nunnery a perfect "School for Scandal;" the monastery, with its imbecile, its glutton, and its Robin Hood for a prior; the wedding dinner at the usurers; the gay and sparkling sewing party—in everyone there is a rush of vivacity, an abundance of life such as is all too seldom found in English novels. In short, we welcome *con amore* this, the first-fruits of Bulgarian genius.

**BACK HOME.** By Ivan S. Cobb. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Cobb is a South American who has gone to live in the North, and "viewing my own State," as he says in a preface here, "and my own people across a perspective of time and distance I had the ambition to set down on paper, as faithfully as I might, a representation of those people as I knew them." Hence his title, "Back Home." He has carried out his purpose in ten stories, stories of life in a town that lies somewhere in the western part of Kentucky, the humour and the pathos of them is unforced and curiously effective, and they are the freshest things of the kind that have come out of America since Bret Harte wrote his first book. "A Judgment Come to Daniel" is the least satisfactory, though it is amusing, with a hint of pathos in the background, and well enough done in its way. The other stories are all admirable, and "Words and Music" is one of the best of them. It tells of how Breck Tandy killed a man in justifiable circumstances, but made the cardinal mistake of calling in a smart alien lawyer to defend him. The jury resented the interposition of this stranger, and moved by this feeling and other local influences would certainly have brought in a verdict of Guilty but for the masterly strategy of Judge Priest, who came to bear witness to Breck Tandy's general good character. The Judge was an old soldier of the Civil War days; he ascertained that two or three of the jury, including the foreman, had also been old soldiers, and whilst giving his evidence he contrived to get in some of his recollections of the war, dropping in the fact that he and Breck Tandy's father had been in the troop that made a forced march to the defence of the town here when an approaching force of Yankees menaced it, and that Breck's father was wounded in the subsequent fighting, and never quite got over it. The Judge had arranged that at a given signal a negro minstrel, who had been busy at a local fair, should play outside the Courthouse the stirring old tune to which the Southerners had marched through the town to that fight in old days, and the effect of this

music on the people in Court, just when they were caught by the Judge's recollections, is a wonderful bit of description. The hard old woman, leader of public opinion in the place, moves across and seats herself beside the prisoner's desolate little wife, the fire blazes anew in the dull eyes of those ancient soldiers on the jury, and that is a fine touch, too, of how, as the Judge passed from the witness stand, the old foreman raised his hand to a military salute. Sentiment, you may say, but glorious sentiment, after all, and you feel, as the jury and every soul in the Court felt, there is no condemning of the prisoner in the face of it. These little touches of sentiment that linger in the Southern heart about all remembrances of the war make one of the great charms of more than one of Mr. Cobb's stories. They are clever stories, and, better than clever, they are delightfully, humorously and poignantly human.

**THE GODS OF THE DEAD.** By Winifred Graham. 6s. (Rider.)

Cosmo Turnus is the possessor of a mummy of virulent appearance. He is convinced that it is bringing bad luck upon him and his family and suddenly resolves to burn it. Fortunately for the purposes of the story he chooses for this operation the exact moment when his only daughter is being born. The window of his wife's room is open and the smoke blows in. So, of course, "the room was full of mystery and wonder. Hovering near were the Gods of the Dead, influencing the new life, which an Eastern spirit blessed and beautified in passing" which accounts for whatever is strange in the character of Camilla, and there is a good deal of strangeness about her and her history. You can always rely upon Miss Winifred Graham for a good, dramatic story, and in "The Gods of the Dead" her work is fully up to its usual level, while the eerie atmosphere which it possesses is not the least excellent of its many good qualities. It can be recommended to anybody in search of a thrill.

**THE JOYOUS ADVENTURES OF ARISTIDE PUJOL.** By W. J. Locke. Illustrated 6s. (John Lane.)

Mr. Locke's ideal audience is of the sort that suffers rogues gladly. He has run down pretty nearly the whole scale of gaucy, except the hysterical sort that leaves regrets the next morning, to the tune of jarred nerves and a throbbing pulse. But of his varied repertoire we like his happy-go-lucky rogues and vagabonds best. "Septimus" was amiable but businesslike, Marcus Ordeyne was gentlemanly but unconventional; his "Beloved Vagabond," whose name we forget, was gallant and reckless. The



"Between the folds of the blanket peeped the face of a sleeping child."

From "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol," by W. J. Locke. (John Lane.)

brave Aristide is a mixture of all of them, and as entertaining as the three combined. He rushes in where detectives fear to tread; in other words, his nature is above any sort of pursuit. Aristide was born to lead. He rises superior to Arsène Lupin and Sherlock Holmes, because he needs no criminal hypothesis to set him going. All he requires is a chance encounter in a French provincial town, and the help of a passing motor-car. When we think of the advantages of the popular adventurer over his predecessors of ten or twenty years ago—the automobile, wireless, and the airship—we think on the whole, perhaps, that Sherlock did pretty well, and we feel inclined to amend the comparison. Let us make it equal as far as achievements are concerned. Aristide, however, wins by his wit, and Sherlock had not an ounce of wit in his composition. Aristide also gains by his freedom from scruples. He lies like a Cretan, and travels like a hare. It is not till he lands in England that we see him at his best. He drops into a picture fraud of the seamiest description, and emerges from the conspiracy a hero. Analysis of his motives would ruin the situation, perhaps, but he forfeits a good round sum of ready money for a whim, and this stands for heroism in the school of Mr. Locke, whatever his namesake, the philosopher, might have to say. To go a step further, we think it a blemish on Aristide's originality that he had studied the character of Autolycus in the original text, for we cannot think of a restless genius like him ploughing through Shakespeare for ideas. His author may have done it, and probably has; but Aristide never. If he emerges into another volume, and in Shakespearean phrase we desire him of more acquaintance—we hope he will leave books out of his scheme of things. They add a lustre of erudition where it is needless and out of place. They tarnish him with a suggestion of second-hand, and we like our "brav' Aristide" best when he is spontaneous. It only remains to add that Mr. Alec Ball has made him live in the pictures just as vigorous and vivid as he is in the text; and what could we say more?

**OUR ALTY.** By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). 6s. (John Long.)

If we were given to sentimentalising over stories we should write that those by Mrs. Blundell held the scent of new-mown hay within them and the song of the lark. But it would be doing Mrs. Blundell a real wrong to indulge in sentimentality when the clear, unaffected sentiment which she reveals in her pages is so genuine and so charming. The country idyll of "Our Alty" is a slighter thing than we usually get from this writer unless she is actually giving us a short story. It is just the love story of a thorough country girl and the two men who courted her, the one an educated, poor-spirited Adonis who pleased himself regardless of Alty's heart or name; the other the rough, kindly farmer in whose service Alty worked. Mrs. Blundell has used skill and care in developing her heroine's character, showing her to us as she gradually awakens to womanhood, and, while learning what love means, learns also the sharp cut of deception, and the worth of a good man. The weak part of the story is that which is concerned with the family and friends of Alty's smart lover. It is a somewhat theatrical blot upon a pretty country tale, and in addition to this it is not very clearly presented. But those readers who enjoy a book for its quiet excellence, its wholesomeness, its naturalness and its truth to nature and human nature, may look for some pleasant hours in following Alty's career from the day when her grandmother sniffs the knuckle of the ham which is "savin' up for the buryin'" of Alty's grandfather to that day when her eyes are opened and her true lover declares "we're happy."

**CEASE FIRING.** By Mary Johnston 6s. (Constable.)

Taken by itself, Miss Mary Johnston's new novel "Cease Firing" may seem a ragged piece of work. It is likely at times to perplex a reader unacquainted with the author's last book; and some misunderstanding would, we think, have been prevented if the new volume had been plainly put forward as a continuation of "The Long Roll." It is

really the second part of a trilogy, which is not yet completed. Slowly and carefully, Miss Johnston is composing a great panorama of the American Civil War, taken from an unusual point of view. A Daughter of the South, descended from a famous fighting stock, she writes with intense and yet restrained partisanship. Nevertheless, she treats the North with the courteous fairness becoming in a Virginian of the old school, but sadly lacking in the multitude of modern American novelists who take the popular, triumphant side. In some respects, she is rather more of an historian than a novelist in the fine and important work on which she is now engaged. The story in "Cease Firing" is a mere thread which scarcely connects together all the chapters of the book. What Miss Johnston aims at depicting and succeeds in depicting is the whole life of a dying nation. For the South was a nation, distinct from the North in manners, spirit and tradition. And this distinction was the fundamental cause of the civil war. Properly handled, the slavery question might have been settled without an armed conflict; for a majority of the planters was inclined to some pacific scheme of emancipation. But between the industrial democratic Northerners and the agricultural gentry of the South, there was a division as deep as that which once separated our Puritans and Cavaliers. "Free Government," says one of the characters in "Cease Firing," "is founded on the consent of the governed, and every community strong enough to establish and maintain its independence has a right to assert it. My father fought Great Britain in defence of that principle." But being behind the North in industrial power, the planters were at last defeated and broken, and it is as a tragic picture of a high-spirited people in their day of irretrievable disaster, that Miss Johnston's new work fills and touches the mind. It is not an historical novel built from books, and deriving all its animating power from the writer's imagination. The author has woven her fine work out of the living memories of her relatives and friends of the older generation. The result is a peculiar vividness of treatment. The whole struggle of the South is seen in so intimate a way that the living, fighting, desperate nation becomes the real hero, and the individual figures count for what they represent more than for what they singly are. The characterization is always clear and interesting, but it is merged in the larger subject.

**THE RELUCTANT LOVER.** By Stephen McKenna. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Of the several new novelists whose works the young firm of Herbert Jenkins has put before the public, Mr. Stephen McKenna is not the least noteworthy. "The Reluctant Lover" is a modern comedy of manners, presenting an ultra-modern type of character and one which has—naturally enough—been little dealt with before. Cyril Fitzroy, who considers himself a decadent and a cynic, is the Reluctant Lover of the title, and Myra, the young lady who prefers a reluctant to a willing lover, is the character which the publishers seem to find especially unconventional and attractive. (It is of no particular moment that our own taste lies in another direction.) Between them the two arrange upon a probationary period of two years, during which Cyril is to prove that he is possessed of more than merely surface attractions. During the interval that follows, Cyril becomes the guardian of a singularly attractive young girl, whose life he eventually saves—in truly Victorian manner—by his use of a sucking-tube when she is about to succumb to diphtheria. Thus he proves himself—and proves also that his affection for Myra is no more than affection, which is admittedly a surprise to that scintillating young lady. It is all very pleasant, amusing and clever—but just a trifle unsatisfactory. Whether it be that the book is lacking in variety, or whether the characters are uniformly too young, and their conversation too consistently brilliant, there can be no doubt about that point. Mr. McKenna has not yet quite found himself. When he does, we believe that he will do really big things—and in the meantime we are properly grateful for so refreshing and so fascinating a piece of work as "The Reluctant Lover."

**OFFICER 666.** By Barton W. Currie and Augustin McHugh. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

If you want a fresh, breezy, rollicking story you cannot do better than get a copy of "Officer 666"—the novel of the successful play now running at the Globe Theatre. It is exceedingly entertaining, with an ingenious plot and sparkling dialogue. The action of the tale takes place all in a few hours and almost entirely in one scene—the house of young Travers Gladwin, American millionaire. Gladwin returns from Egypt secretly, because he suspects a shady plot between his ex-valet and his lawyer, and stumbles across another plot, discovering that someone has been using his name in his absence and that a beautiful young girl, Helen Burton, is about to elope with "Travers Gladwin" that very evening. One exciting event follows rapidly on the heels of another in the next few hours, in all of which "Officer 666," or at any rate his coat and hat, plays an important part. At the meeting of the real and the false Travers Gladwin the marvellous wit and pluck of the latter compels the admiration not only of the reader, but of the real Gladwin himself, and he actually helps his impersonator to escape from a house full of policemen. It is a book that no laughter-loving individual can afford to miss.

## The Bookman's Table.

**THE OLD IRISH WORLD.** By Alice Stopford Green. 4s. net (Macmillan.)

This is a collection of lectures concerning Ireland, with a certain unity in its variety, and forming an attractive and valuable addition to Mrs. Green's epoch-marking book, "The Making of Ireland and its Undoing," and her less ambitious but brilliant and informing work entitled "Irish Nationality." "The Way of History in Ireland" is a powerful and often crushing reply to haughty but conventional critics of the first-named volume. "The Trade Routes of Ireland" emphasises far-revealing points in a sphere in which Mrs. Green is a first-rate authority, while "A Great Irish Lady" sheds a flood of light on the character and complexity of the civilisation of the real and inner Ireland in the Middle Ages. The volume contains a store of fact, and a liberal infusion of that far finer essence, soul-fact. Such a book ought to go far to destroy old passions and prejudices.

It is valuable to Ireland, perhaps even more valuable to England. In regard to mediæval Ireland Irishmen of to-day have much to learn, Englishmen much to unlearn. The truth has surprises, but ought to make for mental enlargement, after a certain chastening.

**RAMBLES IN IRELAND.** By Robert Lynd. Illustrations by Jack B. Yeats. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Even those who know much of Ireland, and know it intimately, will find freshness and fascination in Mr. Lynd's enlivening and penetrative pages. He is a delightful Rambler, but a Rambler who sets forth on his tours with a fine store of knowledge of Ireland's past and present; her history, her literature, her art, her ideals. He is in fact an educated Irish enthusiast, and wherever he happens to be, at home or abroad, he carries a vivid and varied mental Ireland along with him. But in work like the present all this is suggested very unobtrusively, just in flashes and glimpses and reveries. When he gets out anew amongst the people he becomes the seeker, the observer, the learner again, just as if Ireland were a precious and curious novelty to him. So the reader, like himself, has an ever-widening field of wonder and character; he is in a land at once ancient and venerable and ruined, yet romantically human, pathetically curious, astonishingly complicated, vivaciously new. There is ever the sense of discovery, whether it be darksome or lightsome or both together, with gleams of beauty never long out of the picture.

With most writers on Ireland we need to be wary and critical. Whether they know much or little they put into their work and pictures a great deal of their own personalities. Ireland seems to make personality shine or bristle; she is not apparently conducive to detachment. One great charm of Mr. Lynd is that while he is a wise and cultured Irishman he can really be detached. He can tell us what he sees, can tell us with art and zest of what lives and happens under his eyes.

Some of us wish that he had seen his way to deal fully or in detail, rather than by suggestion, with the intellectual and spiritual ideas and trends of contemporary Ireland, as for this task he has special qualifications. He has restrained himself, however, though he must have felt the temptation acutely at times. East, west, and south he has kept to plainer ways and themes, but the result is invariably refreshing and revealing.



View of Ardglass, from Ringfadd.

From "The Old Irish World," by Alice Stopford Green (Macmillan).

**THE POEMS OF CATULLUS.** With notes and a Translation by Charles Stuttaford. 6s. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

There are two kinds of translation that are acceptable. The first is rarely to be found: it demands so many excellences of different kinds. To begin with, the translator must be steeped in his original, he must catch its exact spirit and proportion and perspective and point of view, and he must have a sensitive feeling for the connotation of the words and phrases he has to render. But that is not enough. To this sympathy and understanding he must join an uncommon knowledge of the language into which he is to translate, and he must have that rarest and highest capacity, the gift of distinction in writing. This last is the greatest need of all, without it a scholar may by taking thought achieve a careful and adequate and scholarly version of his author and yet something so dull, so colourless, so correctly cold as to leave the reader languid and uninterested. You cannot find Shelley's translation of the Homeric Hymn to Mercury uninteresting, it is a fine poem and means something, even though you may cavil at its accuracy, if you think it worth while. The other kind of translation is made because of an enthusiasm, it is a real labour of love, and as all love has something admirable in it we find ourselves disarmed, our criticism becomes kindly, we allow what otherwise could hardly be permitted to pass unchallenged. We read with sympathy, glad to find a felicity, passing lightly over a turn that seems heavy or out of keeping, dwelling on what is good, forgetting what is less satisfying. Such a translation is before us in Mr. Charles Stuttaford's Catullus. His version is clearly born, as they say every child should be, of a great love, and when in reading we find his English fail to charm, we can turn to the opposite page and find the jewelled Latin. And if in reading the English we disagree with or dislike a phrase, when we look at the Latin we can nearly always see why Mr. Stuttaford adopted his wording—a high tribute of praise to the translator. Yet perhaps this may be disadvantageous to the whole poem, to have it made into a mosaic of phrases corresponding to the original, but not always in harmony with each other in English. Mr. Stuttaford has had so much delight in making these versions that we are inclined to look kindly on a translation that must be ranked among those that fail to show distinction.

**THE AMERICAN DIARY OF A JAPANESE GIRL.** By Yone Noguchi. 7s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Noguchi, the poet, we have long admired, he is one of the two Japanese authors who have captivated us in the net of their imperfect, very skilfully imperfect, English. He seemed to us before to be a Japanese butterfly which had strayed somehow into a Hebridean sunset and had grown deliciously intoxicated. At the same time he strayed no more out of himself than did Shelley, and we apprehended that in attempting to depict a Japanese girl on whose untutored mind America thrusts itself, Mr. Noguchi would bring too much of himself into the sketch. He is indeed far too profound for his heroine, and in some places he goes so far in the direction of naïveté that we look askance at the performance. In other words, it seems to us that the requisite sense of European humour there is no humour worth dignifying with the title American. As an example of observation not unworthy of Tolstoi we have this:

"It is astonishing to notice what a condescending manner the white gentlemen display towards ladies. They take off their hats in the elevator some showing such a great bald head, like a funny O Binzuru, that is as common as spectacled children—if any woman is present. They stand humbly as Japs to the august 'Son of Heaven.' They crawl out like lambs after the woman steps away. It puzzles me to solve how women can be deserving of such honour.

"What a goody-goody act!

"But I wonder how they behave themselves before God!"

Again, is it not rather Noguchi than this Miss Morning Glory, the book's heroine, who says:

"Snake, one of my greatest foes! (The others being cheese and mathematics.) I turned pale. But I bravely faced it, hoping that it would speak a word or two, as one did to Eve. I placed my eyes on it, though in fear. Perhaps it wasn't as

intelligent as the one in the Garden of Eden. Maybe it thought it nothing but a waste of time to address a Jap poorly stored in English. It crept away. I ran down the hall!"

And, on second thoughts, even if Mr. Noguchi does not give us—surely he does not!—the simple soul of this Miss Morning Glory, yet we have reason to be thankful for what he does give.

**'NEATH OAK AND OLIVE.** By Harold Sanford. (Wellingtonborough: Perkins & Co.)

The prevailing note in these poems is one of pensive thoughtfulness; a dreamy, rather morbidly melancholy spirit broods over some, but not over the best of them: the best glimmer with a sort of starlight of hope and breathe a music of quiet happiness. Still, even the gloomiest are usually strengthened by a touch of stoic courage. "The Outer Darkness" ends with a prayer for "an untrammelled fighting chance"; "In Praise of Death," for all its sombreness glows with a fine high-hearted faith that good shall be the final goal. The descriptive poems are admirable; and there are dainty and graceful lyrics, such as "The Winged Love":

"Maiden with April eyes,  
And moods of changing skies,  
Let not the winged Love pass

The three sonnets, "In a Forest," are finished with scholarly care and show real imaginative power; there is fancifulness and charm in the picturesque lines "In an Old Garden"; and characteristic of the author's happier moods is the sonnet on "Mortality," of which this is the octave:

"Love me from airy morn till mystic night,  
Yea, for my very faults but love me more,  
Not for the heavens to which my wings would soar  
In speechless rhapsody of dazzling light,  
But for my failure to attain the height  
Of passionate desire. Now, as of yore,  
With thy large tenderness erase the score  
Of my transgressions from thy loved sight"

It would be easy to point out flaws, but we have been less struck with these than with the genuine poetry that is in this little book, and the promise of better things that is inherent in much of it—a promise that we shall look with interest and with confidence to see Mr. Sanford fulfil.

**THE TRIAL OF JEANNE D'ARC.** By Edward Garnett. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Edward Garnett's new play, more even than its predecessors, "The Breaking Point" and "The Feud," is of the extremely modern kind which puts in nothing except what is necessary to guide the actors. It is meant to be acted, not to be read, and only a most experienced dramatic critic could pretend to see it as its author meant it to be. That is to say, the words are little more than shorthand. Mr. Garnett has studied the records of Jeanne d'Arc's trial. He has made a selection from his own point of view, and has added a scene or two necessary to complete it but not to be found in the records. The shrewd simple maid is continually before us against a changing background of subtle or malignant priests and brutal soldiers, but she has rather a smaller proportion of the actual speaking than the Magdalen in Maeterlinck's play. Several scenes, particularly the last—the execution—leave us in no doubt of their dramatic effectiveness. Of the rest we can only say that they are of extremely careful workmanship, and that they make us wish it were possible either to see them speedily upon the stage or to have a fuller poetic version for the study. The merit of Mr. Garnett's framework is indisputable. It is well arranged and it offers a very suggestive abridgment of the trial. It remains to be seen how these brief lines, so many of them accompanied by guiding parentheses for the actors, will be translated into speech: if they have their deserts they should make a fine play.

**TENNYSON.** By Aaron Watson. The People's Books. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

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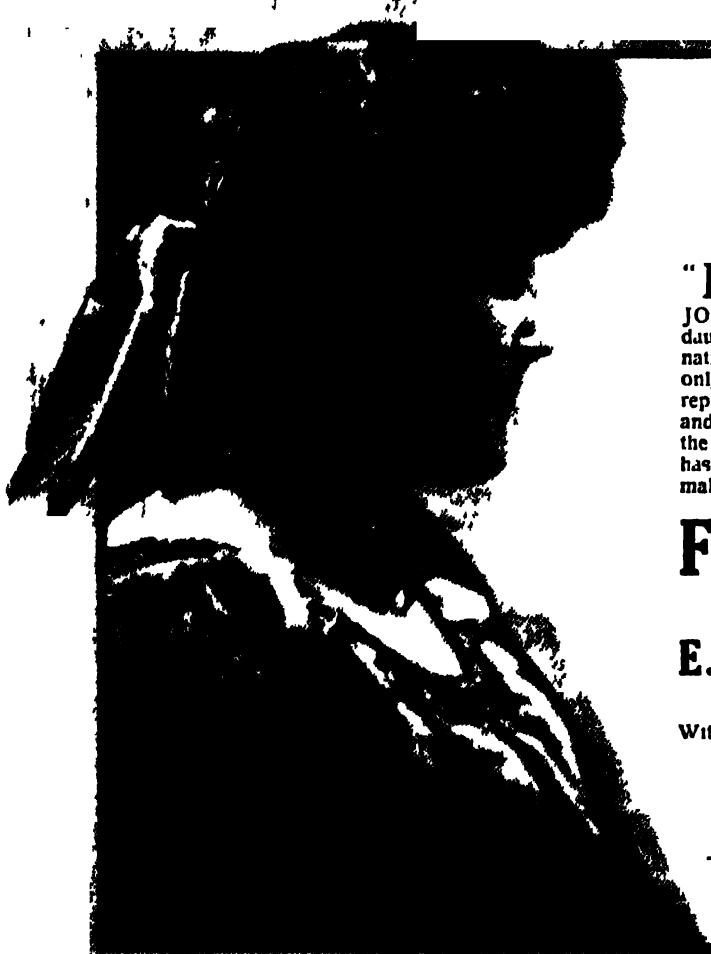
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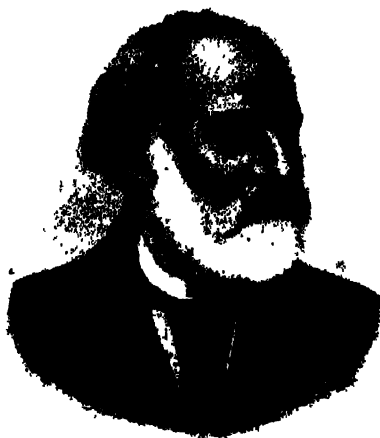
## NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the  
Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK  
SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of enquiry should be sent to the Editor before  
any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

## News Notes.

The March BOOKMAN will be a Henry James Number, and will contain a special article on Henry James by Dixon Scott. Other important articles in that Number include "Gray's Letters," by Professor Saintsbury; "Doctor Macgregor," by C. W. Boyd; "Writ in Water," by A. E. Waite; "Napoleon," by Walford D. Green; "Philosophy at the Cross-Roads," by M. P. Willcocks; "The Chinese Republic," by Philip W. Sergeant; "Samuel Butler's Note-Books," by A. St. John Adcock; "Japan and the Japanese," by Clive Holland; "Some Recent Poets," by Edward Thomas; "The Windham Papers," by Walter Sichel; "Cobbett," by F. E. Green, etc.



Charles Reade.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

### TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

The Prize that we have been offering in THE BOOKMAN every month for some time past for the best original Lyric has produced, on the whole, such very satisfactory results that we have decided to offer in competition SPECIAL PRIZES amounting to Twenty-five Guineas divided as follows:

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original Lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Keats, Shelley, Burns, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Wellington, Nelson, Gladstone, Disraeli, Darwin, or any other famous Englishman.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach



**Mr. F. E. Green,**

whose new book "The Tyranny of the Country Side" (Pisher Unwin) is reviewed on page 274.

the offices of THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 2nd June next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the 1st July if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Enve-

lopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for August next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the other

poems sent in will be published in a special Supplement to that Number.

A "regular student of THE BOOKMAN, and an earnest admirer of Lord Morley," writing in hearty appreciation of our January Number, adds: "May I ask you to make, through the medium of your columns, the suggestion that the leisure of the



**Mr. Seppings Wright.**

evening of Lord Morley's life be devoted to the preparation of a final, authoritative and complete edition of his works."

Everyone who read that brilliant novel "According to the Evidence," must have foreseen that its author, Mr. Oliver 'Onions, would have to write a sequel to it, and in "The Debit Account," which Mr. Martin Secker has just published, he has done so.

Messrs. Ouseley are publishing this spring a new novel entitled "Little Grey Girl," by Miss Mary



Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

**Miss Mary Openshaw.**



**Mrs. Mackirdy**  
(Olive Christian Malvery).

Openshaw. The story is of the latter years and fall of the Second French Empire, a love romance running through the terrible days of the siege of Paris to a pleasant ending in rural England. Miss Openshaw's earlier stories, notably "The Loser Pays," and "The Cross of Honour," have

met with exceptional popularity both in England and America.

Mr. Seppings Wright, the well-known correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, whose "Two Years Under the Crescent" will be published in March by Messrs. Nisbet, has been in Tripoli and Thrace for the last two years, and has seen as much of Turkey's two recent wars as any of the many correspondents who are writing about them. His book, illustrated by himself, will be looked for with especial interest.

Two other important War books are Mr. Ellis Ashmead Bartlett's "The War in Thrace," which Mr. Heinemann is publishing, and Major Lionel James's "With the Conquered Turk," which



**Miss C. A. Benton,**  
whose first novel, "The Sword," has just been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

Messrs. Nelson have in hand. Maj. James was *The Times* correspondent in the Balkans, and made his reputation in literature with that brilliant record of the Boer War, "On the Heels of DeWet."

"Queen Tara," a play by Mr. Darell Figgis, which is to be produced on the 25th February at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, will be published this month by Messrs. Dent.

As Olive Christian Malvery, Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy won renown as a journalist some few years ago. She has since done good work as a writer of fiction, and has become well known as the founder of several Homes for friendless women and girls, and as the author of "The Soul Market" and other



**Mrs. Alys Lowth,**  
whose clever travel book, "Doreen Coasting" was recently published by Messrs. Longman

books on social questions which have had a wide vogue. Before she married, Mrs. Mackirdy was known as an author of charming little stories and songs, and as a reciter and singer she toured extensively, and appeared before large audiences in both the Old and the New World. Latterly she has done excellent work in the crusade against the White Slave Traffic, and her book "The White Slave Market" went through twelve editions within a few weeks. Amongst all these activities she has found time to return to the writing of fiction, and has now completed a love story which she is calling "Love's Soldier." It will be published this spring by Messrs. Cassell.

Mrs. Caulfield (K. M. Edge), whose new novel, "Through the Cloudy Porch" (Murray), is reviewed by Mr. G. S. Layard in this number of THE



Photo by Monteath, Melbourne

**Mr. Donald MacLean.**

BOOKMAN, is the daughter of the Right Honourable Sir John Edge, P.C., formerly Chief Justice of the North West Provinces of India, and wife of Major C. T. Caulfeild, R.H.A., now commanding a H.A. Brigade at Ipswich. Mrs. Caulfeild has lived for many years in India, and has travelled extensively in Kashmir, Italy and South Africa. She began her literary career by contributing to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and has published three other successful novels. She is a good amateur actress; a non-militant, but enthusiastic, member of the N.U.W.S.S.; the mother of two children, about the education of whom she has her own very definite ideas; a good platform speaker, and withal, a lover of wild and open spaces.

We are to have a Life of John Greenleaf Whittier, by Mrs. King Lewis, from Messrs. Headley Brothers.



Photo by Mrs. Thompson

**Mrs. Caulfeild**  
(K. M. Edge.)

Mrs. Lewis is a daughter of the late Dr. Stoughton, whose biography she wrote some years ago. She is known, too, as the author of an admirable biography of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the Prisoners' Friend, which is now in its third edition.



**Mr. J. Cuming Walters,**  
whose new book "The Complete Mystery of Edwin Drood" (Chapman & Hall)  
was reviewed in last month's *Bookman*.

Mr. Donald MacLean, whose successful novel, "John Scarlett," was published last autumn by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, is an Australian, born in Victoria between thirty and forty years ago. Family misfortunes sent him "cruising amongst the isles of circumstance" when he was only twelve years old. He knocked about the Colony getting an education as best he could, and in due course became successively a bush missionary, a "navvy parson," and a city minister. A few years back he had a very bad





Photo by G. C. Beresford.

Miss Annesley Kenealy.

nervous breakdown and went to rest at that Lorne of which Kipling writes in his song of the flowers

"gathered where the Irskine leaps

Down the road to Lorne,"

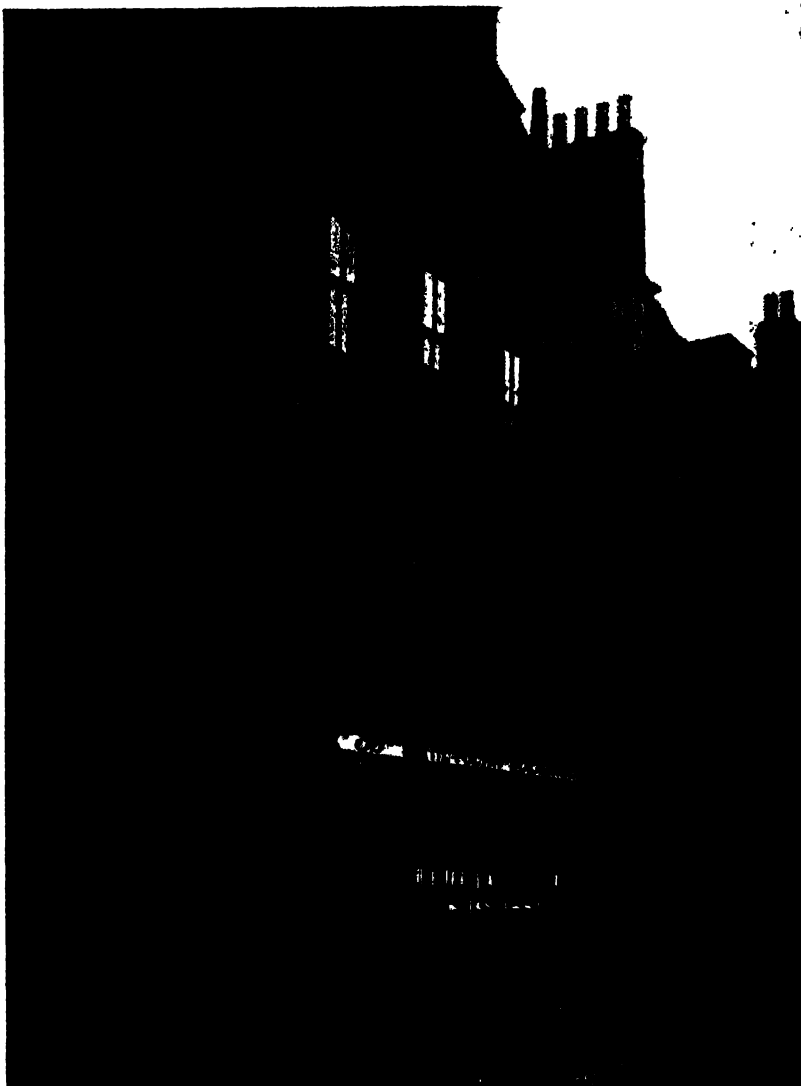
and it was whilst there that he first began to write "John Scarlett," that being the outcome of the "navvy parson" days when he lived amongst the navvies pretty much as he has described John Scarlett's life in the book.

"The Two Carnations," a new novel by Miss Marjorie Bowen, is to be published this spring by Messrs. Cassell. It is a story of the French Revolution, with a heroine who finds herself at the beginning of the great struggle in a French prison, from which, after some stirring adventures, the hero rescues her. Miss Bowen's real name is Miss Gabrielle Margaret Vere Campbell, and she inherits her literary gifts from her mother, Mrs. Vere Campbell, who is also a well-known novelist.

Mr. Stanley Paul is starting a new series of novels dealing exclusively with the Woman's Suffrage Movement and the various questions affecting women which are involved in it. The first volume in this "Votes for Women" series is "The Poodle-Woman" by Miss Annesley Kenealy. It is a story of how a woman's talents and

faculties are repressed and her happiness destroyed by a man who takes advantage of the power conferred on husbands by the laws of marriage and divorce. Miss Annesley is a daughter of the celebrated Dr. Kenealy, counsel for the Tichborne claimant; she has done good work as a journalist on the *Morning Post*, *Daily Graphic*, *Daily Mail* and other papers, and is on the Committee of the Woman Writers' Suffrage League.

On every hand one is glad to see signs of a re-awakening interest in poetry. The Poetry Society has become a flourishing institution; a Poet's Club has been firmly established; there are at least four magazines devoted almost entirely to the publication of poetry, and now we have a Poetry Book-shop mainly given over to the sale of it. For this latter development we are indebted to the enthusiasm and enterprise of Mr. Harold Monroe, himself a poet of considerable promise. The shop is at 35, Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, Bloomsbury: an old Georgian building, in a somewhat drab, obscure neighbourhood, not wholly in the busy world nor quite



The Poetry Bookshop.

beyond it; which is as it should be, for the true place of poetry is where the people live, and not in those roaring centres of commerce where they make their money. The shop was formally opened on the 7th January, when a large and distinguished audience gathered to listen to an admirable address by Mr. Henry Newbolt. The rooms above the shop are reserved, one as a lecture hall, and the rest for living purposes. Three of them are to be let furnished to literary workers. A good and growing stock of poetry, largely modern volumes, is displayed in the shop; conferences, meetings, and discussions will be held there every Tuesday and Thursday, and some of the most prominent of living poets have promised to be present at these and to take part in the proceedings; but the shop will, of course, be open every other day of the week as well—one can hardly say for business, because Mr. Monro is making a pleasure of it, and the more visitors he has the better he is pleased. It is the duty of every lover of poetry to make a point of calling upon him and encouraging him in an interesting undertaking that may also prove to be a very useful one.

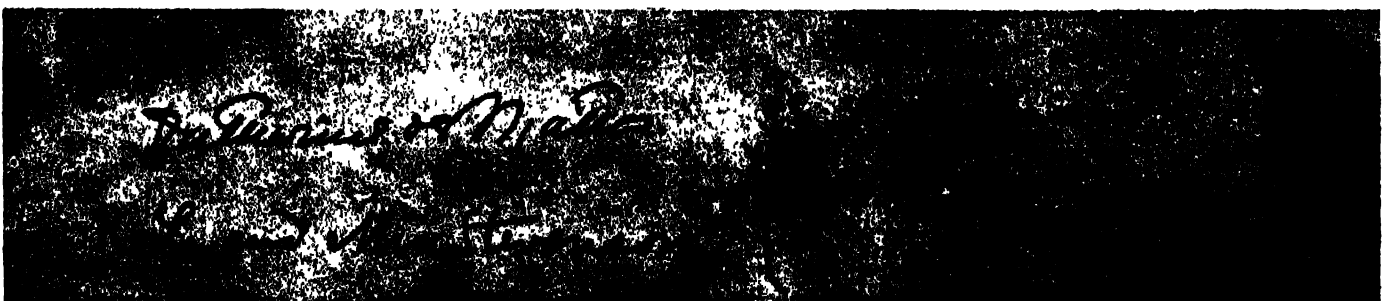
Mr. Maurice Drake, whose important folio on English Glass Painting has just been published



Mr. Maurice Drake.

by Mr. Werner Laurie, has made an interesting discovery concerning Robert Louis Stevenson. He noticed, in reading the "Vailima Letters," that in 1885 Stevenson had been ill, and was in that year staying at Exeter. Mr. Drake wrote to Sir Sidney Colvin, and Sir Sidney was able to trace that Stevenson had lived for some time in Exeter at the New London Hotel. On searching the hotel visitors' book Mr. Drake discovered, between September 9th and 14th, the entry in R.L.S.'s handwriting which we reproduce in facsimile. Plans of the three floors of the hotel were sent to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, who was with Stevenson at Exeter, and the room was identified as No. 16 on the first floor. Mr. Drake designed a panel of stained-glass, and this has now been placed in the window with an inscription commemorating R.L.S.'s visit.

For much assistance with the Charles Reade illustrations in this Number we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. C. W. F. Goss, the Chief Librarian of the Bishopsgate Institute, to Messrs. W. Collins, Sons & Co.; and in particular to Messrs. Chatto and Windus, publishers of the complete copyright edition of Reade's works.



## THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

### MAURICE BARING.

**M**R. MAURICE BARING is a poet and a playwright with a peculiar charm and distinction; he is, moreover, a traveller whose illuminating insight has not only unfolded the meaning of Russia to us, but a world of culture derived from many literatures.

When we read "Diminutive Dramas," and "Dead Letters" we looked upon Mr. Baring as a whimsical dilettante, with something of the spirit of Ariel in his nature, playing with the foibles of letters as a sort of recreation from more arduous tasks; a satirical spectator of the mask of life saturated with the classics, who could turn an epigram with the precision of Oscar Wilde and caricature a type with the urbane humour of Mr. Max Beerbohm. Comparison with Mr. Max Beerbohm seems inevitable when one discusses Mr. Baring as a parodist. But although "Max" catches to the life the speech and gesture of the subjects whom he parodies he does not give us the fine exuberant flavour, and the boisterous mirth that we find in the best examples of Mr. Baring's treatment of the parody. The author of the "Diminutive Dramas" touches the border line of farce, and the compound is a very agreeable one. A comparison of this sort is of course bound to be invidious. We would not for the world under-estimate the inimitable "Max" even in favour of so agreeable an author as Mr. Maurice Baring. How well the author of the "Diminutive Dramas" has

caught the delicate art of farcical portraiture will be seen in the delightful skit entitled "The Member for Literature," in which the urbane "Max" himself is inimitably parodied with all his quips and quiddities to perfection, and we feel sorry somehow that he was not elected in the burlesque competition. If you wish to know what Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck looks like in the garb of travesty turn to "The Blue Harlequin," where the parody is so exuberant that it hovers on the border of the burlesque. This, of course, is only one side of his talent. In order to understand and appreciate Mr. Maurice Baring as an author, we must take him at a larger valuation. There are many facets to his genius—so many indeed as almost to dazzle and bewilder the plodding critic. The

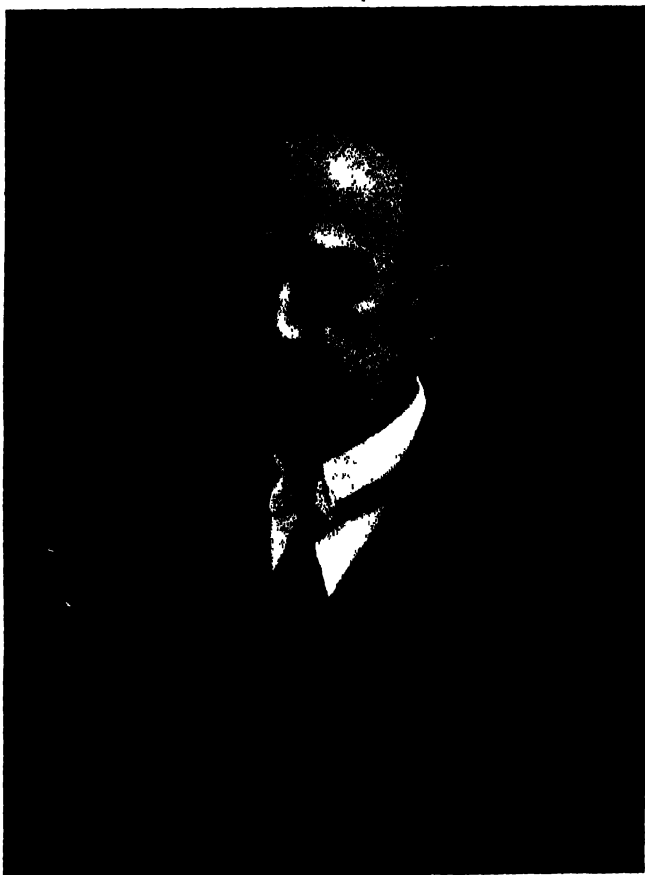
"Diminutive Dramas" was only the prelude to the more brilliant performance to be found in the trilogy of plays contained in "The Grey Stocking." The "Dead Letters" in the same fanciful vein seem to have been thrown off with careless ease as a sort of surcease from the more serious and specialised work dealing with the vast problem of Russia. But although Mr. Baring has found his true *métier* in the artistic interpretation of Russian life and character, we confess to a lurking predilection for those brilliant and amusing skits, and hope that he may be

induced to take up the idea at a future period and give us another series in the same vein. They are unique of their kind, and if Mr. Baring had never written another line, these two books would have been sufficient to have given him a permanent claim to distinction.

The career of Mr. Maurice Baring has been a particularly brilliant and successful one; and one, we may add, that seldom falls to the lot of the average man of letters. Mr. Baring, who is the fourth son of the first Lord Revelstoke, was born in 1874, and was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He then entered the diplomatic corps, where he spent seven years, his duties taking him to Paris, Copenhagen and Rome. He found a wider and probably a more congenial sphere for his activities, when he became war correspondent for the *Morning Post* in Manchuria, where he wrote those

Mr. Maurice Baring.

brilliant and impressionistic letters from the front that were later embodied in "With the Russians in Manchuria." He then became special correspondent for the *Morning Post* in Russia. In the year 1909, he went to Constantinople in the same capacity, and was there during the coronation of the Sultan. It is of interest to note in this connection, that when he was in Constantinople he wrote a series of letters to the *Morning Post*, in which he predicted the downfall of the Turks if they fought the Bulgarians. Recent events have proved how pathetically true this prediction has been. More recently he was in the Balkans as correspondent for *The Times*. Such in brief are the bare facts of an extraordinarily active and successful career, which can



be augmented from the author's own works dealing with his experiences as a war correspondent.

One cannot form a proper estimate of Mr. Baring's work without taking into consideration the wide and cosmopolitan culture of the author; a culture all the more refreshing as it does not savour of the schools. He is a master of many literatures, both ancient and modern; and to him more than to any other modern writer we are indebted for whatever knowledge we possess of Russian authors. Indeed, before we read the work of Mr. Maurice Baring, we had looked upon Russia as a barren and benighted land for ever in the grip of revolution, but we have been happily disillusioned. In "A Year in Russia" he has given us a series of delightful travel pictures, and in the monumental volume entitled "The Russian People" he has revealed to us the whole vast panorama of that romantic and unfamiliar land. We have seldom read anything more vivid than the author's estimate of writers like Tchekov, Gogol and Dostoevsky, in his "Landmarks in Russian Literature." Could anything be more perfect than this critical note written round Tourgeniev?

"I have said that he was a great poet, but the words seem bare and dead when one considers the peculiar nature of the shy and entrancing poetry that is in Tourgeniev's work. He has the magic that water gives to the reflected images of trees, hills and woods; he touches the ugly facts of life, softens and transfigures them so that they lose none of their reality but gain a majesty and a mystery that comes from beyond the world, just as the moonlight softens and transfigures the wrinkled palaces and decaying porticoes of Venice, hiding what is sordid, heightening the beauty of line, and giving a quality of magic to every stately building, to each delicate pillar and chiselled arch."

It is impossible in a short article such as this to do adequate justice to an author of Mr. Baring's versatility and range of subject. Instead of the finished portrait we should like to paint we can only submit an imperfect sketch. We have still to take him as a dramatist and a writer of short stories. The effort of compression therefore must leave something to the imagination. The three plays contained in "The Grey Stocking," the other two being "The Green Elephant" and "The Double Game," have been produced by Miss Gertrude Kingston and Mr. Granville Barker. "The Grey Stocking" has for its motif the study of the shuttered life of a society woman for whom the friendship of a cultured Russian opens a wider vista to her spirit. There is much satirical observation in this drama, and the contrast between the Russian character and that of the English is not always flattering to the latter. It is a tragic drama, and so is "The Double Game," which deals with the revolutionary Russia so familiar to those who know it in no other guise. "The Green Elephant" is a sort of travesty written round a lost trinket, and includes many farcical characters and situations. In dealing with the plays we must not forget the little drama in verse entitled "Desiderio," which is full of some of the noblest passages in modern poetic drama.

We quote this poignant utterance of "Desiderio" as an example of Mr. Baring's mellifluous verse:

"My life is walled with darkness and with sorrow;  
But love is something bright to me. A sun  
That floods the prison of my soul with light.  
I am in prison and love is the song  
The prisoner hears far off at eventide;  
Love is the dawn I feel but may not see;  
The moonlight of my everlasting dream,  
The space of luminous calm I cannot reach,  
That stretches endlessly beyond the bars."

In the collection of short stories contained in "Orpheus in Mayfair" the author reveals himself a master of satirical comedy, but although the shaft of his satire, which is aimed at the foibles of society and human nature as a whole, is keen and generally hits the mark, it is a satire that is always as urbane and agreeable as the prose in which it is written. Indeed, the prose style of Mr. Baring is not one of the least of the many charms to be found scattered about his books. It has the luminous directness of the French romancists; it sparkles with epigram; a lambent humour plays about the page whether he is revealing to us the beauties of his favourite Russian authors or weaving a flower fancy such as "The Story of Forget me Not and Lily of the Valley."

We have said too little of Mr. Baring as a poet. Indeed it is the poetic note that makes his prose so magical and enriches his imagination even when he is most prosaic—that is to say when he is dealing with facts rather than with fancies—when he is critical rather than creative. The poems are not the least precious of his work. They are instinct with genuine feeling and romantic fervour, and some of the sonnets are perfect examples of the art. Perhaps we may be permitted to quote one of them, which, apart from its intrinsic beauty, adds a sort of personal note to a personality singularly impersonal:

"I have loved summer and the longest day,  
The leaves of June, the slumberous film of heat,  
The bees, the swallows and the waving wheat,  
The whistling of the mowers in the hay.  
I have loved words which lift the soul with wings,  
Words that are windows to eternal things.  
I have loved souls that to themselves are true,  
Who cannot stoop and know not how to fear,  
Yet hold the talisman of pity's tear:  
I have loved these because I have loved you."

We have tried thus briefly to outline the principal claims of Mr. Maurice Baring to be considered one of the cleverest and wittiest and one of the most cultured of twentieth century writers; he is still, so to speak, on the threshold of his career, and we shall look forward to his future work in prose and verse with a zest that has been whetted and stimulated by that which he has already written to our profit and entertainment. We believe that Mr. Baring is writing a new play, and we are Philistine enough to hope that it will be a diminutive drama but on a larger and a more ambitious scale.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

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# THE READER.

CHARLES READE.

BY LEWIS MELVILLE.

WHEN we speak of the Victorian novel, we think at once of Thackeray and Dickens, writers so immeasurably superior to any of their contemporaries as to throw the rest into the shade. Yet among those contemporaries were many brilliant authors, George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë, Lytton and Disraeli, Wilkie Collins and Trollope, and the subject of this paper, Charles Reade. Indeed, at no time before or since in the annals of English literature was such fare put before novel-readers. It was not only an age of masterpieces, but also an age of excellent stories only ranging lower than the best. Even to-day, when the standard of the novel is so high, the man must be singularly unappreciative who cannot spend many an hour over the output even of the writers of the second class who flourished in those days. Amongst these, Charles Reade takes a high place. A singular man he was, and one demanding an inspired biographer—in this respect he has been unfortunate, for he has been the subject only of a very pedestrian memoir, and of a singularly chaotic book of reminiscences by George Coleman. His "life" remains to be written, and in the hands of a sympathetic admirer should be verily a human document, the record of a great-hearted, pugilistic, irascible, persevering, litigious, contradictory, loving and lovable genius.

Born when the nineteenth century was but fourteen years old, he was educated at private schools, and went to Oxford in 1831, when he was elected to a demyship at Magdalen College. He distinguished himself at the University, with which he maintained a close connection for many years, becoming Dean of Arts at Magdalen in 1845, a position he relinquished at the end of the following year, and in 1851 vice-president of his college. At one time contemplating a legal career, he was called to the bar at the age of twenty-nine, and read for a while with his brother-novelist, Samuel Warren; but the law did not satisfy him, and he turned to literature. To letters he served a stern apprenticeship. "Good God!" he said, "had it not been for the fellowship—which, though it bound me to celibacy, preserved me from pauperdom—and a mother's generous help, I must have been in the workhouse, or breaking stones on the

highway." In 1851 he drew up his "account with literature."

"Item.—My family had brought me up, and educated me, till I was sixteen

"Item I earned my demyship, eighteen pounds a year, at seventeen.

"Item.—At twenty-one I obtained my fellowship, beginning at two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and ultimately rising to six hundred and fifty

"Item. Eighteen years devoted to the study of dramatic art."

"Now let us see what I had gained for this outlay.

"Item. 'Ladies' Battle,' nil.

"Item.—'Masks and Faces,' half of one hundred fifty pounds, seventy-five pounds.

"Item.—From Bentley, for book of 'Peg Woffington' thirty pounds.

"In all, one hundred and five pounds. That is to say, about half-a-crown a year for eighteen years—enough to pay for pens and paper, leaving copy and shoe-leather out of the question."

Such an experience might well have deterred another, and made him turn his energies in a different direction. Not so was Charles Reade affected. He foamed with rage. He cursed the managers who would not have his plays. He abused those who produced them, in his opinion, unsatisfactorily. But he never ceased to write. It was in his blood, and from his pen, in rapid succession, came play after play, and then novel after novel. That he became a novelist was due to the advice of that charm-

ing actress, Mrs. Laura Seymour, "the wisest counsellor, the truest friend, that ever crossed my path."

"Masks and Faces," a comedy written in collaboration with Tom Taylor, and produced at the Haymarket in the winter of 1852, was his first dramatic success, and the only play of his first period that demands mention here, though his melodrama, "Gold," at Drury Lane, was far more profitable. "Masks and Faces" Reade, prompted by Mrs. Seymour, turned into the novel so well-known as "Peg Woffington." It must be confessed that the story is better as a play than as a work of fiction, its principal characters and scenes being more effective on the stage than in the book. In cold print much of it is unconvincing, and, in spite of the undoubted cleverness of the book, its unreality is its most marked feature.



Charles Reade in 1880.





**Ipsden, Oxfordshire, the  
Birthplace of Charles Reade.**

From "Charles Reade as I Knew Him," by George Coleman  
(Treherne & Co.).

"*Peck Woffington*," however, was a great success, with the public, and Reade followed it with "*Christie Johnstone*," adapted from another of his plays, but this time an unacted one. It is a much more remarkable production. In the first we have a woman redeemed from sin, in the second a man converted from an idle purposeless life to one of healthy and kindly exertion. "*Christie Johnstone*" is a picture rather than a story, a picture of the Newhaven fisheries and fisher folk. Christie herself is a fine character, but the best pages of the book are those concerned with Lord Ipsden and the old woman whom he assists with money and invites to unbosom herself of her troubles.

"*'My trouble, laddie?'*" cried she, trembling all over. 'The sun wad set, and rise, and set again, ere I could tell ye a' the trouble I hae come through. Oh, ye need na vex yourself for an auld wife's tears; tears are a blessin', lad, I shall assure ye. Mony's the time I hae prayed for

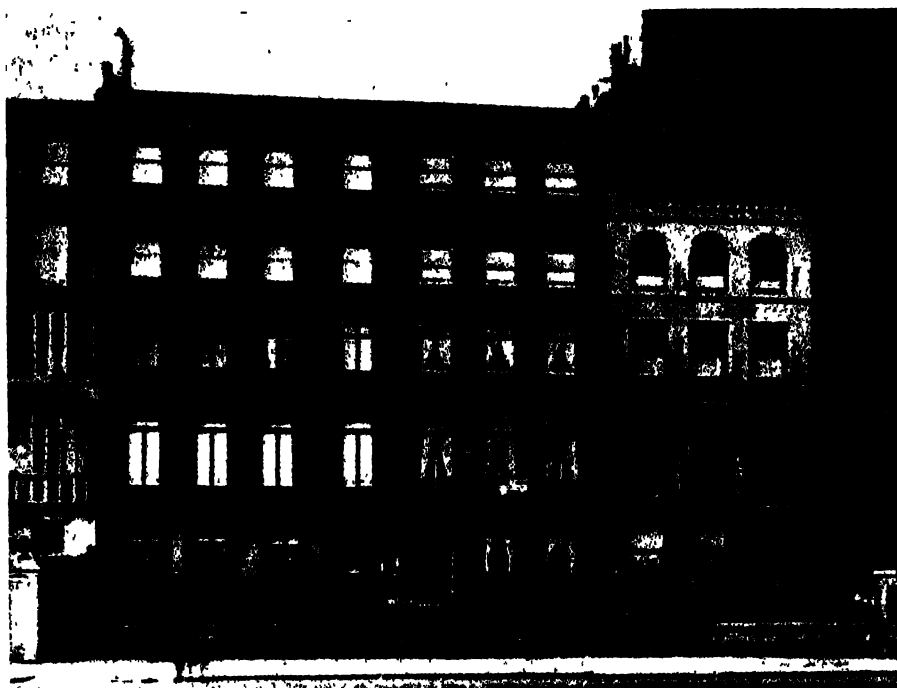
them, and could na hae them. Sit ye doon! sit ye doon! I'll no let ye gang fra ma door till I hae thankit ye; but gie me time, gie me time, I canna greet a' the days of the week.' "

And then she unfolds the miseries of her life, and many and dreadful they are. When the full tale of them is recounted, hunger, cold, anguish, and death, she begins to thank him for his sympathy, and, warming to her



**Charles Reade.**

Drawn by M. Stein from a photograph taken about 1858.



**70, Knightbridge.**

Charles Reade's Residence from 1868 to 1880.

Here were written "*Foul Play*" (1868), "*Put Yourself in His Place*" (dramatized under the title of "*Free Labour*" in 1870); "*A Terrible Temptation*," 1871; "*The Wandering Heir*," 1872, "*A Simpleton*," 1873, "*A Woman Hater*," 1877, and in 1879 his greatest dramatic success, "*Drink*" (an adaptation of Zola's "*L'Assommoir*"), for which he received upwards of £20,000.

task, blesses him for his kindness, and the blessing is that of a patriarch:—

"A thousand good wishes came, like a torrent of fire, from her lips, with a power that eclipsed his dreams of human eloquence; and then, changing in a moment from the thunder of a pythoness to the tender music of some poetess mother, she ended, 'An' oh, my boenny, boenny lad, may ye be wi' the rich upon the airth a' your days, AND WI' THE PUIR IN THE WULD TO COME!'"

Though Reade had successfully novelized (if the expression may be used) two of his plays, he did not yet think of himself as a writer of fiction, but remained faithful to his early love, and during the next two years (1854-5) no less than six of his plays were produced. Two of these are still occasionally to be seen, "*The Lyons Mail*" and "*Nance Oldfield*," in which, within the memory of the present generation, Sir Henry Irving in the first, and Miss Ellen Terry in the



**Hazel and Helen on Godsend Isle.**

From one of George Du Maurier's drawings illustrating "Foul Play," by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault.



**"I am a man that's down," said Wylie in a low and broken voice. "Don't hit me any more."**

From one of George Du Maurier's drawings illustrating "Foul Play."



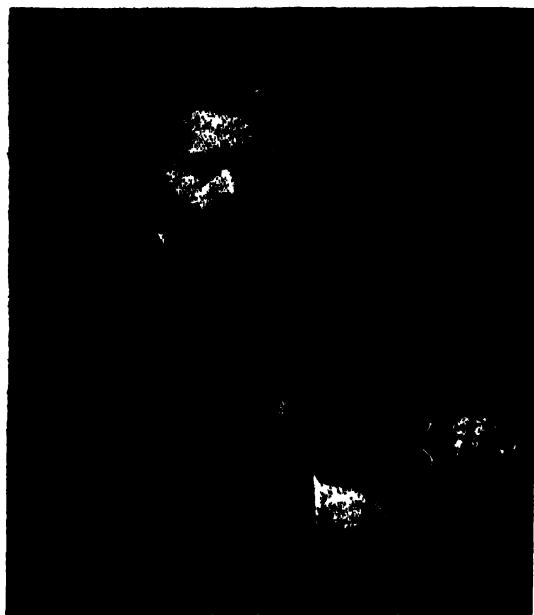
Scene from "The Courier of Lyons" which was produced at the Princess's Theatre in 1854, and afterwards became famous as "The Lyons Mail."



The Fight at the Diggings.

Scene from "It is Never too Late to Mend," which was produced at the Princess's Theatre in 1865.

Scenes from two of Charles Reade's famous dramas.



*From a photo by J. & C. Watkins.* **Tom Taylor,**  
who collaborated with Charles Reade in writing "Masks and  
Faces," on which Reade afterwards founded his novel,  
"Peg Woffington."

second, gave magnificent renderings of the principal characters. Reade subsequently dramatized some of his books, wrote other plays, and produced a version of Zola's "L'Assommoir," but from 1855 it is as a novelist rather than as a dramatist that he must be regarded.

It was almost by accident that Reade again turned to the novel. In August, 1855, a great sensation was created in England by the trial and conviction of Lieutenant William Austin, Governor of Birmingham gaol, for cruelty to the prisoners in his custody. Reade was appalled by the revelations, and made a study of the conditions of prison life. Very dissatisfied was he with what he learnt, and he wrote "It is Never Too Late to Mend" to expose the abuses of the system. There is much that is good in the book, but, as in most novels with a purpose, the purpose is insisted upon to a degree that throws the story out of proportion. The author's whole-hearted indignation led him into exaggerations, which could not be defended, and which succeeded only in irritating many readers. The book, and a dramatized version of it, achieved great popularity.

Read was now fairly launched upon his career as a writer of fiction, and he published in rapid succession "The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth" (1857), "Jack of all Trades" (1858), "The Autobiography of a Thief"



*Photo by Van Doorn.* **Dion Bouicault,**  
who collaborated with Charles Reade in writing the novel  
"Foul Play."

(1858), "Love me Little, Love me Long" (1859), and "White Lies" (1860). "The Cloister and the Hearth" appeared in 1861, and two years later "Hard Cash" in which he exposed the danger to the community of sanctioning private lunatic asylums. Of his later books, it is only necessary to mention "Griffith Gaunt" (1865), which was violently attacked by those whom Reade denounced as "prurient prudes"; and "Foul Play" (1869), which deals with the scuttling of ships by owners desirous to draw the insurance.

As a story-teller, Reade had many merits. He could write well, he could draw character, he had undoubted powers of description, he had imagination--in varying degrees he had almost every gift of the novelist except humour--and he summoned even humour to his aid in "Christie Johnstone," in the opening chapters of which there are some quaint turns in the dialogue that Oscar Wilde would not have disowned. As against this, however, in spite of the realism of the details, he all too frequently indulged in over-emphasis, which resulted in throwing over the whole an air

[illegible]

**Theatre poster announcing the first performance of one of Reade's dramas.**



the language. The present writer would say that it is the best historical novel in the language with the exception of "Esmond." "Esmond" is written in the grand manner, and endowed with the charm of Thackeray's style and with those wonderful scenes of Esmond returning home bringing his sheaves with him and of Lady Castlewood confronting his Grace of Hamilton with the information that Esmond is the head of the House of Castlewood—those wonderful scenes that are no interpolated purple passages, but arise naturally in the course of the development of the narrative.

To praise "Esmond" is not, however, to disparage "The Cloister and the Hearth." A first version of the latter book, entitled "A Good Fight," appeared serially in 1859 in *Once a Week*, and, it is said, that the circulation of the periodical went up by twenty thousand copies. The editor, not knowing when he was well off, took liberties with the manuscript, whereupon the indignant author abruptly wound up the tale. Two years later, having revised and partly re-written the story, Reade published it in book form under the title by which it has become famous. It is so much greater a work than any other that he has written, that he must be included in the small band of authors whose reputation rests serenely upon a single book. It is, in fact, "The Cloister and the Hearth" first, and the rest nowhere. On every page Reade's erudition is obvious, yet never is it so obtruded as directly to call attention to it or to divert the reader's attention from the story. The period would, indeed, appear to have been chosen because the author knew it so well, not because he thought the period specially suitable for an historical romance. The real characters introduced in the tale are not dragged in because there should be real characters in such a book, they make their appearance in it naturally. And what a canvas it is which Reade has chosen! And with what a portrait-gallery he has covered it! In these days when the novel is, more often than not, of the hole-and-corner variety, treating of a London slum, a street in Camberwell, the life of the bargee, or of the fast set, how refreshing it is to turn to this book where the novelist takes us from one end of Europe to the other, visiting Holland, Germany, France, and Italy, presenting us with indelible pictures of the manners and customs of the various folk.

The book is cast in the heroic mould. "Not a day passes over the earth, but noble men and women of no

note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows." This is the text of "The Cloister and the Hearth," as spoken by the author in the first lines, a text that is adhered to throughout, the principal characters being, one and all, unimportant in the life of nations, having no part in great events, living entirely in their own humble spheres. It is a love-story primarily—the story of the love of Gerard, the son of Elias and Catherine of Tergow for beautiful, red-haired Margaret Brandt. Gerard, by a forged letter written by his brother, is told that his mistress, who was to be his wife, is dead, and, in despair, he becomes a monk. When he learns that he has been deceived, he goes to his home, and arrives unexpectedly as the family is about to sit down to supper.

"The covers were withdrawn, and the knives brandished. Then burst into the room, not the expected Margaret, but a Dominican friar, livid with rage.

"He was at the table in a moment, in front of Cornelis and Sybrandt, threw his tall body over the narrow table, and, with two hands hovering above their shrinking heads, like eagles over a quarry, he cursed them by name, soul and body, in this world and the next. It was an age eloquent in curses, and this curse was so full, so minute, so blighting, blasting, withering, and tremendous, that I am afraid to put all the words on paper. 'Cursed be the lips,' he shrieked, 'which spoke the lie that Margaret was dead, may they rot before the grave, and kiss white-hot iron in hell thereafter, doubly cursed be the hands that changed those letters, and be they struck off by the hangman's knife, and handle hell-fire for ever; three accursed be the cruel hearts that did conceive that damned he, to part true love for ever; may they sicken and wither on earth joyless, loveless, hopeless, and wither to dust before their time; and burn in eternal fire.' He cursed the meat at their mouths, and every atom of

their bodies, from their hair to the soles of their feet. Then turning from the cowering, shuddering pair, who had almost hid themselves beneath the table, he tore a letter out of his bosom, and flung it down before his father.

"Read that, thou hard old man, that didst imprison thy son, read and see what monsters thou hast brought into the world. The memory of my wrongs and hers, dwell with you all for ever! I will meet you again at the Judgment Day; on earth you will never see me more."

"And in a moment, as he had come, so he was gone, leaving them stiff and cold, and white as statues, round the smoking board."

As a companion picture to this scene of passion shall be given a scene of exquisite tenderness, when Gerard, known as Brother Clement, discovers in his hermit's cell the baby that, unknown to him, Margaret has borne him.



Charles Reade.

"Clement laid down his psalter softly and began to rock his new treasure in his arms, and to crone over him a little lullaby well known in Tergow, with which his own mother had often set him off.

"And the child sank into a profound sleep upon his arm. And he stopped croning and gazed on him with infinite tenderness, yet sadness; for at that moment he could not help thinking what might have been but for a piece of paper with a lie in it.

"He sighed deeply.

"The next moment the moonlight burst into his cell, and with it, and in it, and almost as swift as it, Margaret

Brandt was down at his knee with a timorous hand upon his shoulder.

"Gerard, you do not reject us? You cannot."

As is the case with all great books, even the best passages and scenes lose much when wrested from the context. The above extracts may give some idea of Reade's range, but to enjoy its full quality the book must be read in its entirety, read and re-read, and read again. Then can be appreciated the beauty of the work, its tenderness, its sympathy, and its humanity.

## "THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1913.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

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*The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competitions Nos. 1 and 3; answers from Foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 2, 4 and 5 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

*Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original ballad in not more than forty-eight lines.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best letter in not more than a hundred and fifty words, giving advice to a young poet.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words

of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

**Note.**—Special attention is directed to the **Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition** announced on the first page of this Number.



Two ladies glided into the room.

From "Put Yourself in His Place," by Charles Reade (Chatto & Windus).



## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Lyric is awarded to Miss Grace M. Measham, of 15, Sanderson Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the following :

### ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Oh eyes,  
What matters it if the pure blue o' the skies  
Dwell in your depths, or all the stars of night ?  
So you be bright  
With tenderness, you want no other light.

Oh mouth,  
We ask not, that the fragrance of the South  
Breathe from thee, that thou seem a scarlet flower  
From Cupid's bower,—  
If smiles and gentle speeches be thy dower.

Oh hands,  
Needs not ye gleam with gems from many lands,  
That like a snowflake's is your white caress,—  
Your loveliness  
Is that ye work for others' happiness.

Oh heart,  
Whatever joy be thine, or sorrow's smart,  
Whate'er thy dreams, thy yearnings all unguessed,—  
Thou shalt find rest  
Only in love,—that is the one thing blest.

GRACE M. MEASHAM

We select for printing :

### SPRING.

Fling a robe of white and blue about her,  
Oh, ye skies !  
Hush the winds of March lest they should flout her,  
In surprise ;  
Kiss away the April tears from out her  
Shining eyes !

Spread the wonder of the woods before her,  
April sweet !  
Stretch a living arch of greenness o'er her ;  
At her feet  
Every dear delight you've gathered for her,  
Cast complete !

Weave a mesh of bud and bloom to hold her  
In a net !  
Every fairest flower of May unfold hither !  
She'll forget  
Just the way to leave us, till she's told her  
Secret yet !

O, our hearts grow weary for the liting  
Songs you sing !  
Though men say you're just a huckle, jilting,  
Wayward thing ;  
Yet we love you, and we want you, oh come quickly !  
Happy Spring !

(Mr. L. T. George, Pentney, The Avenue, Lewes.)

### THE HOSPITAL CHAPEL.

Where shall we build Thee a house, O Christ ?  
In the midst of the country fair ?  
In a grove of stately cedar trees,  
Shall we build Thee a palace there ?  
For whom shall we build Thee a house, O Christ ?  
Shall it be for the strong and wise ?  
To worship Thee, Lord, in luxury,  
Hard-hearted, with pride-full eyes ?

Ah, no, we have built Thee a dwelling, Lord,  
In the dank and squalid town,  
In the midst where the poor and suffering dwell,  
In the midst of Thy very own.  
We have raised Thy Cross in the hospital  
Its shadow will heal and bless,  
For the sick whom Thou lovest most of all,  
And the sad Thou lovest no less.  
So did we build Thee a dwelling, Lord,  
In the midst of this place of pain,  
That the sick and sad at Thy Altar sweet  
May all be made whole again.

(E. W. Higgs, 33, Thistlewaite Road, Clapton, N.E.)



"And they led him to  
the Stadthouse."

Drawn by Charles Keene.  
From the "Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade (Chatto & Windus).

### A SONG.

It was not song of bird,  
That first the mild air stirred ;  
A sweet voice softly spoke—  
Out of the green, out of the green,  
In all its joyous, golden sheen,  
A daffodil awoke !

It was not sight of flowers,  
Nor scent of springtide's bowers,  
It was not sunshine's gold,  
That made birds sing, that made birds sing !  
It was the Spring, it was the Spring,  
Who did all glad hearts hold !

For her sweet things are born,  
On each new joyous morn,  
Blue hyacinths she doth own,  
And glad birds' trills, and glad birds' trills !  
Pink tulips and gold daffodils,  
They bloom for her alone !

(Constance Goodwin, 25, Cautley Avenue,  
Clapham, S.W.)

### FAIRIES.

Far and far away the little folk are calling,  
Calling us to come to them across the shadow-lands,  
Wailing in the coverts and in the windy places  
To those that cannot hear them nor feel their clinging hands ;  
Crying in the moonlight and the starlight cold and  
chill,  
When all the world is quiet and the wind has got his  
will,  
And the flying shadows shift and deepen and are still.

The air is full of voices from the bees among the heather,  
And the curlew in the uplands whistles long and sweet,  
Yet the world is all too busy to leave its haunts and listen  
And it cannot hear the message for the roaring of the street ;  
Could we but forsake our buying and let our selling be,  
And leave the dusty highway for the moorland and  
the sea,  
All our bonds should then be loosened, and our souls  
be free.



**"You are an angel of goodness."**

From "Hard Cash," by Charles Reade (W. Collins, Sons & Co. Illustrated Pocket Classics)

The dreary endless houses overshadow us with greyness,  
And our ears are dulled and heavy with the wheels that come  
and go  
Grinding on for ever down the grim discordant roadways  
To the sound of countless footsteps hurrying to and fro;  
Yet above the noise and turmoil of the people going by,

Comes a rune-song of the mountains and the cloudless  
open sky,  
And the glamour of the marshes with the peewits flying  
high.

A ceaseless haunting melody of loved things half-forgotten,  
Of undiscovered kingdoms luring us to roam;  
A song that always called us, a song of many meanings,  
But one that sings to all men of the fair road home.  
And you and I will rise, dear heart, and go while yet  
we may  
Beyond the peaceful sunset isles and borders of the  
day,  
For the fairy-folk are calling us, far and far away. ..

(B. R. M. Hetherington, Wide-open-Dykes, Carlisle.)

Many other Lyrics sent in are of equal merit with these four, and we should print more but for lack of space. We highly commend those received from Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), E. F. Parr (Clifton), A. M. Bowyer-Rosman (Ladbroke Grove), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), G. Lenorme (Bingley), J. Herbert Howlett (Coventry), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), J. J. de Courcy (Mill Hill), E. W. Priest (Norwich), H. W. Foote (Piccadilly), R. B. Boswell (Southampton), Phyllis Tweeddale (Birkdale), D. M. Tweeddale (Birkdale), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Mrs. Edward Ormsby (Sheffield), Audrey Thompson (Hastings), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), W. A. Lambe, Emily Kingston (Blairgowrie), Frank Brebner (Portlethen), M. A. P. Price (Birmingham), E. Summers (Duckinfield), Cyril Falls (London, W.C.), Irene Wintle (Liverpool), M. F. Aikman (Glasgow), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), T. D. Thomson (Finchley), Ernest A. Kesten (Thornton Heath), Alec W. G. Randall (New Barnet), A. L. de Burgh (New Southgate), Evelyn J. Banks (Sheffield), H. B. Dawes, Junior (Southport), Margaret Waitham (Bridgwater), Elsie S. Mead (Burnley), Harold R. Lingwood (Ipswich), A. Lee, Jun. (Southport), Eleanor L. Clark (Dublin), Ivan Adair, E. F. Shirley (Dumfries), Ada E. Mann (St. Annes-on-Sea), Miss I. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Rev. Edm C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), Alice Wise (Leicester), Miss E. M. Heartley (Oxford), J. G. Horne (Blairdrummond), Arthur G. Dugdale (King's



**"One inadvertent tug and the fair enthusiast came back to earth."**

From one of W. Small's drawings illustrating "Griffith Gaunt."

P. V. Poole (Andover), R. G. Wyatt (Wim-  
 "Syned" (Jersey), D. G. Yarrow (Glasgow),  
 Frawley (Cloughton), John W. Oliver  
 h), J. D. C. Monries (Putney), Wilfrid  
 leby (Southend), Letty Ison (Ashby de la  
 John H. Gladwell (Worcester), H. M.  
 Payne (St. Austell), Margaret Dunnett  
 d), Rodney Bennett (Reading), Will Louden  
 mline), Dora E. Kennedy (Ancrum), R. H.  
 (Devonport), H. Beckett (Oxford), A. W.  
 s (Stoke), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow),  
 e Ogle (Colne), Alice Binks (South Shields),  
 Brooks (Wood Green), J. D. Smith (Miln-  
 ), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), M. A. Newman  
 ingham), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn),  
 an Purser (Walton Village), Kitty Lilian  
 n (Wimbledon), E. A. Blackman (Worthing),  
 e Ashby (Torrington), Maurice J. Frank  
 ndon, S.W.), Miss F. M. Knipe (Putney),  
 ifred Auld (Cricklewood), Douglas C. Pearce  
 hill), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), G. W. Turner  
 rnley), Sybil M. Hyla (Greves), Horace  
 n (Hull), Eveline A. Thompson (Constanti-  
 le), Doris Dean (Bromley), Ethel Miller  
 uddersfield), D. E. Bailey (Sydenham), J. H.  
 glois (Leeds), Norman Donnelly (Bolton),  
 Sidney Ellen (Bromley), Leonard J. Shruball  
 ndon, S.W.), Agnes E. M. Baker (W. Hamp-  
 ad), R. W. King (Catford Hill), R. Cogger  
 artford), Vernon Nott (Takeley), M. T. de  
 utour (New Milton), Bernard Delorme (Canon-  
 y), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), Ethel Good-  
 (Clapham), Lilly Salisbury (Norwich), Edith  
 ince-Snowden (Shipston-on-Stour), Miss E. Rippon  
 ull), Eric Thirkell (Woldingham), Arthur M.  
 rry (Luton), W. Nettleton (Huddersfield), M. C.  
 Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), W. M. Lodge (Upper  
 Norwood), H. Douglas Hamilton (Bristol), Miss  
 A. M. Morgen (Sheffield), Minnie E. Mason (Rei-  
 gate), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), S. B. Irene Bell  
 (London, W.C.), Edmund Howard (Putney), W. R.  
 Clark (Huddersfield), Guenn F. Newnham (Gilling-  
 ham), Noel D. Braithwaite (Ashton-under-Lyne),  
 Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), Alice W. Linford  
 (S. Tottenham), Miss E. M. ; Miss Macdonald (Bridge of  
 Allan), Vernon H. Porter (London, E.C.), H. L. Carrad  
 (Birmingham), Miss V. E. Horley (Harrow), Beatrice  
 Craig (Straidarran), Arthur S. Wilshire (Dalston), Robert  
 Overall (Plaistow), Clement H. Whitby (Yeovil), Mabel  
 Knight (Bromley), Miss A. R. Reid (Cambridge), M.  
 Molyneux (Torquay), G. M. Hennings (St. Albans), Miss  
 M. V. Stanislaus (Worthing), Ruth Ranken (Barnet),  
 Gulielmus G. Jackson (Northampton), Willred J. Grout  
 (Folkestone), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), G. Duncan  
 Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Bertram N. Parker (Matlock  
 Bath), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), Lettie Cole (Pon-  
 trilas), G. J. Holme (Great Malvern), Miss Northcott  
 (West Kirby), A. Renshaw (Sheffield), J. C. Campbell  
 (Harrietsham), Hadley Ford (Clifton), A. Clarke (High  
 Wycombe), George Whitfield (Liverpool), F. E. Fry  
 (Norwich), C. Ashworth (Bradford), Margaret Painter  
 (Wimbledon), A. M. Wilcock (Scarborough), Isabel  
 Clarke (London, S.W.), Flo M. Wilson (Bangor), Rose M.  
 Lomas (Newbury), Lily E. Lord (Amersham), B. Vicary  
 (Bradford), John W. Oliver (Edinburgh), Major J.  
 Berkley (Andover).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quota-  
 tion is awarded to the Rev. J. R. S. Wilson,  
 M.A., 23, Kirkhill Road, Edinburgh, for the  
 following :

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT. BY ELLEN KEY. (Putnam.)

"Was there a man dismayed ?

O, the wild charge they made !  
 All the world wondered."

TENNYSON—*The Charge of the Light Brigade.*



Mrs. Gaunt and the Priest.

Drawn by Luke Fildes.  
 From "Griffith Gaunt," by Charles Reade (Chatto & Windus).

We also select for printing :

THE PROVINCIAL AMERICAN BY MEREDITH  
 NICHOLSON (Constable)

"And having got rid of a thumping quid,  
 He spun this painful yarn :"

W. S. GILBERT—*The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell"*

(W. McC. Miller, Straidarran House, Co. Londonderry.)

THE MAN IN THE CAR BY ALAN RALPHIGH.  
 (John Long)

"And when I asked you what the matter was,  
 You stared upon me with ungente looks"

SHAKESPEARE—*Julius Caesar (Portia).*

(S. J. Morrison, 72, Holker Street, Barrow-in-Furness.)

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT. BY ELLEN KEY. (Putnam)

"Broke the good meeting,  
 With most admir'd disorder"

SHAKESPEARE—*Macbeth, Act iii Sc 4*

(A. Ernest Smith, 119, Whipp's Cross Road,  
 Leytonstone.)

TIDE MARKS. BY MARGARET WESTRUP (Methuen)

"You very imperfect ablutioner"

W. S. GILBERT—*The Mikado.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

ANOTHER DEVICE. BY STEPHEN PAGET.  
 (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Take a large piece of lemon, and mind that you chew hard,  
 (If it does you no good, you can call for the steward)."

G. M. FENN—*That Proud Young Man.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road,  
 S. Woodford, N.E.)

III.—A very large number of entries were received for this Competition, and the general standard attained was above the average. We congratulate Mr. J. Richard Ellaway, of Lynnhoo, Basingstoke, on a very pretty "continuation" of a well-known nursery rhyme. THREE NEW BOOKS have been awarded to him for the following:

*Hush-a-bye baby, on the tree-top,  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,  
Down will come baby, cradle, and all!  
Baby will heave just the softest of sighs,  
Open in wonder those dewy blue eyes;  
Soon in their slumberous depths will appear  
Just a small shadowy, silvery tear  
Welling and welling, and then will begin  
Coursing red cheeks to a dimpled wee chin;  
Ere baby's rosy lips open to cry,  
All the good golden-winged fairies will fly  
Over the tops of the blowing trees tall,  
Lift fallen cradle, and baby, and all;  
Then with warm kisses and music's sweet strain  
Hush-a-bye baby to slumber again*

We specially commend the work sent in by Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill, S.E.), L. W. Kempson (East Grinstead), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Miss A. Julian Briggs (Crown Hill, Devon), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. Charles Wright (Sutton), Alice W. Linford (South Tottenham, N.), Miss A. Holmes (Malvern), Audrey Thompson (Hastings), Robert B. Boswell (Southampton), Miss I. Lewis (Edinburgh), Hilda M. Dowden (Rathgar, Dublin), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Nellie Wepley (Bandon), Elise Lester (Eastbourne), Mabel Knight (Bromley, Kent), Thomas Lanfear (Anerley, S.E.), Charles Powell (Manchester), Bessie R. Ferguson (Belfast), Kitty Lilian Lyon (Wimbledon, S.W.).



"I would have thee burned at the stake."

From "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade (W. Collins, Sons & Co.: Illustrated Pocket Classics).

Mary Troughton (Saffron Walden), Grace Ashby (Torrington), Miss K. F. Haines (Bournemouth), S. Norman Dykes (Glasgow), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Miss K. Green (Wimbledon, S.W.), L. W. Jennings (Devonport), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), R. W. King (Catford Hill, S.E.), Ellen L. Clutterbuck (Bromley, Kent), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham, S.W.), Lily Salisbury (Norwich), Claude L. Penrose (Woolwich), Alice Wise (Leicester), Mrs. Oliver Lodge (Upper Norwood), Ada E. Mann (St. Anne's-on-Sea), Olivia Moir (London, S.W.), Miss E. M. Kennedy (Manchester), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), S. J. Morrison (Barrow-in-Furness), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (South Woodford, N.E.), E. Summers (Dukinfield, Cheshire), Irene Wintle (Liverpool), Cecil E. Golothan (Chester), Lettie Cole (Pontifilas), J. D. Thomson (Finchley, N.), George K. Grice (Alnwick), G. Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Eleanor L. Clark (Dublin), M. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row, Co. Durham), W. McC. Miller (Londonderry), Constance Goodwin (Clapham, S.W.), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), Margaret Dunnett (Liscard, Cheshire), Violet E. Horley (Harrow), Doris Phillips (Norwood, S.E.), E. A. Lawrence (Waterloo, Liverpool), W. M. Lodge (Norwood, S.E.), Mrs. M. Wise (Maida Hill, W.), Mrs. Fielding (Heywood, Lancs.), Miss A. Colling (London, N.), Miss E. Hallamore (Wimbledon, S.W.), Mary Rogers (Stony Stratford), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle, Hants.), Miss E. Shore (Worthing), C. A. Bayley (Bangor, Co. Down), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), Frank Cooper (Blackpool), Mrs. Edward Ormsby (Sheffield), Reginald G. Wyatt (Wimbledon, S.W.), Miss M. F. Lewis (Edinburgh), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie, Perthshire), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill, S.E.), and Horace W. Walker (Beeston, Notts.).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Ernest A. Carr, of Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge, for the following:

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY MAITLAND. By MORLEY ROBERTS. (Nash.)

Here, thinly veiled, is the tragic record of a distinguished man of letters, transcribed from life by an intimate friend. As remote from conventional biography as from the *roman à clef*, the book is startlingly honest and sincere. Nothing is sacrificed to literary or artistic motives. With a frankness that is relentless and sometimes brutal, but never malicious, the author depicts a tragedy of temperament—the betrayal of a fine character and great gifts by flaws of will and courage. It is a vivid, arresting, pitiful story. But what avails a disguise that cannot conceal?

We also select for printing:

THE R. L. STEVENSON ORIGINALS. By E. B. SIMPSON. (T. N. Foulis.)

All lovers of Stevenson will welcome Miss Simpson's new book. It is full of the charm of R. L. S. himself, his love of his native country, and the boyish delight in adventure, which he never lost. There is a certain pathos in it, too, in its reminder of how his imagination continually inhabited "the cold old huddle of grey hills" from which he was an exile. It was this fact which made "Weir of Hermiston" the masterpiece it undoubtedly is, and the chapter on its "originals" is, perhaps, the most interesting in a very delightful book.

(Marjorie C. Barnard, 39, Nevcrn Square, S.W.)

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SOMERSET. By EDWARD HUTTON. (Macmillan.)

In Somerset, if anywhere, lies the cradle of English history. The wayfarer who stands, as Mr. Hutton did, upon the summit of the Roman wall above Wells, will see a countryside packed full of noble tradition as any region can provide. Avilon's island valley at his feet—the Fosse way lying behind him, while far away to the north spreads Bath. Here came Alfred's soldiery

to victory at Athelney; here little Jack Horner made off with his tabled pie. This book will set the heart of every West Countryman beating with pride for the goodly heritage of being Somerset's sons.

(M. A. Newman, Albert House, Framlingham, Suffolk.)

MARGARET HARDING.

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON.

(Methuen)

Anyone who has come into contact with the colour-problem in South Africa will read this book with absorbing interest. The ostracism of Margaret Harding for permitting a Kaffir to kiss her hand—the anomalous position of the educated Kaffir, Kams, who is rejected by black and white alike—the shifts (and villainies) of the derelict Europeans, Boy Bailey and Mrs. du Preez—the pathetic efforts of the doctor's wife to screen her drunken husband—these are skilfully woven into a picture of everyday life on the veldt, and the whole rendered charming by the personalities of the principal characters.

(A. S. Barnard, 5, Victoria Terrace, Walsall.)

THE DIARY OF FRANCES, LADY SHELLEY. Edited by RICHARD EDGUMBE.

(John Murray.)

One parts from the writer of this Diary with feelings of regret as from a charming friend, and one remembers with wonder that the spirited chronicle was written a century ago. Many notable people become delightfully human in these pages, and the warm friendship existing between Lady Shelley and Wellington shows the kindly chivalrous nature of the great man. The spirit of adventure which caused the Shelleys to travel "so that," she says, "I may be made a pleasanter companion by the fireside of old age" was amply rewarded in spite of dangers and discomforts encountered, and makes pleasant reading.

(Miss E. A. Pearson, Fleet.)

THE HAPPY WARRIOR. BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON (Alston Rivers.)

This book will appeal to all who enjoy healthy and bracing literature. The well-drawn characters prove the author to be a keen student of human nature and human character. The Happy Warrior himself, at once attracts us; and we follow him, with unabated delight, from hearty and rollicking boyhood to robust and virile manhood; until the time which calls for an inspiring act of high courage and self-sacrifice. Written in an easy, graceful style, our interest is sustained to the last; and we lay down the book, grateful to Mr. Hutchinson for giving us an exceptionally good story.

(Bernard C. Gillott, Upton Fields, Oakenthorpe, Alfreton.)

ST. QUIN. BY D. C. CALTHORP. (Alston Rivers)

Like Peter Pan, Mr. Calthorp will never grow up, for he possesses the priceless gift of seeing life by the magic light of imagination. A tap of the Harlequin's wand, and it is no longer a grey, dry-as-dust world, but an enchanted Land of Romance. "St. Quin" tells of a young couple upon whom their wealth and position pall. Both seek Adventure to find it—in each other. If occasionally, as in the case of Edward, the author's whimsical propensities threaten to run away with him—all is forgiven for the sake of his idealistic views—delicious scraps of wisdom—and incurable optimism.

(Lucy G. Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno.)

WILLIAM SHARP (FIONA MACLEOD): A Memoir, compiled by His Wife, Elizabeth A. Sharp. (Heinemann.)

All lovers of this inveterate dreamer, who, under the inspiration of a "sublimated self," thought aloud, as it were, thoughts startling in brilliancy, that merged into pictures of

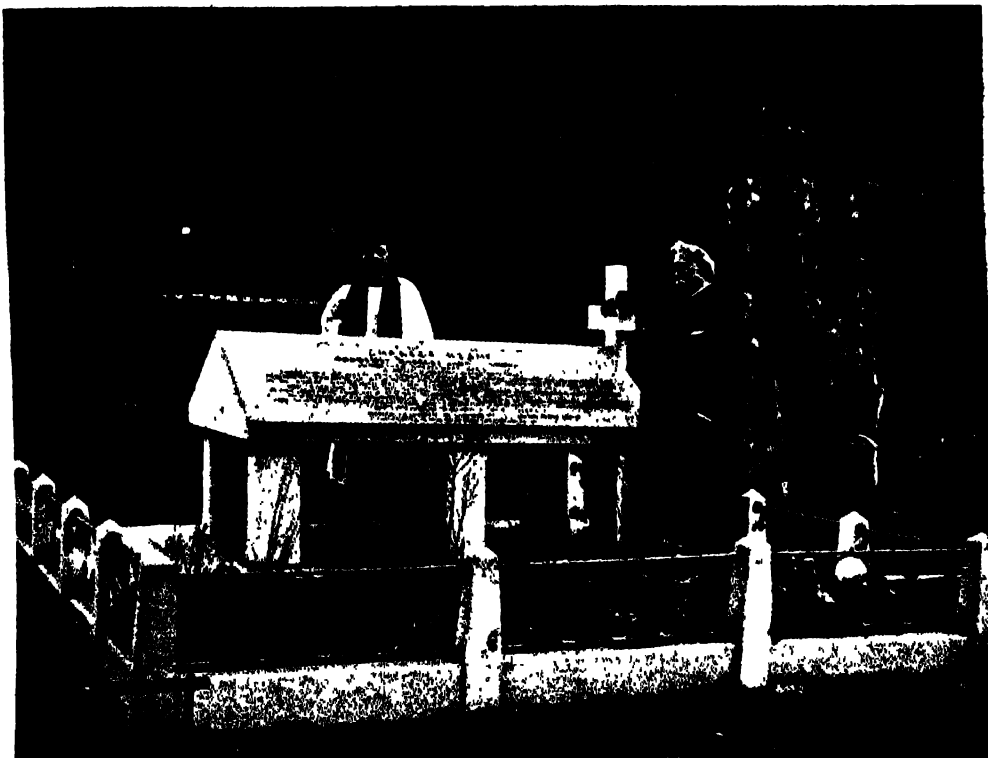


Photo by W. & D. Downey

Charles Reade's Grave in Willeaden Churchyard.

The figure at the head of the grave is Mr. George Coleman, one of Reade's biographers. Reade and Mrs. Seymour are buried in the same grave, and the stone has a long inscription to her on the other side, and on this side the following:

"Here lie by the side of his beloved friend, the mortal remains of Charles Reade: Dramatist, Novelist, and Journalist. Born June 8th, 1814. Died April 11th, 1884. His last words to mankind are on this stone. 'I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in Nature, but from the will of the Lord God omnipotent, Who made Nature and me. He created Man out of nothing, which Nature could not. He can restore Man from the dust, which Nature cannot. And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not from anything I have said or done in the body, but from the merits and the mediation of Jesus Christ. He has promised His intercession to all who seek it, and He will not break His word, that intercession once granted cannot be rejected, for He is God, and His merits infinite, a man's sins are but human and finite.' 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sin."

Nature, radiant with gorgeous tints, will welcome this loving, tender attempt at an explanation of her husband's dual personality by Mrs. Sharp. And we linger long over his letters, shot through as they are with the rich lights of fancy. Through every page is breathed sympathy and understanding, and we divine that only through the constant self-sacrifice of this devoted wife was the full beauty of the "manifestations" of "Fiona Macleod" achieved.

(Margaret Key, St. Brannocks, Edge Hill Road, Bournemouth.)

Good reviews were also sent in by Beatrice Craig (Londonderry), Rodney Bennett (Reading), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill, S.E.), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), E. Percy Adam (Nottingham), Maurice I. Frank (London, S.W.), Mrs. Hooper (Selby), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), Gwendoline Jones (Swansea), R. H. Kipling, (Devonport) Rev. George Mellelieu (Hull), Leo Delicati (Cotham, Bristol), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Miss Richey (Belfast), Lilly Salisbury (Norwich), Edward C. Luin (Stamford Hill, N.), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow, W.), Sybil Waller (London, S.W.), E. B. (Stirling), A. Gordon Fletcher (Erdington, Birmingham), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Horace W. Walker (Beeston, Notts), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Mrs. Edward Ormsby (Sheffield), D. Lefebvre (St. Aubyn's, Jersey), Miss Ethel Tudge (Cricklewood, N.W.), Neil Cornell (Twickenham), Rev. Robert Brewin (Loughborough), Miss M. M. Machan (Glasgow).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. Henry G. Dowling, of 75, Kingston Road, Portsmouth.

## GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

MR. SAINTSBURY has denounced, if I mistake not, in no measured terms the impertinence of live appreciations of living celebrities. He will probably glance at this, if it should chance to meet his eye, with an ultra-critical frown. It is impossible to avoid differing with him on many points, but we may well agree to differ with so staunch an upholder of literary tradition and of the rightful claims of native literature. It is inevitable that one should regard with profound respect the most signal polymath of our day, the doyen of English critics and professors of literature, who stands to-day in this country where Brunetière stood at the Sorbonne a decade ago, who has proved himself a paladin of letters, moreover, who has been into the tenebrous places, the *antres* vast and deserts wild of Bookland, and who bears the weight of such superhuman and almost incredible erudition upon his shoulders with so much jocularity, so much zest, and so vivid a *joie de vivre*.

The "Saint" as he is endearingly called by his disciples, has edited not only books but whole series, and has contributed articles to journals, papers, magazines, quarterlies and encyclopædias of every complexion. But his antecedents must be kept in mind all the time that we appraise him. He is a very typical Oxford man of the generation after Freeman and Froude. He was a giant and a polyhistor, a good classicist too, at Merton, where he was Post Master in the 'sixties. He has always been a good alumnus of Oxford and of Merton, and has cherished the remembrance of his life and contemporaries there with the scrupulous fidelity of a schoolmaster. For after he left Oxford he went to Elizabeth College, Guernsey, as head classical tutor, and remained there for seven or eight years of the most formative period of life. Schoolmaster in all for ten, he must have been journalist for well nigh a score of years. Much of this was spent in the service of satire and the *Saturday*. The future Professor learned the lesson there of accumulating rapidly and dogmatising determinedly on any given subject. He was, I believe, for a considerable time second in command, and he wrote frequently for other Conservative organs both daily and weekly. He read enormously, as the practice was in these days, studied French literature exhaustively, and laid about him with a will. As a writer of compendious text books and manuals, later on, he met with a more than just share of retribution in the form, now of the buffet, and now of the wasp-sting, after a fashion which, since the disappearance of Churton Collins, Furnivall and Swinburne, seems to have lost its zest for contemporary readers and reviewers. Saintsbury, meanwhile, had become such an authority on literature that he seemed almost too big a man to be settled in a Chair. The satisfaction was great therefore, when in 1895 this erudite Englishman won a Scottish Chair and obtained a fixed benefice. A voice of great volume was thus drawn up from the wilderness and set upon a high place.

Saintsbury's great idea has been to codify our literature and apply to it "the rules"; he has a grammarian's hatred of *aliquid novi*, though he is himself, it must be

admitted, a daring and most licentious neologist. He has carried his legislation to an extreme. But on the whole the benefit that he has conferred has been no slight one. His scales may not convince all his readers of their unerring rectitude, but they have led to an unconscionable amount of weighing, standardizing, testing and turning over. His books have served the purpose of a species of literary clearing house. Few will contest his work systematically, because they have not the mind-storage or memory capacity. Mr. Saintsbury is a professor of an antique pattern for faithful service. He resembles the great classical scholars in power of back no less than power of brain. He delves deep in his library which, as described by him in footnotes (for he always, like a true bookman, mentions the edition he uses and annotates), must have attained colossal proportions. He reads half the night, remembers what he reads, and at nine o'clock next morning for two hours is steadily working away, ticking off pages of omniscience like a veritable dragon.

There is something great about the march of his style and the huge *terram* of learning which he expands over in spite of the tiresome double and treble distillations of phraseology; and in spite of fatiguing verbosities, warnings and ponderosities, we feel unmistakably that we have still been in communion with a large and commanding intellect. We crave often for something more of the graces and of the serious persuasiveness which Chesterfield enjoins in place of the hectorings, uncouth pleasantries, and vaticanisms, to which the Dominie is so inveterately addicted, but we cannot miss the edification of a life marked by indefatigable labour, and the sanctification of work guided by devotion to good writing, to honest reading, and to the propagation of the highest and best in literature of which the world is cognisant.

The term "dominie" is a little irresistible where our Professor is concerned, for he has much of the arbitrariness of the schoolmaster who must adhere to an *ipse dixit* at all hazards, and to whom to have said a thing twice is to have fixed it for all time. But he also has the prodigious book-lore and book-learning of a Johnson, and the conviction inseparable from the dominie that he will be better appreciated hereafter. His power of quotation and knowledge of pedagogical tags and *loci critici* is also of the old world and absolutely amazing. One of the distinctions between creative and critical writers is that the latter read as well as write. George Saintsbury has read prodigiously, enormously. Even better than reading, though, I believe that he loves writing. It is a curious fact to consider how little it seems to affect the writing whether it is done willingly or against the grain. The most persuasive pen on literary matters to-day, that of Sir Walter Raleigh, pursues its course with groans of reluctance, the most erudite, that of Professor Ker, is hardly less tormented. The princes of the light essay, such as Max Beerbohm and A. B. Walkley, do not write, I imagine, with any fervour of enthusiasm in the process. Henry James again, whose "Partial Portraits" are among the most



seductive critical garlands of our time, writes with enthusiastic abandon; E. V. Lucas shuts himself in between given hours, regardless of civil war, earthquake or eclipse, and writes sternly against time. Hilaire Belloc outdistances the old enemy, writing as he grumbles at writing, upon the wings of the wind. The "Saint" writes formally, solemnly, deliberately, and stands to win in the race by sheer force of steady persistence. In his case there is need for little creative effort. His functions are not even those of advocate. For he sits most habitually upon the bench, and his tone is judicial and High Court. He is not merely critic, he is *Professeur à son métier*, and his function is not so much æsthetic as doctrinal. Yet when he writes, he writes with his might, the learning of all the ages perpetually flowers in a single word—it is possible that you may not understand it. A polyglot lexicon is indispensable to the sedulous peruser of Professor Saintsbury. But when you have found it out, you have mastered something. You are being dealt with, exposed, rattled, convicted of loss of memory, aphasia, and crass ignorance; but it is all good for you. The Professor's vast reading has effected a permanent lodgment in his mind; much of it is available in the form of ready money; and Saintsbury will quote you not merely text but contemporary opinions and counter-opinions. From these will have emerged a harmony of some sort or another in his mind. Though immutable, this compromise may be fallible, the tasting power and delicacy of palate that have gone to it may be inadequate to their task, the independence of view may be no great matter, the intensive quality that you would meet in an Arthur Symonds might be wholly absent; but, after all, how much more this compromise is likely to be right than the unhampered, untutored view of the common beachcomber of letters! When this critic sets to work it must be remembered that an enormous amount of reading and accumulated knowledge is put into operation through the medium of a mnemonic instrument of a very fine and selective quality. The process works up a kind of critical yeast, and if the resultant is something not alluring perhaps either in the attraction of style or originality, it is not merely a dexterous register of contemporary judgment or prejudice, but something more judicial and likely to be much more stable and more permanent. People may condemn his constant descents to the vast cellars of his learning as a trifle pedantic; it is a way people have of revenging themselves on the knowledge they do not possess. The Professor, happily, goes on his way

totally unmoved by such flippant detraction. He has knowledge worthy of a scholiast or a Scaliger of the sixteenth or early seventeenth century, when men made the whole of learning their province, and he is neither ashamed of airing it nor afraid of the labour of exercising it for our advantage. His passion indeed is its exploitation. "*L'homme, c'est l'œuvre*," is as much his motto as it can have been Zola's or Flaubert's. But he uses his labour in very different causes. Naturalism is his natural enemy, and he is all in favour of the romantic school, emotion conveyed through the chaste medium of style, and the hushing preparatory to hearing the elfin harps in letters. I wish I were in a position to give examples of the range and tenacity of the Professor's memory, which would probably strike the reader as being as peculiar as it is extensive. I remember being

at a loss to remember the name of the Cambridge equivalent of "Verdant Green" name and author were immediately supplied by the Professor, who happened to be present. He showed an intimate knowledge that evening with Surtees, with the "Pitcher" and his work, and with "The Druid." The range of his reading is so catholic that he is easily first as a walking encyclopedia—five or six of Dr. Brewer's Handbooks rolled into one—of literary information. His reading in French novels of a past age is incredible. I sincerely believe that he could tell me offhand the plot of such a book as Gozlan's "Notaire de Chantilly." He would give you the author, plot, date and reception of "Granby." Such gifts are not to be concealed. One only

wishes that he would be more simply communicative of his learning, that he would pour out the stores of it at fitting moments in an easy-flowing untortured stream—as Dr. Bukbeck Hill was wont to do, for instance, when he found an appreciative audience. The fountain of literary knowledge from whom I have derived most, was Richard Garnett. He, too, had an enormous memory, unerring *flair* for what was exceptional and interesting in letters and literary history, and an incomparable gift of easy and perspicuous narrative. Professor Saintsbury has retained much of the Oxford manner of assuming knowledge and progressing by means of allusion and innuendo with dark hints as to the insipience of the auditor who fails to follow him. His jocularities are similarly apt to be injurious because they are to his audience so often unintelligible. After a severe bout of the Professor's adjectives such as "epideictic" and "esenoplastic," and his Meredithianisms, one is often reduced in tears to exclaim with Mr. Yellowplush, "Igsplane this, men and



Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh

Professor Saintsbury.



angels, for I've tried every way." Incontinence in holding back these ἀγνώματα has led at times to saturnalia in the class-rooms, from which they were designed to expel the children of Morpheus. The scorpionic jocularities of the old *Saturday*, grafted upon the arbitrary rescripts of the class-room, were not congenial to the free children of our bracing North British Universities. The literature class-room at the opening of a new session in Auld Reekie is not exactly a bed of roses. But it is extraordinary to what an extent the sheer force of learning and the respect which radiates from a scholarship as inflexible in its disinterestedness and sincerity of application as it is profound in its depth and amplitude of range has gradually disarmed the real animus of the opposition. The sincerity of the man is at the root of the secret by means of which he has gradually surmounted a succession of waves of opposition to his manner, to which a weaker offender would have again and again succumbed. Much hated as his style has been, and doubtless is, by many, it is at any rate no affectation, it is the man himself. His touchstone, too, is a perfectly sincere one. Among few of his fellow-countrymen, he is one of those who has the passion and instinct for form, and he judges most things by this. He treats form, it will be thought by many, as too much abstracted from substance, structure, environment and make-up generally, but this is, in England especially, far better than the converse error. Here, as in religion and politics, he has the full courage of his opinions, and accepts all (Adam and Eve and High Toryism) or nothing as his motto. In literature, as in religion, he is a man of liturgy and precise creed. Criticism is equal or very nearly equal to creation in his mind, and he would rank Aristotle, Longinus and Coleridge in his Paradiso, along with Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante. Letters, in his view, to be properly studied, must be abstracted, isolated from history and biography, and assessed by methods and standards and canons of their own. He believes in literary circles, a definite hierarchy of kinds and ranks and principalities, in a separate literary heaven. He is convinced of the necessity of treating it as a subject apart and hedging it thornily from sciolists with doctrines, principles, hard riders and difficult rules. To those who regard books as indeterminate fractions of human experience, treat of literature as a side issue of history, and authoritative criticism as mere vapouring in a sphere which should be dedicated wholly to lawless adventure and casual impressionism, he has little to say, save "Anathema" and "Retro Sathanas!" But, while the impressionists disperse their efforts, he concentrates, he codifies, he accumulates ponderous tomes of learning which are the title deeds of the Saintsburnian faith.

His books, as a whole, are far too numerous to survey or even to enumerate here. But one must endeavour to convey a brief impression of their oceanic character.

He has written so much that one would not be greatly surprised if in time to come his name came to signify that of a scholiast, to whom all the commentaries, in-

cluding all the editions we now attribute to Henry Morley, Edward Arber, Everyman, Andrew Lang, etc., etc., were in reality to be assigned. I possess books by him on Lord Derby, on the Duke of Marlborough, on the History of Manchester, on French Lyrics, Jacobean Pamphlets, Elizabethan Literature, obscure Caroline poets. He has written on fur and feather, on culinary subjects, on Oxford nightcaps. Among his hobbies are Peacock, Thackeray, Dryden, Fielding, and I believe Smollett, Shadwell, Donne, Racine. The Introductions he has written are as the sands of the sea. He is an expert on Balzac, and has a private and particular acquaintance with Sainte-Beuve. A special tribute is due to his solemn declaration on this subject that the superiority of French criticism to our own is a fond thing vainly invented. Dryden, Coleridge, Hazlitt and Arnold (not to speak of Lamb) he represents to be top-most among the big heads. Of his essays the best are those on English Literature, between 1780 and 1830, two series of which illustrate a minute and solid acquaintance with the great romantic period. These two volumes I cherish, and a third, containing his "Essays on French Novelists," is the one of all which I make quest after and covet, for that is the most purely expository and the least controversial of any of his books. From it I learned to make acquaintances which have given me the greatest possible pleasure. These essays were written over thirty years ago, I believe, some probably for John Morley at the "Fortnightly," when the future Professor was in the full activity of his literary practice as contributor, reviewer, translator, commentator, and prolegomenist. He was himself the editor for a time of *Macmillan's Magazine*. In every literary kind his experience must have been great. Of plays he has been an enormous reader, but an indifferent spectator. When he produced his standard "History of Criticism" in three massive volumes the book was said to be his diplomapiece. If so, he has easily surpassed it in the difficulty and diversity of the themes he has expounded since that great work saw the light some ten years ago. His critical theories are often difficult, his idolatry of Coleridge, his comparative obscuration of the superior connoisseurship of Lamb, his overpowering pleasantries—these things may exasperate, but the general effect is one of exhaustiveness, organised erudition, ripeness and maturity of judgment and reasoned sagacity. Few will be found to differ greatly with his conclusion that criticism is the endeavour to find, to know, to love, to recommend, not only the best but all the good that has been known and thought and written in the world. Since then he has written two very hard books, one on "Prosody," and one on "Prose Rhythm," both on a most capacious scale. All the world has wondered at these manifestations of profound learning, and has agreed that if the Professor has identified himself with no particular series, or author, or period, he has driven his chariot wheels triumphantly along the causeway which links and generalises and unites the literature of periods and countries into one luminous whole.

## MAITLAND OF LETHINGTON.\*

BY D. HAY FLEMING, LL.D.

IN the course of an address to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, in 1865, Froude said: "It would be well if some competent man would write a life of Maitland, or at least edit his papers. They contain by far the clearest account of the inward movements of the time; and he himself is one of the most tragically interesting characters in the cycle of the Reformation history." Fully twenty years elapsed before Froude's friend, the late Sir John Skelton, published his two volumes entitled—"Maitland of Lethington and the Scotland of Mary Stuart." Like everything else from "Shirley's" pen, these volumes are charming in style, but as a vindication of Lethington they were unsuccessful. The brilliant writer had effectually tied his own hands. In his "Impeachment of Mary Stuart," he had not only argued that the Casket Letters were forgeries, but had ventured to indicate who was the forger: "The master-wit of Lethington was there to shape the plot; Lethington, with numberless scraps of the Queen's handwriting in his possession, and with a divine or diabolic spark of genius in his nature, which might have made him on a larger theatre one of the leaders of mankind." This inconvenient statement may have escaped Sir John's memory ere he tackled his larger work, in which he boldly says of Maitland: "He had been behind the scenes; he had examined the fragments of manuscript which the industrious animosity of Morton's hirelings had pieced together; and his belief in Mary's innocence had not been shaken."

\* "Maitland of Lethington, the Minister of Mary Stuart. A Study of His Life and Times." By E. Russell. 15s. net. (Nisbet)

This somersault may have been performed unconsciously, but no number of acrobatic feats on the part of a biographer could justify Maitland's conduct if he knew that the Casket Letters were forged. He signed the Article of 4th December, 1567, alleging them as proofs of the Queen's guilt, and he sat in the Parliament which endorsed that opinion. He was one of those who submitted these and other documents as genuine to the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Sussex, and Sir Ralph Sadler. The documents so submitted included the marriage-contract, alleged to have been signed by Mary and Bothwell before the divorce, before the capture, before the mock-trial; two letters to prove her consent to the capture; and the long Glasgow letter so damaging and so horrible. Instead of attempting to vindicate his hero's conduct regarding these documents, Sir John quietly ignored it, preferring to speak of him as naturally unselfish, as always magnanimous, as a patriot to the core, and as devoted to Mary.

From a purely literary point of view, Mr. Russell's work is on a lower plane than his predecessor's; but is very much superior in every other respect. He has evidently approached his subject unfettered and with an open mind. He does not appear to have done much, if anything, in the examination of unpublished manuscripts; but he has thoroughly explored and carefully studied all the most likely printed sources of reliable information, especially state-papers—Scottish, English, French, Spanish, and Venetian. There is no ostentatious display of authorities, although vouchers are usually given for important statements. The titles of some of



Lethington Tower (Lennoxlove).

From "Maitland of Lethington, by E. Russell. (Nisbet).

the books cited might have been given more fully with advantage. For example, one of the references is, "Wright, i. 61." Those who are intimate with the history of the period know, of course, that the work so indefinitely indicated is Thomas Wright's "Queen Elizabeth and her Times." All Mr. Russell's readers, however, cannot be expected to know this, and possibly more than one of them who may wish to look up the reference will have no idea where to find it. If they consult a good library catalogue, they will find that Thomas Wright wrote a "History of Scotland," and a great many other books, and much time may be wasted in discovering the proper one. Or, again, there is such a reference as this, "Robertson, iii. 273-9." As five Robertsons have written on Scottish history, the work should have been named, and as it has gone through more than twenty editions, it would have been well to mention the edition too. This occasional looseness in specifying his authorities is the only fault I have to find with Mr. Russell's method.

In Maitland he sees much to admire, but he is not a blind admirer, and does not attempt to justify him in all his ways. His main object, indeed, has evidently been to get at the real facts, and to state them fairly. To do so intelligently, it was absolutely necessary to investigate closely the history of the period, as far as it bears on Maitland's aims, plans and policy; and the essence of these investigations is given in this volume, which

is practically a history of that period. Queen Mary occupies nearly as much of the canvas as Lethington, who for years was closely associated with her. The Regent Murray, Knox, Kirkcaldy of Grange, and the Regent Morton also figure very prominently. The Casket Letters are accepted as genuine.

Mr. Russell does not merely exhibit the facts as he finds them, and as they appear to him, but gives estimates, well-weighed, of all the leading actors, and tries to account for and explain many of their actions by noting the immediate political exigencies of the time. I have observed very few mistakes of any kind in the volume and they are trifling. Oddly enough, there is one in the very first page. In describing Haddington, he refers to "its abbey," and also to "its monastic establishments, which included a nunnery." The error is by no means a new one; but the truth is that the nunnery was the abbey. The few quotations which I have tested are substantially correct, although not so exact as they might have been. The spelling is modernized, the order of the words is sometimes altered, and occasionally an irrelevant or redundant clause is left out although no indication of omission is given.

In these days of feverish haste and over-production, few books are like this, which has cost its author ten years' labour. All honour to the man who grudged neither time nor trouble to satisfy himself regarding his facts before he put them in type.

## New Books.

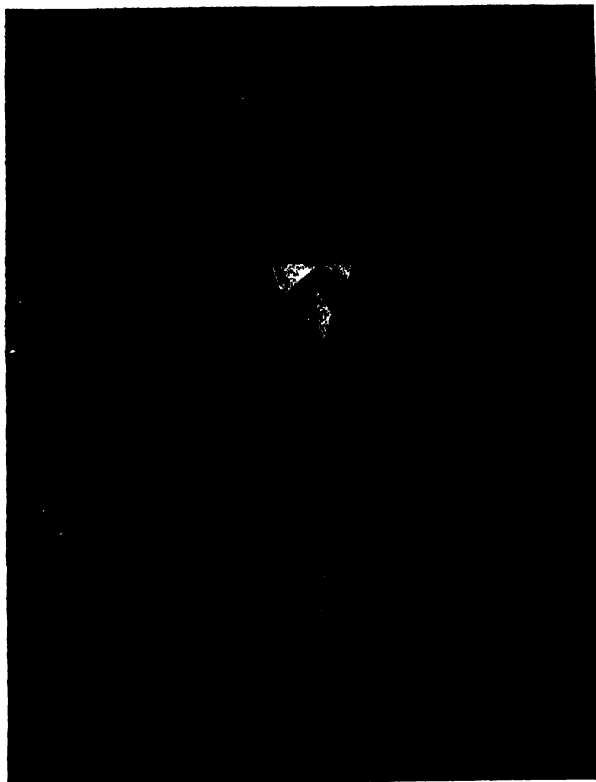
### AN INTERPRETATION OF RUDOLF EUCKEN'S PHILOSOPHY.\*

This small volume deals with two vast subjects—religion and philosophy. Their mere bibliography is immense, and to study their history in any adequate manner might require the leisure of a lifetime. And yet the very bulk and magnitude of the literature attests the perpetual interest of their theme. Despite all the attractions of the world of sense and intellect—and they were never more powerful than to-day—there are yet times when all of us, to borrow the image of the Roman poet, "stretch out longing hands towards a further shore," and seek to win, as it were, some secure footing in a world to which neither sense nor intellect can attain. Many find such security in the venerable dogmas of an established creed; they submit themselves to authority and are at peace. But there are others of less acquiescent and more independent mood with whom symbols, articles of faith, decrees of councils, and the like carry no weight at all, except so far as they make a living and intimate appeal to their own thoughts and feelings. But how can the dry formulæ of a distant past speak to such men with a direct and living voice? What vital concern have they in the spelling of "Homœousias," for which men of old went gladly to the stake, or in the question of the "Double Procession," which centuries ago divided Christendom? Assuredly but little; for indeed such formulæ have to do with the husk rather than the kernel, with the "time-vesture," rather than the permanent reality, of religious truth, and when Harnack—the most learned theologian of our age—asks to-day, "*What is Christianity?*" his answer is that not of a formalist but of a prophet, whose business it is to

strip off what is outward, and interpret to the world what is inward and spiritual in the divine message. Eucken, however, goes much further than Harnack. The latter desires to show what is that seminal principle from which a particular religion derives its vitality, but Eucken asks what religion itself is. He seeks to discover what is that deep spiritual truth or reality on which, "by divers fashions and in divers manners," men in all ages have ever been struggling to lay hold; and in the judgment at least of his "interpreter," his grip upon it is a stronger one than that of most who have gone before him. "The world," he writes in almost his concluding words, "is beginning to get tired of the mechanism and shallowness of our age, and is once more on the point of turning to the spiritual fountains of life. Where can it find a better guide to lead it to the waters of life than in Rudolf Eucken?"

That assuredly is a bold question. And yet in spite of its audacity, after reading this book, it does not altogether startle or repel. For no one can read it without feeling that this humble Professor in the quiet University of Jena is a man who both possesses a living faith and has also won that faith only after long wrestling, only by strong determination never to yield until "at the breaking of the day" he should at last "prevail" and be "face to face" with truth. And such men are ever among the rarest. They are, indeed, the prophets of the modern world. The "prophets" of old time were often simple men and might even in that age be "unlearned and ignorant men," but to-day the spirit of prophecy, if it is to have power, must be supported also by the spirit of knowledge. Science has wholly altered our conception of nature; criticism and the comparative study of religions have largely changed our views on revelation; the range of thought and experience has been almost infinitely widened, and we need in our spiritual leaders not only zeal but also understanding.

\* "An Interpretation of Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy." By W. Tudor Jones, Ph.D. (Jena). 5s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)



Rudolf Eucken.

From "An Interpretation of Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy,"  
by Dr. W. Tudor Jones (Williams & Norgate).

And Eucken undoubtedly has both. He is at once an enthusiast and a life-long student. If any judgment may be formed from the number and variety of his writings, many of which have obtained wide circulation, he comes now to the study of the philosophy of religion with a full equipment. Whether indeed there is anything wholly new in what he has to say is a point which only a specialist could determine. His present "interpreter," no doubt, thinks that there is, and speaks of him as "discovering" this or that truth, but for the ordinary reader his real distinction is that he does set before us, in a manner suited to our day and which takes full account of modern thought, the claim of spiritual life to be accounted the greatest and most central of realities. To establish that claim has been the aim of the greatest and truest thinkers of every age and country. They have used many different forms of expression, so that the language of Paul and the language of Plato and Plotinus may differ widely, but in meaning and in substance they are one. To all of them truth and justice, love and duty are not mere abstractions or intellectual forms but positive realities, or rather those only realities which, "though heaven and earth pass away," shall yet not pass away, and by apprehending which the soul of man is brought into relation with the divine and passes into a new and eternal world. And indeed we all dimly feel that these things are so—for what other basis has any natural religion that has ceased to be one of terror?—but they need continually re-stating in terms, not only of feeling but of intellect, and never more so than at the present time. For the intellect grows daily more aggressive and imperious; it is winning for itself everywhere new domains, encroaches everywhere upon the realm of spirit, and even tends to bring it into a state of vassalage. Man looks around him in the world, and he sees everywhere what he terms "the triumphs of intellect." He looks back into his age-long past and sees there a continual advance in intellectual power and achievement. And thus looking on the past and on the present he has at last grasped the great conception of evolution. He has realised that, as Eucken puts it, he is a being "with capacity for more," and within the domain of knowledge every advance of science confirms and establishes the fact. Of

intellectual evolution he is convinced, and sets almost no bounds to its possibilities. But the very splendour of that evolution overpowers, absorbs, and, as it were, dazes him. For is there not, asks Eucken another and higher form of evolution? Is not the life and growth of spirit equally as real as that of intellect? If science has demonstrated the one, may it not, with equal justice, accept the conception of the other? We daily live, move, and have our being in an intellectual world which man by his mental activity has created for himself, an intellectual world of whose existence he is assured; and why should he not also create a spiritual world of the reality of which he is no less convinced and which is, in fact, equally real? There is nothing more certain that whatever he was once—"a monster of the slime," if you will—he is now no longer a mere animal. He has evolved the power of understanding the laws of nature in a manner which, however marvellous in itself, is yet subject to hourly ocular demonstration. And he has also, assuredly, evolved the power of conceiving other laws—"spiritual norms," Eucken calls them—which, though not capable of ocular demonstration, may yet in reason be equally real as the "laws of nature." He has everywhere attained to the conception of Right and Wrong, of duty, and of "the idea Good." History proves the fact, for such ideals have constantly been its moving forces, and it can also "testify to an innumerable host of individuals" in whom "their conceptions of the highest good became a permanent experience and possession of their highest being." And were they wholly deceived? Is this "highest good" a phantom? Or does it point to the real subsistence of an "absolute spiritual life," a something beyond nature and intellect, in which we may become ever more and more partakers? The dilemma faces all thinkers. But if these ideals, these spiritual laws—"δράγματα κἀσφαλῆ θεῶν νόμιμα," as Sophocles terms them—are illusions, then assuredly "they are the most tragic illusions conceivable"; then all effort, all progress, all evolution lead, by what seems a self-contradiction and to a final blank.

No doubt all this—and who can touch on such a theme without a deep sense of his own incapacity?—will seem attenuated, shadowy, and perhaps unreal. And indeed the best conclusions of philosophic mysticism must always seem to lack substance when compared with a positive creed, nor can any "idea of Goodness," even when it rises to an intuition of "the Divine," appeal with such directness to the heart as the revelation of a personal God. Yet on the other hand, every positive religion, which draws its evidence at least in part from certain historical facts, as those facts recede continually into a more remote past, must more and more require whatever support the human mind can afford by its own living operation and experience in the present. Its proofs that are from without need a constant ratification and renewal from within; and Christianity to-day, when what Eucken calls its "Existential-form" is subject to many attacks, may well accept the aid of a great thinker whose aim it is to show that its "Substance" at least, its "pure spiritual nucleus" is a central reality of life which science can never disprove, and which philosophy can unhesitatingly affirm. Against all the insistency of "sense and intellect" he sets the not less insistent claims of spirit to an equal, though deeper, recognition. He "relegates" the whole "world of phenomena to a subsidiary place." He accepts the principle of evolution, but it is to give it a new and more extended meaning, for "where organic evolution ends" there, he holds, "the evolution of the soul begins," and it is there that "the life process," to which all nature bears witness, finds its true purpose and consummation.

T. E. PAGE.

#### A FRENCH STUDY OF CHAUCER.\*

In the preface to his translation of Professor Legouis' monograph on Chaucer, M. Lailavoix refers in passing to those recent French writers who "through their patient

\* "Geoffrey Chaucer." By Emile Legouis. Translated by L. Lailavoix. 5s. net. (Dent.)

and unostentatious efforts have brought English studies in France to the level of true scholarship, and also have produced from time to time contributions which for accuracy, soundness of judgment, and breadth of treatment are second to none." Our only possible ground of quarrel with M. Lailavoix is that he is much too modest in the claims which he advances in behalf of his fellow-countrymen's labours on the field of our literature. For my part I should go so far as to say that, with little exception, the most vital and illuminating work in English criticism is at present being done in France. The freshness and independence of the French critic's point of view, and his freedom from the disturbing influences of national tradition (powerful with us, like all traditions) are, to begin with, distinct advantages. But the fundamental value of the work in question is, after all, to be explained by reference to the inherent qualities of the French mind and to the methods in which it is trained. French criticism possesses an extraordinary power of penetration—of going to the heart of a subject and disengaging its essential features from the mass of accidental detail. It is at the same time characterised by a largeness of outlook and by a strong sense of perspective, environment, and historical background. More than any other body of criticism it recognises the social forces in literature and brings evolutionary principles to bear upon the matter of art; yet it does this without any sacrifice of the demands of art as such. It has adequate erudition at its command, but that erudition is seldom allowed to get out of hand and destroy the total effect; while the great objects of criticism—interpretation and valuation—are kept steadily in view throughout. The usual purpose of the English critic is to give you his opinion of an author. The usual purpose of the French critic is to show you the author himself. Professor Legouis' book on Chaucer, already well known to students of the poet in the series of "Grands Ecrivains Etrangers," and now available in an excellent translation, is an admirable example of the French critical monograph, which is tantamount to saying that it is a model of its kind. Learned and full, yet lucid and well-proportioned, it leaves us with a most satisfactory impression of thoroughness and balance; the writer's touch is as light as it is sure; and precision of statement is combined with felicity of expression. Though it is at once shorter and less concentrated than "La Jeunesse de Wordsworth," this volume is quite entitled to stand beside that masterly study in which, at a bound, the author placed himself in the front rank of English scholars.

Professor Legouis' plan is to link Chaucer's writings with his life and personality, and both with the conditions and movements of his age. In particular, he is solicitous to follow stage by stage the evolution of the poet's genius and art, and to analyse the influences which helped to produce, now the "Boke of the Duchesse," now "The House of Fame," now "Troilus and Criseyde," and now "The Canterbury Tales." Under this head special interest attaches to the chapter entitled "The Making of Chaucer as a Poet," and to the strong emphasis which the author lays in it upon Chaucer's indebtedness to France. This has, of course, been recognised by English as well as by French writers since Sandras led the way in 1859 with his memorable volume, "Chaucer considéré comme Imitateur des Trouvères." But Professor Legouis is not content with repeating what are now the commonplaces of criticism regarding what the English poet borrowed from Machaut, Guillaume de Lorris, and Jean de Meung. He speaks, and rightly, of another kind of indebtedness which Chaucer shows to France—an indebtedness "far greater and more diffused, indefinable, and yet quite certain." He admits with those writers who are anxious to safeguard Chaucer's originality, that his immense direct borrowings in themselves go for little; if Chaucer borrowed and stole, so later did Shakespeare, and Molière, and La Fontaine. But, he argues, the indebtedness to be appreciated "does not consist in some special bounty conferred on him; it is a legacy which he enjoyed, or rather it should not be looked for amongst the gifts of fortune, but in his very nature. His mind was French, like his name. He was a direct

descendant of the French *trouvères*, and he had all that was theirs save the language." Nor is this all. It is customary to divide Chaucer's activity as a poet into three periods, and to call these his French period, his Italian period, and his English period. Professor Legouis maintains that this is a mistake. Though it is true that Chaucer's immediate connection with the French poets belongs only to his earlier life, the characteristics which he had in common with them persisted throughout his whole career, and are as well marked in "The Canterbury Tales" as in his first experiments in verse. "All the primary sources of his poetic art must be sought in France." And again: "He is always French, but, as a French writer might do also, he drew treasures from other lands, he saw and marvelled at the beauty of antiquity or of Italy. Thus to a groundwork which never disappeared he added some Italian and Latin variations, and in the end again, it was in his French style and manner that he painted contemporary society in England."

This insistence upon the French derivation and affiliations of Chaucer's poetic art naturally brings Professor Legouis into conflict with those who assert the unbroken continuity of our literature from Anglo-Saxon (or, as it is now proper to say, Old English) times onward. He does not indeed go out of his way to challenge this view in general. But he challenges it vigorously enough so far as it relates to his theme. "Absolutely nothing of the Anglo-Saxon literary past" subsisted, he declares, in Chaucer's verse, "although it was being revived around him, very little modified in form and spirit." It was indeed because Chaucer broke with that past and found his inspiration and models elsewhere that he became the first truly English poet. The clearness with which this historic aspect of the subject is brought out is not the least important feature of Professor Legouis' delightful and valuable book.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

### LADY VICTORIA CAMPBELL.\*

Lady Campbell, the third daughter of the Duke of Argyll, was called Victoria at the request of the Queen, when Dr. Cumming baptised her. But it was another

\* "Lady Victoria Campbell: A Memoir." By Lady Frances Balfour. Third Edition (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Photo by W. Crooke.

Lady Victoria Campbell (1895).

From "Lady Victoria Campbell," by Lady Frances Balfour. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dr. Cumming, a retired Indian surgeon, who dubbed her "V.C.," and she must be admitted to have earned the playful title. Her life was a plucky struggle against ill-health. An attack of rheumatism in childhood left her a cripple, in spite of all efforts to cure the disease. It was an exertion to her to move her limbs, and under this severe handicap her life had to be spent. "Fortunately, the disablement came early," her biographer writes, "and became a second nature, but it never ceased to be a conscious trial." At the age of fifteen she was taken to Cannes, where she regained her health after a dangerous illness, but thereafter her sphere was in England and Scotland. She refused to become an indolent invalid. There was a buoyant, unselfish spirit in her, and the cheery tone of the biography is due to the heroic way in which she threw herself into work for others, for cripples, for girls, and especially for the welfare of the Western Highlands and islands. It was this latter part of her work which has stamped her memory upon Scotland. She was fond of travelling, in spite of her physical handicap, and about 1882 resolved to find her special sphere among the islands of the West. She was nothing if not thorough; she set herself to learn Gaelic, and by tact and unselfishness made her way into the heart of the people. Classes for girls and women were started. The social and religious welfare of the folk opened up various lines of practical service for this dauntless lady, and her sheer energy carried her over many an obstacle among the peasantry and officials alike. It was not a smooth task at the outset. She had to contend with more than her physical handicap. Her father was bitterly unpopular in some of the highlands and islands of Argyll, and Tiree, where she began her efforts, was seething with disaffection. Lady Victoria did what the Duke should have done; she went in person to the people, and managed eventually to live down the odium which attached to her family. The story of all this, with its perils by sea and land among the Hebridean Islands, is an inspiring record. Even for a person in normal health, the work achieved would be creditable, but it is doubly remarkable when one remembers the difficulties under which Lady Victoria laboured. They did right to call her "V.C." Her courage and bright spirit were a triumph, and those whom she served so assiduously came to recognize that before long.

The book has pleasant records of her relations with nurses and servants. This is a fine feature of the story. She had also friends in all the churches, though she remained a staunch member of the Church of Scotland.

"The great awakening of her spiritual life had come to her when she was under the influence of the Free Church of Scotland. She knew and thoroughly understood all the history of that body of Presbyterian belief. She drank of its evangelical fervour, but the fruits of the sin of schism had been seen by her, and she knew it was best to abide in the National Church."

This was largely due to the influence of Professor Charteris. But Lady Campbell could be firm friends with men like Dr. Saphir, Dr. Guthrie, and Dr. John Ker, Mr. Webb-Peploe and Dr. Oswald Dykes. Such catholicity of temper is only one of the many attractive features in her character, which her biographer manages to bring out skilfully. It is an admirably drawn sketch, and it reveals a personality of singular interest in the ranks of aristocratic religious women. They are not always so attractive.

JAMES MOFFATT.

### COURAGE IN THE WRITING OF FICTION.\*

Courage is the keynote of Mrs. Caulfeild's new novel, "Through the Cloudy Porch," and courage is a characteristic of Mrs. Caulfeild's writing. But courage is manifested in many ways. And, paradoxical though it may sound, the creator of Naomi, the charming protagonist of this

story, might with advantage learn a lesson in courage from her own creation. Mrs. Caulfeild's courage is evidenced in two ways. In the first place she has dared to present us with a flawless heroine, thus courting a danger which, had she not the gift of compelling the reader's interest from moment to moment, might well have ended in disaster. In the second place she has dared to risk an anti-climax such as would have wrecked the ordinary novel founded upon plot, by divulging the great secret of Naomi's life before she has got half-way through her story. The fact that, notwithstanding, the author has triumphed, and compels the reader to persevere to the end with little abatement of interest, proves that her courage is justified and that she has those higher qualities which raise a novelist out of the ruck.

Let me therefore say at once, and before I proceed to justify my opening remarks, that this is a novel well worth reading. And further let me say that one proof of its fine quality lies in the fact that it is an achievement which leaves a distinct and vivid mental impression when it is laid aside. And this impression is just such as we find on occasion in all the arts. By some curious mental process, we find the performance in one art translating itself into the complementary terms of quite another art than that in which it has been expressed. We know that many of Whistler's paintings, for example, translate themselves into terms of music.\* Just so "Through the Cloudy Porch" translates itself into a picture gallery, such a picture gallery, to compare lesser things with greater, as Carpaccio provided for the School of Saint Ursula. For, on putting down this novel, we seem to have been walking through a gallery in which the artist has exhibited a suite of pictures, some full-length portraits, some kit-cats, some landscapes with figures, some mere thumbnail sketches, all neatly framed and glazed, but all subservient to one beautiful and gracious figure which dominates the whole series, a figure patient and saintly as a Godiva, who faces ordeals for others which nothing on earth would have induced her to face for her own ends. The backgrounds of many of these pictures are painful, some horrible, one indeed so hateful as to be but just permissible, but all necessary by way of accentuating the beauty of Naomi's ever-recurring figure.

And yet, at the risk of being accused of hypercriticism, of "botanising on a parent's grave," I repeat that Mrs. Caulfeild, courageous though she is, might learn a lesson in courage from her heroine, which I believe would prove invaluable to her art. For Naomi's courage is of that highest order which faces that supreme adventure, Life, that supreme awfulness, the Future, full of appalling and unknown possibilities, with brave front and smiling face; the courage which the Creator of All Things, who knows and can see The End, must surely marvel at and admire in his creatures; a courage which (I say it in all reverence) the Creator cannot experience, for Foreknowledge draws the Sting of Fate. And it is a courage which the novelist may share, if he chooses, facing the Future hand in hand with his creations, going with them step by step and refusing to plan beforehand that to which they are predestinate. I am speaking from my own experience as the writer of scores of stories of a very inferior type to that of Mrs. Caulfeild's, and I have proved, at least to my own satisfaction, that the difference of method is so fundamental, so vital indeed, that I doubt if any great novel has ever been written where the author knew when he began, what end his characters would come to. Like Ulysses or Columbus or any other of the great adventurers we are "sailing beyond the sunset" in search of we know not what—imagining a goal when there may be no goal at all. From day to day we are faced with the Veil through which we cannot see. So I say that the novelist who creates his characters, starts with them on a voyage in a chosen direction, and dares with them the Unknown, is more courageous and will prove more convincing than the novelist who adopts the attributes of Providence.

\* "Through the Cloudy Porch." By K. M. Edge (Mrs. Caulfeild). 6s. (John Murray.)

\* Just as I had written this, I take up last month's BOOKMAN and read of another writer: "He writes in octaves, striking all the chords . . . with either hand."



Let me say in conclusion that I should not have been at the pains to preach this sermonette to a novelist who was not worthy of more than ordinary consideration. But it is my admiration of "Through the Cloudy Porch" which has made it worth while to discourse upon principles in place of paying the poor compliment of indiscriminate praise, or merely academic criticism.

G. S. LAYARD.

### A VIEW OF THE RURAL LABOURER.\*

As a piece of special pleading "The Tyranny of the Country Side" is the most powerful book that Mr. F. E. Green has yet written. That it is sincere there can be no doubt. Mr. Green is a writer whose views upon the land question are well known, and only the most bigoted opponent could deny that the condition of rural England to-day is anything but satisfactory. But, if the disease is admitted, there are divergent opinions as to the degree of its malignity, and equally divergent opinions as to the cure which should be prescribed, and it is not to be expected that the blankly uncompromising attitude of Mr. Green will find favour even with all those who are in general sympathy with him. For Mr. Green is, indeed, terribly, ruthlessly uncompromising; so much so that, at times, he goes too far in his indictments of rural conditions and diminishes rather than increases one's sympathy by an insistent elaboration of his theme which is at once uncalled for and, from the purely literary standpoint, inartistic. One flagrant example of Mr. Green's summoning adventitious aid is to be seen in his references to the Roman Consul, Agricola, who "laid the foundations of civilization in Britain." "Agricola, the husbandman," Mr. Green calls him twice within half-a-dozen lines, as though Agricola had won this name owing to his successful policy of colonization in this country. The point is not, in itself, of any great importance, but it may serve as an instance of Mr. Green's method. And that he should descend to such unworthy artifices is the more remarkable because, with all his strong convictions, Mr. Green is not a fanatical party man. He does not maintain that that political intimidation over which Liberal orators grow so eloquent at election times—particularly if a Conservative is elected—is solely confined to the Conservatives. In fact he seems to admit that where a Liberal family is territorially strong similar intimidation is exercised.

\* "The Tyranny of the Country Side" By F. E. Green. 5s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin)



The roof is off the end cottage, the next is boarded up and uninhabited, whilst the nearest one is doomed. The entire village of Great Rissington is tumbling down in this manner. From "The Tyranny of the Country Side," by F. E. Green (Fisher Unwin).

The "tyranny" which he describes is something deeper rooted than that sporadic intimidation which breaks out acutely every five or six years. The tyranny he speaks of is economic rather than political, and it "endures long after the wave of political passion has passed." It is upon the large farmers that Mr. Green especially fastens:

"If one of the governing classes is to be indicted rather than another, it is certainly the large farmer class. For if rural England was once ruled by its magistracy, to-day it is ruled by the large farmers; and it is this class more than any other, which is bringing about its decay."

And again:

"The tyranny exercised by the farming class over the labourer is an excoiation that knows no rest. The large farmer is not only on the Parish Council, but is invariably to be found on the Rural District Council, and very often on the County Council. In the employer-landlord of the country-side are to be found the three jaws of Cerberus—the P.C., the R.D.C., and the C.C.—and he is the watchdog to the domains of Pluto, who keeps the labourer imprisoned within the Hades of village life. His dog-in-the-manger policy, of preventing labourers from having access to the land, is one that is detrimental not only to the labourer but to all of us, for it leads to bad tillage."

These passages serve to explain to a great extent why it is that Mr. Green has such a poor opinion of the Rural Magna Charter of 1894, of the Housing and the Public Health Acts and of the Small Holdings Acts. In an imaginary conversation with a typical labourer Mr. Green makes Hodge say that Housing Acts are no good to him, because if he complained to his master who lets him his cottage, or to the sanitary inspector, he would only get turned out on to the roadside. "You don't build any new cottages with your Acts—that's the trouble. You only closes them. What is the good of the Parish Council to us when all the power is left in the hands of the Rural District Councillors? And who are they? Why, the farmers who employ us."

"It is true enough, I think," (says Mr. Green), "that nearly every 'rural reform,' with the exception of the Old-Age Pension, has been costly to the agricultural labourer. The Enclosure Acts squeezed him out of his land. The Public Health Act has squeezed the pig out of his garden pig-stye. The Town Planning Act has squeezed him out of 13,000 cottages, and found him only 116 new ones instead. Bacon Trusts, Cotton Syndicates, and Coal Combines have shorn him of food, fuel and the shirt from his back."

In support of these statements Mr. Green gives many doleful pictures of English country life. He describes with fervour the struggles of the labourers at Winterborne Strickland to get more cottages built; he describes the similar contest at Potterne, near Devizes, in which the labourers, backed by influential friends, gained a victory

"at the usual cost—the persecution and boycotting of the principal reformers;" and he tells afresh the story of the evictions at Foxham, Wilts. One chapter is devoted to "The Great Estate" and to the evils of the big landlord; another to "The Lust of Sport;" a third to "The Parson and the Labourer;" and so forth. But what precise remedy Mr. Green offers for all these evils is not quite apparent. One can imagine legislation being enforced which shall secure for the labourer the cottage he lacks and the increased wages which he demands, but how the labourer, when his day's work is done, is to be enabled to vanish out of his employer's ken as completely as can the factory hand of a Lancashire town it is hard to see. The only real remedy, apparently, which Mr. Green here advocates is that all the agricultural labourers should strike and march to Trafalgar Square. But even so Mr. Green does not tell us what he wants to happen when the labourers have won and the manhood of the nation has gone

down "on its knees to crave their pardon for years of neglect." Is the labourer, like Edmund, to say :

"Well, then,  
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land"

by fair means or foul? If Mr. Green has his solution to the problem it is a pity that he has not expounded it in direct terms.

M. H. H. M.

### GREUZE.\*

Mr. Rivers's volume is a really excellent specimen of book-making *à la mode*. The author has not unearthed any fresh material concerning Greuze or his models, and does not pretend that he has; but he has been carefully through the existing material, and his *rechauffé* is strung together with a good deal of skill and sprightliness. The chief authority on Greuze is, of course, Greuze himself. It is his *Mémoire* that tells us how, in Rome, he came nigh to marrying the fair Princess Letitia—who proposed to him; and how he actually did marry the Paris bookseller's daughter, Gabrielle Babuti—who also proposed to him. It tells us also of the tragedy that came of the marriage. These two women may be said to have constituted the feminine interest in his life. But it was Gabrielle who was paramount in his art; she is the lady of "The Listening Girl," "Ariadne," "The Broken Pitcher"; indeed, she sat for nearly all those embodiments of tenderly voluptuous young-womanhood which have endeared Greuze to succeeding generations. There were other models; Greuze was a good portraitist and a bad history-painter, as well as the initiator of his own inimitable *genre*. But no other persisted through his painting as did Mademoiselle Babuti.

Next to her, we should say that the most important influence in Greuze's career was Diderot. The early picture of "The Father of a Family explaining the Bible," attracted the critic's attention in the first place, and originated the life-long friendship between the two men. It was Diderot, alas, who was responsible for introducing Greuze to the society of the fascinating little bookseller of the Quai des Augustins. "I myself loved her well," wrote the Encyclopædist in his later years, meaning that he liked occasionally to pass the time of day with her; and his ready praise of her "goodness" doubtless did something towards bringing the painter to the point, as he ungallantly said, of promising her "everything she desired," for Greuze, while willing to flirt, was very much afraid to wed. But if anybody "boomed" Greuze's art it was Diderot with his long-winded praise, and well-calculated blame—a discreet mixture that would have made public indifference an impossibility in any case. Moreover, it was he who urged Greuze to be the Greuze we love, and to stick to moral stories told in pictures. Thus has Greuze come by the title of the French Hogarth. The superficial resemblance of Greuze's art to Hogarth's, so far as intention was concerned, is obvious. The actual difference between them is well summed up by Professor Muther, in his "History of Modern Painting":

"Hogarth scoured the vices of the Third Estate in order to raise them to morality. . . . Hogarth swung over these human animals the stout cudgel of morality in the manner of a sturdy policeman and Puritan bourgeois. With such a people a delicate forbearance would have been misplaced. . . . Greuze employs the Third Estate as a mirror of virtue, sets forth its noble qualities as an edification to an aristocracy that has grown vicious. . . . He knew that he dared not exact too much from the nerves of his noble public; he merely wished to stir them to a soft vibration."

What admirably "soft vibrations" his voluptuous innocences or veiled immodesties excite! How vain to apply to them the sterner codes of criticism! How idle even to judge Greuze's personal character by the ordinary standards of humanity! Weak to a degree, with the superabundant

childish vanity of true weakness, high-tempered and rough-tongued when he was crossed, often not a little ludicrous—this is one, and the more noisy, side of the picture his biographers present. On the other side is writ domestic long-suffering, a wonderful compassion and goodness towards his less fortunate fellow-man, and a truly sympathetic understanding of woman. The latter sympathy perhaps went deeper than the modern world imagines. When Greuze died, poor and neglected:

"A scene, as moving as it was unexpected, gave a touch of life to the simplicity of his obsequies. As the body was about to be taken out of the church . . . a young person, whose emotion and tears could be seen beneath the veil which covered her face, approached the coffin. She placed a bouquet of immortelles upon it, and immediately retired to the back of the church, and there continued her prayers. The stems of the flowers in the bouquet were tied together in a paper wrapper, on which was written these words: 'These flowers, offered by his most grateful pupils, are the emblem of his glory'."

The incident suggests a good deal more than perfunctory grief or gratitude.

We have wandered a little way from Greuze's models, but so has our author—rightly so, for Greuze, apart from his age and his associates, including even Diderot's immortal "Rameau's Nephew," would not be Greuze. A symphony in F., as Whistler intimated, should not merely be a continued repetition of F, F, F.

F. M.

### THE STARRY LINE.\*

Father O'Neill having set out to make a selection of the great English poetry for the use of students—he is Professor of English in University College, Dublin—has gone on to make an anthology to please his own taste, and an interesting and delightful volume he has made. Apart from the voluminous notes there is nothing of the school-book about this selection: no air of turning the great poetry into an exercise to the weariness of young readers. His taste is very good and very Catholic. It is arresting to find in a book of the kind the selections from Blake, quite off the beaten track, and the unhackneyed choice from the Elizabethans. Father O'Neill begins with Chaucer and ends with De Vere, about the middle of the nineteenth century. Naturally, with such a wide field to roam over, he was obliged to limit his selections. We hope this book may be much in use as a school-book. What a possession for the imaginative boy or girl, somewhat cramped as to reading for delight, to come upon this modest but precious book, with its selections from practically all the great poets of the five centuries! If one misses the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," which is certainly one of the first, if not the first and greatest, of English poems, one is consoled by Milton's "Ode on the Nativity," by Crashaw's "Mary Magdalen," and by "Sir Patrick Spens,"—immortals all. Father O'Neill gives some remarks on reading poetry aloud which are excellently to the point, and one feels assured that with his students at least divine Poesy will not be made the handmaid of a competitive examination. He has realised the truth that poetry should be overheard rather than heard; and one trusts that his opinions on the subject may carry weight so as to encourage in schools the reading of poetry aloud, not in the stilted and lifeless way of the ordinary reciter, but with passion, with sincerity, with appreciation. Then there shall be a new and a beautiful accomplishment added to those already in request. The Irish, dramatic people as they are, should find the reading of poetry as easy as the acting of plays. He is a benefactor of his kind who will make an open door to this realm of gold, in which hitherto only the elect have wandered; for it is a hardly recognised fact, nevertheless a fact, that poetry well read or recited will win ten lovers for the one who will discover it in the printed page.

K. T. H.

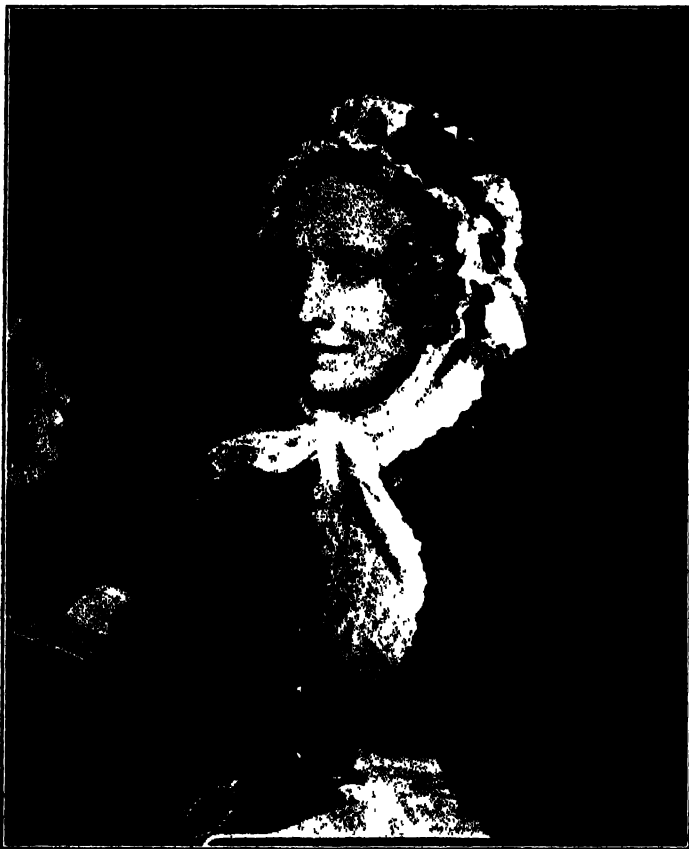
\* Greuze and His Models. By John Rivers. With 44 Full-page Plates. 10s. 6d. (Hutchinson & Co.)

\* "Five Centuries of English Poetry." By the Rev. George O'Neill, S.J. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)



## GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.\*

This is the record of mid-Victorian life from the windows of a High Church educationalist who belonged to the Wordsworth class, and who had opportunities of seeing far and wide. One of the features which strikes the modern reader of Victorian autobiographies or biographies is the vogue of Miss Charlotte Yonge's novels, and especially of the "Heir of Redclyffe." Mr. Mackail, in his life of William Morris, speaks of the influence which the story exerted over Morris and his circle, and adds that "in this book, more than in any other, may be traced the religious ideals and social enthusiasms which were stirring in the years between the decline of Tractarianism and the Crimean war." Dr. Hort was more critical in his attitude. He praised the book, but noted its avoidance of all perplexing questions about theology and morals. "In short, it is bread without yeast." Miss Yonge's church-principles naturally appealed to Miss Wordsworth, and the novelist appears more than once in this volume of reminiscences. She is even compared, not to her discredit, with Jane



Susanna Wordsworth, wife  
of the Bishop of Lincoln.

From a painting by E. V. Eddis (1881)  
From "Glimpses of the Past," by Elizabeth Wordsworth (Mowbray & Co.).

Austen, although Miss Wordsworth tells how Mrs. Humphry Ward, after Bishop Stubbs' lecture upon the death of Henry II., exclaimed eagerly: "It was as bad as the 'Heir of Redclyffe.'" The prestige of Miss Yonge is a problem for those who belong to the next generation, but it was real prestige, and evidently it was not confined to girls and the novel-reading public. Conington is another figure in these reminiscences. He was an intimate friend of Miss Wordsworth's brother John, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. But her reminiscences of him and of Wilberforce are slight. There is a little more about Ruskin, and also about Jowett, who helped Miss Wordsworth and her allies in the fight for the higher education of women at Oxford. This is the main interest of these memoirs, though it is but slightly sketched. Lady Margaret Hall was started

\* "Glimpses of the Past." By Elizabeth Wordsworth. With eight illustrations. (A. R. Mowbray & Co., Ltd.)

in 1879, and when Miss Wordsworth resigned in 1909, after thirty years' service as principal, the number of students had risen from eight to sixty-four. But the early days of the movement brought their own discouragement. Her brother was lukewarm. When she consulted him about accepting the appointment he replied: "Well, if I thought your not going would put an end to the whole thing, I should say, Don't go: but as I don't suppose it will, I think you had better accept." Even orthodox Anglicans, who might have been expected to favour the constitution of Lady Margaret Hall, looked askance. The opinion was that if women wanted to be active, they should enter a sisterhood. However, Miss Wordsworth and her companions managed to secure some powerful support, and eventually the Hall was firmly established.

Two of the most interesting parts of the book are the description of Ruskin's visit, and of the opening of Keble College. The latter appealed to Miss Wordsworth. She declares, by the way, that the dominant idea in her mind, as the result of her long experience, is "the need of a religious basis in the lives of all educated women."

There is a misquotation from Jane Austen on p. 61. Emma did not say to Mr. Knightley, "I used to call you George, when I was saucy, to tease you." What she said was: "I remember once calling you George in one of my amiable fits, about ten years ago. I did it because I thought it would offend you."

J. M.

## THE INEVITABLE WAR-BOOK.\*

It is probable that the world means to deny itself the luxury of a second Kinglake; its wars will shape themselves like crimes, in secrecy and darkness, and the world outside them will not learn the horror and vileness of the details of which they are composed. Even the Bulgarians, of all nations in Europe the most conscious of and sensitive to the Press, find it expedient to hide their heavy bayonet charges, though no correspondent, no spy, even, could have done anything to render them less effective. The ideal of the general staff was a swift and furtive war, without heroes, without renown, without a record of those things which were done in the Thracian villages which might make their adventure disreputable, and a big booty of conquered territory to justify the whole.

Mr. Grant, who contributes to this book an account of his experiences with the main Turkish army, profited by its disorganisation to see a good deal of the retreat upon the Chataldja lines and its sufferings there when the cholera made its appearance. As a press photographer, his business was to seek and to see incidents rather than to gain any survey of the campaign, and since an incident may be eminently worth photographing while yet it misrepresents conditions, he was probably a much more dangerous companion for an army in the field than his collaborator, Mr. Gibbs, who saw practically nothing of the war. He contrives, however, to present an interesting picture of that retreat, which should have been a rear-guard action keeping the Bulgarians deployed and wearing them out, but was a *saute qui peut*.

"Never shall I forget that ride in the dark night to Chorlu, the vague forms of the retreating army passing with us and around us like an army of ghosts, the strange, confused noise of stumbling feet, of voices crying to each other, of occasional groans, of clanking arms, of clinking bits and bridles, the sense of terror that seemed to walk with this army in flight, the acuteness of our own senses, clugly strung, apprehensive of unknown dangers, oppressed by the gloom of this mass of tragic humanity."

That was the army to defeat which the Bulgarian forces were organised. Possibly against no other troops in Europe could their tactics have been successful, their bayonet charges against infantry intrenched and their great movements of massed bodies. Even as it was, their losses were enormous, and it is noteworthy that against Adrianople and the forts of Chataldja they made no headway at all.

\* "Adventures of War with Cross and Crescent." By Philip Gibbs and Bernard Grant. 2s. net. (Methuen.)

It was before Adrianople that Mr. Gibbs had his view of war at a distance. Much of his share in this book is devoted to a description of what he saw and did at Sofia, Starasagora and on trains; twice he speaks of a "street of adventure." The censorship, which caused him to be arrested and expelled from the front—in as far as Mustafa Pasha was the front—prevented him from viewing much more of actual fighting than shells bursting at a distance, but he makes the most of his sojourn at Mustafa Pasha, its mud and its crawling columns of transport. "The noise of all this struggling mass of men and beasts stunned my ears, made me dazed, almost drunk," he writes. To go home to his lodgings after dark was "a perilous adventure." He "stumbled upon a bullock waggon," and "saved myself from being trampled to death." The sense of wonder and adventure transfigures everything for him; even the old Turkish bath-house, where the field-telegraph stores were stacked, is touched with glamour and becomes "a tiny Roman temple." Returning from an excursion in the direction of Adrianople, he describes the search-lights of the besieged town "touching the crests of the hills with silvery rings and searching into the hollows of the valleys," which sounds like a thing imagined rather than a piece of observation.

"Then waving arms of light enveloped me for a moment in their glory. It seemed as if the eyes of Adrianople had searched me out, a little, lonely figure in the great darkness, stumbling over the rock-strewn ground."

This book is a testimony to the decline of the war-correspondent. If Bulgarian officials had had the courage of Bulgarian infantry men, they would have declined at the outset to receive newspaper-men, and the foreign Press would have been saved from an unpleasant contact with the unintelligent and arbitrary officials of the censorship bureau. It is strange that a civilization which has made the newspaper necessary to itself should so distrust it, that it should prefer the emotional misadventures of Mr. Gibbs to, say, a narrative of actuality by an Archibald Forbes.

The photographs with which the book is illustrated are excellent, and that which serves for frontispiece is particularly fine.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER.\*

In the American "Who's Who," are 10,000 persons of note, and 1,000 of them are sons of ministers. In proportion to population, only 50 should have won mention. There is as striking a disproportion in the multitude of the sons of clergy entered in that book of fame, our "National Dictionary of Biography." So at least I am told. But after whiling away a period of convalescence with incessant novel reading—as bad for the mind as chain cigarette smoking for the body I am rewarded by the great discovery that the daughters of the clergy are more important in modern fiction than the sons of the clergy are in modern life. For instance, out of the eight stories I have last read, three are entirely concerned with the love affairs of parsons' daughters. None of the three ladies is beautiful: but a couple of dukes and a lord, a baronet and a commoner of great wealth, fall deeply in love with them. Another curious point is that Mr. Edward Burke in "Bachelor's Buttons," Mr. Victor L. Whitechurch in "Left in Charge" and Miss Kate Horn in "Susan and the Duke," are agreed that the girls of the manse stand no chance beside the young ladies of rectory and vicarage.

\* "Bachelor's Buttons." By Edward Burke. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"Left in Charge." By Victor L. Whitechurch. 6s. (John Long.)—"Susan and the Duke." By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)—"The Knave of Diamonds." By Ethel M. Dell. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)—"The Friendly Enemy." By T. P. Cameron Wilson. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"The Armchair at the Inn." By F. Hopkinson Smith. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)—"Tim and the Squire." By Lilian Street. 2s. net. (Putnam.)

The writers do not explain. Was it the dukes who, finding the rectory very close to the castle, set the fashion? Or did a band of parsons' daughters take to writing novels in the old days, and portray themselves—or their sister—as heroine? If so, the daughters of the Free Churches are now suffering from their grandparents' disdain of the lighter sort of literature.

There seems still some dispute in regard to the traits of the most fashionable of heroines. Miss Kate Horn thinks that life in a picturesque rural rectory would bring out all the soft, gentle, clinging qualities of a girl: and the two dukes retain apparently the early Victorian ideal of feminine grace. Mr. Burke and Mr. Whitechurch are more modern: they concur in admiring the parson's daughter for her fighting qualities. Miss Soapy in "Bachelor's Buttons" and Miss Wrenfield in "Left in Charge," run their respective parishes. Miss Soapy is a darling. A plain little charming girl of twenty-two, she emerges in the act of thrashing a drunken villager. She shows the man's wife—a big, powerful, timid woman—how to manage him with a stick, and waits in the cottage to see that her first lesson in management is carried out in a practical manner. It is about a week since I read "Bachelor's Buttons," and I am still in love with Miss Soapy. She is painted for us by the shyest of bachelors that ever lived in novel-land. His character wavers on the line that divides comedy from farce: but so fine is the art of Mr. Burke that the novel never becomes farcical. It is uncommonly humorous and uncommonly entertaining, with an exquisite play of original observation and tender whimsical feeling. I can recommend it as a tonic for convalescents.

Miss Wrenfield of "Left in Charge" only filled me with respect and rather distant admiration. A middle-aged spinster, somewhat soured and narrowed by the work unfairly thrown on her by her father and mother, she has character but no charm. Happily she meets a man sickened of charm in women and sceptic of their strength of character. He is a clergyman from the Australian bush, and he takes charge of the parish for a few months, while the old vicar goes away for his health. Miss Wrenfield's fighting qualities are then angrily displayed: for the stranger is very masterful, and takes everything into his own hands. The struggle between the rightful princess of the village and the powerful usurper is depicted by Mr. Whitechurch in a very engaging way. He never aims directly at picturesqueness, but his quiet style is very telling: freshness and trueness give distinction to his picture of a pastoral village on the Downs. I could have done without the episode, somewhat in the manner of Mr. William Le Queux, of a Foreign Office affair, in which a wicked German spy seduces the vicar's son from the path of patriotism.

In "Susan and the Duke" the melodramatic element predominates. There is a bold, bad, brilliant, beautiful woman, who tries to rob a parson's daughter of the love of a couple of dukes. I feel sure she will stand comparison with "The Worst Woman in London." Miss Horn, however, is not naturally melodramatic: she has native gifts of vivacity, humour and satire which are genuinely entertaining. I should advise her to cultivate them at the expense of her newly acquired taste for impossible monsters. Susan and the younger duke and the old retainers are depicted in a life-like way; and I did not put down the book until I had seen the shy little parson's daughter safely married to her ducal lover.

Yet melodrama and fine tragedy are, to my way of thinking, somewhat allied. Some of the best of our novelists of the present day are weakened by a fear of being melodramatic. It is by beginning with melodramatic novels, like "Desperate Remedies" that a writer learns to handle tragical figures like "Tess." Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" is a crude and frigid horror; but in composing it the poet learned to rise afterwards to the sublimity of "Lear." Miss Ethel M. Dell begins her novel "The Knave of Diamonds" with a brutal baronet who falls in love with his bailiff's daughter, and forces the girl to marry him in order to save her father from penal

servitude. Starting from this hackneyed and only dimly realised situation, she develops the story with remarkable power. Her chief characters are unusual. The hero is a Red Indian half-breed, who reminds me rather of an unbalanced and very savage type of mulatto. His inner traits seem negroid rather than Red Indian. On several occasions in the book, he practically goes Fantee. The action of the story is violent. The savage wants the wicked baronet's adorable wife to run away with him. He is eager to shoot the husband and carry off the lady by force and trickery. To add to the horror of the plot, the baronet also becomes a madman with homicidal tendencies. All these elements of a melodrama, however, are transformed into a fine study of human nature in its intensest mood, by the truth and insight and humanity with which the young novelist draws her characters.

When a father brings his daughter to London and leaves her for a moment, and then loses his powers of memory, all sorts of things are likely to happen. In "In Search of Each Other," Miss Sophie Cole takes care that only pleasant things shall befall the lost father and his bewildered daughter. For Marcelle is a pretty and a capable girl, and she settles in Soho and lives in a circle of entertaining Bohemians. Among them are a young dentist and a woman journalist, both drawn with a light gay touch. The dentist falls in love with the daughter and the woman journalist with the lost father, and everything ends happily in this happy little world. More thoughtful and more humorous is "The Friendly Enemy" by a new writer, T. P. Cameron Wilson. A fantasia of the London slums with a socialistic man of wealth as the god from the machine, it is a brilliant and unusual piece of work. Miss Lillian Street's novel "Tim and the Squire" is a pretty essay in sentiment which is certain to be popular among women: while Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's "The Armchair at the Inn" is likely to appeal more to men of letters. Mr. Hopkinson Smith is in the same boat as the needy knife-grinder: he has no story to tell. But being the most versatile of living men—mechanical engineer, Government contractor, lighthouse builder, lecturer, a painter with a fine reputation, and, now at the age of seventy-three an agreeably discursive writer—he has a store of anecdotes, reflections and entertaining remarks, out of which he has composed a very pleasant and freshly conceived volume.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

### HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SOMERSET.\*

Even the most superficial of "skimmers" cannot fail to recognize the enthusiasm of Mr. Edward Hutton's writing on Somerset. Quite clearly it is for him *the* English county. "It seems to me that I think of it as perhaps the last stronghold of English life, of English poetry and legend. It keeps alive for me and in me the ideal England of my heart. . . ." And so you will find him a very pleasant companion in your wanderings about the county. His information seems to be almost inexhaustible; he can write very pleasantly indeed when he likes, and he possesses that peculiar tactfulness by the exercise of which the Philistine is guided insensibly to admire the proper things in the proper manner. Yet we are not sure that we are altogether entranced by Mr. Hutton's method. It would have been better, possibly, to have given us a little more of Somerset and a little less of himself. There is no reason that we can see why the guide-book of an English county should be made a medium for a series of attacks upon Protestantism in general and Anglicanism in particular. One notes, for instance, that Wells Cathedral is "full of sweetness and all delight, in spite of the stale odour of Anglicanism, which, alas! everywhere pervades it, and which its beauty, gaiety, and enthusiasm continually deny"; and again, in speaking of Glastonbury, Mr. Hutton

\* "Highways and Byways in Somerset." By Edward Hutton. With 100 Illustrations by Nelly Erichsen, and a Map. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)



Wells: Part of the Bishop's Palace.

From "Highways and Byways in Somerset" (Macmillan).

is even more emphatic: "No one can look upon these ruins and be at peace. For if he be of the faith which is founded upon this shameful and cruel ruin, these poor stones are a continual and unanswerable reproach before which he can but hang his head; and if he be of the old Faith, how can he restrain his tears, or remembering modern England and our misery, how shall he not be angry and afraid? But it is impossible and useless to comment upon a murder and a sacrilege so foul and bloody." All this sort of thing seems to us to be out of place in what is intended to be—and otherwise is—a popular and readable account of Somersetshire. It is a pity that it should prejudice the reader (as it may do) against Mr. Hutton's book. For Miss Nelly Erichsen's many fine illustrations one can have nothing but praise.

### HENRY NEWBOLT'S POEMS.\*

One of the most hopeful facts about modern poetry is, it has so many tendencies that it seems to have none. Twenty years ago the poets were divided up into the schools of Tennyson, Swinburne, Browning; and where are those school-parties now? It has happened, as it always will, that, school-time being over, the scholars have gone away and only the Masters remain. Nowadays it is not so easy to group our living bards and dismiss each group with a label. Thomas Hardy has his followers; Kipling his; Yeats his; but the majority of our poets, though they may have affinities with one or with all of these three, are not slavish imitators; the music they are beating out, whether it be a great music or not, is at least, in the main, their own. Some of them are, perhaps, mistaking strong language for strength of feeling and imagination; some are cheating themselves with a notion that to be eccentric is to be original; many of them are too daintily given over to verbal prettiness and tricks of technique, as if they had not lived enough yet to learn that poetry is an essentially human thing, born of human experience, and

\* "Poems New and Old." By Henry Newbolt. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

not a select butterfly-pastime to be played only in gardens of artificial flowers. We have outgrown the rather childish ideal of the poet as a lonely creature singing apart on remote peaks, and we know that unless he is first a man among men he will never become a god among gods. For this reason one looks askance on a certain latter-day weakness for founding select clubs and societies of poets, and publishing magazines devoted exclusively to poetry. That is not the way to do it. You starve and warp the poet when you segregate him in that fashion, he will certainly learn less to his purpose by joining a Club of Poets than if he went roughing it with natural men in the Territorials or became a member of the Ancient Order of Buffaloes. The man who limits his circle to poets, and reads, thinks, talks nothing but poetry will never be much of a poet himself. After all, you must gather your sticks before you can light your fire, and you must know more than one type of man and one phase of life before you can write of such matters to any purpose.

The weakness of most modern poetry is that it is too anemic, too merely pretty and preciously insincere, and this because our poets draw their inspiration from each other and from books instead of taking their gloves off and handling life for themselves. We have perhaps half-a-dozen living who have each his individual note, and who write as if they were robust, flesh-and-blood human creatures, with interests that are common to the rest of us; and one of these is Mr. Henry Newbolt. With such stirring ballads as "Drake's Drum," "Admirals All," "The Fighting Temeraire," "The Sailing of the Longships," "The Old Superb," "Sailing at Dawn," he appeals mightily to the national spirit, the patriotic pride of every Englishman who has any feeling for the glory of his heritage, in "Clifton Chapel," "Vital Lampada," he has written some of the noblest and most inspiring of public-school songs; these are the distinctive things in his work, but outside this range he has written enough poetry of a miscellaneous kind to make him a separate reputation—graceful and charming lyrics and ballads of the love and homelier joys and sorrows of quieter life; but, when all is said, you turn again for his highest achievements to those school songs and to those great ballads of seafaring and sea-fighting that first made him known to us. They sprang into an immediate popularity, and have ended, as they deserved to, in becoming famous.

It is fifteen years since "Admirals All" made its appearance, and this collected edition of Mr. Newbolt's poems

includes the contents of that volume, and of the three that followed it: "The Island Race," "The Sailing of the Longships," and "Songs of Memory and Hope." There are also here ten poems that have not hitherto been published between covers, and of these "The Little Admiral," "Sailing at Dawn," and "The Song of the Guns at Sea" are as dramatic and vigorously imaginative and sing themselves as irresistibly as the best and best-known of his ballads of our sea-kings.

### THE FLOWING ROAD.\*

The sub-title of this book, "Adventures on the Great Rivers of South America," will explain adequately the rather enigmatic title. Since 1902 Mr. Whitney has made no less than five river expeditions in South America, and he gives us here the cream of his experiences. And yet he has failed, somehow, to write a really interesting volume. It lacks to a singular and depressing degree the fascination of the tropical wilds. It is not that Mr. Whitney is without romance (the undertaking of these dangerous and formidable journeys proves the opposite), but that he is unable to give us the magic glow without which all these descriptions of the forests and of the rivers are so many dry bones. The statistics of travel and sport are nearly always dreary in themselves, and frequently, moreover, muddle the reader rather than enlighten him. And yet, related artistically and with the ability to build up a sense of atmosphere, they can be strangely moving. It is a rare gift, given to few. And Mr. Whitney is not one of the few. His book is excellent from the point of view of observation, tireless courage and energy, and the spirit of adventure, but it just lacks the one thing needful, for he is not impressive, he has not the artist's gift, and to English readers his use of Americanisms is very distasteful, though it is hardly fair to blame him for this.

His journeys took him up or down many a famous river. He has voyaged upon the Orinoco in Venezuela, upon the Rio Negro in Brazil, upon the Parana in Argentine. He has skirted the Cordilleras of Colombia, crossed the Andes into Chile, penetrated the pampas of Argentine and the forests of Brazil. He knows South America from one end to the other, he has seen the real life of the Indians and the jungle, he has shot jaguar, deer, tapir, capybara—almost

\* "The Flowing Road" By Caspar Whitney Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net (Heinemann.)



Photo by G. & M. Brown.

From "The Flowing Road," by Caspar Whitney (Heinemann).

San Fernando de Apure  
in the rainy season.

every big type of mammal of the continent. And, with it all he has the true soul of adventure and not merely that lust for slaughter which actuates so many daring men to feats of endurance. He is the sort of man who will probably go on wandering till the end of his life, a modern Burton as it were. And, like Burton, he will, no doubt, continue to write books of his travels (he has written a fair number already), valuable books of their kind, but books which won't be read for long. Who reads Burton nowadays, apart from the Mecca volume and his translations? This is the fate that overtakes the work of so many of these eager men who are anxious to share with you the joys of the wilderness, but are unable to make them appear engrossing.

RICHARD CURLE.

### CALE YOUNG RICE'S NEW POEMS.\*

There are certain lyrical qualities in the dramas of Mr. Cale Young Rice, and certain dramatic qualities in many of his finest lyrics that make it very difficult for the critic to resolve whether he is at his highest as singer or as dramatist. "Porzia" is a poetic play in which these two gifts blend with subtle and powerful effectiveness. It is not written in the stereotyped heroic verse, but in sensitive metrical lines that vary in beat and measure with the strength, the tenderness, the anguish, bitterness, and passion of love or hate that they have to express. The bizarre and poignant central incident on which the action of "Porzia" turns is such as would have appealed irresistibly to the imagination and dramatic instincts of the great Elizabethan dramatists, and Mr. Rice has developed it with a force and imaginative beauty that only they could have equalled, and with a restraint and delicacy of touch which makes pitiful and bearable a story that they would have clothed in horror and grimmest tragedy. He turns what might have been a tragic close to something that is loftier and more moving than the mere slaying of a villain by the man he had wronged. If you turn to his latest volume of lyrics, "Far Quests," you find the same poetic vision, intense humanity, and emotional power giving soul and music to his songs. Such a lyrical ballad as "The Wife of Judas Iscariot" startles and grips the imagination with its stark sense of dark terror and the simple directness of its drama; and for contrast there is the breezy ecstasy of "Highland Joy," and the grace of thought and feeling of the homelier "Recompense," or of "Sufficings" (addressed to A.H.R.), with its infinite riches of meaning in a little room:

"Day for the mind,  
But night for the soul,  
Sun for delight,  
But moon to console;  
Song for the glad,  
But silence for rest;  
God for the world—  
But you for my breast."

It matters little that we hesitate between ranking Mr. Rice highest as dramatist or lyricist; what matters is that he has the faculty divine beyond any living poet of America; his inspiration is true, and his poetry is the real thing.

### THE LAND OF MUSCOVY.†

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way." So runs the one memorable line of Berkeley's one poem, enunciating a general truth of racial and national expansion. In this, as in many other respects, Russia is exceptional, for its movement has been generally towards the rising sun, from the long distant entry of the Eastern Slavs out of the Carpathians into the Russian plain, down to the present time when its railways have crept along to the Pacific shore, and its range of influence has widened out into Persia.

\* "Porzia" By Cale Young Rice.—"Far Quests." By Cale Young Rice. 5s. net each. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.)

† "A History of Russia" By V. O. Kluchevsky. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. In 3 Vols. Vols. I. and II., 7s. 6d. net each. (Dent.)

Another singular fact is that, in moving to the East, Russia has encountered the West. How the Russian occupation of North-Eastern Asia may affect the North American continent is yet to be seen. It is a remote and perhaps needless speculation. It is elsewhere that difficulty may arise. I am just old enough to have caught some echoes of the Jingo days when Russia was the general enemy. Now, in these even more scare-worn times, it is Germany that fetches the gallery in topical allusions and disturbs the slumbers of trembling imperialists; but, in spite of that, I fancy the Foreign Office is less consistently troubled by Teutonic adventures in more or less open spaces than by thoughts of that Asian region of anxiety where Bear and Lion climb slowly towards each other over the Roof of the World.

In letters, too, as well as in politics, Russia and England are drawn very near together. Russian literature, for all its apparent remoteness and its alien language, is far more widely read and far more powerful as an influence here than the literature of (say) modern Germany. Tolstoy is quite acclimatised and has become a sort of institution; Turgenev, beloved of those who dislike the hot-gospel of Tolstoy, has been elevated by those same people into a gospel of the novelistic art; and Dostoevsky, long known to discriminating readers, is rapidly increasing in fame among the general public.

Russian history, therefore, lies quite close to the interests of many British readers; and there should be a warm welcome for this rendering of Kluchevsky's well-known work. He is the Green of Russian history. His theme is the Russian people, and his standpoint that of the sociologist. When the inevitable strangeness of new fact and circumstance has been overcome, the English reader will find himself quite at home in the atmosphere of Kluchevsky's narrative; for the art of the Russian writers who are best known in England is art that has (to borrow a phrase from Mr. Yeats) a genuine geography. Mind, such a phrase as this must not be turned into a catch-word. A genuine geography is not a necessity of any art. Some of the greatest works are not only for all time but of all space. It is not the genuinely geographical part of "Hamlet" that has made it the most popular play in the world. However, there are some writers who are specially interpretative of places—Hardy and Synge, for instance. The great Russian writers seem to do even more—they interpret not only a place, but a nation—just as Kipling (to take an opposite example) with all his strenuous insistence on patriotism, imperialism, and the other national assets, does not interpret either England or the English, or just as Sienkiewicz, in that epic trilogy of novels, interests us greatly in his story, but does not interpret Poland or the Polish to us as do the poems of Mickiewicz. In the country of Kluchevsky's narrative the English reader will move familiarly, because it is the country of Tolstoy and Turgenev, of Gogol and Dostoevsky. Take for example such a passage as this:

"Everywhere the swamps and forests of Great Russia of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries confronted the settler with a thousand unforeseen risks, difficulties, and hardships. Consequently he learned to watch nature very closely ('to keep an eye open on both sides of him,' as the saying is), to scan and probe the ground on which he walked, and never to attempt the passage of a strange river where there was not a ford. All this bred in him resourcefulness in the face of minor perils and difficulties, and inured him to patient wrestling with hardship and misfortune. No people in Europe is so unspoiled, so handy, so taught not to wait upon nature or fortune, so long-suffering under adversity, as the Great Russian. The peculiar features of the country caused its every hole and corner to beset the settler with some new and difficult industrial problem to solve. Wherever he thought of establishing his homestead he had first of all to study the locality and its conditions, that he might know what it had to offer in the way of profitable resources. Hence originated the extraordinary faculty of observation which we see disclosed in the Great Russian *primeti*, or popular nature-sayings—sayings in which we see caught with astonishing fidelity all the characteristic, yet frequently most elusive, phenomena of nature's yearly round in central Russia. In them we see noted her multitudinous phases, both climatic and industrial, and the entire annual routine of the rural homestead sketched. The seasons of the year, the months—nay,



almost every day of every month, find their place in this series, with their several climatic and industrial features duly distinguished. Moreover, these observations of nature not only give us a clear picture of the physical phenomena described, but also furnish us with a portrait of the observer himself. We can see him contemplating his surroundings, and thinking how best he can identify them with the names and festivals of his saints, since it was the Church's calendar which served him both as a note-book of nature-observation and diary for the register of his thoughts concerning his daily toil. The Church, too, it was which first taught him, not only to use his powers of observation, but also to reckon time by fasts and festivals; with the result that he came to connect those fasts and festivals with all the natural objects by which he found himself surrounded."

This, surely, has that interpretative note of which we have spoken. You will notice, by the way, how well the translation reads. Mr. Hogarth is the most modest of men. He refuses himself the justifiable privilege of note or preface and confines himself to a bare name on the title-page. I hope he has his reward; for a more excellent piece of difficult and extended translation it is impossible to imagine. I suggest to Mr. Hogarth and the publishers that the addition of a map or two and a chronological summary would greatly increase the attractiveness of the work for the general reader. There is yet time; for a third volume is still to appear.

Our quoted passage is descriptive of Great Russia. That region does not come into the earliest story. The country as we now know it is the offspring of Little Russia and the mother-city is Kiev, not Moscow. The name "Russia" itself is comparatively modern, for it did not replace "Rus" in general use till the close of the seventeenth century. Moreover, for a long time, Rus, to Western ears, meant the Polish-Lithuanian kingdom, rather than the Muscovite dominion. In quite a special sense the history of Russia is the history of colonization. The mysterious movement of peoples, and especially the Tatar invasion of the Ukraine, scattered the Russians over a wider area. Kievan Rus, broadened out into the Upper Volga region till it included the whole of Great Russia, and the expansion has steadily gone on until, within living memory, the Pacific shores were reached. Kluchevsky sums up this movement in an instructive paragraph.

"The chief stages of migration group themselves into four periods, which, if named according to the localities in which the Russian population (or such portions of it as helped to make history) was massed during each epoch, may be termed the Dnieperian, Upper Volgan, Great Russian, and Pan Russian periods, respectively, it, according to the political regimes in force at the time the Town Province, Principality, Muscovite Empire, and Russian Empire periods; and if according to their respective economic systems—the Forest Industrial, Free Agricultural Labour, Military Landowning, and Serf-Labour epochs of Russian history."

It is from this point of view that Kluchevsky tells his story; and to the thoughtful observer of political phases there is a curious interest in noticing how the simple clan-leadership of early days developed by gradual stages into a general autocracy, divinely ordered and appointed, and involving complete subjection of life and property to a ruling family. It is significant, too, that each extension of royal authority was accompanied by a further extension of national slavery. From which it would appear that Russian history, besides its interest, has also its lessons.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

## Novel Notes.

**HARRY THE COCKNEY.** By Edwin Pugh. 6s. (Werner Laurie)

Mr. Pugh is always at his best when he is not hampered with any plot but sets himself to fashion some natural human entity and tell the story of his life as minutely, as realistically as if it were all merely true and he had imagined none of it. Here he writes the autobiography of a born Cockney; not of a typical Cockney, for, as he rightly says, there is no such being, but of a man who was born in London, and grew up "subject to all the common influences of circumstance and training and environment that London brings to play" upon his character. Harry

Weaver was the son of a Marylebone barber; descended from many generations of barbers; he is a diffident boy who has to fight against a sort of inherent timidity of disposition; he has the somewhat menial spirit of his race, and is a curious blend of subservience, industry, flashy vanity, seriousness and snobbishness. The barber's shop, his father, the queer assistant, the masterful old grandmother who dominates the establishment—the whole thing is pictured with wonderful accuracy, and you are made to realise the boy's daily life and such surroundings, to share his dreams and breathe his very atmosphere. You are with him at the board-school; and appreciate the feelings with which, imitating the swaggerings of robust boys, he entered upon his first crude flirtations with the small girls there. The time comes when he gets into a solicitor's office, indulges in mature love-makings; begins to rise in the world and drift away from his own people and become ashamed of his origin. He studies hard, makes headway in his profession, is at length called to the bar and, turning his attention to politics, is elected to Parliament, marries, and ought to have been happy but is still fretted by a feeling that he is a pariah, that his wife and children belong by birth to a class above him, that he is alien to the world in which he has achieved distinction. Always the barber-strain taints his blood, and he moves lonely and out of place among the good society into which he has climbed. His story is full of incident and variety, but they are the incident and variety of actual life, and it is this that gives it its compelling interest and charm. The weaknesses of Harry Weaver are common, human weaknesses; even in his pitiful snobbery, and self-distrust he is akin to the majority of us; and the best and the worst of him are portrayed with a shrewd humour, an understanding and a quick sense of the pathos of mortal things that win your sympathy for this unheroic hero and hold you unflaggingly interested in his doings. "Harry the Cockney" is a book of unusual insight and power; the art of Defoe could not have handled ordinary lives with a more intimate subtlety or have made them more vividly real to us, more intensely alive.

**THE STORY OF STEPHEN COMPTON.** By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Heinemann)

In his new novel, "The Story of Stephen Compton," Mr. J. E. Patterson shows an advance of importance in his art. He began by aiming at producing an impression of power, and in such novels as "Fishers of the Sea," he certainly succeeded in his aim. But the undoubted power of his writing was purchased at the expense of other qualities which are more valuable in literature. He resembled those sculptors of the sixteenth century who sacrificed everything to the effect of strength, and in search of an impression of elemental force exaggerated the muscular lines of all their figures. He saw life in a kind of white intensity, from which was absent the sweetening, individualising play of the softer lights and shadows of human existence. There was a lack of flexibility and variety in his way of writing. It is here that "The Story of Stephen Compton" marks a development in his art. The opening chapters of this political romance are as strong as anything that Mr. Patterson has written. Some persons indeed may find them too violently frank; for they depict with a sort of savage indignation the most unpleasant side of character of the hero's very unpleasant brother. In one way Mr. Patterson is a writer of the realistic school, for he resolutely paints the entire life of his characters. Stephen and his brother are portrayed with a daring intimacy that makes them uncommonly lifelike: they are slum children in a Lancashire spinning town, and nothing is omitted in the picture of the misery and foulness of their early circumstances. But on this foundation of realism, Mr. Patterson builds a fine, thoughtful study of the nobler forces obscurely working in our industrial civilization. They become incarnate in the manner of the two boys, Stephen, who is merely strengthened and tempered by the adverse conditions of his life. He becomes a socialist of the revolutionary school and the



**Mrs. Annie O. Tibbits.**

Frontispiece portrait from "At What Sacrifice?" (Digby, Long & Co.)

firebrand of Lancashire, and he loses the girl he loves rather than give up his career as an agitator. By sheer ability he wins sufficient money at last to enter political life, and growing aware of the practical value of a cultivated mind, he goes into the world of society in order to "acquire the weapons of the enemy." It is this part of Mr. Patterson's work that delighted the present reviewer. It is brilliant, varied and lightened with touches of humour and wit: a throng of diverse characters is brought upon the scene and handled easily and naturally, and in a quiet, subtle way the development of Stephen's character is portrayed without any apparent effort to portray it. One merely sees him grow up. On arriving at his full stature he becomes a political force of a reconciling kind: for, while acquiring the weapons of the enemy, he learns also to appreciate what is valid in their point of view. So when he is made Prime Minister, with an overwhelming majority of reformers inspired and directed by him, he is able to reorganise the life of the country in such a way as to please both labour and capital.

**AT WHAT SACRIFICE?** By Annie O. Tibbits. 6s. (Digby, Long & Co.)

This is the story of two great mistakes which shadow the career of a young girl named Effie Gale-Carew. From a life of perfect happiness and ease she is suddenly engulfed in trouble and misery through her own misunderstanding, her own folly of jumping too quickly to a wrong conclusion. She is the spoiled and dearly loved daughter of a wealthy widower, disliked by her step-brother, who feels she has usurped his place in his father's house, and hated by that brother's wife. It is these two, scheming together, who deepen Effie's misery at length to despair. The story begins on the brilliant morning of a spring day, as fresh and as sunny as Effie's own existence—then, all at once Effie's world becomes steeped in gloom, she is brought face to face with death, mystery, and a suspicion so horrible, so unbearable, that she runs away from it all; away from the old home and the man she has loved, and is lost alike to those who loved and hated her for six long years. At the end of that weary period her lover meets her again,

but she is so changed by the suffering she has endured that he scarcely recognises her. And there is more pain and unhappiness for them both before they come together at last, through tragedy and darkness, to the end that is really a beginning. It is a well-planned, dramatic novel, and many exciting incidents are skilfully introduced into its cleverly constructed plot.

**CHESS FOR A STAKE.** By Harold Vollings. 6s. (Smith, Elder)

This is the novel of a thoroughly competent writer who succeeds entirely in his aim. It is quite interesting; as the name suggests, it has a somewhat complicated plot, there are two love stories which run along side by side, but often cross each other, and the plot is carefully worked out in every detail. The mothers of the heroines are both worldly women, determined that their daughters shall make good matches, but the one mother has a real affection, and from the very beginning we expect her to give way, the other is a selfish hypochondriac who loves no one, and only cares for herself. One love story runs smoothly; as no third person intervenes, the two lovers simply have to wait events, which they do in full confidence, and with even a reasonable amount of patience and content. The chief character—the villain of the piece—is Jago Polwhele who hesitates at no villainy, but is sincere in his love. There is a hitch in Jago's love, and he wreaks his vengeance on the nephew of his rival, who is a boy in the school in which he is a master. The school story here introduced has an important part in the plot; it is almost too harrowing, but is the most powerful part of the book. The headmaster is unscrupulous, but has a certain strength of character, and the author wishes to get some sympathy for him. Jago, by a bold callous stroke, wins all along the line, his victory is short-lived, and ultimately he has to disappear; the selfish mother is put aside, and the book ends with two happy marriages.

**ST. QUIN.** By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 6s. (Alston Rivers)

The "Elfin Spirit" is the title of a chapter in this entrancing story, and from cover to cover the elfin spirit dances and wantons in Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop's imitably light and airy manner. Teddy St. Quin belongs to an ultra-respectable, aristocratic family whose lives are "almost public property." On reaching the age of twenty-one, however, Teddy learns that a sympathetic ancestor has left a legacy which enables the St. Quins to have five years of Bohemian freedom before settling down to the life respectable. Here, then, is the opportunity for some novel adventures abroad, and Teddy returns from the Continent poor in pocket but rich in experience. He marries, as a respectable St. Quin should marry, the bride of course being his parents' choice. But there is a vein of romance in Teddy which his wife cannot satisfy, and it finds its outlet in all sorts of queer ways. For example, chancing to alight upon a delightful early-Georgian house in Chiswick, he decides to furnish it in Georgian style and provides servants to attend him in the picturesque dress of the period. With the engagement of the butler, the cook, and "the young person," all most entertaining characters, everything is ready for the romantic advent of Pamela, the Georgian mistress of this unique household. The manner in which Teddy St. Quin indulges his whim is quite in Mr. Calthrop's best vein. "St. Quin" is just the kind of story to bewitch the reader who delights in the lightest of light fantasy.

**THE KING'S MASTER.** By Olive Lethbridge and John de Stourton. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

King Henry VIII. is growing tired of Anne Boleyn; he has, in fact, already fallen in love with Lady Jane Seymour. The only thing that troubles him is the method he shall employ for the disposal of his wife. If you remember your history you will recollect that this was where Thomas Cromwell came in useful, and these three, with Sir Henry Noireys, the Queen's devoted admirer—we had almost



written lover—are the principal characters of this breezy and well-manufactured story with its tragical climax. The figure of the wire-puller, Thomas Cromwell, who supplies the book with its title, is particularly well drawn, and the authors are careful not to allow the reader's attention to wander. In dramatic interest and in its workmanlike manner of telling "The King's Master" is not the least effective of the many novels which deal with a period of which it is pleasanter to read about than it was to live in.

**SIRI RAM: REVOLUTIONIST.** 6s net (Constable)

It would be difficult to praise too highly this really admirable exposition of the discontent in India and its causes. All the dramatis personæ of the tragedy are portrayed with life-like effect, and the background is startling in the breadth of its conception and the beauty of its realisation. First there is the poor village youth struggling through an education not in the least adapted to his modes of thought. Upon him and his discontent works with lightning effect the trained eloquence of the ascetic, the much travelled prophet of the Arya Samaj, who has seen the superficial elements of our civilisation at every point and found it wanting because its real strength has been hidden from his eyes. His selflessness, his devotion to an ideal, his exquisite culture, a culture as refined in its way as that of a University Fellow of the best type, are described with masterly skill and most sympathetic insight. On the other side is sketched with mortifying vividness the paltry life of many Anglo-Indian women, their despicable bridge squabbles; but there is also sketched with something of epic sublimity the heroic struggle of those men who take up the white man's burden with willing, strong, resourceful hands, and fight the cholera as it rages in an Indian village. The picture of this village, where everything is drab-coloured, where everything betokens "the Hindu's perpetual instinct of segregation, fear, suspicion, distrust of his neighbour, shunning into himself," is a perfect masterpiece. From this Dantesque scene we are suddenly taken to very different country, as we follow the Hindu youth on his journey through Kashmir to the cave of the ascetic. Drabness gives place to a fairyland of silver birches, flowers, bees and butterflies, with the ascetic sitting in the middle of it all and despising it all. And along the road tramp, and by the side of the road squat, such a variety of queer types as not even "Kim" presents us with. Whoever would understand not merely the agitation in India, but normal India, and the never-ending never-changing fascination of the East should read this extraordinary book, written by one who speaks from the fulness of his knowledge, a book chronicling that great struggle between the incarnation of speculative thought and the incarnation of practical efficiency.

**THE FOOL IN CHRIST.** By Gerhart Hauptmann. 6s (Methuen.)

This is a haunting piece of work. In a romantic setting of the mountainous country separating Silesia from Bohemia there wanders a poor carpenter's son. Devoted from an early age to the study of the Scriptures he conceives himself at last to have received a special gift of the Divine Spirit. Cursed by a drunken stepfather, scorned by his little world, his religion naturally takes on a strong Manichæan tinge. Though the Bible has filled him with a really divine love and compassion for his fellow-creatures, especially for those who have been wounded in life's battle, for the world in general, society, man's environment, he has the strongest aversion. In fancied imitation of the Carpenter's Son of Nazareth he refuses to touch money. Trust in his own unaided intelligence also misleads him into denouncing prayer, miracles, finally the Bible itself. "He sought not God with the understanding, but with love," as his creator sums him up. Loose ambiguity of phrase and the usual devotion of untaught intelligences to wholesale quotation from the Bible leads his followers hopelessly astray, until their one idea is the millennium, and that idea in its turn becomes daily grosser and more

materialistic. The first part of the book inclines one to the belief that Hauptmann seriously set out to portray a man living "in Christ." That belief becomes untenable when the man declares himself to be greater than St. Peter. There is no doubt still "a pure serious sacred attempt" on the carpenter's part to accomplish his mission, but the attempt fails, and we are left in doubt as to Hauptmann's purpose. The book, however, is worth reading for other reasons, worth reading as the portrait of a thoroughly honest if "foolish" man, who surrenders everything to follow his ideal. His exquisite patience and tenderness in the terrible scenes enacted in the Schuberts' mountain hovel, his conquest of the hideously repulsive smuggler, his beautiful way with the old woman in the smuggler's hut, who chaunts sublimely: "My little shirt is sewed. My little bed is made. Come, oh, come, thou last eternal night"; his joyful suffering of wounds—all these things endear the man to us more than his theology repels. And his excessive mildness and meekness, adopted in wilful or unconscious oblivion of the lesson taught by the scourge of small cords that drove out the money-changers from the Temple courts, stands out in strong contrast with the muscularity of his supporter, Bohemian Joe, who throws two persecutors into "a deepish frog pond." As a background to this lovable man's life there is the grinding poverty of the weavers, who see everywhere round them "destructive powers crouching like beasts of prey," and eagerly grasp at the spiritual comfort afforded by the carpenter.

**RED HARVEST.** By Newman Flower 6s (Cassell)

"Red Harvest" is a vigorous, frankly-melodramatic novel drawing its life-blood from that network of conspiracy and secret diplomacy which culminated in the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia. It is a first novel, and Mr. Newman Flower has used his wide experience as editor of more than one popular magazine, and has filled every chapter with the fire of adventure and the smoke of deepening mystery. The story opens with the announcement that the unexpected birth of a child has robbed Paul Cazalet, the promising political journalist, of an inheritance worth a quarter of a million sterling. The shock stuns Paul, and he flings himself madly into the first desperate venture which offers—a mission of intrigue in Serbia. By appointment he meets in the dead of night an Austrian Count on his yacht in Dover Harbour, and, as luck will have it, the Count is shot dead in the cabin under his very eyes by a mysterious woman whose escape leaves Paul in a very unenviable position. London, Paris, and Belgrade lend each a distinctive atmosphere and glamour to this ably written and thrilling story. Mr. Newman Flower knows his public, and it is safe to say that after reading "Red Harvest" the public will want to know more of Mr. Newman Flower as a novelist.

## The Bookman's Table.

**VERSES AND REVERSES.** By Wilfrid Meynell. 1s net (Herbert & Daniel)

In a quaint prefatory apology for his title, Mr. Meynell says "these little Verses are, in truth, all Reverses: first thoughts that refuse to obey marching orders, runaways from the right line of formation. I can marshal them into print only under friendly cover of this old manner of label." Howbeit, one feels that this would be a delightful world if all the reverses we have to meet in it were as pleasant as these. Even the slightest of them has its own curious charm; some characteristic sparkle of humour, some touch of fancy or wistful thought to give it grace and distinctiveness; and such as the lines to "Christina Rossetti," as "The Welcome," "The Climber in the Cot," "To One who hastened Heavenward," are fine poetry, and perhaps the finer for the casual, unpremeditated air and manner of

them. One cannot quote any one example as fairly representative; the book is so compact of whimsicality and seriousness, of light epigram, large humanity and deep religious feeling; but "To Her: At Pisa," comes as near as any to the average tone of it:

"Thou finished Tower of Womanhood,  
Rooted and fast in Nature's good,  
Yet reaching, flower-like, to the skies:  
The first to catch the sun—his rise;  
And, when the day's for others done,  
The last to lose the lingering sun.

Thy walls all treasures enfold  
Within their ivory and gold;  
Thou can'st withstand the straitest siege,  
Nor askest aid from thus thy liege;  
Alone thou risest in thy power:  
Yet be towards me a Leaning Tower."

**A SHORT HISTORY OF GERMANY TO THE PRESENT DAY.** By A. W. Holland. 6d. net. (British German Friendship Society.)

In this admirable and useful little book the author's aim is two-fold. First, to give the general reader as comprehensive an idea as possible of the German Empire; and secondly, to establish a better relationship between Germany and England. In the first the author is entirely successful and within the space of less than a hundred and fifty pages he presents a picture of the German Empire from the troubled times of Arminius down to the highly successful and progressive Germany of the Emperor William. Mr. Holland presents his facts with a terseness and clarity that are beyond praise, and while the book is mainly a "history" it is a history that explains itself and leaves nothing to the imagination—the besetting sin of the educational text book. For example, when Mr. Holland discusses the ramifications of the *Reichstag* and the *Bundesrath*, he gives us at the same time a clear and concise idea of the Imperial Parliament. It is of interest to note that the author holds the same ideas with regard to international politics as Mr. Norman Angell, but Mr. Holland summarises

the whole matter in a couple of terse pages. We should like to see a new and enlarged edition of this admirable little book, in view of which we would submit that the author might enlarge to advantage and give as much space to German art and letters as he has given to trade and politics. The book is provided with an excellent bibliography.

**THE GREEN FIELDS.** By Kenneth Hare. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Though there is perhaps no living poet whom we can with absolute assurance place among the immortals, the art of poetry, viewed as a whole, is in a more hopeful condition than it has been for many a day. That the nineteenth century produced a series of matchless poets is undeniable; but during its magnificent progress a gulf gradually widened between poetry and life. Accomplished sterility was the inevitable result. Now, however, the art has opened its arms once more to the whole of life, and a quickening fire has run through all its members. We see this in the work of Mr. Masfield, of Mr. Davies and others. We see it unmistakably, if in little, in the slim output of Mr. Kenneth Hare. "The Green Fields" is a delightful book. In dedicating it to Sir Walter Raleigh (who sustains so worthily a name of almost intolerable honour) Mr. Hare at once betrays his predilections. His green fields are those where Corinna went a-maying. He writes with the Elizabethan zest, the Elizabethan love of birds and flowers, of fairies and mortal maidens; with no little, moreover, of the right Elizabethan lilt. There are pieces, too, which recall the Greek Anthology in their economy and precision; and epigrams of an eighteenth century polish. Not that Mr. Hare is derivative: he is an authentic poet, and frankly proud of the fact, writing:—

We that have thought and paper  
Seek no man to give,  
Content with the God's gift in us  
And the thought that shall live  
And we hold these things are princely  
Beyond eclipse,  
And above fraud, trade, and cunning,  
Spilt blood and ships.

But he is in the finest tradition to which an English poet can belong, at once classical and national. His work is slight so far (Herrick's was always), and it is possible that he will one day sound deeper depths. His present note, however, is good enough for us; at once fairy and humane, gay, but not altogether preoccupied with gaiety, full of a sense of gentle and delicate and beautiful things, best summed up in his own haunting couplet:

Not to the man-at-arms or mariner,  
I drink the merry long-haired lute-player.

**UNSEEN FRIENDS.** By Mrs William O'Brien 6s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

These are friends in the past who have meant more to Mrs. O'Brien than any she has met in everyday life, though in the social sphere she is evidently a gentle and sympathetic spirit. They include Mrs. Oliphant, Charlotte Brontë, Jean Ingelow, Eugénie de Guérin, Christina Rossetti, and certain foundresses and members of religious orders. They have become part of her own life, and she writes of them with the kindly and interested detail she might employ in writing of intimate friends to other intimate and mutual friends. She loves byways as well as highways. That the reader is likely to know much or ought of the immediate theme she does not apparently consider; she tells all she knows, as if it were an entirely new story. How frankly and feelingly she has identified herself with Irish country ways, and her husband's people, is notable.

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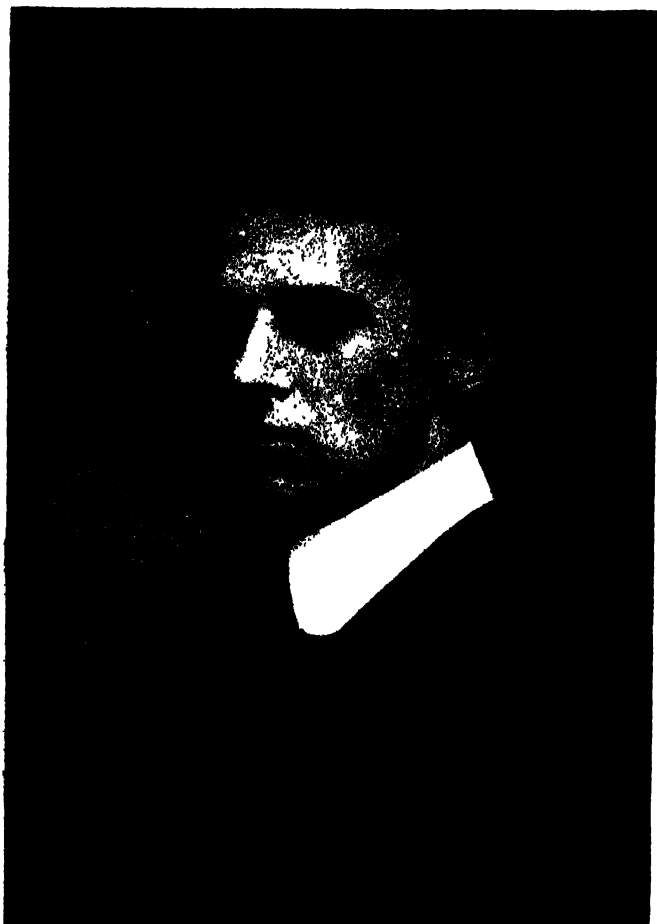


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Mr. A. W. Holland.

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Emile Zola.

From "Edouard Manet" (Helneimann).

is a model in the art of concise writing. In the shortest possible space it contrives to give a sparkling outline portrait of Edouard Manet himself, an excellent *résumé* of the character of his art, and a good deal of what contemporary critics thought about it. In regard to the latter, one is apt in the fuller biographies to miss the real reason of the public's quarrel with Manet. M. Hourticq sums up this as his "bold inconstancy"; that is to say, he was always changing, always progressing from one audacity to a fresh one, without giving his public time to digest the last. It was this characteristic rather than any innate and fixed quality in his work that aroused resentment. As a matter of fact, M. Hourticq doubts, and we share the doubt, whether Manet knew "exactly the new kind of painting that he was trying to substitute for the old." The only certain thing is that he strove to paint objects in open daylight instead of in the manipulated light of the studio - to model indeed, but to model without light shadows. He "unhesitatingly sacrificed all the finesse of modelling in order to be able to see and to render absolute contrasts." The result was a certain garishness that startled and dismayed a public already sufficiently disturbed by conflicting art-currents. Manet's persistence in experiment against the opposition even of quondam friends makes one of the most remarkable stories in the history of painting. Had he been less of a fighter, he must surely have compromised with his enemies; as it was, he fought them to the day of his death. Reverses and derision meant, not starvation—he was provided against that—but unrelieved embitterment of spirit. Indeed, had it been money that he wanted, he might at any rate have had the consolation of knowing, as several of our modern painters have come to know, that there is money in being misunderstood by a sufficient number of people for a sufficiently long time. His relationship to the Impressionists, which is a good deal more distant than hasty critics would have it, is lightly touched upon by M. Hourticq whose general estimate of the painter is refreshingly impartial. The illustrations are well chosen and there is a short but useful bibliography.

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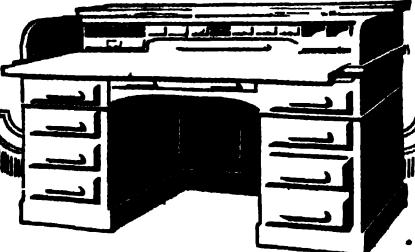
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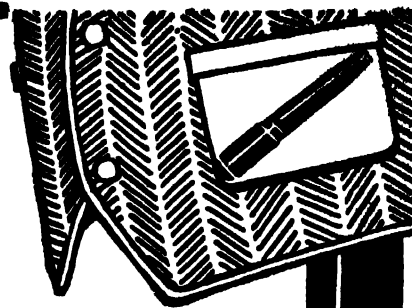
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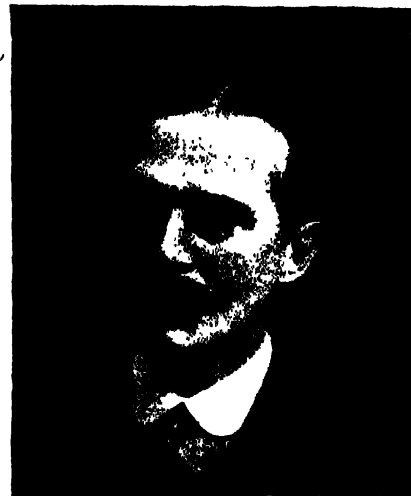
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*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.*

*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.*

## News Notes:

The April BOOKMAN will be a Spring Double Number, containing our usual Spring Supplement and a special article on G. F. Watts, by M. H. Spielmann, illustrated with portraits and with numerous reproductions of Watts's famous paintings. Among other important articles in this Number will be "Dante and the Mystics," by Dr. William Barry; "Swift's Correspondence," by Y. Y.; "Philippe-Egalite's Egena," by A. W. Evans; "The Influence of Baudelaire," by Holbrook Jackson; "The White, White North," by J. E. Patterson; "Of Dancers and Dancing," by George Sampson; "Patrick MacGill Poems," by J. H. Ingram; "Elton's English Literature," by Thomas Seccombe, etc.

### £1,000 PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION FOR COLONIAL AND INDIAN AUTHORS.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton announce another Thousand Pounds Prize Novel Competition. This time the Competition is reserved exclusively to

Colonial and Indian or Anglo-Indian authors, the sum being divided as follows:

£250 will be awarded for the best novel sent in by a native or resident of the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland; £250 for the best novel by a native or resident in the Commonwealth of Australia and New Zealand; £250 for the best novel by a native or resident of the Empire of India; and £250 for the best novel by a native or resident of British Africa and any other Colony or Dependency. The adjudicators will be: for Canada, Sir Gilbert Parker; for Australasia, Mr. Charles Garvice; for India, Mr. A. E. W. Mason; and for Africa, etc., Sir H. Rider Haggard. The rules of the Competition may be obtained post free on application to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, the latest date for delivery of MSS. being 31st March, 1914.

Two important volumes to be published almost immediately in Messrs. Dent's admirable "Channels of English Literature," series are "The English Novel," by Professor Saintsbury, and "English Lyric Poetry," by Mr. Ernest Rhys.

Mrs. Campbell Praed is one of the most popular of Australian authors. She is the eldest daughter of Thomas Lodge Murray Prior, who was for many



**Mrs. Campbell Praed.**

years Postmaster-General of Queensland. In 1872 she married Mackworth Praed's nephew, Mr. Campbell Mackworth Praed, and, coming to England, commenced her literary career here in 1880, with "An Australian Heroine," the first of many books dealing wholly or in part with Australian life. She has

now a long list of successful novels to her name, in addition to "The Right Honourable," and other works that she wrote in collaboration with the late Mr. Justin McCarthy. In 1902 she published an autobiography of her earlier days, under the title of "My Australian Girlhood." Some of Mrs. Praed's later books, such as "The Body of his Desire," deal with the occult, and in her new novel, "The Mystery Woman" (Cassell), she turns again to the wonders of the spirit world. She has long made her home at Kensington, but frequently spends the winter at Cannes, and we reproduce a snap-shot taken of her recently in the Californian woods there.



*Photo by Hana Stud. os.*

**Miss Anne Warner.**

We hear with much regret of the death of Miss Anne Warner, whose delightfully humorous books have an enormous public in America, and have, since Messrs. Gay & Hancock published "Susan Clegg and her Neighbours' Affairs," in 1906, made a very wide and increasing appeal to English readers. Perhaps the most popular of Miss Warner's novels with us has been "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary"; but she was never more spontaneously and shrewdly humorous than in her two brilliant travel books: "Seeing France with Uncle John," and "Seeing England with Uncle John."



*Photo by J. Russell & Sons.*

**Mr. J. Ashby Sterry.**

"The Foundling," which we review on another page, is Mr. Paul Trent's third novel. After the

brilliant success of his second, "The Vow," Mr. Trent determined that its successor should not be hurriedly written, and his new book justifies the time and labour he has spent upon it. He confesses to an ambition to become an author ever since he won the prize for Latin and Greek verse at Cheltenham College, but circumstances compelled him to adopt the legal profession. Later, he passed several years in wandering about the world, and finally accepted an appointment on the West Coast of Africa. Whilst there his interest was aroused in the Congo question, and in due course, he made it



Photo by J. Russell &amp; Sons.

**Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick.**

A new and revised edition of whose admirable biography, "Mrs. Gaskell: Homes, Haunts and Stories," is to be published this month by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

the theme of his second novel, which has now run through many editions in England and America.

The *Strand Magazine* has secured the sole rights in this country of Captain Scott's personal description and photographs of his Expedition, and Commander Evans has recently cabled to them to the effect that Captain Scott left his diaries in complete form and that his photographic films have turned out excellent. Commander Evans will arrive in England with them at the end of April, and the full story of the discovery of the South Pole and the tragic ending of the journey will thereafter appear serially in the pages of the *Strand*.



**Mrs. Ethel Talbot Scheffauer.**  
Author of "London Windows."

Mr. Heinemann is publishing shortly a translation by Mr. Herman Scheffauer of Rosa Mayreder's remarkable book, "The Woman Problem." Mr. Scheffauer has also completed a translation of

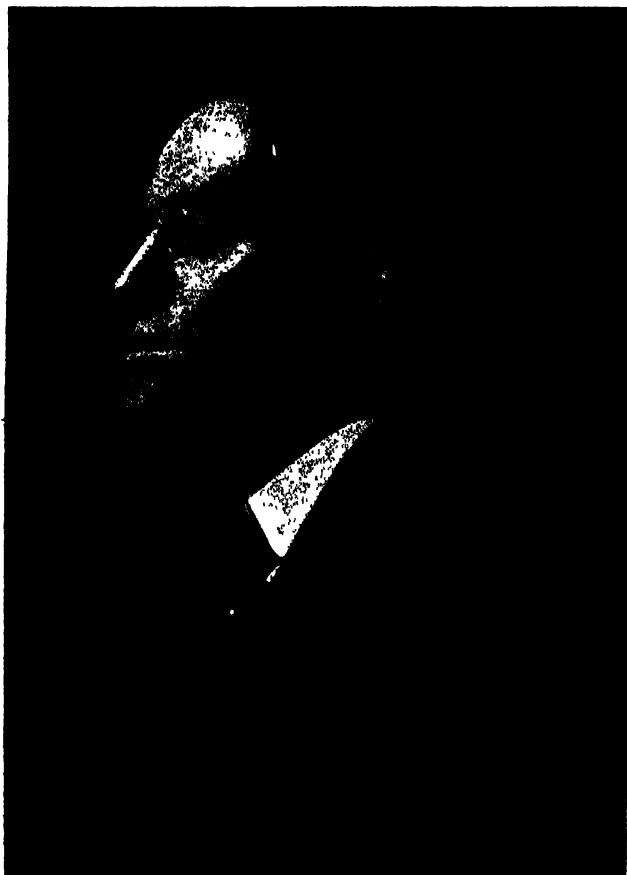


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

**Mr. Hugh Walpole.**

Author of "Fortitude" (Martin Secker).



Miss Helen Wallace.

Heine's "Atta Troll," which is to be published in the autumn with colour illustrations by Mr. Willy Pogany. We are to have, too, this year a book of "Visions and Vanities," by Mrs. Scheffauer, a poet of fine achievement, who, as Ethel Talbot, is a well-known contributor to the magazines and best known as the author of "London Windows."

"Morning Glory," a new novel by Miss Helen Wallace, will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell. Miss Wallace is the daughter of the Rev. Alexander Wallace, D.D., who was a leading Glasgow clergyman and widely known throughout Scotland. Her first book, "To Pleasure Madame," was an historical romance, the outcome of a summer holiday in Guernsey. Miss Wallace is the author of ten other successful novels, all of which have been issued by the House of Cassell.

Shortly before he died, Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice had begun to prepare for publication a number of papers dealing with problems which had occupied his life. A selection of these is to be published by Mr. Edward Arnold, with a record of Sir Frederick's early life, the influence upon him of his father, Frederick Denison Maurice, his part in the small wars of the Victorian era, his work as a military historian and educationalist, and

his efforts in the cause of national physical improvement. The book is edited by his son, Lt.-Col. F. Maurice, and is entitled "Sir Frederick Maurice: A Record of his Work and Opinions."

"Mr. Scott Craven has written a new play, "Little Tin Gods," which is in the hands of Mr. Malcom Watson, and will probably be produced this autumn, with Miss Evelyn D'Alroy in the principal part.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing in March, a continuation of Clare Jerrold's "Early Court of Queen Victoria," in the form of a description of "The Married Life of Queen Victoria," in which the characters both of the Queen and of Prince Albert are presented in the light of contemporary information rather than according to the conventional yet ideal descriptions usually accepted.

As we go to press news reaches us from America of the death of Joaquin Miller, and from Australia of the death of Louis Becke. Born in 1842, in



Mr. W. W. Crotch,

whose "Charles Dickens: Social Reformer" (Chapman & Hall) is reviewed on page 302.





**Mrs. Parry Truscott,**  
whose "Hilary's Career" (Werner Laurie), is reviewed on page 112.

Indiana, Joaquin Miller grew up to a life of wandering and adventure. He fought in several Indian wars; was for a time a clerk in a lawyer's office; express messenger in Idaho gold-mining districts; then in 1897 he was caught up in the great gold rush and went to the Klondyke. He has since been settled in California establishing the ideal social community that he foreshadowed in "The Building of the City Beautiful" (1887). Since the appearance of his second book of poems in 1874, "Songs of the

Sierras," he has been universally known as the Poet of the Sierras, and, at the end of the day, it is as a poet he will be remembered. Louis Becke led an even more adventurous and picturesque career; he roughed it among the traders of the Pacific islands for many years before, at the age of forty-five or so, he sat down to put his personal experiences into the brilliant series of South Sea stories which began so auspiciously with "By Reef and Palm," that was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in 1894. It created no little sensation in its day, and good as some of his later volumes were—notably "Pacific Tales," and "His Native Wife"—it remains the best of his books.

There is an interesting article in the February issue of the *Millgate Monthly*, on "Carlyle's Bookplate and its Designer," by

Mr. Davidson Cook. The designer, Mr. Henry Thomas Wake, is still living, and now over eighty-two years of age. Mr. Cook came upon him in the village of Fritchley, in Derbyshire, where he keeps a second-hand book-shop—"a fine old Quaker,



**Miss Rachel Swete Macnamara,**

"The Friar of the Desert" has just been published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins

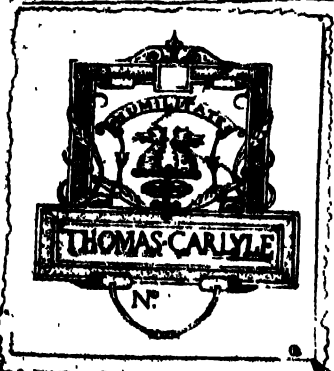
lovable at sight, interesting withal, and himself the best book in his collection—a living book about books." The essay tells the story of how it happened that Mr. Wake designed the bookplate for Carlyle, and reproduces in facsimile two letters from the Sage on this subject and one from Mrs. Carlyle, with a facsimile of the first rough sketch of the plate, and a print of the finished article. The Carlyle letters are very characteristic, and Mr. Cook is to be congratulated both on his discovery and the delightful account he gives of it.

We are greatly indebted to Messrs. Macmillan and to Mr. Heinemann for much assistance with the illustrations to our article on Henry James; and particularly to Miss Anna Lee Merritt for permission to reproduce the admirable portrait she painted of Mr. James in 1886.

# CARLYLE'S BOOKPLATE

THE ORIGINAL SKETCH BY  
H. T. WAKE, AND DESCRIBED BY CARLYLE  
IN HIS LETTER OF 24<sup>th</sup> NOV. 1853 AS

"THE FATHER OF THEM ALL"



AUTOGRAPH NOTE BY HENRY THOMAS WAKE

The above design is the one  
alluded to in Mr. Carlyle's  
Letter. D.D. 24/11/53.  
Also the topic of Carlyle's  
Letter dated 3<sup>rd</sup> Nov. 1853.

Sketch for Carlyle's Bookplate.

Reproduced by permission from *The Millgate Monthly*.

## THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

### MRS. STEPNEY RAWSON.

IT is now twelve years since Mrs. Stepney Rawson leaped into sudden fame, during the memorable years of the opening of the Boer War as the author of "A Lady of the Regency," a book which ran into six editions. Since that time she has published successively fourteen volumes, and this in spite of heavy journalistic work till within the last few years. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that any one of these books would have sufficed to make a reputation. Few have brought to the task of analysing the pageant of life more thorough preparation than this novelist to whom so many sides of life appeal, and whose work Mr. Arnold Bennett, at the beginning of her career, characterised, in a review, as "sensitive, intense, courageous." A highly trained musician, with a rare gift for song, and an intimate knowledge of the musical world (revealed in rich measure in her recent novel "Splendid Zipporah"), Mrs. Rawson possesses a fine sense of history—to wit, her two vivid Elizabethan memoirs "Bess of Hardwick," and "Penelope Rich," and her Rye romances "The Apprentice," and "Tales of Rye Town,"—and an imaginative insight into nature which has been disciplined by art training and constantly reinforced, especially recently, by country life. Withal she has been drawn to the study of souls with the zeal of an ardent psychologist. It is these manifold sides of her character which have enabled her to break new ground in every fresh book, so that each of the fourteen stands as a separate facet reflecting colours from the lives of men and women in different climes and different ages. And each volume dips deep into the author's experience of life. It is no secret that her own early struggles in the realm of journalism are portrayed in her "Labourer's Comedy," which exhibits the married woman forced by circumstances into the position of a bread-winner, playing a man's part in a world as yet unaccustomed to take her claims to work and pay very seriously. A lighter romance "The Easy-go-Luckies," is a gentle satire on the gay, somewhat irresponsible life

of those beautiful upper reaches of the Thames, which London society has long taken for its playground. Here was Mrs. Rawson's early home with her parents and a cluster of brothers and sisters, and here, after many years of hard work in London, she and her husband have settled. In that old English cottage bowered in roses, with broad vistas of the Berkshire downs stretching out beyond her "workshop," she now builds her radiant, clear-sighted romance. Those very Berkshire downs, with the broad humanity they enclose, form alike the subject of her previous novel "Happiness," and of her latest "The Three Anarchists."

Both indicate that the author is loth to depict a disloyal woman, or one so mean that some saving ray of pity does not at times illuminate her soul. For whether expressed through the medium of fiction or of history, Mrs. Rawson's message to her generation is inspired with belief in a form of nobility working its way out through all the coarser wrappings of human nature. It is the manifest intention of her books to strengthen and clarify the sense of the invisible and ideal by contact with reverses of every day life. Nothing is sacrificed to illusion. The ignoble and humiliating are set down as they occur, but the soul leaps forward to the sure home of its dreams.

In this well-known figure in English social life to-day, we have no recluse preaching detachment from a world

despised; but an artist, joying in the beautiful in all its myriad manifestations, opening up new doors into a realm of delight through which the less fortunate may enter and find pasture.

Mrs. Stepney Rawson is the third daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Fife, R.E. Her husband is a son of the late Sir Rawson W. Rawson, C.B., K.C.M.G. (formerly Governor of the Bahamas, Windward Islands, etc.), is an Oxford football "blue," a distinguished man of science, and a skilled conductor of orchestra. She is at present at work upon a romance which will form a pendant to her "Enchanted Garden."



Mrs. Stepney Rawson.

## MRS. HENRY DUDENEY.

A FEW years ago it was no uncommon thing to find the critics, condemning the pessimistic outlook of George Gissing and urging him to write more cheerfully. There is no use in that sort of criticism. An author of any native capacity does not write what he ought to, but what he can. Once or twice Gissing took the well-intentioned advice, and his less sombre stories are the poorest of his novels. If life is not always sad, neither is it always blissful, and there is no reason why fiction should look only on the sunny side of it. Art rightly takes the whole of life for its province, and whether he pictures the gracious or the grimmer aspects of it depends upon the experiences and the temperament of the artist. It has been said that the business of the novelist is to give pleasure, and that is true, but he may do so in more than one way. He may please you with the sheer charm of his story, the tenderness of his sentiment, the quaintness of his humour; but he may touch you to a yet finer enjoyment, despite the gloom of his narrative, by his stern truth to the life and character he is depicting and the subtle art with which he depicts them.

It is this latter pleasure, in the main, that one gains from the work of Mrs. Henry Dudenev. She is not so sombre as Gissing, and she leavens the gloom with more of humour, but her humour is largely satirical, and her satire is tinged with bitterness. Nevertheless, though her men and women are generally more or less unpleasant people and her tales unfold with the seamy side outward, she delights the judicious reader and holds his interest by the power of their realistic truthfulness and the knowledge and delicate skill with which her work is done.

And it is a little hard to explain why the darker phases of human character and experience should attract her so. "I hardly know why it is, but most of my novels have tragic endings," she admits, "perhaps it is because

I am so happy myself. Perhaps it is because I try to paint life as I have seen it, and the ending of so many real stories seems to be naturally tragic. Ordinarily I take for the starting point of a novel some idea or some situation that has impressed me. For instance, I was led to write what I consider my best book, 'The Maternity of Harriott Wicken,' by the sight of an idiot child, a little girl, in the train. I have for long past kept a notebook and it is filled with sketches of people I have met with and observed, and if some of my characters are not ideal persons, I can only say that I draw them as faithfully as I can from life."



Mrs. Henry Dudenev.

Her best stories are of English country towns and villages. She has herself lived mostly in the country, either in Surrey, at Littlewick Meadow, Horsell, where "Folly Corner," "The Orchard Thief," "The Story of Susan," "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken," and some of her other books were written; or in Sussex, which is her favourite county, and almost the county of her birth, since she went to live there as a child. Sussex is the scene of the majority of her novels. In her latest, "The Runaway Ring," she describes the village of Angmering, in the middle of which is the place she has made her home—Pigeon House Farm, a seventeenth century flint-stone farmhouse standing between the South Downs and the sea. Local legend has it that the name of this house has nothing in common with pigeons, but is a corruption of the name of a Portuguese wool merchant, Pyjoun, who is known to have lived in Angmering in the thirteenth century. The massive stairway in the existing Pigeon House is supposed to have been taken from his house, which probably stood upon the site before the present one was built.

As a beginner, Mrs. Dudenev was first encouraged to write fiction by the late Sir Wemyss Reid, editor of the



Rooms in Pigeon House Farm, Mrs. Dudenev's Home at Angmering, Sussex.

*Speaker*, and her early stories appeared in Messrs. Cassell's publications, Sir Wemyss Reid being also, at that time, Cassell's general manager. Her first book, "A Man with a Maid," after being rejected by divers publishers, was accepted by Mr. Heinemann for his Pioneer Series. Each time the book was returned to her, Mrs. Dudeney revised it, pulled it to pieces, and re-wrote it; so that before it was published it had been four times re-written. With a few exceptions, notably "Gossips' Green," and "The Shoulder Knot," which Messrs. Cassell issued, all Mrs. Dudeney's books have been published by the publisher of her first—Mr. Heinemann; which is something of a record. Most authors nowadays have nearly as many publishers as books to their names.

Since the appearance of "Folly Corner," in 1899, Mrs. Dudeney has been a frequent contributor of short stories to *Harper's Magazine*, and one is not surprised that she should say the short story appeals to her, as a form of expression, even more than the full-length novel, for the art of her books never lies in the invention of long intricate plots, but in the quick succession and naturalness of the incidents that make up the thread of her narrative and the cunning with which she uses them to bring out the weakness or strength, the vices, virtues, idiosyncrasies of her characters.

A conscientious, systematic worker, Mrs. Dudeney sits at her study table every morning from ten till one, never writing, but tapping her work straightway out on the typewriter, revising it afterwards, adding in marginal notes and interpolating improvements. Wherefore, as a rule, her typescript is not a thing of beauty. When a sheet is too much of a tangle of corrections and additions, to be easily legible she types it over again; but this seldom happens, for she invariably makes ample notes before she begins the book, and knows what she is going to say before she sits down to say it. Her plan is to have the end of her story clearly in view from the outset, to settle beforehand whether the principal characters are to die or be made happy, and in what way; and the movement of the tale is mapped out in her mind up to a certain distance; by the time that distance is covered, "I invariably find," she says, "that my characters have a trick of taking affairs into their own hands, and I have only to follow them and let them find their way for themselves to the end I had designed." We are less concerned with the method, however, than with its results, and its results have placed Mrs. Dudeney among the first of our living women novelists, and nothing but the drab, relentless realism of her themes and style prevent her from being also one of the most popular.

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# THE READER.

HENRY JAMES.

BY DIXON SCOTT.

FIRST of all, I must take down that title. It makes a banner altogether too bold. A book might maintain it—a fat, four-square book; but a bit of an article built in a corner out of a wretched dole of three-thousand-odd words must never attempt to uphold it, must never pretend it can say anything adequate about the work of the man who is certainly the greatest of all living artists (yes, painters and poets swept in)—at once the most profuse and precise, the most affluent and exquisite—the completed mass\* of whose creative work hangs before us now like the cloud of a cathedral—actually equipped, too, in the shape of the new prolonged passages of exterior comment and self-criticism, with its cathedral-like approaches, ambulatories, cloisters, where the arriving reader may positively pace to and fro with the writer—the late visitor with the old master-mason—raising his eyes reverently to the finished achievement of which the latter lingeringly, wonderfully, talks. Why, to make a mere ground-plan of these outer courts alone a hem as elaborate as lace—would take far more than one's three-thousand dull dots. All they can offer, poor things, is to patter down some single aisle—praying, as they meekly trot, that it may lead towards the centre, perhaps even (as the critics in "The Figure in the Carpet" hoped) to the very axis of the whole. For *"there's a particular thing in my work that I've written my books most for. It's the thing that nobody has ever perceived or mentioned, and yet it's the very heart of the whole."* So declared (in that fable of "The Figure") the much misunderstood master, Vereker the novelist, "awfully clever, awfully deep," whose own twenty books smiled enigmatically down on the agitated brows of their adorers.

"It hangs there as concrete as a bird in a cage, as a bait on a hook, as a piece of cheese in a mouse-trap. It's

\* The reference here is to the "First Collected Edition of the Novels and Tales of Henry James"—Vols. I.-XXIV., 8s. 6d. net each (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)—and to the new, long, ruminative Prefaces with which these volumes are enriched.

the idea without which I wouldn't have given a straw for the whole job. It's the finest, fullest intention of the lot, and the application of it has been a triumph of patience, of ingenuity. I ought to leave that to somebody else to say; but that nobody else does say it is precisely what we're talking about. It stretches from book to book, and everything else plays comparatively over the surface of it. The order, the form, the texture of my books will perhaps some day constitute for the initiated a complete representation of it."

And "so," he adds, "it's naturally the thing for the critic to look for. It strikes me even as the thing for the critic to find." The hapless critic addressed (baffled being), though he peers and probes patiently enough, never *does* find it: that is the tragedy and the tale. But we, coming later, may be luckier. For there is now no manner of doubt whose those volumes really were. In the cloister Mr. James has confessed it. "It ever I was aware of ground and matter for a significant fable," he says drily (in his Preface to Vol. XV.), "I was aware of it"

here." The words send a thrill through the approaching three-thousand. They have only to discover "the bird in the cage, the bait on the hook"—and their little job is done. Sesame is only three syllables. They might surely manage to write that between them. The hobbling old verger who couldn't conceivably sketch you the smallest scrap of his Cathedral can still manage to carry its key.

And verily—loitering for a last time between aisle and ambulatory, straying anew through these charged, beloved books—something (it seemed to me) did suddenly sing out, and go ringing and winging from entrance to altar, up to clerestory from choir, leaving in its wake a string of lasting echoes, like a bird kindling tiny points of flame. It sounds absurd—but that was the sensation. There in an instant the essential design flashed up simplified—a lucid pattern piercing all the traceries—as plain as the plan of a house. And it kindled the place doubly: it gave it the queereast air of



*Henry James*

From "Roderick Hudson," The Novels and Tales of Henry James Vol. I (Macmillan).



home. For this common chord and impulse, running through everything, was nothing less than a happy humility:—it was of Mr. James's simplicity—of his innocence, eagerness, honesty—of his monkish love (above all) for things lowly and neglected, that the bright responses spoke as they sprang. It might not be his "finest, fullest intention"—but it was full enough, and immensely it was fine;—and it *did* "govern every line" as Vereker vowed it would—it *had* "chosen every comma, every word." The staggering thing was one's failure to perceive it long before—that, and one's perception that still, outside the walls, all such talk of *reverence, innocence, eagerness* would seem the mere self-conscious capers of cheap cleverness. "Henry James simple?"—it sounds such two-a-penny paradox. "Henry James humble?"—worse and worse. Recondite—fastidious—super-subtle—exquisite—"awfully clever and awfully deep"—these are so clearly the qualities reflected in all the mirrors that hold his reputation: qualities pointed to complacently by the superior, gruffly resented by the gross. How came this distortion? Was it humanly possible? What could make so many mirrors twist the truth?

Well, I seemed to see that too; and it was the queerest sight of all. Just a little bit, of course, it was the result of our way of lazily relying on reflectors instead of staring straight and hard at the roof—exactly like the fatigued souls you see in the Sistine thankfully accepting little looking-glasses from the guides, into which you can certainly look as you loiter, but which make Michelangelo's right left and his left right. But there was something far profounder than this. The mad tergiversation was mainly the tragic result—tragic because quite inevitable—of a wild piece of interior treachery—a trick played on Mr. James by his medium. It was caused by a process which perverted its own avowed aims—a process which made simplicity seek the side of her arch-enemy, and "The Dove" appear a very

serpent, and a fresh-hearted adoration for the common home-spun of life seem a philandering with gold-leaf and luxury. It was a supreme example of technical mutiny: it is the most thrilling case of the kind in recent letters. And—I want my three-thousand to trace its twists. Set out in full, scene by scene, it would make a wonderful tale: a perfect sequel, in art, to that "Figure in the Carpet" of which it is, in life, the precursor. But a rough scenario may have virtue. It is not, after all, for its own effectiveness that one tells the tale—it is for the effect it has on tales already told. It burnishes "The Golden Bowl," lends new wonder to "The Wings of the Dove." Lacking this clue you may indeed drink deep enjoyment—delighting in the colour and the spaciousness and the bursts of music, the remote clear groups and shining celebrants—but it is a pleasure as incomplete as our poor Protestant delight in the great churches of the continent. You miss the scheme and the scale—the *rationale* of the ritual—you miss above all the eager care for humanity, the desire to render intimate aid. To see these things you must realise that it was a sweet affection for the earth that set the whole edifice soaring and that all this pomp and splendour is at heart a protest against pride.

So that it is with no idea of being just frightfully original and all that—it is simply out of a decent desire to be useful—that one now hauls down that heading—gives it an added humility—and runs it up again as

#### "THE HUMILITY OF HENRY JAMES."

Now the cleanest way of catching up this Ariadne-clue is to turn at once to the very earliest of his tales—the earliest, at all events, of those that find a place in the finished scheme of his Works. It is forty years, all but, since "A Passionate Pilgrim," first appeared—it is more than forty since it was written—and yet so clearly had Mr. James already perceived his true task, so firmly has he held to his course, that the story still stands as the



Mr. Henry James's House at Rye.

perfect porch to his work—an epitome as well as a prelude. Its title is the best brief definition of Mr. James the artist. "A Passionate Pilgrim" is just the name one would choose for that other fine story, of which these twenty-four books are single chapters, and in which Mr. James plays the part of chief character.

The tale itself will be widely remembered: with its bright objective charm, and its purple velvet "curtain," it has always been one of the pieces that even rugged anti-Jacobites have been able to allow themselves, without loss of caste, to enjoy. Poor Clement Searle, a toil-weary American, comes, fine and faded, at the close of his life, to the England he has dreamed of all his days; and surveys it with the famished delight of an heir coming home after exile. He has nothing but his "nice tastes, fine sympathies and sentiments"; apart from that he "doesn't pay five cents in the dollar"; but he offers his sharpened senses, made the more sensitive by fasting, to all the great traditional features of the consolatory Anglo-Saxon scene. He prowls about London—visits Hampton Court—wanders deep into the shires—seeks lastly the supreme sacredness of Oxford: the "action" of the tale—its love-affair and phantom—is scarcely more than a piece of delicate clock-work to keep his impressions softly circling, a cycle of familiar English hours; and the episodes that ring, with gradually deepening note, are but the due chimes, silvery or golden, to point and punctuate their passing.

*"The country-side, in the full warm rains of the last of April, had burst into sudden perfect spring. The dark walls of the hedgerows had turned into blooming screens, the sodden verdure of lawn and meadow been washed over with a lighter brush. We went forth without loss of time for a long walk on the great grassy hills, smooth arrested central billows of some primitive upheaval, from the summit of which you find half England unrolled at your feet. A dozen broad counties, within the scope of your vision, commingle their green exhalations. Closely beneath us lay the dark rich hedgy flats and the copse-chequered slopes, white with the blossom of apples. At widely opposite points of the expanse two great towers of cathedrals rose sharply out of a reddish blur of habitation, taking the mild English light."*

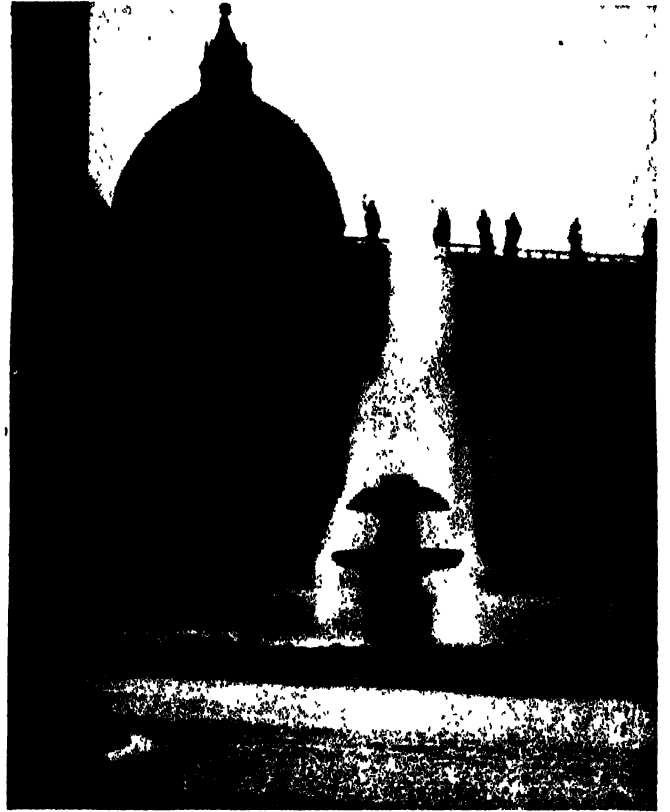
Again:

*"Passing through the small oblique streets in which the long, grey battered public face of the colleges seems to watch jealously for sounds that may break upon the stillness of study, you feel it the most dignified and most educated of cities. . . . Directly after our arrival my friend and I wandered forth in the luminous early dusk. We reached the bridge that underspans the walls of Magdalen and saw the eight-spired tower, delicately fluted and embossed, rise in temperate beauty—the perfect prose of Gothic—wooing the eyes to the sky that was slowly drained of day."*

Once more:

*"The sky never was empty and never idle; the clouds were continually at play for our benefit. Over against us, from our station on the hills, we saw them piled and dissolved, condensed and shifted, blotting the blue with sullen rain-spots, stretching, breeze-fretted, into dappled fields of grey, bursting into an explosion of light or melting into a drizzle of silver."*

And the task performed by the tale is indeed that of a dial—a memento—not *mori*—but of life; a delicate



By St. Peter's (Rome).

From "Daisy Miller, and other Tales." The Novels and Tales of Henry James, Vol. 19 (Macmillan).

admonitor reminding us of our myriad overlooked opportunities. Watching Searle tinger with such passionate envy all the old objects—from the very carpets on the floors of our inns ("into which the waiter in his lonely revolutions had trodden so many massive soot-flakes and drops of overflowing beer that the glowing looms of Smyrna would have failed to know them") to our silver



The Luxembourg Gardens.

From "The Ambassadors." The Novels and Tales of Henry James, Vol. 22 (Macmillan).

ceilings of "breeze-fretted" sky, we waken to a sudden consciousness of the wonderful wealth of our home. We realize our amazing good luck. The book is an exquisite inventory—a catalogue, especially, of the things we have seen so often that we had forgotten they were there. Poor Searle never came into his kingdom—but he made us his heirs none the less. Worn out by the very passion that made him so perceptive, he dies, a little crazed, unadmitted. But he had done his job very beautifully. He endured the toil of the pilgrimage. We get the grail.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not an "i" need be dotted nor an angle adjusted to make that the perfect symbol of what followed. It announces Mr. James's task—it exactly illustrates the special method he invented—it even physically foreshadows the uncanny danger that was to haunt and chill it like a ghost. The range shifts, the focus alters: the landscapes become landscapes with figures—the figures turn into portraits: in "The Portrait of a Lady" Europe has become a kind of tapestry, hanging behind the figure of Isabel like the map in that portrait of Vermeer's. But the effect of this adjustment was but to bring the eye the closer to the little universals, the things of daily life: the lineaments of desire and distress, the homely gestures of joy—an even triter stuff than fields and clouds. And for the purpose of noting these qualities, reminding us of their romance, there were always called in characters who were kinsfolk of Searle—as full of "fine tastes" and eager senses—people of "The Finer Grain"—"The Better Sort." And, finally, for the privilege of rendering this service to the reader, they all had to pay a price as dreadful as that exacted from poor Searle: they have all paid for it with health or with life or with the joys of success, with one or other of life's normal satisfactions. Doomed to sterility, invariably frustrate, they may seem to us like a new Order of abnegants, undergoing strange penances, suffering for the sake of the world.

Recall them to your memory. Let them troop past in turn. Roderick Hudson—Daisy Miller, the youngest and the blithest, yet both paying for their ardour with their lives, killed exactly by the fine force of their vitality. Isabel Archer—Isabel Osmond, supreme in the pale sisterhood, her tragedy in the altered name: giving joy and taking sorrow, turned to marble resignation and mute grief by the refracted beams of her own first radiance. Ralph Touchett—Madame Merle, Madame de Cintré, doubly a renunciant, and Newman, refusing even his revenge. Little Hyacinth Robinson, rarest of suicides, slain by the echo of his own ideal, by the fall of the arrow he had let fly at the stars: near to Narcissus in more than name. Stuart Straith and Mrs. Harvey, Marcher and May Bartram, Neil Paraday, Dencombe, Morris Gedge—all the foiled multiplied people of "The Better Sort,"—eager artists and authors, too fine for their places, used and then left, their wings bruised by the rough shoulders of the world. The crushed watcher in "The Cage"—the crushed teacher in "The Pupil"—the ebbing wraith of the pupil himself. The four figures in "The Golden Bowl"—suffering and frustrate in exact proportion to their fineness. And

then, last and loveliest, in "The Wings of the Dove,"\* Milly Theale, with her deep malady, the perfect type of all these *condamnés*—panting for life, because she must die, draining as much of its essence as she may with lips as feverish as poor Searle's. "*Tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis*," they do indeed seize their chance of "expanding that interval, of getting as many pulsations as possible into the time." That is exactly why they are condemned. Those pulsations are our pleasure. They give their lives indeed: they give them to us. They die that we may live more completely.

Of the magnificence of the gift, of the beauty it has brought us, I mean to speak in a moment. But what must be pointed out first—it is the next length in our skein—is the absolute inevitability of this martyrdom, this strange sacrificial etiolation. And by that I do not merely mean that Mr. James is himself one of "the finer grain," and that his characters are the moons that reflect his own characteristic perceptions back upon us; or that his deepest instincts (always sternly Puritan) see the world as a place where the fine souls always suffer. It is something much more concrete and technical than that, and at the same time immensely more bizarre. For this fantastic fate was the result of three things—all of them aiming at the very contrary: (1) of Mr. James's respect for normality; (2) of his respect for his reader; (3) of his deep delight in the little joys of the world, in the free treasures that strew it without number. By one of the prettiest, wickedest tricks Art ever played on a priest of hers, the very prayers that implored simplicity and sanity became the agents that invoked strangeness and fear and the fitting of questionable shapes.

The way of it was this.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The novel is history. That is the only general description we may give to it." "The air of reality (solidity of specification) seems to me to be the supreme virtue of the novel—the merit on which all its other merits helplessly and submissively depend." "The only reason for the novel's existence is that it does attempt to represent life." "The supreme faculty of the novelist is a capacity for receiving straight impressions." He must strive to be "one of those people upon whom nothing is lost."

These are Mr. James's first principles, his Credo and credentials. He announced them thirty years ago. (They appear in an essay called "the Art of Fiction"—at once his profession of faith and of his faith in his profession—which he wrote as a protest against Besant's

\* Mr. James's own comment upon Milly Theale is well worth quoting here—if only for the sake of its curious resemblance to that famous "pulsation" passage of Pater's. "'The Wings of the Dove,'" he says in his Preface to that book, "represents to my memory a very old motive; I can scarce remember the time when the situation on which this long-drawn fiction mainly rests was not vividly present to me. The idea, reduced to its essence, is that of a young person conscious of a great capacity for life, but early stricken and doomed, condemned to die under short respite, while ~~so~~ enamoured of the world; aware, moreover, of the condemnation, and passionately desiring to 'put in' before extinction as many of the finer vibrations as possible." The reader's memory may also be invited to travel back, for the sake of noting an exactly equivalent case, to the first book of "The Portrait of a Lady," written thirty years before, where Ralph Touchett's sense for life, his capacity for serving us as cicerone, is made perfect by the same dire process. "He said to himself that his hour was in sight, and that it behoved him to keep his eyes upon it, but that it was also open to him to spend the interval as agreeably as might be consistent with such pre-occupation. With the prospect of losing them, the simple use of his faculties became an exquisite pleasure; it seemed to him that the delights of observation had never been suspected."

bourgeois views of it—and which drew, in its turn, "A Humble Remonstrance," from young Stevenson—an elegant request for gore.) They are his first principles, and his last. The new Prefaces repeat and expand them. Now watch where they logically lead. The novel is

him in. It is to cancel his confidence with your own. The author in person must never intrude. The characters must live their own lives, make their explanations unaided—their ability to do so indeed being the very proof of the validity of their conception. Their reality,



*Reproduced by kind permission of the artist  
Photo by Fredk. Hollyes.*

From a portrait painted by Miss Anna Lee Merritt about 1856.

**Henry James.**

history. It is not a mere game of make-believe. From any hint of fictitiousness, accordingly, any touch that might shake the reader's confidence, the story must scrupulously refrain. There must be no Thackerayan asides (for instance) nor any of those genial betrayals of which Trollope was so fond, in which the artist owns up that the whole thing is ventriloquism and the characters merely his dolls. To take the reader into your confidence in that way is to admit that you are taking

that is to say, depends altogether on their power to realise. If their self-consciousness is weak they will tend to grow shadowy. To give them solidity, you must screw up their awareness. And thus, so far as the Jacobean stage is concerned, *this faculty for being intensely aware of their environment is their very principle of life.*

Now apply to this position those companion resolutions: the resolve to respect and mirror the modesty

ceili of human nature ; the resolve to reveal the treasure of  
con: the humble and bring out the romance of the familiar.  
We Instantly, that state of keen consciousness has to be  
exc tightened up terrifically. Only uncommon eyes—the eyes  
we of a Touchett or a Searle—can see the common things  
the of life with any vividness : it takes the palate of an  
ma epicure to appreciate the flavour of dry bread. Set  
pas among smashes and crashes—tiger-hunts, earthquakes,  
cra. pirates and doubloons—Mr. James's characters might  
tifu. have managed to observe Rule I. (that rule of self-  
the awareness), and still remain pretty normal and sound :

even a stockbroker could take fairly clear impression  
from a tomahawk. But to feel with intensity more  
sual things than tomahawks requires a character pro-  
Not tionately unusual ;—and in that invincible see-saw—  
make tion down, temperament up—you get the central  
ann the cement that has eternally teased the spiritual balance  
spe of Mr. James's art. It forms the capital letter of his  
sh Tale. In order to accomplish his democratic task he had  
to breed a race of rare aristocrats. In order to make his  
reader see and understand the excellence of the normal  
human scene he had to usher him into a recondite world  
of studios and salons and hushed leisure, where the  
faculty of observation is cultured like an orchid and  
every influence that might coarsen it is quelled.

\* \* \* \* \*

And the reader as he tiptoed in might well feel dis-  
turbed. Very strange it is, even a little terrifying, to  
see the subtle ways in which this hush has reacted on  
the inhabitants. The people who move here display  
the blanched signs of seclusion ; almost they seem  
a like the subjects of some ominous experiment, caged  
“ in a crystal bell, sensitised by subtle arts, refined  
de. away to the naked nerve. Regard the men. To  
price ap their fingers quick and fine, they are prohibited from  
have all p they must do nothing that will interrupt their  
of suc al task of apprehension : they are all artists, writers,  
D. convalescents—consumptives (like Touchett)—dilettanti  
s (like Gabriel Nash)—quivering creatures who are either  
st observers by profession or else in a state of starved sus-  
ceptibility. Even  
when virility has to  
be admitted, for the  
sake of dramatic  
contrast, it is always  
in the shape of  
workers whose work  
is done : men like  
Newman, Caspar  
Goodwood, Mr. Ver-  
vey—all compelled  
to qualify for ad-  
mission to these  
salons, to justify  
their presence in  
these studios, by  
devoting the results  
of the work that  
made them strong  
to the feminine task  
of making them-  
selves fine. But  
mainly it is a world  
of women. Already

enfranchised, already fastidious, supremely self-aware—  
specialists already in the arts of observation and the  
subtler sorts of calculation—they offered Mr. James  
exactly the material he required, and their figures are the  
most active in his scene. Yet even they had to suffer, to  
be specialised still further, and the process left a poison  
in their blood. They are all strangely sterile. They  
bear no children. The very penalty that punishes too  
close breeding in real life has visited this imaginary race:  
Each of them, like Milly Theale, is “ the last exquisite  
flower of a dying stock.” They are “ finished ” in both  
senses of the word : final as well as fine.

And this effect of finality is not only physical. It is  
involved in the very tissues of their attitude towards life  
—is indeed the conditioning quality of their characters.  
For posterity is but a kind of postponement : the idea of  
a future makes procrastination proper ;—and the essence  
of Mr. James's contract with these people is that  
they shall extort the very utmost from the present—  
pack To-day to bursting with “ pulsations.” The  
hushed room in which they dwell is therefore the last of a  
suite : it has no doorway leading out into new lives.  
One of his books is called “ Terminations,”\* and the title  
would do for them all. Their last sentences are always  
sentences of death. As in the great, grim devastating  
dramas of the ancients, the descent of the curtain at the  
close seems scarcely needful : there is nothing left to  
conceal. All has been cancelled out and settled up :  
only the lights remain unextinguished. In the merciless  
justice of these audits, in this cold refusal to allow debts  
to stand over and Fate to be fobbed off with promissory  
notes, we may perhaps discern the pressure, once  
more, of Mr. James's essential Puritanism—a grim  
New England delight in (1) a defiant honesty of  
book-keeping, an insistent production of all the  
vouchers that prove the integrity of every act and  
scene, and in (2) moral warnings and arraignments,  
reminders of the implacable accountancy of life.  
But it is the exquisite avidity of his creatures

that gives these im-  
pulses their oppor-  
tunity. It is their  
very joy in life that  
makes their days all  
Days of Judgment.  
For their acute con-  
sciousness of the  
present cuts through  
to the past behind.  
Their “ historic  
sense ” is keen, and  
it registers messages  
as faint as sighs.  
The most familiar  
things exhale them,  
sometimes dread-  
fully : forgotten  
graves, long turned  
to gardens, keep  
giving up their  
dead. Louisa Pal-  
lant is the living



Portland Place.

presence of her mother's buried selfishness. It is her father's blood in her veins, even more than her recoil from his hands, that carries Kate Croy into the dubious labyrinth that leads, at last (in "The Wings of the Dove"), to the strangest crime yet committed in our literature. Parental relics are the talismans in "The Tragic Muse": the tale is the fight between Nick Dormer and their spells. In "The Portrait of a Lady," by a refinement rarely noticed, it is the clinging touch of Osmond's daughter, who is the living symbol of the wrong which the innocence of Isabel has to expiate, that prevents the latter from escaping from her doom. Everywhere the past thrills and populates the air. We see the stage with clairvoyant eyes. There is a constant resurrection of dead deeds.

And of more than deeds. . . . Uncannier than anything we have noted yet, I think, is the grisly phenomenon we come to now: the fact that actual apparitions, visible phantoms—not mere metaphors but horrid actual semblances of people dead and grieving—are constantly being invoked in secret in these high, bright, super-civilised Jacobean abodes, with their air of supreme polish and discretion.

"I heard the great clock in the little parlour below strike twelve, one, half-past one. Just as the vibration of this last stroke was dying on the air the door of communication with Searle's room was flung open and my companion stood on the threshold, pale as a corpse, shining like a phantom against the darkness behind him. 'Look well at me!' he intensely gasped 'touch me, embrace me, well revere me! You see a man who has seen a ghost!'"

That crazed cry of Searle's, heard in the very porch, echoes through them all. It is a phantom (foretold in the first chapter of the book) that summons Isabel Archer to Ralph's death-bed (in the last). The hero of "Sir Edmund Orme" is a spectre. "The Way It Came" is woefully, wonderfully haunted. An apparition baffles the actors in "The Real Thing." In "The Turn of the Screw," the hideous spectres of the dead Quint and his drab return to prey still further on the little children whom they had corrupted when alive. . . . It is an obsession that the surrounding urbanity has served somehow to conceal: but which that urbanity really makes the more amazing. It is a symptom as startling as that harsh cry of Searle's—and it means the breaking of an unbearable tension. The overstrung nerves of these people—stretched to catch the faintest pulsation and to proclaim its presence in music—have broken with

the scream of snapped harp-strings. It is a kind of hysteria induced by the hush. Shut in with their sensations, forced forever to watch the play of impalpable motives, they have lost the boundary between the imagined and the real; and ideas take living faces and grope dreadfully about their rooms. Almost it might seem that they, or their creator, had tampered with forbidden keys and opened the unpermitted door. . . .

But there is another and less darkling explanation. These grisly apparitors are essentially (I feel), the sign of sanity and rude health: messengers, not of death

but of life. They are the results of a kind of belliousness on the author's part—a protest against his own principles; a singular splendid wicked shout of heaven and unrestrained roar of pure relief. It is the case of fidgets, not of phantoms—restive muscles not weak nerves—and it joins with many another case of covert violence in these books to prove that the boy in Mr. James is still alive. For although it is never noticed or mentioned (having been most craftily screened), the air of invincible decorum presented by these books masks a tremendous amount of thorough-going melodrama. From Daisy Miller's adultery to the Verver's elaborate adultery—from little Hyacinth's suicide to "the low insurance job," in "The Dove"; in the lies of "The Liar" and the maniacal outburst of his wife; in the case of coldly



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

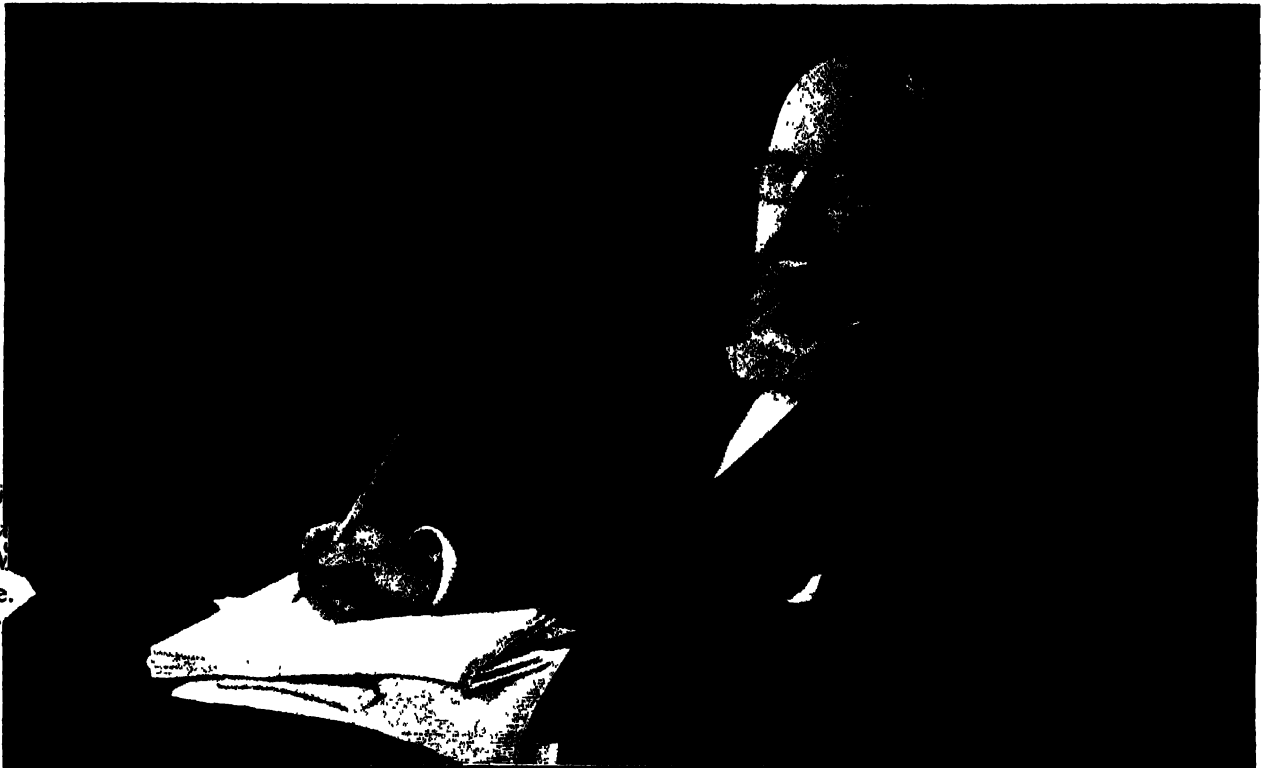
Mr. Henry James  
(1890).

furious infanticide in "The Author of Beltraffio":—wherever you turn, once your eyes are awake to it, the shaggy face of violence looks out. And I like it. I find it gentle, reassuring. It is a concession claimed by the simpler side of Mr. James: his one week-day in a year of solid Sundays. And doubly therefore does it stand as another symptom of the quality of democratic sympathy which is the heart of his whole work. Democratic enough in itself (goodness knows) it is also exactly the backlash and consequence of the tension he created in his equally democratic desire to register honourably the little things of daily life. Too perfect a humility makes Hamlets of us all. And it is the Hamlets of the world who see ghosts. . . .

Time! "Ghosts" is my three-thousand-and-oddth word. And there is so much yet left to say. We have seen indeed how his very eagerness and devotion led him into remote and dubious ways. But there

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Mr. Henry James in his Study.  
(About 1900.)

ought further to be shown (an oddly charming sight) the way the self-same qualities of eagerness and sympathy worked to save what they had half destroyed. That beautiful outer urbanity, which concealed their excesses so perfectly, was one of their achievements. They enabled his prose to absorb so many qualities, so many kinds of epithets and images, that it could make the most extravagant gestures as it moved and yet maintain price as air of bland composure. It is the most "universal" have all p most republican—prose in our literature—com-of sur of more elements than any other, deriving from Dr. sources more varied, maintaining its health and balance by an intricate system of counterpoise and cross fertilisation. If the style is the man, as people keep on saying, then Mr. James's humility could be triumphantly proved by simply analysing a series of his sentences. Incessantly on the one hand, they are dowering the smallest acts, facts, or features, with great spreading pinions of imagery.

As often, on the other, they are expressing the subtlest apprehensions in terms domestic, idiomatic, colloquial—using a sort of celestial slang. And the result of this intermarrying is prose of a superb strength and suppleness, a prose probably unsurpassed since Shakespeare's—and able, at its highest moments of passion, when it is aflame with a beauty greater than even that borne by most self-avowed poetry, to maintain the serene carriage of the estate to which it belongs, and deprecate any suggestion of a ceremony.

But to speak of that properly would require quotation, and already I am overdrawn. Persuade THE BOOKMAN to dole me out another thousand or so and I will take up the tale another month. And go on to show that the legendary difficulty of his later work is really the result of a greater ease, and that the quality that terrifies the reader there is the result of an increased hospitality, and now—but *basta!*

## DR. MACGREGOR.\*

By C. W. BOYD.

THEY go, the old familiar faces, the big people of a man's boyhood. In one compartment of life—and some of us have lived perforce our lives in compartments—two such faces passed out of sight, not out of memory, on the same November day two years ago: Professor Flint, one of the last in the golden line of Scottish theologians; and the Very Rev. James Macgregor, Royal Chaplain in three reigns, and mighty orator. Compared with names like these the present Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of

\* "Life and Letters of the Rev. James Macgregor, D.D., Minister of St. Cuthbert's Parish, Edinburgh, one of His Majesty's Chaplains." By the Lady Frances Balfour. 12s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Scotland, Dr. Marcus Dill—who worthily represents the tradition of Dr. Robert Lee, Principal Tulloch, and Principal Story—Dr. Dill and his designed successor, Dr. Wallace Williamson, are but youngsters. In the reviewer's mind is the Church of his Fathers, in his own Father's day; he looks back on a throng of grave and reverend figures. And Dr Macgregor is the last of them.

"For about fifty years the Chrysostom of Scottish preachers," so his beloved friend and old assistant, Dr. Fleming of St. Columba's, hits off Macgregor's place among his contemporaries. Anywhere in Scotland the mere rumour of his coming to preach, to speak, or lecture, would stir men's minds in advance, and



besiege the place of meeting. "Where are all these people going?" asked Dean Stanley of a working man, when, on his way to St. John's Episcopal Church in Princes Street, Edinburgh, he saw the black tide flow past its doors. "To hear Macgregor," was the answer.

It was a tiny man, with the head of a Titan, a beard like Homer's, and a voice of thunder. As "wee Macgregor of the Tron," he first and early made his mark, impressing himself on the imagination wherever he came. Thus early he was a character, and legend—mainly untrue—accumulated round the little body and the tremendous gifts. A character he remained, bearing with him, near or far, an electric atmosphere to which men, in multitudes or individually, from the Queen and the Prime Minister down to the cab-driver and further, must equally submit. As a preacher Dean Stanley placed Dr. Macgregor below Principal Caird of Glasgow, but before Canon Liddon. Another critic almost as eminent pronounced him "equal with Liddon, but before Magee" (Archbishop of York), "*longo intervallo*." "There are not many more outstanding men to-day," says his biographer, "than one who said that 'neither Caird, Guthrie, Macleod, Liddon, Wilberforce, nor Magee, was equal to the best of Macgregor.'" If the personage quoted was the late Duke of Argyll he knew something about it, for there were few finer orators than himself. But it may be permissible to quote yet another, but a living, authority. In an English country house the other day Mr. Balfour was being questioned about the great orators of his recollection. Mr. Gladstone, John Bright, and the others usually put top, were named. "And Dr. Macgregor?" asked a compatriot. "Oh, Dr. Macgregor, as of course, one must rank him with the greatest."

But it is with the orator as with his poor relation—that thing of temperament divorced from intellect, as Henley called him—the actor. The voice ceases, the electric light goes out, and unless, which is rare, the orator has had that secondary gift of epigram or cunning phrase in the degree which we call style, *actum est de* the orator. "Into the night go one and all." Hence the justice and propriety of this biography. Lady Frances Balfour is a true daughter of a Race which, whatever else you may say of it—and the rest of Scotland may be roughly divided according as it views the Campbells—has never wanted for brains and character and a strong sense of its identity with the Scottish people and with the Scottish national religion. Now to the House of Argyll "Dr. Hamish" bore an adopted clansman's loyalty. There an intimacy opened and embraced him when his own hearth was tragically desolate. "None of you will ever know what you were in my life at that time," he wrote, near the end, to one of the Inverary children of those days. It is another of them who here has beautifully kept faith with early friendship and association. For we owe it to Lady Frances Balfour that even an alien reader must realise how it was that Macgregor mattered so much to all who knew him, and on what foundations of humanity and experience his lighthouse arose.

First must be put his Faith. With everything

—you would say—to try him, excepting the gift of his vitality: physical disability, for he was in a measure deformed; narrow means and hard times besetting the Perthshire farm, beautiful for situation, in which he was born and bred; his "sorrowful youth," as he himself described it, "a heart long seared in very sorrow;" he seems never to have suffered a doubt in himself or in anybody else. It was the same when the perfect happiness of his home was shattered, and in one year he lost his first wife, whose beautiful face looks out or us (on p. 172), his two girls, and his mother. One does not care to transcribe the simple and moving words which he speaks of himself as able "not only calmly but thankfully" to think of his loss; but it is all summed up in the quotation, "Though He slay me, yet will trust Him." The most sceptical of persons watching the man's heart in his letters—which alone justify <sup>com</sup>lar biography—and in fragments of his reported <sup>lar</sup> serious must perceive that he was singularly armed. <sup>he was</sup> he was have hard words said of them, and we think on the whole with justice, and that eloquence has injured <sup>the</sup> world as much as it has helped it. This orator in his sincerity was white-hot. And next must be put his amazing vitality and therewith his sympathy. The first was not preserved without a certain amount of care: old friends will remember that after any special effort his plan, given a spare hour, was to go to bed; and, said he, "You mustn't merely lie down, you must take off your things and get inside." Even so, he undertook and carried out tasks which would have left most people in a week of like experience exhausted neurasthenics, and, as the "live wire," which an American visitor called him, went through life, with all its duties, trials, and pleasures, filled with the joy of it, overwhelmed with interest in everything <sup>and</sup> everybody, giving or rather hurling himself with hands at every one who needed him. It is clear <sup>that</sup> that though he read widely and was a born linguist he could not be called a scholar; and a theologian in a systematic sense, Dr. Fleming tells the reviewer, he was not. His literary work is not <sup>—you could not call him</sup> a man of letters. Yet few are the masters of English prose that "come off" more notably in descriptions



The Approach to Como.

From "Italian Hours" by Henry James. (Heinemann).

ceilings of natural scenery. Even in his Glasgow lodgings he is recreated when he catches a view from a back window of "the glittering peaks of the everlasting hills . . . I think Ben Lomond is visible, crested and crowned with that brightest coronet, the pure virgin snow." We have no accounts of far-off places much better than Macgregor's pictures of Palestine, and of the great North West which the Governor-General's chaplain perceived with the eyes of prophecy abundantly fulfilled since. Yet these are not better than the perpetual thumb-nail sketches on every other page of his correspondence, and perpetual on his lips. It is vain to wish that Dr. Macgregor had put himself to school and trained and found expression in work of permanent literary

Not value. It was his to spend all that he had on the moment without thought of posthumous fame—on friendship for the lowly and the great, in sympathy, consolation, exhortation, reproof. Thence, Tale. Only as we can put it, came his influence and to secret. That was his mark all through: at Paisley, where, as a mere lad, he was minister of the High church and already a marked man: in the quiet country charge of Monimail: in the now vanished Tron church at Glasgow. There he became, after the Scottish usage, assistant and successor to the aged Rev. Dr. Boyd, who, as Lady Frances says, "had the most ungrudging delight in the new life which Macgregor infused into a somewhat chill and uphill atmosphere. A very cordial relation between old and young, in the biographer's words," this was, "leaving nothing but happy memories behind it." Nearly thirty years later Dr. Macgregor, not without tears, revived these days for one of his old senior's descendants, painting with exquisite touches the features and character of one dead before his editor was born, and solemnly averring the value of his bond of the Gaelic and of Highland blood, since the have all pedigree of the Tron, though of West Country name of surname and ancestry, was Perthshire born and bred, "had two hundred years of the Highlander in him." Dr. Boyd died in June, 1865, in his eightieth year, and Macgregor was left alone in the charge till 1868, when he passed to the Tron Church, Edinburgh, where his influence strengthened and his genius was generally recognised.

Then in 1873 came St. Cuthbert's, and as Dr. Macgregor of St. Cuthbert's he was known for nearly forty years. The record of that time in Lady Frances Balfour's pages is triumphant and happy though the old wounds were there. But early in 1892 an old friend wrote to him "that he was thankful the fire was again to be lighted on his hearth," and in his second marriage Dr. Macgregor found understanding and sympathy, and a happiness which lasted to his end in 1910. The later years of St. Cuthbert's time must be followed in the biographer's setting. One side may be mentioned. "The Church in danger" is no cry of the hour in Scotland of to-day when the two great Churches grow together; but twenty years ago the Church of Scotland was face to face with possible disestablishment and disendowment. Then indeed Dr. Macgregor blazed like the Burning Bush, which is the emblem of his Church, but like that, was not consumed; only the heather went on fire. Disestablishment was not, because the Scottish people would not have it.

Perhaps it may be permitted in conclusion to quote

from an unpublished early impression left by Dr. Macgregor in old days on the mind of one of the sons of one of his oldest friends. For this, too, illustrates the man, as we think the biographer will admit, although, in the nature of things, it plainly could not have entered verbally into her text.

"I cannot tell you when I first saw Dr. Macgregor. Probably I heard him before I saw him; for he comes up out of childhood as something inseparable from one's earliest memories like the voice of the wind at St. Andrews, or the voice of the North Sea. Anyhow, he was there; lying about us in our infancy (like Heaven in Wordsworth's poem), almost truculently cordial, and of a roaring kindness, lifting up my youngest brother and myself like terriers, and swinging us. Probably he came over for the Fast Day, a period marked in my brother's mind and mine as one when the house was mysteriously crowded with black coats, and when, as one of my brothers added, it 'smelt of sherry.' It was of Dr. Macgregor in those days that old Tom Morris that 'wale of auld men' said to my father, 'he gars the rafters of the auld Kirk ring.' He was otherwise described as 'a' fleein' aboot.' At these vanished festivals of the church I recall Dr. Wallace, afterwards editor of the *Scotsman* and later M.P., Dr. Watson of Dundee, Dr. Leishman, Dr. Burns of Glasgow Cathedral (and dear Mrs. Burns, the good fairy of us children), but, first and foremost, your Doctor Hamish.

"He used to arrive—this was a later observation—wrapped in innumerable coats and plaids, from which my father was some time in unwinding him. Then restoratives—very appropriate to the climate, and the journey, and the man—were usually applied. There was a legend of his once arriving visibly the worse for the old crossing in the steamer, long, long before Forth Bridge days. Soup, sherry, and other things were suggested. None of these was received with rapture. Then my dear mother proposed to exhibit very strong hot whisky and water. He gazed at her as at one inspired, and with awful conviction exclaimed, 'You're a good—Christian—woman!'

"The rest is not silence, far from it, but a benevolent roaring—for us children, a part of the scheme of things; it rings round one's recollection of childhood, but definite memories evade one, only an episode or two emerges from the mist. I remember Dr. Macgregor picking up a Hebrew Bible, and reading to my brother and myself with immense dramatic effect. I remember his picking up a volume of English—Ruskin, I found out subsequently—and in the same manner rolling off some magnificent verbal thunder. That was a child's first sense of the splendour of English prose. I remember that suddenly, in the midst of monologue, or dialogue, Dr. Macgregor would pull out a watch and rush upstairs and lie down. The habit of 'lying down'—a thing which only one's mother did, and that only when there was thunder about—seemed part of the mysterious endowment of orators.

"Of his sermons I best recollect one delivered, not at St. Andrew's, but in Fettes College Chapel. He began extraordinarily quietly, having himself infinitely well in hand. In a little the familiar thunder and lightning broke over us. I can feel again the extraordinary hush of the boys in that beautiful chapel, and see again the intent, mesmerised look of one's English masters.

"Later, when I had done with school, and was grown up (say twenty-one), and at home during one of his visits, I had a chance to observe Dr. Macgregor from the advanced standpoint of a mature person who was in *statu pupilaris* to Mr. Henley (that other great natural force), and had 'sat under' Henry Irving and others who shared Dr. Macgregor's magical 'way' with their fellow-men. He had come to deliver some lecture or address probably to the divinity students at St. Mary's College; but anyhow dinner was late, or was replaced, for his convenience, by supper some time after nine o'clock. There were present besides Dr. Macgregor, just my father and mother, my

sister, then home like myself on a visit, and myself. I know not what time we arose, but I know that we sat interminably hanging on Macgregor's words. It struck me then 'this is splendid; this is better than Irving, oh! better than anybody, probably as good as Salvini; but *it's of their kind*. If I ran over to the Alick B—s (which the Lang's had that winter) what would HE (the great Andrew, idol of one's youth and always) make of all this? Probably not much!'

"What I meant to convey to myself was 'this is temperament, is genius; but isn't it chiefly temperament not intellect?' Yet even when he talked of books in what to me, a bookish lad, in the extreme precocity of youth and of the *Scots Observer* persuasion, seemed a somewhat jejune and Philistine fashion, Dr. Macgregor was still splendid. One ceased to figure to one's self or to care what Mr. Lang would have thought of these fireworks.

"I remember how he called a spade a spade. He spoke of the inconvenience of giving evidence in the Scottish Law Courts. I asked: 'What took you there, Sir?' 'It was a damned blackguardly case, my dear,' the Doctor equably rejoined, in a shattering aside.

"His mood, I remember, became more emotional as the evening wore on. I remember my sister whispering to me in baseless admonition, 'You are drinking *too much*.' I said, answering, 'You shut up. I do but wait upon our honoured guest. He is splendid. Attend to every syllable.' Collegiate charges were mentioned. Dr. Macgregor said that they were 'either a blessing or a curse,' and mentioned, as well he might, that his own colleague, Dr. William Williamson, was splendid. And *he* was splendid for a few moments upon Dr. Williamson. Then regarding my father—pale and clear-cut, beside him, an abstemious figure—'And what of your case, dear-r friend?' His dear friend said (and with truth) that he was blessed indeed in Dr. A—-. 'Then,' said Macgregor, with a tremendous intonation, 'Bless God upon your knees for it.' I said solemnly, 'Hear, hear,' and exchanged with Dr. Macgregor a holy look. The Doctor extended his right hand and pointed at me. There was a moment's silence, and he said with conviction: 'That's the young Christian.' My sister (who with my mother was now on

the verge of apoplexy) aimed at me a vicious kick under the table. Presently, dear Dr. Macgregor dismissed the congregation. 'Away,' he said, 'to your dear, dear beds. This good lad will sit up with me and take his smoke.' Late into the night sat the two Christians pledging one another and their cause.

"Next day Dr. Macgregor and I went for a walk. He told me stories of his old professors; he spoke to me standing still, with wonderful gestures, of the grandfather I had never seen. One figure in the ancient city he said he missed—old Professor Jackson, a survival of an earlier educational Scotland. 'It was a regular part of coming here,' he said. 'Once during each visit Principal Shairp your father and I used to walk down South Street, past the door of one of those beautiful old houses in the most beautiful of streets, knock, and be admitted, pass through the old house into an old garden, and behold a summer-house, and in it, seated at a table, an old, tall, tall figure in a sort of cassock, with a velvet skull on its head, looking for all the world like the ghost of an old mediæval monk. And Shairp would say: "*Stipular magnum opus?*"' And the old man would say 'curious the *magnum opus*.' And presently we would come he was And your father would say "Wonderful man!" the has been writing at his work for fifty years, and to knowledge, he has only written one sentence, but then what a sentence: "Theology is everything, and everything is theology."'

"On our way home from our walk, in the crystal weather, by the Cathedral, the Battery, with its view across the Bay to the Forfar coast, and the Sidlaws beyond, and nearer the vast sweep of sands and links behind them—I remember Dr. Macgregor rushing up to a party of Edinburgh golfers who had come over for the day and shaking them by the hand to the number of fifteen, and introducing me to each of them. They were national school masters, I understood. 'Always do that,' he said, 'be human always with people.' And even in these disjointed notes your orator Hanish is surely human."

A great orator, profoundly a human being, this 'little body with a mighty heart.'

## "THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1913.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

*The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competitions Nos. 1 and 3; answers from Foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 2, 4 and 5 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

*Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original ballad in not more than forty-eight lines.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original photograph illustrating the title of any recent book.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:  
TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM  
COMPETITION.**

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original Lyric.

Not a First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Keats, Burns, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Wellington, Tale. Giudstone, Disraeli, Darwin, or any other famous man.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 2nd June next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the 1st July if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked *Twenty-one Guineas Competition*.

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for June next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.

**RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS  
FOR FEBRUARY.**

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Ballad is awarded to Miss Winifred A. Cook, of Little Longstone, Reservoir Road, Prenton, Birkenhead, Cheshire, for the following:

**LOVE AND DEATH.  
A BALLAD.**

Brush out my wayward hair to-night, Jeannette,  
Twilight has fallen, long the sun has set;  
Out in the meads the dew is lying wet;  
This is an hour that he will not forget;  
Brush out my hair, Jeannette!  
(O, dark as night is Adrienne's hair of jet,  
That slips through the silver comb of the pale Jeannette;  
O, swift dies all the glow of the wounded sky,  
As the moments fly.)

Coil high my hair, in massive fold on fold,  
And thread it through with ornaments of gold,  
Lest for love's eyes its beauty seem too cold.  
Look out, Jeannette, across the misty wold,  
Do you naught behold?  
(O, there is silence over all the park,  
The chaffinch, and the linnet and the lark,  
Have flown to their silent nests in the woods to hide,  
And the moments glide.)

Robe me, Jeannette, in gown of 'broidered white,  
Girdled with gems, as dewdrops glittering bright;  
For I would fain be lovely in his sight.  
Hark! Is there never a sound on the breathless night  
Of a foam-flecked steed? Search you the dim moon-light  
For a dauntless knight!  
(O, 'tis the startled deer through the phantom shade,  
Or the silly sheep, of the moonlight all afraid;  
There is no other sound o'er the darkening grass,  
As the moments pass.)

The hour grows overlate; the moon has risen  
High in the purple mysteries of heaven;  
'Tis time to kneel, and have our sins forgiven.  
Lean out—but once Jeannette—for the hour's eleven,  
And long, long past the magic hour of even,  
When love is given.  
(O, blanched as snowdrifts in a desert place,  
White as a winter cloud is Adrienne's face;  
For one by one her hopes—as stars in the sky—  
Grow pale, and die.)

Unbind my wayward hair again, Jeannette,  
The dark out-weareth, soon the moon will set;  
Into the park speeds never a rider yet;  
This is an hour I never may forget,  
For in my soul 'tis love and death have met:  
Unbind my hair, Jeannette.  
(O, out in the shadow of night, with never a moan,  
Who is it lying so white on the moors alone?  
What is that silent spirit that passeth by,  
With no sound, nor cry?)

Winifred A. Cook.

We select for printing:

**THE BALLAD OF FAIR MARGARET.**

The kings of the sea they loved her,  
The kings of the earth bowed low,  
And the kings of the air they wooed her  
With thunder and fire and snow.  
But it's neither kings nor princes  
Shall marry Margaret,  
For I wooed her in the Springtime  
And my heart is throbbing yet.

The kings of the sea they crowned her  
With corals aons old,  
They robed her in sun-beamed foam flakes  
And sate her on thrones of gold.  
But it's neither kings nor princes  
Shall marry Margaret  
For she loved me in the summer  
And my heart is thrilling yet.

The kings of the earth they brought her  
The blossoms of early Spring,  
The songs of the thrush at evening  
And down from the owl's wing.  
But it's neither kings nor princes  
Shall marry Margaret,  
For she languished in the Autumn  
And my heart is aching yet.

The kings of the air they wrought her  
A robe of rainbow hue.  
They veiled her with mists of morning  
And decked her with pearls of dew.  
But it's neither kings nor princes  
Shall marry Margaret,  
For she died on a Winter even  
And my heart is bleeding yet!

(Alice W. Linford, 17, Linden Road, South  
Tottenham, N.)

**A BALLAD OF BURIAL.**

My Lady sat in her lonely bower,  
(Little hath love but the end of mirth)  
Silent she sat full many an hour,  
Her hair hung down in a golden shower;  
(And the span of life hath tears for girth!)

Her face was wan as a frozen sea:  
Her lids were hot as coals might be,  
'Neath which her eyes stared wofully.

My Lady heard in the court below  
The fall of feet in the crackling snow—  
The priests and mourners sad and slow.

They bore me by on draped bier,  
While throbbing through me sharp and clear  
My Lady's heart I seemed to hear.

They set me down among the dead,  
With candles twain at feet and head,  
And pallid shroud upon me spread.

My Lady came unseen, unheard,  
But I felt her soul like a maddened bird  
Fluttering round as the flamelight stirred.  
The graven tombs our bodies keep,  
(Little hath love but the end of mirth)  
But her soul is sunk in slumber deep  
Till God shall break the tranced sleep:  
(And the span of life hath tears for girth!)

(Norman Davidge Gullick, 6, Chantry Road, Clifton.)

Several competitors have omitted to notice that this first Prize offered last month was for a Ballad, and have sent Lyrics, which we are transferring to the Special Twenty-one Guineas Poem Prize Competition, particulars of which appear on the preceding page. We specially commend the Ballads sent in by A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Gladys Monshall (Aberystwyth), T. P. Findlay (Kirkcaldy), A. H. Lyat (Sandgate), Vera F. Carter (Worthing), Miss V. E. Horley (Harrow), R. H. Kipling (Devonport), Edmund Harold (Putney), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Noel D. Braithwaite (Ashton-under-Lyne), A. W. Jay (Devonport), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Martin Andrew (South Shields), Alex. S. Brinton McClellan (Edinburgh), Will Loudon (Dunfermline), D. M. Kernode (Tasmania), Stanley Simpson (Birkenhead), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), E. Summers (Dukinfield), R. B. Ince (Jarus Brook), M. E. P., Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Ivan Adair (Rathmine), J. C. Church (Castleford), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Editha L. Blackley (Finchley), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Miss C. Hawley (Elland), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Miss M. D. Baynes (Teignmouth), G. W. Turner (Burnley), Chas. Parkin (Felling-on-Tyne), E. G. Potter (Birmingham), Jas. S. Kellock (Hornsey), Bertha Koln (London, W.C.), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), Ethel Tudge (Cricklewood), Irene Rathbone (Liverpool), Jennie Park (Hornsey), Mary B. Whiting (Ramsgate), G. M. Hennings (St. Albans), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), Lilly Salisbury (Norwich), Robert Bruce (Southampton), Arthur S. Wilshire (Dalston), B. Vickery (Bradford), Gladys D. Hill (Sunderland), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Agnes E. M. Baker (W. Hampstead), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Edward Gleave (St. Helens), Norman Boothroyd (Batley), Edward Griffiths (Liverpool), Kitty L. Lyon (Wimbledon), J. E. Jones (Cardiff), W. S. Chesterfield (London, W.), Andrew J. Caird (Edinburgh), Doris Dean (Bromley), E. F. Parr (Clifton), Wallace Davies (Preston), Miss Jean Wilson (Bristol), G. Lenorne (Bingley), G. R. Hamilton (Kensington), G. G. Jackson (Northampton), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham), W. H. Usher (Sohull), Grace M. Measham (Jesmond), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Irene Wintle (Liverpool), P. J. Frawley (Birkenhead), M. G. Alexander (Maida Vale), M. J. Collett (Cheltenham), E. H. Towler (Hale), Sidney C. Isaacs (London, S.E.), M. Molyneux (Torquay), Ellen L. Clutterbuck (Burnley), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead), Rose M. Lomas (Newbury), R. W. King (Catford), Leonard J. Shrubsall (London, S.W.), Thos. Lanyear (Anerley), Evelyn Emily Iffe (Plumstead), J. D. C. Monfries (Putney), Rupert Hodgetts (Brierley Hill), Tristram.

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. F. Warner, of 3, Convent Terrace, Swansea, for the following:

RETURN OF THE PETTICOAT. BY WARWICK DEEFING.  
(Cassell.)

"'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd."

SHAKESPEARE—*Hamlet*.

We also select for printing:

FANNY'S FIRST NOVEL. BY F. FRANKFORT MOORE.  
(Hitchinson.)

"The play's the thing."

SHAKESPEARE—*Hamlet*.

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)



Mr. Henry James.

A caricature by Mr. Max Beerbohm (about 1890).

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT. BY ELLEN KEY. (Putnam's.)  
"Welcome, ladies! to the cell."

S. T. COLERIDGE—*Songs of the Pixies*.  
(W. McC. Miller, Straidarran House, Co. Londonderry.)

I WILL REPAY. BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Hodder & Stoughton)

"To-morrow or the next day."

*Oranges and Lemons*

(Margery Finch, 54, Sheffield Road, Fratton,  
Portsmouth)

THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE. BY ANTHONY DYLL  
TON. (Werner Laurie)

"Don't look so 'ard, for I 'aven't no card."

R. KIPLING—*Back to the Army Again*.

(Miss Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, York)

UNDER THE YOKE BY IVAN VAZOFF (Heinemann)

"His wife, of course, went with him too"

W. S. GILBERT—*Tab Ballads*.

(Beatrice Craig, Craigdanagh, Stradarran, Co. Derry,  
Ireland)

III.—This Prize is divided and we award Two New Books to the Rev. J. A. Stokes Little, The West Manse, Fraserburgh, and Two New Books to Mr. C. Eric Staddon, of Studley Road, Luton, for the following:

LETTER OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.  
I.

You have something to say? Speak! You fancy you have to say something? Silence!

Diligently take your temperature. Every subject is poetic which one has caloric to fuse to run it into moulds of beauty, but don't mistake your parlour fire for an electric furnace.

Live that is, learn from everyday experiences. Never seek emotional adventures: they come—more than any genius can use. Life it is, which is the great adventure.

Shun conventionality—the soul goes cold in others' lendings.

Shun singularity—be a man, not a disease.

Speak only what you know, but develop soul-antennae to guide you through the heart's dark caverns.

You are brought down to the abyss? Snatch gold from the fires, diamonds from the slime, joy from affliction, sympathy from suffering.

Be a man and therefore a little child: so shall God whisper you in the ear.

REV. J. A. STOKES LITTLE.

## II.

ceili Get to the heart of Things. It is Life you must seek, in all  
con its beauty, depth and wonder. Aspire! Live nobly, and you will  
We Think nobly.

ex Get close to God and man; linger in Nature's garden, probing  
her secrets.

we Face boldly the mystery of your own day, but write for all  
time. Concentrate; do not imitate. Be yourself, dwelling only  
the to learn, among the giants of yesterday. Strive always to your  
ma best.

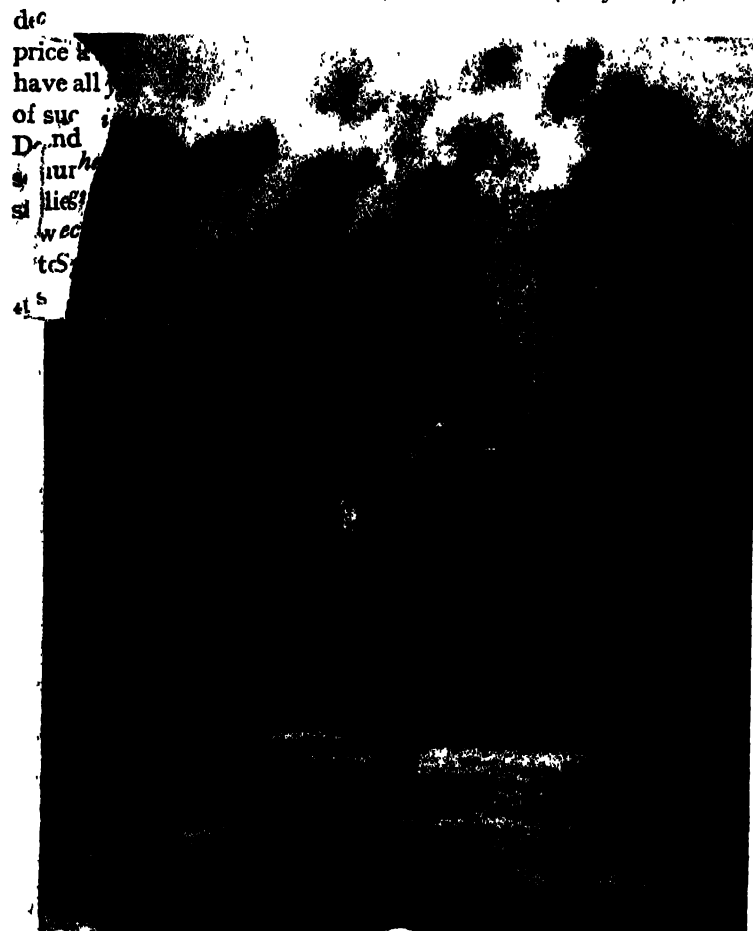
pas Be studious of form; master it—for it is your servant. Be  
sincere and not too prodigal of words. Often strength lies in  
cra restraint, and suggestion is above expression. Remember fancy  
is not imagination, nor sentiment, passion.

tifu Love, observe, reflect, and you will understand—opening your  
heart in sympathy to all men and things—speaking, once and  
the ever, your message of God and of life and death.

P.S.—Be wary of print and praise!

C. ERIC STADDON.

Not We specially commend the letters received from Miss  
Lewis (Edinburgh), Raymond Taunton (Coventry),  
make S. Chesterfield (London, W.), Rev. F. Hern (Row-  
ann's Castle), Miss C. M. Walkerdine (London, S.W.),  
spe of Anne Goodwin (Clapham), Norah E. Goodbody  
sb Tale; Co.), R. H. Kipling (Devonport), M. Andrew  
i to John Shields, E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Margaret  
e Donnell (Glasgow), H. Caby (Fordham), E. Summers  
e Jukinfeld), Miss Norcott (West Kirby), Ethel M. Corke  
i (Norwich), S. J. Morrison (Barrow-in-Furness), Norman  
i Palethorpe (Norwich), Alice Wise (Leicester), Rev. E. C.  
Lansdown (S. Woodford), L. H. Corke (Heaton Moor),  
Elizabeth K. Packard (Southall), M. T. Craig (Bradford),  
A. Lee, Junior (Southport), Chas. Parkin (Felling-on-  
Tyne), C. A. Bayley (Bangor), M. E. A. Phipps (York),  
Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Moira Carew (Kingston),  
Joseph Smith (Leeds), W. Jevons (Dalston), E. Rinnon;  
Doris Dean (Burnley), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Gwendolen  
D. Harold (High Barnet), D. Forster (Swansea), Miss  
F. Briggs (Crownhill), Frances A. S. Holbrow (Maidstone),  
Miss Lewis (Edinburgh), E. H. Towler (Hale), P. J.  
Frowley (Birkenhead), Lawrence Tarr (Wanstead),  
Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Thos. Law (Holytown),



St. Paul's, from the Thames.

From "English Hours," by Henry James (Heinemann).

Frank Brebuer, Junior (Aberdeen), Mrs. Stuart C. Low (Blairgowrie), R. S. Pollard (Pontefract), J. D. Malcom (Bacup).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Irene Pollock Lalonde, of 14, Forester Road, Bath, for the following:

COME RACK! COME ROPE! By R. H. BENSON.  
(Hutchinson.)

This book is the work of a true literary artist and a real historian. It tells of the persecution of the Roman Catholics by Elizabeth, and though written by a priest, the most bigoted Protestant must be stirred to deep sympathy with the sufferers. Mr. Benson has here created some of the most beautiful characters in fiction. Marjorie, the heroine, is a glorious conception; Robin is a fine portrait of a loyal priest. The author has made a living being of Mary Queen of Scots, full of appeal and sorrow. The book abounds in fine descriptive passages, vivid and moving.

We also select for printing:

AMONG FAMOUS BOOKS. By JOHN KELMAN, D.D.  
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is decidedly a book to read, a book to study, and a book on which to found a course of reading. "The general theme," as the author tells us, is "that constant struggle between paganism and idealism which is the deepest fact in the life of man, and whose story provides . . . the matter of all vital literature." Famous books of the classical age, the sixteenth century, and modern times are dealt with. Spiritual fervour, like a refreshing invigorating stream, courses through the pages. Wide reading, marked literary ability, and a genial style stamp the book from cover to cover.

(George Brown, "Brookfield," Darvel, Ayrshire.)

THE BRONTES. By MISS FLORA MASSON. "The People's Books," 6d. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

A more readable book would be difficult to find. The Brontes exercise a perennial fascination over imaginative and thoughtful minds. The pathos of their lives, the triumph of their genius, and the glory of the moors around Haworth, are pictured with a charm and vividness that make the book altogether delightful. It is full of knowledge and understanding. All the salient facts are given, with an accuracy combined with a condensed fullness truly admirable.

Its fine critical judgment, high tone and illumination are most praiseworthy. Could the Brontes be conscious of this latest appreciation they would rejoice indeed.

(R. H. Kipling, 62, Alcester Street, Devonport.)

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO . . . ? By ELIZABETH ROBINS. (Heinemann.)

This novel deals, in an outspoken though never crude way, with one of the darkest blots of civilization—the "White Slave Traffic." Two charming country girls go to visit a London aunt whom they have never seen and by a very ingenious and by no means impossible plot they are lured to an infamous house. The elder sister is helped to escape, but the lovable Betty is never seen again. In the end the sister finds peace, thinking Betty dead, and the book closes on the dominant note of faith that—"in mortal ill is the seed of immortal good."

(Ethel Tudge, 49, St. Paul's Avenue, Cricklewood, N.W.)

Good reviews were also sent in by the following: M. Molyneux (Torquay), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), D. Burchell Friend (Burgess Hill), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), M. M. Maclean (Glasgow, W.), Pamela Mary Hinkson (Shankhill, Co. Dublin), Miss Bradshaw-Isherwood (Colchester), J. D. Irene Waugh (Toddington, Bedfordshire), Sybil Waller (London, S.W.), Miss Van der Pant (Highgate, N.), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), N. Ramani (Chepauk, Madras), Enid Fletcher (Nottingham), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill), Anon (Park Street, Chatteris), Georgine Ellis Hargreaves (London, S.W.), Anon. (Casa Francesca, Bordighera), K. S. Jackson (Streat-ham), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), N. Raghunathan (Chepauk Gardens, Madras), James A. Richards (Tenby), Margaret Y. Craig (Bradford),

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss Jane Purcell, of Turbotston, Coole, Westmeath.



## \* GRAY'S LETTERS.\*

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE death of the editor of these most welcome and interesting volumes, just before the publication of the last of them, is greatly to be regretted, for he has left no more accurate and indefatigable scholar of his class behind, and he was one of those of whom all who know them speak well, without, apparently, any of the unspoken drawbacks sometimes associated with that phrase. But, on the other hand, he had the advantage, not always vouchsafed, of having finished his work, after executing it in such a fashion that (putting the chance of new discoveries of MSS. aside) it will be a very long time indeed before it requires re-doing.

That the actual doing was needful can, as one steadily reads or re-reads through the result of it, hardly be denied. Gray's letters have been long admitted to be all but—if not actually—of the best in English; and they have not wanted for editors of credit and renown. But inauspicious stars of various kinds have yoked against them. Gray, who "never spoke out," still less ever intended to "write out" in such a fashion. It is as certain that he never dreamt of his letters being published as that his friend-enemy-friend, counterpart, and in a manner commentator, Horace Walpole, very frequently and deliberately dreamed of such a thing. Either he or his copyist constantly omitted dates; and, as he hardly wrote to anybody who was not a very intimate friend, he made endless references and allusions which are by no means easy to interpret with precision. But these internal difficulties are as nothing to the external. Mason, his first editor, is one of those persons whose posthumous unreadableness has been a blessing to them, and whose contemporary toleration by other persons greater than themselves has somehow helped to smuggle them through with posterity. Although it is almost impossible that anyone should really know Mason's works and deeds without feeling contempt for him and them, he has seldom had his deserts in the way of blame, and has sometimes had much more than his deserts in the way of praise or "letting off." Even Mr. Tovey, though he supplies us with a good measure of the facts, and occasionally says something sarcastic about them, does not, in the excellent Gallicism, "tell Mason his fact" as he might have done. Now this covetous, spiteful, envious sciolist-poetaster-toady, whose own verse is customarily twaddle and bombast, sometimes seasoned with now vapid venom, gave, in the *editio princeps* of such of Gray's letters as he published, one of the worst existing specimens of the lax editorial ideas of the time and of his own particular and personal defects. A lecture on the Art of Garbling could hardly take a better text than Mason's dealings with Gray.

Nor did what escaped the hands of "Skroddles" (as Gray called him, with his own particular mixture of affection and contempt) always fare much better. In a large proportion of instances we have only copies, and those admittedly copies which, sometimes with the best intentions, have been doctored; while for a long time the letters actually printed were scattered about in different

publications. There is no necessity here to discuss either the good deeds or the shortcomings of Mitford and of Mr. Gosse. It is quite sufficient to say that they left plenty for Mr. Tovey to do; and that in what must have been some thirty years' labour (for his first volume, which had taken a long time to prepare, appeared in 1893) he did it. Whether he would not have been better advised if he had simply done it without any but ceremonious notice of his predecessors is another question. The present writer, after finding plenty of fault, and having had plenty of fault found with him in such cases, is of a more deliberate opinion that the most perfect way of editing is to take the advice of Prior in another matter—to be "a little blind (while duly correcting them)" in the predecessors' faults, to be very kind to their merits, and, for the rest, to "clap your padlock" on your own tongue and pen.

But these things are shallows and miseries. What is important is that Mr. Tovey has given us (with a body of annotation which probably no other man except Mr. Austin Dobson could have rivalled) the amplest and most accurate text yet provided of a set of documents not easy to parallel in literary interest. He himself refers, in prefacing the reprint of his first volume, to a dictum of some reviewer that he had tried to "set back the clock" by holding a different view of Gray from that put forth by Mr. Arnold. That somebody should have said this need not surprise us, for it formulates a not uncommon, though a hopelessly wrong, view of criticism. It is only a "clock" of this, in the sense that the (though at longer intervals) always come round again to the same places: there is none in the sense that they ever tell any absolute or irreparable time. The criticism is a *nunc stans*, in that every critical utterance is the result at the moment of three factors—the critic, the criticised, the temperament, nature, knowledge, and the circumstances in which the two come together. It cannot antedate or be antiquated by any other conjunction of the kind unless, which is practically impossible, this conjunction could take place with facts indistinguishable from its own. And if this could take place, the result would not be a difference but a repetition.

However, we need not talk critical metaphysics, even though they be certain truths. Mr. Tovey, once more, has provided us with every facility for judging one of the most curious, complicated, and to some extent enigmatical, characters in our literary history. On one point, that on which the reviewer above mentioned was writing, he is certainly right and Mr. Arnold was quite wrong. The time and the *milieu* do not account for Gray's comparative sterility, not merely in poetry, but in accomplished work of any kind. He would probably—by no means certainly—have done more critical work than he did if he had lived a century later; and a great gain that would have been. But it is very doubtful whether he would have written any more poetry; by no means certain that, if he had, that poetry would have been different in character, and at least possible that he might have written none at

\* "The Letters of Thomas Gray." Edited by D. C. Tovey. In three volumes. (London: G. Bell & Sons.)



all. "If I do not write much," said he himself, "it is because I cannot." Indeed, had he lived a hundred years later, from the most probably adjusted horoscope it seems likely that he would have become a Professor very early, but of course not a sinecure professor, of some things historical, literary or scientific, and would have spent the rest of his life perpetually polishing, supplementing, and supporting with fresh research, sets of lectures, which he would never have published at all, and which would have been found after his death as mostly scraps of notes.

That there was "a bad side of human nature" in it may be allowed without any of the injustice of its application of the phrase to Biddy in "Great Expectations." He had some, and indeed several, of the worst qualities which the age-long injustice of man has agreed to call feminine. He was, it is to be feared, of a spiteful, and more than a little "tenacious," "Tale," as the fashioned folk said. Although we do not know the whole truth about the Walpole quarrel, from what we do know Walpole cuts not only a better but (which one might hardly expect) a manlier figure than Gray. In that hasty Hegira from Peterhouse to Pembroke, where the "tub of water" plays a more furiously contested part than the "glass" of that element, a little earlier in politics and later in drama—the "Petrenchians" showed themselves, no doubt, as undergraduates too often do, rowdy cubs. But a male old maid, occupying a set of rooms on the same staircase, in an anomalous position as neither "man" nor "don," and known to have an almost monomaniacal dread of fire and a touchiness also almost akin to mania, is really too tempting an opportunity even for undergraduates who are not exceptionally "or cubbish." There is no need to multiply instances; they are known to every one who has read the popular "life" of Gray. That he was, on the other hand, singularly affectionate to his few actual friends is at once to be granted; and if he was not wholly free from intellectual vanity, or at least Pharisaical, he at least seems to have managed to steer clear of the much less pardonable intellectual arrogance which disgraced many great men of letters and not a few

On one point, however, of his intellectual, if not of his moral, character these letters throw light which has never—though some attempts have been made to do it—been thoroughly collected, focussed and analysed. It may be said without rashness, on the evidence they contain, that Gray might have been, and even in embryo or specimen was, one of the very greatest critics in English literary history. It is exceedingly doubtful—this, at least, has often been seen and put—whether his criticism did not get in the way of his own poetry. When we see the endless pains and the sleepless acumen which he wastes on buck-washing, or, as he himself more gracefully puts it, "hoeing," Mason's flimsy or blowzy rhetoric, and his tinsel or fustian conceits, one can understand the years that were spent on "Odicles" like the "Elegy" and the "Bard" and the "Progress of Poesy," and can see pretty clearly that this critical meticulousness probably caused the actual abortion of much more, and not impossibly harmed what was actually produced, by communicating to it an air of apparatus, a smell of the lamp. There are people who, putting the "Elegy"

aside as an unique windfall of the "middle" Muses, wrought to its masterly actuality enough, and not too much, prefer to everything else that Gray has written the "Cat" piece and the unfinished "Vicissitude" ode. Now, on the first Gray seems (for him) to have spent very little trouble, and the other he seems to have left, jotted and in a pocket-book, for twenty years before his death.

It is, however, with his criticism (almost wholly contained in these volumes), rather than with his poetry, that this article is chiefly intended to deal. Mr. Tovey, seldom severe on his author, is perhaps so here, for he more than hints that Gray's critical faculty dwindled off. Had the fact been so, it would have been an almost unique exception to a practically universal rule; but Mr. Tovey's remark is based almost solely on the again meticulous objections to Beattie's "Minstrel." They are, indeed, not so happy as the earlier ones of the same kind on Mason. But it must be remembered, first, that they were written in the very last stage of Gray's life, when his physical powers were rapidly breaking; and, secondly, that Beattie, though a much less offensive person than Mason, was not a much better poet, and was a mere acquaintance, not an intimate friend. Selections of Gray's critical dicta have already been made, and might be largely increased, which prove him to have had a really extraordinary critical genius; and a detailed examination of his attitude to Macpherson and to Chatterton (which might, at first sight, seem dangerous to this conclusion) would in the long run only support it.

It may, however, be conceded that as Gray never "spoke out" and seldom "wrote out," so he was deficient in the power, or at least the habit, of "thinking out." Compare, for instance, his politics with those of his opposite, and in a sense enemy, Johnson. The question is not in the least, to any reasonable person, whether Gray was "right" in being a Whig, or Johnson in being a Tory. But no clear-eyed judge, whatever his own principles, can fail to see that Johnson's Toryism, right or wrong, was based on principle; and it is very difficult to discover any principle at all in Gray's Whiggism. There is not the slightest trace in him of Collins's sincere, though rather visionary and "literary," Republicanism. One looks in vain for even a symptom of any convinced reverence for the Blessed Revolution. Of sympathy for the people, anticipated cognition of the Rights of Man, or anything of the kind, there is not a vestige. He found himself, in a strong party time, by pure accident a party Whig, and a Whig he remained. But these things were never real to him.

Nothing, indeed, seems to have been real to him except his friends and his books, and latterly his "prospects"; and—beyond all these three, though powerfully assisted by all the prospects and some of the books—a vague, sometimes mistaken, more frequently correct, view, backwards and forwards, of the great Romantic revolution that once had come and again was coming on the world. The well-known story of his startling Nicholls by addressing him personally at the door with his own line:

Hence! avaunt! 'tis holy ground,

speaks Gray as well as anything. He knew that there

was "holy ground"; but he thought that, as a rule, people were not worthy to tread on it, and he was not quite sure of his own footing there. Personally, it may not be impertinent to say that he gains by a re-perusal of these letters. As in the case of Queen Elizabeth, there has been some scandal about Mr. Gray, and well-meaning, though injudicious, persons have not improved it by destroying or withholding parts of his correspondence as "shocking." Here, as cannot be done in the case of his intellectual character, we may credit his morality with the excuse of "the time," and bother no

more about it. That he could be, and was, a good and sincere friend to men, women and children the Wharton letters are sufficient and ample proof; that he had a quaint, dry, only very seldom sharp, humour the whole correspondence tells; that he was a scholar, in the best sense of the term, everything concurs to show. Add to this that he wrote, if a small amount of our poetry, an astonishing proportion of that which hits the public and escapes the hits of critics, as very little poetry does, and we may certainly risk changing the tense of the tag with a *Quis vituperabit?*

## New Books.

### THE MAN OF CONSCIENCE.\*

In the vast assembly-room, so to speak, of the eighteenth century we may hear announced the names of types keenly impressed on its life and literature. We watch the guests as they walk in. There is the "Man of Sentiment" (and, of course, the woman), the "Man of Honour," the "Man of Sensibility." William Windham was that rarer presence, the "Man of Conscience." But his conscience was hardly normal. What a curious compound it was, how whimsically mixed with other elements, the letters comprised in these two volumes would alone serve to show. The portraits, too, combining fiery eyes with hesitating lips, well hint the contrasts. Windham could be odd without being imaginative, acute without being original, and chivalrous without being romantic. Indeed, except in this vital matter of his conscience, his famous eccentricities seem to lie rather on the surface. But never was a conscience so off the lines or chameleon; it eclipsed Launcelot Gobbo's. It refined, and perpetually it really meant vacillation. At his *début* it led him to choose a career which did not fascinate him, and, again, to give up his budding secretaryship to Lord Northampton on the plea of ill-health in Ireland. Politically, it led him to start in the Coalition of those incompatibles, Fox and North. Yet it led him, as years proceeded, to start in his lot successively with Pitt, whom he grew to respect, and Fox, whom he can never have liked—in a word, with Mont Blanc and Mount Etna. It led him to take up with Cobbett, to whom he addressed a characteristic letter of self-reproach and self-excuse when "All the Talents" included him in its posts of patronage. For conscience he worshipped those old igs, who, in the Duke of Portland's phrase, were "England's natural aristocracy," while he detested their new off-shoots who befriended (or abetted) the French Revolution. Yet, for conscience, too, he rejoined them when tempered by the Grenville. For conscience he resented Pitt's recoil from a crusade for royalty in France, and for conscience, again, he abominated the bare talk of any truce with Napoleon. They called him "Peter the Hermit," a fanatic for the Bourbons. Nor should it be forgotten that in all these respects his conscience was Burke, whom he idolised, and whose influence possessed him. To crown all, for conscience he retired from the stage, though we gain glimpses of his eagerness (doubtless also from conscience) to return. His conscience drove him alternately into the compromise and into zeal. He was an honest casuist—as Disraeli once called Mr. Gladstone, "a Jesuit of the closet, sincerely devout."

Outside politics, it was conscience that dictated his sermonising remonstrance with his friend Cholmondeley

for not marrying the charming "Cecy" Forrester, whom for ~~years~~ he himself wedded. And this singular years afterwards ~~he~~ took the adventurous effusion he penned just before he ~~took~~ step of a flight in Sadler's balloon, as, in like manner, he was afterwards to take the adventurous step of remaining in the trenches before the besieged Valenciennes. From a conscientious theory of courage he found as much delight in bull-baiters or bruisers as he did, less prosaically, in dubbing himself Mrs. Crewe's "Redde Crosse Knight." Was not Mrs. Crewe Burke's champion? Conscience led him alike up into the air and along the ground. It kept him often a saint, occasionally a prig, and constantly, though scarcely on a big scale, a hero. Indeed, there were moments when his conscience seems petty, as when on "principle" he refused his homage to the dead Pitt.

Sometimes he contracted with his conscience, and sometimes he coquetted with it, but it was an invalid, and always he coddled it. The habit was congenital, but it also belonged to his early association with Dr. Johnson, the scene of whose death-bed is here so touchingly and intimately rendered. Johnson schooled young men to



A. Hecks, pinast.

J. Young, scul.

\* "The Windham Papers: The Life and Correspondence of the Rt. Hon. William Windham, 1750-1810, and *et.*" With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Earl of Rosebery, K.G., K.T. In 2 Vols. 32s. net. (Herbert Jenkins, Limited.)

Charles James Fox  
From "Materials, the Papers" (Herbert Jenkins service can  
of the war-con. *document.* Official reports

lead the "examining" life, to survey themselves in a moral looking-glass and to keep diaries. Windham kept one of the longest, if not one of the minutest, in existence. He became his own Boswell.

"I know," wrote his old friend Elliot in 1793, "that you resolve almost all questions of conduct, small as well as great, into questions of duty. And, if you sometimes hesitate when others would see no room for doubt, it is in a great degree because you are more anxious, and the chance of being wrong is more uneasy to you than almost any man I have ever known." That is a shrewd judgment, but a shrewder was to follow when the arch-hesitator at length took the plunge of being married to his "Cecy" at an age when marriage was unusual. "He will not now," said Elliot, bluntly, "be dodging with the world and playing at whoop with all his friends." In these two pronouncements may be summed up the perplexity both in and about Windham—and the complexity also. But there is another and an earlier sentence from the pen of Burke which gives the secret of his social spell: "A mind," he says, "formed for generosity and friendship." Nobody had more friends than Windham, and nobody better deserved them. He loved society, not company—a usual distinction. Burke loved him, and lavished all the fire of his nature on their sympathetic intercourse. Two things burnt themselves into Burke as his days—and his day—declined. The one was the Warren Hastings who had escaped, and the other the French Revolution that had succeeded. He spared neither (and the latter, rightly) one spark of his Promethean flame. In reading their correspondence Windham's part reduces itself by comparison into a mere official libretto to the music of Burke's high indignation. None the less there is good writing in Windham's rather monotonous letters, though not enough to explain the effects both of his unstudied converse and his set oratory—"Stellas inter luna minores," as Johnson termed him on the threshold of his career. Just as Burke reads better than, apparently, he sounded, Windham must have sounded better than, generally, he reads. At any rate he could enthrall Mrs. Crewe, and Mrs. Crewe had been enthralled by the fresh genius of Sheridan. Great wit has been ascribed to Windham, but not the best specimens are recorded in this collection. The best, to my mind and knowledge, finds no place there. When the Warren Hastings trial was dividing parties, and the Whigs were espousing the cause of the reckless heir to the throne, "I had rather," urged Windham, "be drowned in the river Ganges than wrecked off the coast of Wales." As years and conduct severed him and Sheridan it may be recalled how sweetly Windham spoke in his diary of Sheridan's charm when they met once again in Hampstead and at Mrs. Crewe's.\* When he had once decided that his duty was to bury the hatchet nobody could raise a

On one point and artistic over it than Windham. his moral character the audience—though these pages do ne more elegant than any attempts which had been among the school of the School for Scandal.

The story is long, and striking are the personages. Windham was born for literary leisure, but his Norfolk home lined him to represent Norwich after a short experience he ways of Dublin Castle. He joined the Whigs and Burke who did the thinking for them. Then came all the fatal sequels and severances of the French upheaval. Windham's letter on Marie Antoinette's doom is perhaps the very best of the long series. Those events sent him, as well as all moderate Whigs, out of the fold into Pitt's Camp. The Coalition was ejected. Pitt won the day, and ruled for nigh eighteen years. For some years Windham was his war-secretary and had much to do with the ill-starred Quiberon expedition. Junctions between Pitt and Fox were tried, but every attempt failed; nor was it till Napoleon's predominance evoked Sheridan's patriotism, that Windham could reapproach any of his ancient allies. Fox and Pitt died; and after Portland's resignation and Percival's end, the Grenvilles thought to have won. Luckily

they were foiled. As Byron was to sing in retrospect:

"Where are the Grevilles: out as usual: where  
My friends the Whigs—exactly where they were."

The letters in these volumes from Pitt and Fox are unenlightening. But Burke's and, years later, Cobbett's are the reverse. Though far asunder as the poles in diction and cultivation, their outlook, strangely enough, is not unlike. These are the two impressive personalities—if we except Johnson—in these pages. There are many others. Malone, the discursive; the unruffled Duke of Portland—and of his party; Grey, "the boy who tossed his head so high"; that perennial pedant, Dr. Parr, and a weird but interesting French *émigré* who fled to America and discoursed about "the United States." Hazlitt, too, sends Windham a prospectus of his third inflated rehearsal for literature. We hear of Boswell's death, and it may comfort some to whom Madame D'Arblay's purring self-conscientiousness is annoying to know that Windham, who knew her set, refers to her as "*Madame D'Arblay* or whatever the name is." We meet Dr. French Laurence, too, the talented friend of Sheridan and contributor to the *Rolliad*. But the commentator does not always supply details.

Windham haunted Bath, and Bath haunted him, as it did so many of his compeers. Writing thence, poor fellow, after he had given up politics, he sighs to Mrs. Crewe on the day that Parliament reassembled that he feels "just like an old dragoon-horse at the sound of a trumpet."

His last illness was caused by a deed of self-sacrifice, and his last actions were to spare his "Cecy" even the knowledge of his state. The work under review is perhaps more a "*mémoire-à-servir*" than a reanimation, nor will Windham ever survive as a magnetic force. But as a great talent and a good man, without ever being goody, he will surely endure in the picture-gallery of his age. If we could but hear his voice we should feel more of a charm that enchanted his generation.

WALTER SICHEL.

### THE CREED IN HUMAN LIFE.\*

This is not a discussion of the place of creeds in human life, nor an historical survey of the effect of creeds. It is, as the sub-title explains, "a devotional commentary for everyday use." The author has had the idea of taking up successively the clauses of the Apostles' Creed, and illustrating its spiritual value in a series of chapters, each of which contains copious extracts, woven together, from religious writers, or from general literature. This is done in a comely book with good margins. It is pleasant to read, and the author is probably correct in surmising that a number of devout people will welcome such an aid. It is not easy to be original in giving form to devotional literature. The popular shapes into which it is thrown are fairly stereotyped by this time. But the writer of this manual has managed to strike out a fresh line; he has evidently read widely, and the impression made by the book, if read slowly, is decidedly good. Naturally, it is not a volume which is to be criticised from the strict dogmatic or technical point of view. Otherwise, one would require to demur to a remark on p. 9:

"That the Apostles framed this as it stands may be reasonably questioned; that it 'voices the confessions of Sts. Peter, Paul, Bartholomew and Thomas' cannot for a moment be impugned."

This is not exactly how a historian would express himself. Again there are some misprints or misquotations, which might be corrected in another edition. Thus, Clough did not say, "It gratifies my soul to know that though I perish truth is so!" What he wrote was: "It fortifies my soul." Which is a very different thing. Father Tyrell's name appears throughout with one "r,"—which is a small matter, but these are the trifles that are apt to

\* "The Creed in Human Life: A Devotional Commentary for Everyday Use." By Maurice Clare. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

annoy careful people even when they are in quest of devotional stimulus. Apart from such details, however, the book is carefully and deftly compiled. "The first chapter on the virgin-birth is entitled, "On the Wings of a Dove"; that on the Holy Ghost, "The Breath of God"; that on the forgiveness of sins, "All That Debt." The author shows an equal dexterity in combining his quotations, which are sufficiently catholic. W. D. Howells stands next to McChyne on one page, Shakespeare and S. Rutherford are side by side on another. But his own comments and reflections are not to be passed over. A fair specimen is afforded by his remarks on p. 341 :

"A thoughtful man once remarked to me that he never read those sentences of the Litany in the English Prayer Book without inwardly shuddering at the battle of principalities and powers arrayed against him—those five sentences beginning 'From all evil and mischief,' in which spiritual dangers came about one like bees. Always, he said, he was reminded of the incident of Rorke's Drift, where the Englishmen (Chard and Bromhead, if I mistake not) held their desperate position hour by hour and inch by inch, against the yelling, rapacious, implacable onslaught of innumerable enemies avid for their blood. It seemed, to all human seeming, a hopeless case . . . yet rescue came at the eleventh hour."

Or again, this comment on p. 215 :

"To be given *another chance*—that, in plain English, is the meaning of the Resurrection for us, now in this present life—for it *hath promise of the life that now is*. To be raised from lethal torpor, stimulated from a moribund coma, to something new and eloquent of a golden future. To turn over a new leaf, and let the old pages be put away and forgotten."

The chief criticism which might be passed on the volume is perhaps that the writer has sometimes put too little of himself into its pages. Sometimes he could have said what he has chosen to seek in a quotation, and sometimes, it must be confessed, the quotations are neither quite relevant nor necessary. Thus, for example, the ironical phrase of Omar Khayyám, "He knows about it all—He knows. He knows," is cited to illustrate the text that our "Father knoweth what things we have need of, before we ask Him." Still, such lapses are not frequent, and in the main the difficult task of the compiler has been managed in such a way as to make for edification.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., Litt D.

## THE WAR FROM VARIOUS ANGLES.\*

The Balkan War continues. At the time of writing, the Chataldja lines are still intact and Adrianople holds her own; but books upon the war already begin to multiply, dealing with that phase of the campaign which ended with the peace negotiations in London. Of the three which lie before me, only one offers actual pictures of warfare, as seen by a man who accompanied troops in the field, the other two attempt a more general survey of the operations in the manner of the historian rather than in that of the war-correspondent. It is, of course, an admirable manner, but it has the defect that it deals with the large contours and salencies of events, and almost of necessity omits the details of which they are made up. It fails to satisfy the very human appetite for *news*, which, at its best, is only history with the chill off. When matters so recent as Kirk Kilisse and Lule Burgas are in question, few save military experts are likely to be content with—"The 2nd Division was to occupy the districts of Tamras and Kirdjali," and so forth. It tells us nothing and it may not even be true. Lieutenant Wagner, who offers his new-made reputation to examination in "With the Victorious Bulgarians" (Constable), might, we feel, do better than this.

\* "With the Conquered Turk." By Lionel James, 2s. net (Nelson.)—"The Balkan War Drama." By a Special Correspondent, 3s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)—"With the Victorious Bulgarians." By Lieutenant Wagner, 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)



Arrival of King Ferdinand at Mustapha Pasha.  
From "With the Victorious Bulgarians" (Constable).

Major Lionel James, the distinguished war-correspondent of *The Times*, adopts the other method. He was fortunate in being accredited to the Turkish Army, whose arrangements for the control and supervision of correspondents early broke down, leaving the newspaper men to their own devices. He covered a great deal of country, and saw more fighting than most, and it is a record of his own experiences and observations which he presents in "With the Conquered Turk" (Nelson).

"It does not," he says, "profess to be a history of the Balkan War, or even a comprehensive account of the Turkish operations throughout Macedonia. It is really only a narrative of the Turkish campaign in Thrace, as far as it was possible for one single correspondent to follow it, and to furnish his newspaper with a consecutive narrative."

Major James, with his companions, arrived by train from Constantinople at Seidler in time to see the arrival of the terrified peasants who were fleeing from the neighbourhood of Kirk Kilisse after the Turkish reverse there and to meet a train crowded with panic-stricken soldiers. He broke away from his official keepers in time to witness the chief part of the great battle of Lule Burgas, passing on his way the men who had been beaten at Yenidje. A convoy of wounded was a sight that horrified him.

"The condition of the poor fellows in the wagons was terrible. They were heaped upon each other. Out of the debris of what had been half-a-dozen men a reeking face pushed itself above the side of the cart—a great bloody socket where once there had been an eye—and the swollen lips imploring mercy."

"The car was scarcely clear of the sick convoy when it ran into another concourse of men—all robust and strong: it was a great rabble of soldiers, many of whom were without means. The men were totally disorganised, and were making their way south without any attempt at military formation."

He viewed the essential movements of the battle of Lule Burgas, and witnessed the retirement of Ahmed Abouk's corps from its advanced position. These were men of another kind to those he had met in flight. As they moved out of their trenches and marched rearward the Bulgarian gunners commenced a heavy shrapnel fire at them.

"The whole armament seemed to be turned into a Hades by the whip-like crackling of this devilish instrument of war. Let the Bulgarian gunners burst their shrapnel never so rapidly, never so accurately, they were unable to make those Turkish troops move one pulse more quickly than if their retirement were a parade operation."

He also saw much of the struggle when the Turks had at last been driven back behind the Chataldja lines. His narrative, brisk and personal, allows the reader to see as it were over his shoulder the current of the great events of which he chronicles incidents. He has a sporting zest in his work which he succeeds in communicating, and his story is always vivid and simple. Major James holds that the Bulgarian censorship has wrecked for ever the idea, dear to the generals, that an official news service can supply the place of the war-correspondent. Official reports

are unreliable; often they proved badly false; and only in a small country like Bulgaria can they be forced upon an obedient public in lieu of actual news.

The author of "The Balkan War Drama" (Melrose) disclaims in his preface any pretensions to write "a classic account" of the war. His object is to state the conditions under which the war became first possible and then inevitable, to show, in broad outline, the course it took and its effects, so far as they are visible. His qualifications for the task consist in a clear vision of the general facts of the situation, sound local knowledge, discrimination in the use of officially-supplied information, and a certain impartiality which enables him to criticise Servians, Bulgarians and Turks alike. He condemns severely, and with justice, King Ferdinand's device to give to a political and racial struggle the colour of a holy war of the Cross against the Crescent. "The world has not been created for the special benefit of the Balkan confederation," and such action as this may have unforeseen effects upon the affairs of powers like England and France, whose Moslem subjects number many millions. It undoubtedly embittered the struggle in Turkey. In Mustafa Pasha, the Moslem civilians fled before the oncoming Bulgarian Army, and Christians chalked crosses on their doors as a safeguard against looting. At the flight from Uskub all Ottoman Christians painted crosses on their caps to proclaim their religion, counting on it to save their lives. "This," says the author, "it undoubtedly did in most cases." There is reference, too, to General Zivkovitch, "who had the reputation of being the most savage officer in the Servian Army." This crusader against the Crescent operated in Albania. "It is significant that he has sent back no prisoners, and that one learnt in conversation with Servian officers that none were expected." Nobody pretends that the Turk, on his side, has been guiltless of acts of atrocity; but it is well to realise that in this war, which began as a war of liberation, flamed thence into a crusade, and is finishing as an enterprise of territorial expansion, inhuman cruelty is not a character of one side more than of the other.

Lieutenant Wagner, the correspondent of the *Reichspost*, comes to judgment with a disappointing book. The author of the despatch in the *Daily Mail* of November 2nd has much to explain, and in a chapter devoted to explanations he explains exactly nothing. In that despatch, cabled from Starasagora on October 31st, he related how he had just returned from three days "at the front," how his poor horse could hardly move another step, and how he had not had his clothes off for three nights, and went on to describe the great battle which stretched between Lule Burgas and Bunar Hissar. In "With the Victorious Bulgarians" (Constable), there is nothing of all this; the long account of the battle contains no word that could convey that Lieutenant Wagner was ever within a hundred miles of it. In point of mere fact, he never was. The facsimile telegram, which he publishes, shows that on October 30th he was at Lubimetz, where he admits he arrived, not on a weary horse, but by train.

His book is a curious production. Despite many inaccuracies and many claims to authority, which are ill-founded, it does contrive in a large vague way to show the war, the changing shape of it, and some glimpses of what Major James calls the "mire of diplomacy" that fouled the feet of the allies. He bombards a town that never was bombarded—and that is strange, for anyone was free to visit Kirk Kilisse. He kills off nearly half the Bulgarian cavalry; he makes divisions of troops jump about the map in the strangest fashion; he even publishes a map which places the Bulgarian Second Army that army which kept us all before Adrianople till our hearts broke—just outside Chataldja. But the general view is there. It is his theory that the modern war-correspondent has no business to see too much fighting; it distorts his vision of the war as a whole. He "cannot do better than place himself directly or indirectly in close relation with those quarters where, in the regular course of the service, full reports of the engagements and movements that have,

taken place are received, and where he can also obtain a general idea of operations that are contemplated or are actually in progress." Yes, that is the place for the war-correspondent, without a doubt; but there is no such place. Therefore, his business is to work as Major James worked, to use such knowledge of war as he has, to judge the trend of events as best he can, to see actualities for himself over as wide an area as his means of transport and facilities for telegraphing permit. His only alternative is to accept and transcribe official reports. But perhaps that is what Lieutenant Wagner means.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

## PHILOSOPHY AT THE CROSS-ROADS.\*

The mind of Vernon Lee has always dwelt on the narrow dividing line between aesthetics and philosophy: she is as much at home in the mysticism of the "Divine Comedy" as in the Sistine Chapel. But in her new book, "Vital Lies," she plunges straight into the depths of the sea of logic, her objective being Professor William James and his pragmatist followers whom she finds to be guilty of a mental heresy that bids fair, if allowed to persist, to overthrow the structure of thought in religion, philosophy, and practical life.

Put in a nutshell, her charge against the new Pragmatists is that, instead of merely acknowledging, as Plato did centuries ago and Ibsen but yesterday, that the fallacies and delusions of humanity have constantly served a useful purpose in its upward march, Professor James roundly asserts that to be useful is to be true, and that whatever is useful to man is always true, thus altogether dethroning from its seat that Ideal Truth which has been, of all the divinities served by the race, the one great supreme objective of its intellectual worship. For instance, Professor James would argue that, since ancestor-worship undoubtedly served a useful purpose at one time in preserving the younger generation, ancestor survival must therefore be true. And Truth Vernon Lee defines with delightful exactitude as that which does not care a button what you think of it, which, in short, goes on "being" with supreme disregard of your opinions. Thus, out of the simple idea at the base of Pragmatism, viz., that it is wise to test every principle by its "cash value in experience" Professor James has constructed the two theories of Will-to-Believe and Will-to-Make-Others-Believe, building, of course, on the proven fact in psychology that mankind not only has always woven a web of sophistry in order to satisfy its desires, but also possesses almost unlimited powers of hypnotising itself into belief. It is this latter power in fact which philosophers have always combated and advertisers exploited. Here, for the first time, we have from philosophers like William James and Mr. Schiller the statement, or rather the implication, that mankind's age-long search for Truth is itself a fallacy, and that since we cannot hope to know truth absolute we should be wiser to identify the true with the useful. Truth is, for Professor James, not that which persists whatever man may think of it, but is instead, like Aphrodite, a thing "born of a foaming sea of desires." Opinion is therefore to be identified with truth.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about this theory of Truth as promulgated by the author of "Varieties of Religious Experience" is the calmness with which it has been received. For truth to external fact is the aim of science, as truth to idea is the object of philosophy, in either case not truth as gauged by its usefulness or non-usefulness to humanity but as expressing law. For all the ages since thought began this has been man's attitude to the seen and the unseen. And although he has often shrunk back from the face of truth, he has always returned once more to contemplate it, terrors and all. True it is that he has constantly cherished delusions, has often moved

\* "Vital Lies." By Vernon Lee. 2 Vols. 10s. net. (John Lane.)



upwards buoyed by a lie, but always on condition that when once the delusion is seen to be delusion, he shall cast it off.

And therein lies the point of attack for the author of "Vital Lies," who declares most justly that a hope is no longer a hope when known to be false, nor can a lie deceive when it is known to be a lie. The Will-to-Believe implies therefore, hypnotism, mental sleight of hand self-practised. More than that, she has no difficulty in showing that if the experience of the religious mystic is not caused by any answer coming from the soul of the universe to man's cry then, even though we call ecstasy the gift of the Spirit, it is born of passion and excitement, and is no more worthy of respect than the elation due to alcohol or ether. So, too, of course, does Professor James see the "evidence" of mysticism, yet he would deliberately encourage it, even after its origin is confessed, as a pleasure. For mental life is thus to be reduced to a search for anodynes or intoxicants. Much ancient as well as modern practice is undoubtedly based on this fallacy of taking opinion for truth, merely because it is comforting. But then it is done with the eyes shut, not open.

Perhaps the most effective part of "Vital Lies" is its analysis of the modernist position in the Church of Rome as illustrated by the mental attitude of Father Tyrrell. Vernon Lee shows how that most truth-loving personality went all the way with the destructive work of modern history and science in regard to the origins of the Christian religion, how it went further than many Liberal Protestants, but stopped short suddenly at the view of the Sacraments which alleges that here, and nowhere else, the Divinity answers to the call of His creature. Life, in fact, to Father Tyrrell would have been impossible without this article of belief: therefore his need created his faith, thus exemplifying the terrible power of this Will-to-Believe in the life of religion. It is, however, from the anthropologist, Professor Crawley, that is derived the most startling instance of the Will-to-Make-Others-Believe. For although Professor Crawley believes that he has proved, to his own satisfaction at any rate, that all the dogmas of religion are derived from the practices of savage races whereby they protected themselves from evil spirits, he yet advocates the teaching of the Church Catechism as a panacea for the growth of Socialism. According to this line of thought, it is right for the teachers of the people to teach, not what they themselves believe, but what it is supposed will counteract evil tendencies in the people themselves. Finally by a combination of the Will-to-Make-Others-Believe what is good for them, we find M. Sorel actually advocating that Syndicalism and the Myth of the General Strike should be preached, simply because the General Strike is a logical impossibility which can never take place. And the teachers of it know this to be the case: they are advised to teach it everywhere simply because the belief in it will lead the proletariat to a passionate devotion to their order which would never be roused by anything short of a myth.

In "Vital Lies" we are, in fact, face to face with a problem which has for long been disturbing the minds of practical thinkers, namely, must we return to what was always the practice of the ancient churches, the use of an esoteric, as well as an exoteric, profession of faith? And if we do this, in philosophy, in politics, and in religion, how are we to deal with that inevitable sense of hypocrisy which must arise in the minds of teachers trained in the school of later Christianity when they are asked to preach, not what they believe, but what they are told is good for the people? No question could be more important than this, for many signs there are to show that philosophy, at any rate, is indeed at the Cross Roads. "Vital Lies" then deals with a danger that, as it seems to us, strikes at the very root of mental integrity in all branches of intellectual work, a danger the more likely to mislead because it comes from the hands of such men as Professor William James and M. Bergson. As a work of literature it is not always easy to read since it disintegrates false reasoning by close analysis rather than by frontal attack, but it is often

fascinating and nearly always compelling in its logic. Nor can it be described as anything but clear and masterly in its summing-up, which runs thus:

"'Vital Lies' are among the devices with which the Gods, possibly blind (perhaps because their eyes are unlike ours), shape us and our destinies out of the material of our own desires and powers. But 'Vital Lies' are not articles of common or domestic utility, to be made by Man for Man's own using, still less things which men can discuss, and of which they can lend one another the pattern!"

We commend the book to the attention of all serious thinkers, for it is one which cannot safely be neglected.

M. P. WILLCOCKS

## WARDS OF THE STATE.\*

All that Mr. Tighe Hopkins writes on prisons and their inmates we receive with respect and read with attention. Indeed, Mr. Hopkins writes so well that attention is inevitable, so keenly is our interest aroused. In the present volume we have the fruit of wide reading on the literature of prisons the writings of ex-prisoners, and ex-prison governors, blue books, and other official documents, all have been closely studied by the author—and of equally wide and sympathetic observation. Not content with imparting a knowledge of prison life as extensive and peculiar as Mr. Weller's knowledge of London, and with appealing to the better sense of mankind against the follies and cruelties still practised in many a gaol, Mr. Hopkins points out where improvements have been made, and the prospect of still greater changes for the better in penal administration.

In the main "Wards of the State" is concerned with the effects of imprisonment upon the prisoner, and chiefly in Great Britain. But conditions in America come in for a good deal of notice, and half-a-dozen chapters—under the general title "Preventive" discuss fingerprints, the importance of microscope and camera in the detection of crime, Professor Munsterberg's "Psychology and Crime," police dogs, and jiu-jitsu. The great mass of evidence produced by Mr. Hopkins to show "the flagrant utility" of penal servitude as a punishment will probably convince all who have not yet come to that conclusion. For "the testimony against the existing system" comes "occasionally from the judge who passes sentence," from medical officers and chaplains, from unpaid visitors, from Parliamentary reports, and "from every intelligent prisoner who has the ability and the courage to tell us in print what his life as a convict was like and what this life did for him." It is not only that imprisonment itself is "a school of crime," so that an ex-prisoner can declare:

"I do not think I should be overstretching the mark if I said that ninety-nine out of every hundred convicted criminal prisoners leave the prison at the end of their sentence far worse men than when they first entered prison,"

while another, "the

\* "Wards of the State: an Unofficial View of Prison and the Prisoner." By Tighe Hopkins. 10s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.



Mr. Tighe Hopkins.

Author of "Wards of the State" (Herbert & Daniel).

last survivor of the famous gang of forgers who a generation ago succeeded in obtaining £250,000 from the Bank of England," can write :

"The only lesson I learned in prison was submission. The punishment I got I deserved, and I have no complaint to make of any personal injustice. It is the system that is at fault, inasmuch as it punishes without helping a fallen man to regain his self-respect. Many young men who go into prison for one ship are ruined morally within a short time of entering prison. The evil companionship, the degradation of the life, and the shipwreck of all future hopes work the mischief."

But for those dependent on the prisoner, left, in too many cases, practically destitute only to choose between crime and starvation when the prison gate has closed on the bread-winner, imprisonment will also bring ruin. "There may seem at the moment no other way to avoid famishing" than drifting, and drifting in this case is commonly ruin.

Mr. Hopkins dealing with the case of the woman prisoner is emphatic on the assistance given to the cause of prison reform by the suffragist prisoners. He notes that a medical woman Inspector of Prisons was only appointed after the revelations of the suffrage prisoners in 1908-9. "Next there will be a doctor of the sex, and for the sex, in all prisons in which women are confined? At the last we may expect to see a lady on the Prison Commission."

That "the prisons of the women are every whit as useless and as hurtful as the prisons of the men" is one "among many other things we have learned from the suffragettes."

On the "Futility of Flogging," and the "Inequality of Sentences" there are excellent chapters, and the old delusion that garrotting in London was put down by flogging is once more exposed by Mr. Hopkins, two Home Secretaries, Mr. Asquith, and the late Lord Ridley, confirming the fact that "garrotting was put down, without resort to the lash, by a fearless administration of existing criminal law."

From the horrors of the past, the dull and evil stupidities of the present, we may turn to the "new horizons" for prisoners and law-breakers, sighted by penal reformers and the humaner of us. But the reader must learn of these horizons, and of many other items of the prison world in the book, "Wards of the State," itself.

J. C.

### PORTRAITS AND SPECULATIONS.\*

Mr. Ransome, well-known already by his books on Poe and Wilde, has here collected together nine essays on writers and on matters of literary interest. The first essay is one which recently appeared in *The English Review*—"Art for Life's Sake." This is a long and somewhat heavy discussion on the real function of art. Mr. Ransome appears to be equally opposed to the two cries of "art for morality's sake" and "art for art's sake." His position is best summarised in his own words.—

"The theory of art for art's sake left its holders at a loss before the question: 'Is no man greater than another, if his works are beautiful, if he is an equally skilful artist?' They knew that he was, but their theory could not tell them why, and they had to take refuge in cynicism. The theory of art for 'morality's' sake was no more satisfying. It suggested that the greatest artist was he who preached the most good, and so left its holders in speechless difficulty before a comparison of Rossetti and Dr. Watts. The theory of art for life's sake has a clear answer, and offers a valid test. That man is the greatest artist who makes us the most profoundly conscious of life. Shakespeare is set above Herrick, who was a better technician, and Leonardo above Murillo, who painted more devotional subjects, on grounds with which men, neither as artists nor as moralists, need quarrel."

The next essay is "Aloysius Bertrand: a Romantic of 1830." Bertrand's is a very small figure in the history of French literature and his chief claim to memory is the fact that his book "*Gaspard de la Nuit*" is, in some ways, the

model on which Baudelaire founded his "*Petits Poèmes en Prose*." Sainte Beuve wrote on Bertrand and Hugo admired his work, so that he has never lacked a certain amount of solid recognition.

This essay is followed by one on the Retrospection of François Coppée—a light trifle on the melancholy French dreamer who died a few years since.

Then comes one on Nietzsche—a very different type of man. This is a long study that does not seem to shed too much light on its subject. It is curiously difficult to find out what Mr. Ransome does really mean in this paper—his attitude inclines to the negative. But it may, no doubt, be of interest to professed and ardent followers of the philosopher.

Next we have an essay on Walter Pater, which, in its turn also, cannot be called very illuminating. It is rather an analysis of Pater's method and ideas than a criticism upon their value. Mr. Ransome has caught something of his subject's elusive wordiness—a wordiness not less wordy because it is full of sonorous periods.

Then we have an article on Remy de Gourmont—a living Frenchman whose book "*Une Nuit au Luxembourg*" created almost a sensation when published recently in a translation over here.

Next follows a charming paper on the Japanese poet Yone Noguchi, whose works, as those of another Japanese Yoshio Markino, are published in English. Mr. Ransome has a hearty admiration for his Japanese friend, and announces it boldly. No chance of mistaking his intention in this instance.

And finally, there is an essay entitled, "Kinetic and Potential Speech"—a suggestive essay that would have been of more value had it been put in simpler language. It comes practically to this, that "kinetic speech" is, say, a poem is that which gives the actual meaning, whilst "potential speech" is that which gives the deep, poetical emotion. Listen to Mr. Ransome:—

"We shall find that the nearer poetry approaches to kinetic speech, the more easily is it apprehended by the multitude. Kinetic speech secures its effects by the presentation of facts, situations and stories, which are stuff not so fine as to slip through the coarse meshes of the general understanding. This explains the immediate and wide popularity of such poets as Longfellow, Scott, and Macaulay. Because prose, as a rule, depends more nearly on its kinetic than on its potential utterance, it is, as a rule, the more widely read. When, as in the hands of some nineteenth century writers, it emphasizes the potential element of speech, it correspondingly narrows its public."

Here we shall leave Mr. Ransome. His book is tinged too persistently with the sedate dreariness of a critic who takes himself very seriously. But, on the other hand, it is well written and full of judgments which, if not brilliant, are at least intelligent.

RICHARD CURLE.

### DICKENS AND REFORM.\*

One might very well be justified in assuming that all phases of the life and writings of Charles Dickens had been thoroughly and adequately investigated and expounded. Of the multifarious articles or the numerous books he has inspired, his social teachings have, perhaps, supplied the text as often as, if not more often, than any other. Yet, until Mr. W. Walter Crotch published "*Charles Dickens: Social Reformer*," no serious attempt had been made to treat the subject comprehensively or with any degree of finality.

Hitherto the study of Dickens's teachings in this direction had been confined to his humanitarian leanings in his novels, which have invariably left a loop-hole for the sceptical to assert that the views of certain fictitious creations need only

\* "Portraits and Speculations." By Arthur Ransome. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

▼\* "Charles Dickens: Social Reformer: The Social Teaching of England's Great Novelist." By W. Walter Crotch. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



be taken as such and not as the honest outpourings of a great man's mind; but the student of Dickens's writings to-day has abundant data and reasons for knowing that the reverse is the case. The novelist's minor writings collected and published during his lifetime, his published letters, and Forster's biography, were not always studied as carefully as they warrant, whilst the recently discovered articles and sketches he contributed to periodical literature, containing as they do his real convictions, constitute material enough to give him rank as one of our greatest reformers and a prophet of no mean order.

To estimate this phase of Dickens in its truest and most conscientious manner all this mass of evidence had to be sifted, sorted, arranged in proper sequence, and set up as a concrete monument to his honour. This is what Mr. Crotch has done, and done so honestly, so thoroughly, that scarcely aught else is left to be said on the subject. Such a book was sorely needed. A book, as he says, not to interpret Dickens in this respect, but a book wherein Dickens interprets himself. "Buried in his multitude of novels, drifting through his ephemeral articles for daily and weekly newspapers, are teachings, political and social, which," he says in his preface "I found possessed an appropriateness and significance for even present times. I have sought not to make a book by collecting the teachings indiscriminately, but rather by gathering together in orderly array the arguments duect from Dickens which should illustrate my theory and prove his case." His richest mine has been the little-known "Miscellaneous Papers," which he has woven into their proper place in Dickens's scheme for the amelioration of the ills and wrongs of the people, for which he made his novels the chief vehicle. Such a book craved to be written, and Mr. Crotch has written it, and written it in a manner that merits the greatest praise.

He first deals in general terms with the formative influences of the novelist's early life: the environment in which he worked as a drudge in the old Hungerford Market, his companionship of poverty there and in his home, the effect the life in the Marshalsea Prison had on the boy's mind, and how it all remained engrained in his brain as something wrong to be righted. It taught him the one great truth he so insistently expounded in his books "that it is the poor who are most generous and helpful to the poor; and that they who have experienced the pain of poverty alone can justly comprehend its pangs." Out of all this early life he laid the foundation for all he sought to teach regarding the social relationship between man and man, and did not rest until he had proved that "conviction, were it ever so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct." As Mr. Crotch puts it, "he regarded his feelings of love for the poor as units in this army of human freedom, and he *did* expend those feelings in appropriate deeds . . . that those feelings which prompted the demands that social sores should be healed were the direct and obvious outcome of his early environment and experience."

Mr. Crotch then proceeds to elaborate Dickens's instinct for reform. He points out that we are realising it is an unnatural divorce to separate the highest attributes of our humanity from the science of human well-being, and that Dickens, with nothing but his intuitive sympathies, stumbled across the very fact which Ruskin made the basis of his scheme of industrial physiology, namely, that the motive power of man's labour is man's soul. Mr. Crotch quotes Dickens's speech, made in Birmingham in 1869, wherein he said: "My faith in the people governing is, on the whole, infinitesimal; my faith in the people governed is, on the whole, illimitable," a phrase which has been a stumbling block to many, and misconstrued by others who desired to make it serve a different end. Mr. Crotch interprets it as meaning "not that it was good to be governed in the narrow sense in which the word is used, but that Dickens had the profoundest belief that, in spite of the yoke of class government, the people, that great mass of toiling, sinning, erring people, would yet work out their own salvation."

"Dickens was not," says Mr. Crotch, "the exponent of any particular theory of general constructive reform; whilst his teaching was limited to emphasizing the necessity for better

sanitation and housing and education, and denouncing the evil of landlordism, the Poor Law, the prison system, gambling, usury, war, slavery, child-labour, sweating and other particular social defects, he yet became the prose-prophet of the cause of social reform itself, and the firm upholder of that which alone is the assurance of its ultimate success, namely, our equality in the primary and fundamental instincts of faith and love and duty. Only from such an equality can just political and social institutions rise and take shape."

Mr. Crotch then devotes a chapter to Dickens's interpretation of childhood, showing how the instinctive grip of boyhood never left the novelist throughout his life, and how "the facts of life had been beaten into his young soul when he was of an age at which most men of letters are leading careless, happy, untroubled lives at school." It might almost be said of Dickens that he discovered children; their care was his care; to him they were not ornaments merely on the one hand or a nuisance on the other. They were a part of life, and their needs required as much legislation as their parents'. Yet it is only to-day that we find his teachings in this respect bearing fruit. Throughout all his novels and stories the child is paramount, and how Dickens advocated reforms on their behalf, and how he had their welfare at heart always, is known to all who read his books. Mr. Crotch is well advised in emphasizing this fact at the outset, and this particular chapter of his book makes illuminating reading at the present moment.

What Dickens did for reform through his novels need not be insisted upon at length here. The Poor Law, imprisonment for debt, iniquitous schools, gambling, copyright laws, sordid nursing, disregard of the human spirit towards the poor, education, the law's fantastic delays, the circumlocution office and red tape, all these things and others will come readily to the mind of even the casual reader of his books. Mr. Crotch traverses the whole array in chapter after chapter, bringing together the evidence from those novels, with his own stimulating comments by way of explanation or emphasis, clearly showing how Dickens drew attention to the necessity of reform in various directions, and how many of the reforms were brought about by his strenuous pen through the medium of those novels, speeches and letters. But he does what none else has done before: he interpolates the views Dickens expressed in his journalistic writings, not merely as a corollary of what he advocated in his novels, but as evidence that Dickens's mission was substantial and real.

What Mr. Crotch has to say himself is of the utmost value to the reader, and proves him to be not only a true student of reform but a great Dickensian too. His book will be the standard one on the subject, for it is the most enlightened treatise on a phase of the great genius of Dickens that has been published for years.

B. W. MATZ.

## WRIT IN WATER.\*

The Lord Verulam—Francis Bacon—and the Rosicrucian Society, their complete independence notwithstanding, looked alike for a new birth of time. For the one it was the governing motive of his written work, and he allegorized thereon in the "New Atlantis"; the others drew strange symbolism from an unknown star in Serpentarius. Perhaps, more especially in the first case, the desired epoch was to be that of regenerated science and philosophy; the Rosicrucians expected an imputed old and immemorial wisdom to rise again above the horizon of intellectual life, when all things would assume therein a new and glorious vesture. Each in their way might have said: "We have seen His star in the East, and have come to adore Him." The present day is expectant, like the late sixteenth and the early seventeenth centuries; many new lights fall upon coming events, and not a few upon the old inaugurations. With the second concern in view, Mr. Harold Bayley, who has knowledge after his own manner, has followed

\* "The Lost Language of Symbolism: An Inquiry into the Origin of Certain Letters, Words, Names, Fairy-Tales, Folk-Lore, and Mythologies." By Harold Bayley. 2 Vols. 25s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

his "New Light on the Renaissance" by two other captivating volumes, dealing with the same subjects. Their appeal, as before, does not at all lie within the validity of his views; they will be not of less interest and entertainment to some who, like myself, are very far from looking at certain events of history, certain landmarks of religion and literature, through his enchanted glasses, than to the few—if there be any—who can accept his construction of facts.

It may seem outside the issues, but Mr. Bayley's advantage is the possession of what appears to my own untutored mind as a great knowledge of the marks used by late and early manufacturers of paper in Europe, including France more especially, and it is of this—but, concurrently, also of printing and printers' marks—that he gave us in his first book a sort of informal history. He acknowledges, however, some indebtedness to the vast collection of Briquet, which appeared in 1907, filling four folio volumes, entitled "*Les Filigranes*," being an historical dictionary of water-marks, with over 16,000 facsimiles. After what manner the particulars which Mr. Bayley has ingarnered offer to his own mind—(a) new light on the Renaissance; and (b) an attempt to recover the lost language of symbolism—constitutes his thesis at large, and his views can be summarised shortly, with justice, I think, to himself, and with clearness for a reader's purpose. As his first publication seems an introduction to the second, or as they cover practically the same ground, it is difficult to deal with the one in the absence of reference to the other, and I shall draw something from both. Mr. Bayley affirms that the heretical sects of Southern France were the cradle of European paper-making, and for some centuries were also the centre of this industry. From the year 1282 onward, the water-marks on paper were traditional emblems of Provence, but the same designs came to be employed all over Europe and were, therefore, in his opinion, carried by Provençal refugees. He affirms further that mediæval craftsmen of various kinds were adepts in the art of symbolism; that hence it is not surprising if marks on paper should exhibit elaborate intention of an allegorical kind; and that, as a fact, they speak a hidden language. They are not of imagination or fantasy; they are not of the extravagant and even brutal humour which characterised some mediæval carvings in stone. Ordinary symbolism speaks also this language—as witness the Cross and the Pentagram—and folk-lore has a tongue of gold for those who understand its message. By the masters and craftsmen of Southern France it seems to have been in daily use, and it formed part of a planned conspiracy which was maturing for centuries.

It was the conspiracy of several sects, and if I speak of them generically as Albigensian, it is only in the sense that the greater may stand for the whole, seeing that the whole had one spirit, whatever the distinction in their tenets. The Albigenses for Mr. Bayley were primitive Christians, but they believed—or so he reports—in an evil principle which created matter, and they held further that human souls are imprisoned by a catastrophe in cages of flesh. In the virginal conception of Christ and the Resurrection they did not, in his opinion, believe. I mention these points to illustrate what passes in some quarters for pure and primitive Christian doctrine. I am not otherwise concerned with questions of theological appeal and value; but Mr. Bayley should be aware, like myself, that these things are the drift and scattermeal of early Gnosticism; that they have been attributed to Albigenses chiefly on the authority of their enemies he does not seem to recognise. However this may be, and whether such doctrines are arch-heresy or highest mystic truth, if there be real evidence that any Albigensian conspiracy transformed, or sought to transform, intellectual Europe—though fire and sword had well-nigh extinguished the sects—our author has accomplished much more than either of his titles suggest, and more, perhaps, than he imagines. Unfortunately, when the evidence comes to be weighed, it will be found that he has proved nothing but the futility of his case.

Illustrations of Mr. Bayley's method of demonstration may be scheduled as follows: (1) The Albigenses were, according to his records, called the good people; among

early papermakers there were names such as Bon, Bona-mour, Sauveur; therefore these persons were Albigenses. (2) The French town now known as Dieulouard, and once a centre of paper-making, was originally *Dieu le garde*; it was, therefore, an Albigensian colony. (3) A pseudo-Masonic reverie states that the Third Crusade covered a scheme to erect at Jerusalem a Metropolitan Church as a rival to that of Rome. Everyone knows that this is fraudulent fable, but among early paper-marks there is a globe surmounted by a cross, and it proves that Albigenses were parties to the alleged plot. (4) It was apparently a tenet of the sect that their only sword must be that of the spirit; a sword in one of the emblems is surmounted by a *fleur de lys*, and this is the sword of the spirit, or the doctrine typified. (5) An extended hand bears the inscription FOY, and it refers to the traditional faith of the sects. (7) The unicorn is an emblem of purity; it is found in paper-marks; it is an Albigensian symbol, because the Albigenses were good. (8) The Albigenses regarded Jacob's Ladder as a symbol of virtue and aspiration; I do not find the authority, but a ladder is another paper-mark, and is, therefore, from a factory of the sect. (9) A Gothic R poised on something which stands for a hill signifies *Regeneratio*. (10) Lastly, the appearance of a pope in a water-mark not only confirms what is deduced from the recurrence of the rose as an emblem—namely, that the Albigenses formed themselves into a kind of secret society—but shows that the sect had a hidden church governed by an occult hierarchy.

These evidences, as it seems to me, speak for themselves, and when on the authority of writers now forgotten, whose demonstrations were similar to his own, Mr. Bayley states that the Graal books were Scriptures of the Albigensian Church, when he identifies every vessel in water-marks with the sacred cup and every hill with Mont Salvatch, if not with the hill of Zion, it is difficult to think of any method more arbitrary. When, however, he discourses of Masonry, its horizon and antiquity, even he should be aware that he does not know his subject, and has no titles. My conclusion is that he has given us two entertaining works, but they are written in a hopeless cause. It is the entertainment of the last in particular which has saved it from dismissal in much shorter terms. I think also that his chapters on Cinderella and on the Night of Fire are more than merely interesting; but he should not have written on the Tree of Life with the stock of knowledge at his command. The volumes are beautifully produced and amply illustrated.

A. E. WAITE.

### NAPOLEON.\*

The two latest books on Napoleon enable the reader to study his amazing character and career as a whole and at the same time to follow step by step, in extraordinary detail, the campaign of 1813, which showed his ambition unchecked by the Russian failure, but his genius at the commencement of its decline. To those who love military history Mr. Loraine Petre's book will give great delight; it is full, exact and plain in its statements, the result obviously of much industry and careful study, and with its excellent series of maps and plans makes it possible to follow clearly a very complicated campaign. Dr. Holland Rose's lectures give by far the most comprehensive and vivid presentation in English of Napoleon's character; he is, of course a great expert on the history of the period and his knowledge of the enormous literature on Napoleon supplies him with the most apt and decisive illustrations and proofs of all that he advances on the genius and personality which are the wonder of the modern world. Comparing his book with the brilliant sketch by Sir John Seeley it is evident that we know much more and ought much more clearly to

\* The Personality of Napoleon: the Lowell Lectures delivered at Boston in 1912; by J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. 5s. net. (Bell.)  
Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813. By F. Loraine Petre. With 17 Maps and Plans. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

understand the man whose glory equals if it does not exceed that of all other men of war and the State. Yet those who know most, and Dr. Rose among them, are again and again puzzled to find any formula that expounds his character, any argument that explains the miracles he wrought.

Seeley declared that he had no ideas peculiar to himself, only a talent for using and converting into force the ideas of his time. Emerson quaintly diagnosed him as "no gentleman," and depicted him as the sublimated genius of the middle-class. Dr. Rose wisely says that it is futile to sum up Napoleon in any one category. "As the elemental in man appeals to our love of romance, the personality of Napoleon will ever be a challenge to more strenuous activity, to greater concentration of purpose, to a defiance of the impossible." Yet this elemental man was broken in the end against the commonplace verities of morality, defeated by no genius superior to his own, but conquered by the humdrum peoples of Europe. In the end he forgot his own maxims as to the need for "hard dry calculation," he allowed infatuation to eclipse the brightness of that reasoning faculty which had been the chief instrument of his greatness, and failed to perceive the strength of that new spirit of nationality which was to bring his Empire to ruin. In his greatest period Napoleon had a mind that was matchless in its power over detail, a quality which he attributed to his mathematical training, but in his later campaigns he grew neglectful of those minor arrangements which he himself declared to be all important in war. Moreover his habit of arranging everything himself, his "centralised system of command," led his subordinates to hesitate and distrust themselves if they had not been given exact instructions. Both these points are well illustrated by Mr. Petre.

Napoleon is the nearest approach to the Superman with whom mankind has had to deal and his career illustrates the benefits and inconveniences that would attend the advent of that much desired personage. He really regarded himself as superior to all laws. Morality, he declared, was not intended for the class of men to which he belonged. He said of some writer, "he speaks of me as if I were a person! I am not a person, I am a *thing*!" His personal energy was tremendous, like our own Henry II, he was never still, but gave his orders rapidly pacing up and down the room. "I can tire out my legs, but I can never tire out my power of work." He cared nothing about the grosser sensual pleasures; great fortune, luxury and pomp were only means, not ends. "My personal property was glory and fame." He was furious with his brother Jerome when he left his ship "for the sake of a wretched woman." His own attitude towards women was cold and despotic; they were a pleasant distraction at times, but they were never allowed to interfere. From one to whom he said: "Madame, I do not like women meddling with politics," he received the reply "You are right, General, but in a country where their heads are cut off, they naturally want to know why." Dr. Rose says that at the Revolution,

Women began to assert their rights; but their conduct displayed far more vehemence than wisdom. . . . They made no effective protest against the scandalous facilities for divorce which crept in under the cloak of liberty; and Napoleon, incisively commenting on the conduct of their sex during the Revolution, had some excuse for saying that in the interests of order they had to be repressed and put back in the old ruts. The history of the feminist movement at that time needs to be studied, for its follies entailed a grievous set-back to the cause of social progress.

Yet Napoleon never failed in his devotion to his mother. Madame Mère never could believe that the glories of her son would last and she persisted in saving money for the future years of leanness which she predicted. She was the only person who dared to remonstrate with the Emperor when he cheated at cards!

Napoleon believed as profoundly as Henry VIII in the unity of the State, but for the omniscience of Parliament he substituted the omniscience of himself. Efficiency was the first law of his nature and he believed instinctively in good government. One by one he took up all the problems that have proved most difficult to statesmen and in each department he attempted a complete

solution. "After long reflection I am convinced that for the settlement of affairs one man alone is needed, and that man can be none other than Bonaparte." He completely centralised all local government, deprived the Central Assemblies of all real power, erected a new order of nobility, codified the laws in so simple a language that "for the first time in human society the poor and unlettered had the chance of knowing what the laws were," organised a national system of secondary schools controlled by the Government, with the University of France at its head, built great roads constructed 1,200 miles of canals, and encouraged commerce by bounties and protection. "He sought to develop France and her vassal States by splendid enterprises, the aim being to make his Empire a self-sufficing unit, able to do without the sugar of the West Indies, or the silks and dyes of the East, and thus give the law to its rivals. So far as human energy and perseverance could achieve the task, he succeeded; and important industries, notably that of the sugar beet-root, attested the resourcefulness which he evoked." All this original and profoundly influential political work proceeded side by side with gigantic conquests. He returns from Austerlitz and founds a University.

Nothing is more characteristic of Napoleon than his attitude towards religion. Dr. Rose quotes a most illuminating statement:

My policy consists in governing men as the greatest number wish to be governed. That I think is the way of recognizing the sovereignty of the people. By becoming a Catholic I have ended the Vendean War; by becoming a Moslem I gained a footing in Egypt; by becoming Ultramontane I won over public opinion in Italy. If I governed Jews, I would rebuild the temple of Solomon.

In nothing had the Revolution more completely failed than in its political treatment of religion, which began with the Declaration of Rights and ended in crude persecution; in nothing was Napoleon more immediately successful



**Cobbett the Recruit.**

"... as I shot up into a hobble-dehoy, I took to driving the plow for the benefit of mankind, which was always my prime object. Hearing that the Church Warden was after me, I determined to become a Hero, and secretly quitting my agricultural pursuits and Sukey Stubbs—volunteered as a Private Soldier into the 51st Regiment, commanded by that tried Patriot and Martyre Lord Edwd. Fitzgerald—and embarked for the Plantations."—*Vide My Own Memoires in the Political Register for 1809.*

From a caricature by Gillray.

From "Life and Letters of William Cobbett in England and America," by Lewis Melville (John Lane).



Cobbett's Birthplace, at Farnham.



Thursley, where Cobbett frequently stayed.



Photos by F. E. Green.

Cobbett's Oak, at Telford.

than in his Concordat with the Pope, which healed the schism and immensely increased his personal power by giving him the legitimate nomination of the bishops. His own view of the agreement is stated with his own incomparable terseness: the First Consul will nominate fifty bishops, whom the Pope will institute. They will appoint the *curés*, and the State will give them all salaries. The Pope shall confirm the sale of Church property, and give his blessing to the Republic. "We shall have *Salvum fac rem Gallicam* chanted at mass. People may call me a Papist if they like. I am nothing. I was a Mohammedan in Egypt; I shall be a Catholic in France for the sake of the people." But when Napoleon in the height of his Imperial glory quarrelled with the Pope and imprisoned him he found that the ancient controversy between the spiritual and temporal powers was by no means solved by his adroit bargain. The persecuted Pope became a very formidable personage, and despised religion inflicted a serious injury on the Superman's power. And in the end it was the genius-lacking English who were too strong, too persistent for their great enemy, so that our people never had the opportunity of welcoming him as he was confident they desired to do, and those "independent republics of England and Ireland" which he meditated never sprang into existence at his word.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

### WILLIAM COBBETT.\*

How was it that this son of a peasant farmer became a master of English prose? How was it that he came to achieve a style lucid, easy, virile, and unaffected, yet carrying with it an air of great distinction?

He began to learn grammar when a private soldier garrisoned at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, at the age of twenty-two. His pay was sixpence a day: "The edge of my berth, or that of the guard-bed was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing table; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light, but that of a fire, and only my *turn* even of that. . . . To buy a pen or a sheet of paper I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half starvation . . . and I had to read and to write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men."

This private, who soon rose to be sergeant, was indeed a man of grim determination and terrific industry. In an age when to be a soldier was to be a drunken brawler, Cobbett never touched any intoxicating liquors during the whole time he served. His library seemed to have consisted of Lowth's "Grammar," Isaac Watts's "Logic," "the rhetoric of some fellow I have forgotten," a book on geometry, and the Duke of York's "Military Exercises and Evolutions."

He was filled with the egotism of a self-educated man, but as Mr. Melville remarks

\* "The Life and Letters of William Cobbett in England and America." By Lewis Melville. With 32 Illustrations. 2 Vols. 32s. net. (John Lane.)

in an introductory chapter, touched with clever, Puck-like criticisms, "his egotism was not offensive because there was no affectation." That captious critic Hazlett wrote of him, "his egotism is full of individuality and has room for very little vanity in it. We feel delighted, rub our hands and draw our chair to the fire, when we come to a passage of this sort; we know it will be something new and good, manly and simple, not the same insipid story of self over again." Cobbett congratulated himself that he had escaped from becoming "as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester and Westminster Schools, or from any of those dens of dunces called colleges and universities."

But how was it that Cobbett managed to escape from the pedantry of the self-educated man who sets up as schoolmaster to every living being? He seems to have plucked the bones and sinews out of some syntax, and made from them a living masterpiece! When he sat down to write, he wrote like one talking to a friend in a gale of wind. He spoke and wrote as no one ever spoke or wrote before.

We know that with his intensely English nature Cobbett repudiated all claims to genius which he seems to have regarded as something lower than industry. But was there not, after all, a streak of genius in Cobbett? How can we otherwise account for that daring psychological insight of his which brought him immediate fame in republican Philadelphia, when he filled his shop window with the portraits of unpopular monarchs? Who but one who had the eye of a literary genius could see wretched girls working in fields as "ragged as colts and as pale as ashes?" Who but a genius with a colossal ignorance of philosophical writings could have written in a book on grammar: "It is the mind that lives; and the length of life ought to be measured by the number and importance of our ideas, and not by the number of our days"?

Yet I think Cobbett owed something to that chance purchase of a little book for threepence when he adventurously tramped from Farnham to Kew at the age of eleven to seek a job in that gardener's paradise. He had sixpence-halfpenny in his pocket when he started, and the threepence he paid for "The Tale of a Tub," the title of which attracted him in a bookseller's window, robbed him not only of his supper, but also of his last penny. From Swift, Cobbett must have caught the trick of the invective loaded with irony. He tells us himself how he carried about "The Tale of a Tub" wherever he went, until he "lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy in North America," and that "the loss gave me greater pain than I have since felt in losing thousands of pounds."

Though Cobbett wielded his pen like a bludgeon, there was no confusion about his strokes, no riot of pummeling which could become an incoherent storm of words. Though it often fell on the wrong head every blow was distinct and well timed.

He showed, however, even greater genius in mastering the difficult art of living well than in writing well. That is what is borne in upon us from reading these entertaining letters.



Hurstbourne Tarrant, overlooking The Rookery, where Cobbett stayed and wrote many of his "Rural Rides."



The Rookery at Uphusband, where Cobbett used to stay with his friend Blount, who would leave a plate of pork and bread (for any passing tramp) on the top of the broad wall.



Photos by F. E. Green.

The Winterslow Hut, in which Hazlett was living and writing when Cobbett rode by.

It was inconceivable that Cobbett could long remain the friend of a Prime Minister, who, we learn from the Hammonds' book "The Village Labourer," confessed to the House of Commons when he dropped his Reform of the Poor Law Bill, that he knew nothing about the rural poor of England. It was when Cobbett left the "great wen" behind him, with its futile politics of "high life" and mounted his horse on his rural rides, that he became the St. George of the English labourer and entered into his kingdom.

Mr. Melville has done literature and history a service in showing how a Royal personage might write undecorated, lucid, forcible English when the writing is dictated by a Cobbett. Those letters written by Cobbett and signed by Queen Caroline to her most august relations are entertaining reading. We would that we had a few more letters written by Cobbett's daughter, Anne, who was not only a sturdy champion, but also an apt, literary pupil of her father. When Anne writes to her brother of how Queen Caroline said after Cobbett left her presence: "'Well, now, if that is Mr. C. no wonder such fine writing comes from him. He is the finest man I have seen since I came to England. Aye, aye, if there be only a few such men as that to stand by me I shall not care for the Lords.' All of which the Govr. says is nothing more than bare justice, for he says he saw no man there anything to compare to himself; you know the gentleman has by no means a contemptible notion of his person."

It is in the picture they give us of Cobbett as a husband and father that these letters are most illuminating. The truculent bludgeoner in public stands out in these pages, conspicuously different to so many a man of genius, as a loyal and tender husband and father. This man, who could subdue an entirely hostile House of Commons by his dominating personality never apparently gave an order to his children. He influenced by precept and reward, and they repaid him by loyalty and comradeship in managing his business affairs after he had been swindled by man after man, as well as ruined by the Government. It was Leslie Stephens who said: "The domestic Cobbett was invariably charming."

The excellent reproductions of Gillray's caricatures add to the value of these volumes.

I cannot close this review without pointing to Cobbett's extraordinary achievements as a literary pamphleteer. I attribute his great success to his courageous, direct, human appeal. He never flinched from making personal attacks when combating some evil thing, some vicious system—even when faced with a sentence of two years' imprisonment.

F. E. GREEN.

### BUTLER'S NOTE-BOOKS.\*

I will not begin by referring to Samuel Butler as a one-book author; partly because I do not wish to put his enthusiastic followers to the trouble of denying it, as they always do; chiefly because I do not think he is a one-book author, for the one book that is universally granted to him is "Erewhon," and I confess I could never understand how anyone can for a moment rank "Erewhon" above that masterly study of modern life—that great novel "The Way of All Flesh." If Butler is a one-book author, that is his book; but so far as I am concerned, he shall have four, "Life and Habit," being his third, and this volume compiled from his note-books the fourth. And that is a large allowance. Nearly all authors write far too much; they will not or cannot leave off when they have said everything they have to say—they must needs go on repeating themselves, and at the end of the day you find even the greatest of them is whittled down to half a dozen volumes at most, and the happiest and oftenest read live compactly in one or two.

\* "The Note-Books of Samuel Butler." Selections arranged and Edited by Henry Festing Jones. With Photogravure Portrait. 6s. net. (Fifield.)

Butler's fame has been a slow growth, but his niche in the Temple is secure, and if it is in a dim corner one cannot but see that the sunlight is slowly travelling his way. I am glad of his "Note-Books," because they epitomise much of his philosophy; they give you the roots and germ of "Erewhon," and of some of those lesser books of his that you will never read again. More than that, they are a revelation of himself; they offer all sorts of intimate glimpses of him; his everyday life, his friends, his thoughts about himself, his work, and his critics. His failure, in the commercial sense of the word, calls for no sympathy. He had a sense of humour that saved him from over-valuing either the applause or the censures of a very fallible world; he had always the consolations of a private income, and he was sustained by a fixed confidence in the enduring quality of his work. He published at his own expense, because, he says, he could not be bothered with hunting round for a publisher and being continually rejected; and he prepared a table showing that only one of his books yielded him any profit, and that was "Erewhon," and that his total loss on them amounted to nearly eight hundred pounds. To this must be added, he remarks, his book on Shakespeare's Sonnets, "in respect of which I have had no account as yet, but am over a hundred pounds out of pocket by it so far—little of which, I fear, is ever likely to come back." Here are a few of his notes on this phase of his experience:

"When I am dead, do not let people say of me that I suffered from misrepresentation and neglect. I was neglected and misrepresented; very likely not half so much as I supposed but, nevertheless, to some extent neglected and misrepresented. I growl at this sometimes but, if the question were seriously put to me whether I would go on as I am, or become famous in my lifetime, I have no hesitation about which I should prefer. I would willingly pay the few hundred pounds which the neglect of all my works costs me in order to be let alone and not plagued by the people who would come round me if I were known. The probability is I shall remain after my death as obscure as I am now; if this be so, the obscurity will, no doubt, be merited, and if not, my books will work not only as well without my having been known in my lifetime, but a great deal better; my follies and blunders will the better escape notice to the enhancing of the value of anything that may be found in my books. . . .

"Shall I be remembered after death? I sometimes think and hope so. But I trust I may not be found out (if ever I am found out, and if I ought to be found out at all) before my death. It would bother me very much, and I should be much happier and better as I am [1880].

"P.S.—This note I leave unaltered. I am glad to see I had so much sense thirteen years ago. What I thought then I think now, only with greater confidence and confirmation. [1893]. . . .

"I believe my reputation stands well with the best people. Granted that it makes no noise, but I have not been willing to take the pains necessary to achieve what may be called guinea-pig review success, because, although I have been in financial difficulties, I did not seriously need success from a money point of view, and because I hated the kind of people I should have had to court and kow-tow to if I went in for that sort of thing. . . . A man cannot be said to have failed because he did not get what he did not try for. What I did try for I believe I have got as fully as any reasonable man can expect, and I have every hope that I shall get it still more both so long as I live and after I am dead."

There is something fine and stimulating in this frank self-confidence. He is as frank and individual in all his notes. He had an almost fierce dislike of Tennyson and Thackeray, and seems to have held Bunyan and Dickens rather cheaply; but his adoration of Handel and Shakespeare was boundless. Art, literature, music, science, religion, morality, the common affairs of common life, the mysteries of the seen and the unseen worlds—he had brooded over all things from his individual standpoint, and his thoughts and opinions are shrewd and penetrating and often wonderfully illuminating. I like the little rough sketches he makes of his association with Clifford's Inn, and that neighbourhood; his sketches and anecdotes are admirable and full of his own quiet, dry, satirical, ironical humour; but all his *obiter dicta* are full of it too. I had marked a score or two of these latter for quotation, but my space is exhausted, and I shall have to send you to the book for them, and could not send you to any book of recent years that contains more wisdom, more wit, or a larger, saner philosophy of life crowded into four hundred



pages, without a dull page to them all. It has so taken me that I am going to take heart of grace and proclaim that if ever I had to reduce Butler to two books they should be this one and "The Way of All Flesh"—his disciples might think and say of me as they would, it is "Erewhon" that should go overboard.

One must add a word of gratitude to Mr. Festing Jones for his preface, concerning the writing of these "Note-Books," and for the care and skilfulness with which he has selected the notes and arranged them according to their subjects.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

### THE CHINESE REPUBLIC AND ITS FUTURE.\*

In the course of his Diary, recently published in the columns of the *Observer*, Li Hung-chang, after a visit to the slums of London, remarks:

"The more I see and learn of the lower classes of people in Europe, the greater is my love and pity for the miserable poor of my own country, for by comparison the latter are less vicious."

Mr. Bland, previously known to the public in this country as part author of a book on Li Hung-chang's great mistress, the Empress Tzu Hsi, in his new work strikingly endorses Li's opinion. He finds "the patient, philosophical sons of Han," so often and so heavily afflicted by misfortune, a most lovable race.

"If affliction is good for the soul," he says, "the Chinese soul has received its full share of good—but, whatever the origin of its excellence, we need no better proof of the inherent moral qualities and social virtues of the Chinese than the fact that the Europeans who have lived amongst them speak of them with affection and leave them with sincere regret. . . . The European resident instinctively recognises in the Chinese outlook upon life, even amongst the humblest of the population, certain elemental virtues which have been lost in the hurry of our modern civilisation."

It is these humble ones—"the stupid people," in the phrase of the Chinese *literati*—who have, unconsciously, given to the newly-established Republic of China an appearance of stability and strength. The Revolution has come, has swept away all the old landmarks, and has (nominally at least) created a new world on the mainland of Eastern Asia. "The stupid people" have acquiesced, and their acquiescence has been taken by the majority of spectators of the Revolution to mean that they are in sympathy with the aims of the Young China party and delight in liberty, equality and fraternity, including all the twentieth century interpretations of that famous motto. Fond delusion! The Chinese masses, now as before, earnestly desire peaceful government, under which to live out their sober, strenuous lives and solve the problem of combining great race-fecundity and limited means of subsistence. Manchu "Sons of Heaven" and Republican presidents are nothing to them, and the less they hear of either the better they will like it. The good ruler, in their eyes, is he who, while maintaining good order, interferes with them least.

"The Manchu dynasty had doubtless exhausted its mandate to the Dragon Throne, like the Mings before it. It had to be replaced, for the general health of China. Dr. Sun Yat-sen and his friends, full of Western, and particularly of American, ideas, have deposed the Manchus and set up what bears a remarkable likeness to Utopia. They have done so amid the applause of those whose teachings they have imbibed, and of countless more whose Western pride is flattered by the thought that the East is a pupil of the West. The Chinese Republic has therefore received the blessing of the civilised world, in the common (though arrogant) acceptance of the term.

Mr Bland, however, is not one of those who greet China's Revolution with cheers. He sees in Sun Yat-sen a hopeless visionary, and in the handiwork of him and his associates a fatal disregard of Chinese traditions and needs. Worse still, he finds in the Young China party as much

\* "Recent Events and Present Policies in China." By J. O. P. Bland. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Heinemann.)

self-seeking, greed, and corruption as in the old mandarins. There are honest men in the ranks, but they are destitute of the Idea which makes for regeneration. Instead they have imperfectly learnt the ideas of others, and have imposed them on their fellow countrymen. "If history teaches that the man comes with the hour, it teaches also that the hour comes not by accident, but only after long years of preparation." In this case there has been no such preparation. Therefore Young China will pass, to give place to something more suitable to the Chinese character; unless foreign aggression first takes advantage of the situation to cut China up, as many of the outside nations have been so long desiring to do. A strong man could save the country. Is President Yuan Shi-kai the man? Up to now he has consented to work with Young China, for he is a masterly opportunist. But to redeem his native land he must sweep the party away, and with it a great deal of its achievements. Mr. Bland would like to see him make himself monarch, if—and this he seems inclined to believe—he has sufficient force of character. If not he, then someone else must arise, who with a firm hand will bring back what was good in the old traditions, secure the dissemination of what is good in the new theories, and suppress the anarchy which, under cover of the Revolution, has spread itself over the land. Otherwise, China's fate is sealed.

Mr. Bland's work was badly needed, to correct the false ideas prevalent in the West about the Chinese Republic. His view of the situation is clear and sane, and to the present writer seems indisputably true. There is much more in the book than it is possible to allude to in a brief notice, but its chief value lies in the exposition of the argument sketched above. In its form there is something to be desired, but the author apologises for such defects as are due to the previous appearance of part of the material in newspapers and magazines. He might, however, have removed the cross-headings, which are more suited to journalism than to a volume. But it would be ungrateful to cavil when we have presented to us so sound and thoughtful a piece of work as Mr. Bland's.

PHILIP W. SERGLANT.

### THE APOTHEOSIS OF JUJUTSU.\*

The words at the head of this review of Mr. A. J. Harrison's deeply interesting and informative book exactly (though not perhaps fully) describe it. That the Jujutsu (incorrectly known here as the Jujitsu) method of fighting or defending oneself is a valuable one, no one who reads Mr. Harrison's book will have any doubt, but he very early points out that its virtues and efficiency have been greatly over-rated, and that it is absurd to suppose, as has been asserted, that an average Japanese policeman is so complete a master of this art that he can "push over a brawny English or American jack-tar with his little finger." In his early chapters the author gives a really interesting exposition of this science and its inner meaning, from the feudal times, when the members of the *samurai* class were, owing to the frankly sedentary habits of the vast mass of the people, the repositories of the manly arts and almost without exception exponents of *judo*, archery, fencing, and other physical exercises. They constituted in fact the "fighting spirit of Japan." It would appear, however, that the devotion of the *samurai* to physical exercise was not sufficient to keep the race at a satisfactory state of physical efficiency, and in his second chapter Mr. Harrison quotes extensively from an article in a Tokyo newspaper, in which the defects and shortcomings of the race and the physical deterioration are pointed out and the possible causes examined into with some detail. There is little doubt but that the Japanese have, until quite recently, been inclined to place too much faith in the ancient methods of physical culture, and to attach too much importance to

\* "The Fighting Spirit of Japan" By E. J. Harrison Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)



mere formalities. We have an amusing instance of this latter characteristic in connection with Mr. Harrison's visits to a *daikyuba* or archery range. Here he learnt something of the elaborate rules which govern the use of the bow in Japan. How to hold the latter, how to draw it, how the arrow should be fitted, etc. But, much to the disgust of the proprietor and of the Japanese *habitués*, a friend and fellow-journalist, who transgressed every canon of archery and outraged every principle, went on scoring bull's-eyes, whilst his Japanese competitors, who shot with the utmost grace and kept to the elaborate rules, could not find the centre.

All through the book an impression is left upon the mind of the reader that till, at all events, recent years the fighting spirit of Japan travelled upon very conventional and hard and fast lines, and that the people lacked initiative to a remarkable degree. But, the spirit, largely one of fatalistic self-sacrifice, and inbred patriotism, derived traditionally through the gods themselves, was ever present to prepare them for the great awakening which took place a decade or so ago.

Regarding forms of outdoor exercise and the introduction into Japan of Western sports and pastimes, the author has much to say that is of particular interest. Swimming, though much practised and taught in schools, is not at that state of perfection one would assume from accounts of swimming feats and records broken appearing from time to time in the native press. Physical culture, however, on broader Western lines is making some headway in even the girls' schools nowadays. And properly followed up with the adoption of different views regarding attire and other hygienic matters, should, Mr. Harrison thinks, have a good effect in putting a curb on race decay.

One illuminating explanation of the state of Japanese roads, which are, of course, notoriously bad, we must quote. It is representative of the keenness of Mr. Harrison's observation, and the thoroughness with which he has mastered his subject. He ascribes the indifference of the Japanese to good roads to the wearing of the *géta* or high wooden clogs, which keep both the feet and clothing up out of the mud, and of the *waraji* or straw sandals, which from their cheapness can be cast aside without compunction. There is also the practice of slipping off

the footgear when entering a house, which makes the Japanese more indifferent to mud than one imagines would be otherwise the case, considering the love of spotless cleanliness in the house which is a distinguishing Japanese characteristic.

Mr. Harrison goes very thoroughly into the inner mysteries and science of *judo*, fencing, wrestling and sword-dancing, and has something interesting to say upon all of these subjects. He gives a vivid account of the two-handed sword play, for which the *samurai* of the past and professors of the present time are famous.

It is impossible, of course, within the limits of this review to go into the very interesting examination of the exact position in the fighting spirit of the race occupied by the "yogi," or occult operator, who undoubtedly holds an important position in Japanese esoteric belief. Nor can one quote from the amusing and valuable chapter upon "Some Superstitions and Occult Practices," in which Mr. Harrison tells us he was able, on more than one occasion, to expose the absolutely fraudulent methods of the priests in their dealings with the common people. The chapters devoted to "The Cult of Cold Steel," "The Sock and Buskin," dealing with the theatre and actors, and that upon "The Eternal Feminine," have all interested us deeply. We are glad to find Mr. Harrison agrees with most that has been written by thoughtful and impartial people regarding the charm of the Japanese girl, her womanliness, and her possession of graces which are nowadays being rigorously uprooted by her Western sisters to their own detriment, as we think, and to the sincere regret of those who hold womanhood in high esteem. He says, "in my opinion, the Japanese woman is in many respects the chief glory of the nation." Though we do not find ourselves able to endorse Mr. Harrison's opinions in every regard, we thank him for an able, entertaining, and informative volume. We hope that it will reach another edition, so that an index, which would be of great service, may be added.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

### LOEB'S LIBRARY.\*

translation is a pastime or a torment to the translator, according to his disposition; to the reader its value depends upon the extent to which the translator is master of his own language. This gift does not necessarily,

\* "Sophocles" with an English translation by F. Storr, B.A. vol. 1  
"Apollonius Rhodius," with an English translation by R. C. Seaton, M.A.

"Appian's Roman History," with an English translation by Horace White M.A., LL.D. vol. 1.

"The Greek Bucolic Poets," with an English translation by J. M. Edmonds, M.A.

Cicero, Letters to Atticus; with an English translation by E. O. Winstedt, M.A. vol. 1. 7s. each.



Japanese ladies and child, showing shimada style of coiffure.

From "The Fighting Spirit of Japan" (Fisher Unwin).

or even usually, go with learning. The rusty pen, worn with marking the passage and exscribing the gloss, has, alas, little skill to collect living words in the vulgar tongue of the scholar. In the five volumes which are the last output of the Loeb Series, learning is more conspicuous than skill in words. Mr. Storr's attempt to render Sophocles in blank verse and rhymed odal measures is the most ambitious of these undertakings. Considerable courage is implied in attacking a play so sublime as the "Antigone," and to the scholar so hackneyed, and a subject like Sophocles, all but extinguished by Sir Richard Jebb—and whatever exceptions there may be to be made to Mr. Storr's style, it must be freely admitted that he has done better by his author than the confectioner's English of the Cambridge edition. Mr. Storr's blank verse is a stiff, educated sort of fabric, unmodulated and hard, and his vocabulary is ordinary without being plain:

"Then thou mayst ease thy conscience on that score.  
Listen, and I'll convince thee that no man  
Hath scot or lot in the prophetic art.  
Here is the proof in brief. An oracle  
Once came to Laius (I will not say  
'Twas from the Delphic God himself, but from  
His ministers) declaring he was doomed  
To perish by the hand of his own son."

We are now accustomed to better than this. It is legitimate to doubt if Mr. Gilbert Murray's version of Euripides is a faithful picture of the original, but he has habituated us to look for one thing in verse renderings of ancient drama, and that is beauty. This is not discernible in Mr. Storr's lines. And however passable his dialogue is, his choruses miss fire. The wayfaring man, the person of small fortune who cannot appreciate the original, must not be allowed to suppose that

"Who is he by voice immortal named from Pythia's rocky cell,  
Doer of foul deeds of bloodshed, horror that no tongue can  
tell?  
A foot for flight he needs  
Fleeter than storm-swift steeds,  
For on his heels doth follow,  
Armed with the lightnings of his sire, Apollo.  
Like sleuth-hounds, too,  
The fates pursue"

is anything like Sophocles. Still, if the wayfarer cuts the lyrics, and reads Mr. Storr's blank verse quickly, he will get the *frisson* of the "Oedipus Tyrannus." The glories of Sophocles' art will be hidden from him, but he will gain what the Greeks considered the essential part of a play. Mr. Storr is the brother of Dr. Way, and the late Mr. Morshhead.

In choosing Mr. Seaton to translate Apollonius Rhodius' "Argonautica," the editors have enlisted the principal authority. Mr. Seaton, as his Oxford text shows, knows all about Apollonius, and his version is far from inadequate. The most obvious criticism that it occurs to make is that the translation is too direct and simple for the late-flowering art of the Alexandrian. The original might be any other author in the epic manner. It takes more going about and a more artful and a corrupter English to render Apollonius' staple of uniform antiquarianism and his interludes of elaborately beautiful similes and florid psychology of love.

The version of Appian by Mr. Horace White, who is an American, revised by Mr. J. D. Denniston, is completely satisfactory. Appian has no style. If Dionysius of Halicarnassus had known him he would have included him in his styleless limbo, along with Polybius and Phylarchus. He has as much and as little as Dion Cassius or Herodian, and rather more than Plutarch. He gains under Mr. White's hands. On the other hand, the history is valuable, and makes one of the more useful volumes of the series. All is as it should be.

Mr. Edmonds' version of Theocritus, and the other Bucolics, is the most important effort in these five volumes, and deserves every recognition. The writer has an original conception of his theme, and gives us a Theocritus entirely unlike the renderings to which we are accustomed. The novelty of his method is that he has

separated the narrative part of the original from the songs, the pieces performed in competition. The former he has put into prose, the rest into verse. This distinction is a real one, and goes to help the reader. The prose Mr. Edmonds has chosen is a kind of Elizabethan clown's lingo, and recalls the staccato medium in which Shakespeare's rustics exchange ideas. Mr. Edmonds manages it with much skill and vigour. His verse, as he says, is "the common ballad-metre written long." Of this I quote I. 64 (ἄρχετε βουκολικὰς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς).

"Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.  
'Tis Thyrsis sings of Etna, and a rare sweet voice hath he,  
Where were ye Nymphs when Daphnis pined? ye Nymphs, O  
where were ye?  
Was it Peneius' pretty vale or Pindus' glens? 'Twas never  
Arapus flood nor Etna's pike, nor Acis' holy river  
Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.  
When Daphnis died the foxes wailed and the wolves they  
wailed full sore,  
The lion from the greenwood wept when Daphnis was no more,  
and X. 26 (βομβύκα χαρίεσσα),

Bombyca fair to other folk you may a Gypsy be.  
Sunburnt and lean they call you, you're honeyflowers to me,  
Of flowers the violet's dark, and dark the lettered flag-flower  
tall,  
But when there's nosegays making they choose them first of  
all.  
Dame Goat pursues the clover, Gray Wolf doth goat pursue,  
Sir Stork pursues the plough; and I—O! I am wild for you"

And as an average specimen of his prose, IV. 44:

BATTUS.

"Up with you, ye calves; up the hill! They are at the  
green of those olives, the varlets."

CORYDON.

"Hey up, Snowdrop! hey up Good body! to the hill wi'  
ye! Art thou deaf? 'Fore Pan I'll presently come thee an evil  
end if thou stay there. Look ye there: back she comes again.  
Would there were but a hurl-bat in my hand! I had had at thee.

BATTUS

Ceres save thee, Corydon; see here! It had at me as thou  
saidst the word, this thorn, here under my ankle And how  
deep the spindle-thorns go! A plague o' thy heifer! It all  
came o' my gaping after her."

Mr. Edmonds' reader will not waste his time, and he will admire Mr. Edmonds' skill. At the same time he will ask himself if this is really Theocritus. With all the translator's daring, learning, freedom and speed, does he convey by his English what the Hellenist obtains from the Greek? Two things seem wanting in this ingenious and subtle rendering—melody and beauty. Theocritus is in verse—suave, broad, regular verse, and half his charm is in his measure, his vowels, and the ricks of the bucolic hexameter. He is not quaint, not folklorish; he is passionate and flowing. Mr. Edmonds' prose, for all that it is pungent and racy, is the translation of something else. He is closer to fact than Theocritus is. Theocritus' clowns are not real clowns; they are not, indeed, the detestable, non-existent rustics of the later pastoral, but they are glassed over by a stream of melody and colour. They have no "mark you's," nor apostrophied prepositions. The atmosphere which Mr. Edmonds professes he intends to raise is indeed raised, but it is not Theocritean, it is literary-Elizabethan, jerky and quaint. The verse does not fall exactly under this criticism, much of it is charming, and so vigorous as to carry its own justification, but it is more the lisping Elizabethan pastoral than the small epos, and here and there, if Mr. Edmonds does not mind plain statements, lapses like the Elizabethan into doggerel. No, with all his skill and learning, the translator does not make us forget his predecessors. "Thou'rt come dear heart, thou'rt come, after two days and nights, albeit one will turn a lover gray," sends us to Mr. Hallard's musical rendering of ἡλυθες ὦ φίλε κοῦρε, and it is the music, in original or translation, that we cannot do without. In the prose we do not forget Andrew Lang. After all, there is much Theocritus in Clough, and English hexameters or some long rhymed lines might have done the

narrative, and lyrics, but less familiar and simple, the songs. I do not quite understand Mr. Edmonds' choice of a medium, he should have told us more about it in his preface. Harking back to origins, perhaps, has something to do with it, and he seems to me too clever and particular, herein resembling Walter Headlam, whose English verse was unsuccessful from too great knowledge. It should be said that Mr. Edmonds gives an apparatus criticism of real value, and a text containing many of his own conjectures. He ought to produce an edition.

Mr. Winstedt brings up the rear with a red volume, containing a portion of Cicero's "Letters to Atticus." These he has turned into genial, fluent English, which is excellent reading. Mr. Winstedt, whose name is already imperishably carved on the stele of philological fame, may be congratulated on his *loisirs de fonctionnaire*. The question to be raised in the matter is of the period of English into which M. T. C.'s correspondence should go, how much later than Walpole it should be brought down. Mr. Winstedt seems to have struck the right note on the whole. Possibly a prolonged search might detect some expressions of questionable grace; I seem to have caught one case of "he wrote me that;" but perhaps a literary statesman, if there are any, would say so to-day.

The volumes are of a convenient size, and the paper tolerable. The Greek type is too large for the page, and in consequence is disagreeably crowded.

T. W. ALLEN.

### SOME RECENT POETS.

Whether it is or is not a compliment to publish all the poems, except the dramas, of the chief of living poets, at as low a price as if he were a classic, by a happy chance something more than a compliment is simultaneously paid by the dedication to him, on the part of editor and poets, of an anthology of Georgian Poetry. The poets are Messrs. Abercrombie, Bottomley, Brooke, Chesterton, W. H. Davies, de la Mare, Drinkwater, Flecker, Gibson, D. H. Lawrence, Masefield, Monro, Sturge Moore, Ronald Ross, Sargant, Stephens, and R. C. Trevelyan; and if only Mr. de la Mare among the number bears any obvious relationship to Mr. Bridges, the dedication is the more remarkable, as showing from how many different young men—dwelling in how different a world from that of "I love all beauteous things" and "I have loved flowers that fade"—his loveliness, his purity and his originality command homage.

"Georgian Poetry" contains "beauteous things." It includes for example long poems by Messrs. Abercrombie, Davies, Masefield, Sturge Moore, and James Stephens. It includes the two most impressive of Mr. Gordon Bottomley's recent poems, five remarkable pieces by Mr. Rupert Brooke, and five representative poems from Mr. de la Mare's "Listeners." Altogether it is a brilliant selection from the poetry of 1911 and 1912. But it is less and more than that. It excludes many poems because it aims at showing what young men are typical and promising, what elder men notably reflect the spirit of the moment. Nobody not jaded by excess of poetry or starved for lack of it, will fail to see that there is such a spirit when he meets it thus concentrated. Compare it with a similar book of poetry from 1901 and 1902 and its novelty is apparent. There is, by the way, no anthology of 1901 and 1902, but if it is now too late to make one, it is to be hoped that similar volumes will henceforward be compiled decennially or even quinquennially. If they find editors as generous and impartial

"The Poetical Works of Robert Bridges," excluding the Eight Dramas. 2s. (Oxford University Press)

"Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912" (The Poetry Bookshop, 35, Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.)

"Deborah: A Play in Three Acts." By Lascelles Abercrombie. 2s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

"Immanence." By Evelyn Underhill. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

"Poems." By Lucy Masterman. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"Streets: A Book of London Verses." By Douglas Goldring. 2s. 6d. net. (Max Goschen.)

"The Venturers and other Poems." By Vivian Locke Ellis. 1s. net. (21, York Buildings, Adelphi)

as "E.M." they will, like this Georgian anthology, be valuable and delightful.

Was there ten years ago such vividness—or such hectic and excited striving after vividness—as in Mr. Abercrombie? In his new play—where he redresses the long-troubled balance by putting into the mouths of fishermen such poetry as used to be held too good for any but kings—a man speaks of a plague thus:

"The whole earth's peoples have been fiercely caught  
Like torn small papers in a wind, in this  
Great powerful ailing."

Another speaks of a sailor:

"With the ribs of his breast crusht like a trodden hamper,  
Lying three days cramped in a boat, and he for ever groaning."

Ten years ago Mr. Chesterton was consoling and praising the ass by recalling the day when Christ rode one into Jerusalem. To-day Mr. Rupert Brooke sincerely and (so far as an unbewitched landsman can judge) powerfully endeavours to sympathise with a fish and its "dark ecstasies" where:

"Those silent waters weave for him  
A fluctuant mutable world and dim,  
Where wavering masses bulge and gape . . ."

Ten years ago Mr. Gordon Bottomley was not picturing the end of the world and the building of Babel in blank verse like the quintessence of G. W. Stevens' prose. Ten years ago nobody knew that Mr. W. H. Davies was a poet, not even himself. But then he is a fortunate accident that might have happened at any time, but did not. Ten years ago the surviving *Yellow Book* men would have been pleased with Mr. D. H. Lawrence's subject, enraged with his indifference to their execution. Nor would they alone have been enraged, and not only Mr. Lawrence would have given offence. They would have contracted a chill from so much eagerness both to come at truth and to avoid the appearance of insincerity, the fidelity to crudest fact in Messrs. Abercrombie, Gibson and Masefield, the fidelity to airiest fancy in Mr. de la Mare, and to remotest intuition or guessing in Mr. Brooke, the mixture everywhere of what they would have called realism and extravagance. They could not have endured the simplicity of Mr. Abercrombie's "Deborah" as here:

"Is it only a small thing to you, this  
That once was David's? . . ."

or the violent subtlety of his "Sale of St. Thomas," as here:

"Gigantic thirst grieving our mouths with dust,  
Scattering up against our breathing salt  
Of blown dried dung, till the taste eat like fires  
Of a wild vinegar into our sheathed marrows . . ."

The anthology does not include all that is typical, or all that is best. It excludes women altogether, and therefore tells us nothing of Miss Underhill's spiritual and definitely mystic lyric, of which her new book gives many perfect examples: nor in any case could it have included anything from Mrs. C. F. G. Masterman's first book, so gravely, courageously and widely sympathetic, so graceful and finished in a variety of metrical forms. Still more serious omissions are the names of Messrs. Douglas Goldring and Vivian Locke Ellis. Mr. Goldring was perhaps not impossible ten years ago. His book consists of experiments in capturing the soul, or one of the souls, of twenty or thirty London streets. In some he speaks of his own feeling towards them; in others he speaks for them as if he were an inhabitant. His methods vary almost as much as his streets, from the downright to the romantic, but he is invariably interesting, often brilliant.

Mr. Ellis published his first book eight years ago, and though he deserved a place for every possible reason in "Georgian Poetry," he would have stood well apart from most of his companions, except Messrs. Davies and de la Mare. He is conscious that the fates have confused him with mortal questionings—the sonnet, "In Cornwall," in which he says so, is not his best, but is a good example of his more purely reflective work:

"I envy him whose genius, like the call  
And tyrannous voice of ocean on thy coast  
At turn of tide, doth summon and enthrall  
In strange eye-service; him it pleases most

To dwell in thy cloud-palaces and trace  
The paths of the white wind upon the shore,  
And the fast-flowing shadows on the face  
Of glittering seas; I envy him the more  
When inland calm his spirit captivates,  
And all the store of human days is hid  
In pictured fields. Me the erroneous fates  
Confuse with mortal questionings, and bid  
Still stand, in presence of the unlifting lid  
Of Reason's dawn, and at his cloudy gates."

• But in spite of this admission his task is to sing and not, like many of his contemporaries, to preach, whether against preachers or not. He has already ripened a sweet grave style, and several of the poems in this volume are perfect enchantments. The only other example for which there is room shows him at the opposite extreme of lightness:

"Come early, cuckoo, patient bird,  
And on thy three-stringed viol strum;  
Come early, cuckoo; thou art heard,  
And no man doubts that spring hath come;  
Tune thy two strings and break the third.

"Come seldom, cuckoo, welcome guest  
Who wear'st thy welcome out too soon;  
Usurper of the small bird's nest,  
Thou art well paid for thy one tune,  
Now get thee gone, thou weariest."

Mr. Ellis writes of England, of love and death, and Nature, nearly always with his original, powerful and mysterious combination of gravity and sweetness, but without monotony. He stands apart, as Mr. Bridges has always done, with a loveliness and originality as distinct as his

EDWARD THOMAS

## Novel Notes.

**THE DEBIT ACCOUNT.** By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Martin Secker)

Those who were fortunate enough to read "In Accordance with the Evidence" will be more than prepared for the grey, dry style of the present sequel. It is the manner of the "low tone," of the "secessionist" painter, of the rebel against the old narrative convention. There is not a sentimental lapse, a primary colour, a touch of the obvious, in the book, and hardly a smooth or flowing sentence. "The Debit Account," therefore, if Mr. Onions will excuse the pun, is all to his credit. He has emulated the method of the Japanese soldier; he has learned "to do without." He has introduced us to a company of characters who make not a single appeal to our admiration or our affections. There is not one of the group, in fact, that we would particularly care to know in real life; and to do them and the author justice, they none of them seem to make a bid for this kind of interest. They are intent, as he is, on working out a story with a plan, and they succeed. At least they carry us through three hundred pages of the cleverest tale of suspense we have met for many years, and the author's method is to let his readers into the secret and to burke a disclosure at the finish with a postscript of tragedy. Part of the cleverness of the arrangement is to put the grim revelation in the mouth of a merely minor personage, and leave the real instrument of fate a passive and sympathetic listener. And this touch of wilfulness is so logical to the scheme that the reader never resents it for a moment. The vindication of the process Mr. Onions has adopted is that once you have read the first few pages you cannot escape the rest of the book. It forces you to read in spite of its conscious and intentional limitations. The action remains in North and West London, and in the most prosy quarters at that—simply the fringe of Hampstead Heath and the portions of Lower Regent Street, with a midnight jaunt round Chelsea on a dismal night—that is all. But that midnight jaunt in the rain is as powerful a scene as anything in modern London fiction outside Gissing or "Number 5

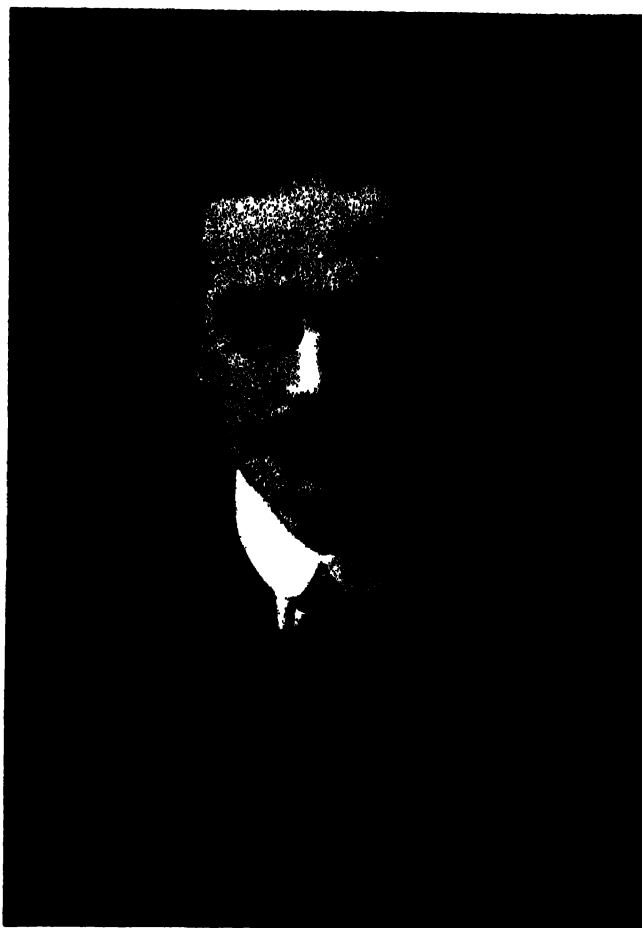


Photo by Wheeler, Weymouth

Mr. Paul Trent.

John Street." It puts a murderer at the mercy of a betrayed woman, and beyond the reluctant avowal that she loves him, her lips are sealed. But she warns him that sooner or later he must make his wife a sharer in the secret, and the rest of the story is a battle against unwillingness and all sorts of hostile forces. To indicate the plot in plainer terms would be to steal a march upon the author and his readers and the readers of this novel should be legion, all spellbound and all grateful. We wonder how many of them will note one curious and uncharacteristic slip—where Miriam Levey, a Jewess of the Jews, asks Jeffries and his wife to call her by her "Christian" name!

**THE FOUNDLING.** By Paul Trent. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

John Strand derives his surname from the fact that his foster father's story is to the effect that he was found as a baby in that thoroughfare. As a matter of fact, however, the foster father did not tell the truth on this point, which was destined to be one of considerable importance to John. The foundling had a good education, and, being interested in politics, eventually he became a Member of Parliament—a Labour Member—and a very brilliant one at that. It was then that he fell under the spell of Lady Cora Southwold, niece of the Prime Minister, to whose government the support of John and the Labour Party was an essential. But, unfortunately, the Prime Minister was not a straight man, and he allowed private affairs to become mingled with politics in a manner that can hardly have been for the good of the country. At first John bested him merely by force of honesty, but later things got very complicated indeed. How this came about and why, the reader will prefer that we should not tell, for the plot of "The Foundling" is the strong point of the book. It is, in fact, a very ingenious and well-told story, and its improbabilities are deftly smoothed over. It is also thoroughly good reading, and its love-interests are both numerous and romantic. Mr. Paul Trent writes in a pleasant and effective manner, and he may be congratulated upon a sound piece of work.

**SWIFT NICK OF THE NORTH ROAD.** By George Edgar. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Edgar writes with a running pen, but with a frank desire to entertain; and we have nothing but praise for this truly dashing narrative of adventure in the days of the second Charles, with its rooks and pigeons of high and low degree, its gaming dens, its look-and-do sword play, its dicing captains, roués, gallant lovers, courageous maidens, and its canting crew, depicted here with a touch that reminds one of the facility of Bulwer Lytton. Nicholas Nevinston loses a fortune in the night-house of one Isaacs in Covent Garden, accuses his opponent of foul play, pinks him in the Green Park, is outlawed from the Argyle Rooms, turns the tables on the foppish Beau Morris, takes to "the road," outwits the scheming Sir Ladbroke Drake and his creature Captain Barclay, is instrumental in nipping in the bud a plot against "Old Rowley," claims and secures the clemency of the pleasure-loving monarch, wins the hand of the beautiful Peggy Sheldon, and "lives happy ever after." Tribute must be paid to the research that has gone to the making up of the historical background, and to the neatly drawn character-sketches of Charles II. and Shaftesbury; but the story is the thing, and this is thoroughly enjoyable.

**HILARY'S CAREER.** By Parry Truscott. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Stella, the aristocratic, quietly conventional wife of John Martyn, publisher and editor of a monthly magazine called *Martyn's Review*, has set her heart on her only son, Hilary, going into the Navy—as most of the men in her high-born family have done. The boy himself is keenly set on the sea too. John Martyn, suddenly determines that the boy shall be trained to become the future editor of his *Review*. John is a good fellow, but has not the aristocratic breeding of his wife or son; he is set in a rougher mould. The affection between the husband and wife, their difference in manners, ideas, and temperaments is very cleverly portrayed. The author's skill in character drawing is undeniably great. The battle between Stella and John to decide their son's future career is begun; they talk the matter over many times, but neither will give way. Stella knows the boy is born to be a sailor and fights hard to give him the open sea life that he asks for; while John maintains that the boy can be made to take to anything, and insists that the publishing and editorial work which he has worked so hard to make successful shall be carried on by his son. The unfairness of the law which gives the father the right to decide such matters is vividly illustrated. Then the author gives a neat and totally unexpected turn to the situation. John is obliged to disclose to Stella that long before he met her—about twenty years ago—he married another woman, who turned out to be a really bad lot and ran away from him after a couple of months. Later he had had news and proofs of her death; these turn out to be false—he has just heard that she is alive. She does not want anything to do with him; only wants money. Poor John is fearfully upset, and Stella can scarcely realise things at first; but by and by she begins to see the new position, when she finds that John is still immovable over Hilary's career. She realises that if she leaves John she is entitled by law to take Hilary with her, as the marriage is not legal, and to give him the wish of his heart. But she shrinks with all her quiet, conventional, proud nature from the open scandal, and is tempted to let things drift. The story is powerfully written, and grips the reader from first to last.

**FORTITUDE.** By Hugh Walpole. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

Mr. Hugh Walpole's novel is concerned with one Peter Westcott, born at Scaw House in Cornwall. His father is a brutal man, the son of a brutal man, and the theme of the book is Peter's fight against an evil inheritance and what Frederick Niven has expressively described as the "monkey in man." Mr. Walpole introduces us to Peter as a little boy, afraid of his father, but resolved to face the inevitable punishment of staying out late in order to be

with his fisherman friend, Stephen Brant. "Tisn't life that matters! 'Tis the courage you bring to it," says an old villager at "The Bending Mule," where we first meet Peter, and through all the discipline of life which he has to undergo this dictum recurs to him. Scaw House in Cornwall is very cleverly painted in as a dark background, and, though little is said of it, the suggestion of something evil and oppressive is cunningly conveyed. It has a similarity to Tulkinghorn's house and the sinister Roman figure on the ceiling. From Scaw House and its associations Peter must flee, and he goes to London to fight poverty with his pen in company with Stephen Brant. In London he writes a book modelled on his own experiences, and wins instant recognition. But an unhappy marriage and the loss of his baby boy affects his work, and it suffers in consequence. And then Scaw House calls him, the beast in him bids him return, and he goes back to find Norah Monogue, his unrecognised good angel, on her death bed. In a finely-wrought passage she bids him return to London. "Go back to be battered—never mind what happens to your body—any one can stand that. There's London waiting for you, there's life and adventure and hardship. There are people to be helped." And he makes the great decision, and Scaw House and its shadows pass away for ever. Peter is only thirty when we leave him. We await the sequel with interest, but meanwhile Mr. Walpole takes his place among the modern novelists who count. "Fortitude" is an exceedingly clever book; not "enjoyable," but powerful and stimulating.

**THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE KING.** By Sidney Dark. 6s. (Lane.)

In spite of its author's disclaimer, Mr. Sidney Dark's novel is one with a purpose. Although he may not have meant to do so, Mr. Dark is right in finding that it expresses the "case for the common natural man." "For years," he says, "I have been impressed by the disgusting tyranny, ever growing more grinding, exercised by politicians, philanthropists, social reformers, and other virtuous persons, over the lives of the great mass of everyday men and women who are bored by politics (except at elections), have no desire whatever to be reformed, and merely desire to live and love and have a good time." It is the modern striving after efficiency—not happiness—with which Mr. Dark quarrels. "The great truth is that very few of us have the slightest desire to be efficient. . . . We will not allow ourselves to believe that 'life is earnest, life is real.' We prefer to believe that it is thrilling and amusing and magical. We drop the bone for the shadow—but we find the shadow delightful." All this is illustrated by the career of Fenimore Slavington. That gentleman is a member—unworthy, but still a member—of the great Slavington family, which has amassed an enormous fortune over the making of peptonised soup, and has built a model factory and a model town. Fenimore is happily idle on an allowance of £500 a year when the last member of the working part of the family dies and leaves him the business if he will undertake it. After some hesitation he does, and he remains in charge of it for about a year. During that time a good deal happens both to Fenimore and to the model town of Slavingtonville, but it would not be fair to the author to give away the exact manner in which his hero nuddles the business and finds his own happiness. "The Man Who Would not be King," is not only witty and amusing, not only a good story; it contains half-a-dozen well-drawn characters, and, for the reader, some very genuine edification administered in an easily palatable manner.

**VEILED WOMEN.** By Marmaduke Pickthall. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Pickthall's new book is topical, but well above the topical novel of the day. At a moment when the whole world is watching the Turk fighting with his back to the wall of his old domain, the author of "Said the Fisherman" sets before us the Muslim philosophy of life. At a moment when in the West the status of women is a subject of general comment, he supplies an intimate view of the

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It was a good idea to devote a whole book of verse to the Thames; at first sight the subject seems to lend itself better to this than to the prose of Mr. Belloc. In these pages we find all manner of rhyming, almost as various as is the river—on the surface. We suppose that even in the polluted parts there is a clear flow of water far underneath the surface; and so it is with Mr. Ashby-Sterry. The prevailing sentiment is amiability. Matthew Arnold's great eastern river does not beguile him, and he is not what one would call philosophic. Perhaps the Swinburnian metres are a little irritating, but the good intention is so apparent that we turn to what may be on the next page. It is extraordinary, when one comes to think of it, how variously one could celebrate this famous river, and we welcome the modest banjo of Mr. Ashby-Sterry into the orchestra.

O Pangbourne is pleasant in glad summer-time,  
And Streatley and Goring are worthy of rhyme . . .

Of course they are. Mr. Ashby-Sterry's summer-time is "glad"—but he is no stickler for conventions: in the same set of verses we find the line: "But still the two maidens tramp girfully on," and we salute the adverb on its first appearance in polite society. Later on we come across a really gorgeous rhyme with "atmosphere," namely "fat must fear," and we notice several allusions to the "boundless brain," both of author and prospective reader. Nevertheless we are exhorted to be idle, to drift on the stream and therefore the verses are rightly, in the main, slight, inviting, easy-going. When Mr. Ashby-Sterry celebrates the Dec, he will perhaps assume a mood more strenuous, more bracing. As it is his adventures do not make the blood run much faster; there is, for example, the girl at Bolney Ferry, whose lips were like a cherry, who had a dog called Jerry, whose laugh was merry and who plied a wherry. In the "Harz-Reise" this adventure would have produced a more pointed and more memorable poem, but we are sure that Mr. Ashby-Sterry was a much better person for that young person to meet than Heine would have been. He has a pleasant, airy fancy, and is at his best in such a vivid little word picture as this:

Sluice-house, dyke, dam and such,  
Grass expanse, over much,  
Give it an aspect Dutch—  
Simply entrancing!  
Widening to greet the sea,  
Just here the Thames might be  
Part of the Zuyder Zee—  
Gleaming and glancing.

**SIX GREAT PRINCESSES.** By the Count de Soissons. 10s. 6d. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)

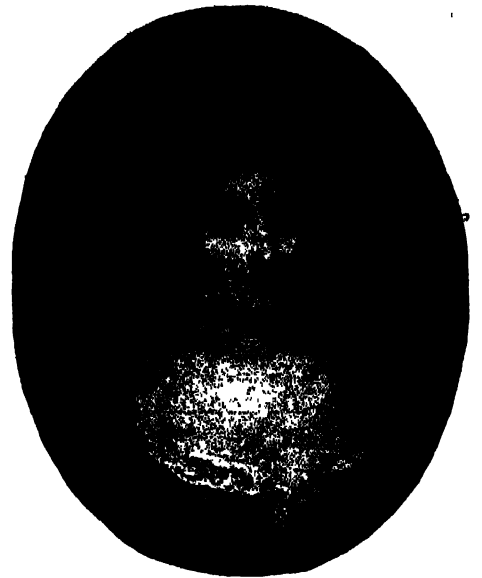
Holding that modern democracy is unjust "towards the glorious deeds of the nobility," the Count de Soissons presents this account of the lives and characters of the six daughters of the Duc d'Orleans as a piece of "not only

interesting but instructive reading," which he seems to hope may counteract the influence of certain Puritanical writers, who do not scruple, it appears, to falsify historical facts in order "to please the ignorant crowd." It was a queer set of heroines to choose for such a purpose. The Regent's eldest daughter, the Duchesse de Berry, according to the author's own showing, was notorious for her gluttony

and extravagance, and he candidly quotes Saint Simon's testimony that she was "low to the last degree of indecency." The second daughter, who became a nun at the age of seventeen, and promptly ousted her superior to reign in her stead as Abbess of Chelles, in the intervals between her fits of rigorous austerity turned the bare parlours of her Abbey into *salons* upholstered with silk brocade, gave suppers and concerts and dramatic performances, manufactured fireworks on the premises, and went about carrying a pistol, which she frequently fired off to frighten her nuns. The third daughter was so undesirable a familiar that her family thought of nothing but getting her married and out of the country as early as possible. The fourth was equally unendurable alike to her own family in France and to her husband's family in Spain. The fifth did nothing of note, and died from measles at the age of twenty. And of the sixth, who was married to the Prince de Conti at the age of fifteen, we are told little more than that she quarrelled with her husband and was compelled to separate from him. The mother of these by no means charming young ladies was an even worse specimen of the *ancienne noblesse*, for we are told that she was incorrigibly lazy, a gluttonous eater, and in the habit of getting "as drunk as a bell-ringer three or four times a week." Surely the most "Puritanical" of democrats could hardly have framed a more damaging indictment.

**CROSS VIEWS.** By Wilfrid S. Jackson 5s. net. (John Lane)

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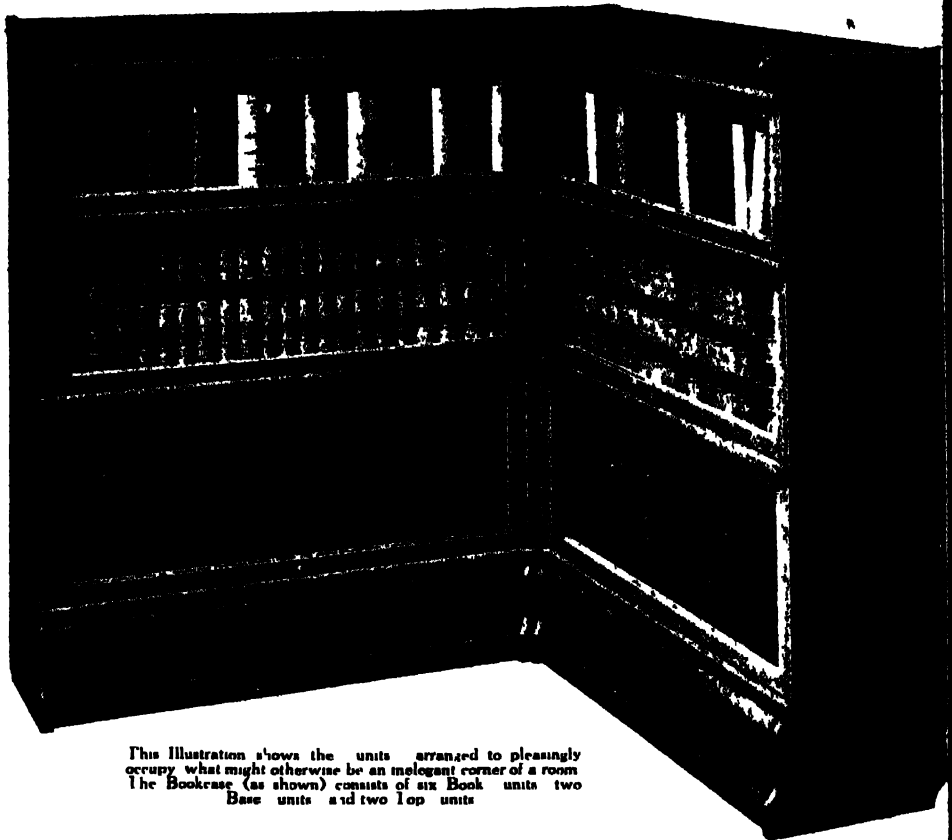
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*Photo by Loua Connell, St. John's Wood.*

**Miss Annie V. Dutton.**

"Lot Barrow" (Secker) we review on another page, is the third daughter of Wilfrid and Alice Meynell. She published, in 1910, "Martha Vine," and in 1911 "Cross-in-Hand Farm," and has written intro-

ductions to George Eliot's work, for the Regent Library and the Oxford University Press. The first appearance of Miss Meynell's name in literature happened when Francis Thompson published his poem "The Making of Viola."

"Feigning or Folly" is the title of a new novel by Miss Annie V. Dutton that Messrs. Heath, Granton & Ouseley are publishing. Miss Dutton's last book, "Love without Wings," met with considerable success, various critics comparing her work, for delicacy of characterization and brilliancy of dialogue, to that of Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell.



*Photo by Mullins, Ryde.*

**Mrs. Lewis Leeds.**

whose clever novel, "Mr. Massiter," was recently published by Messrs. Lynwood & Co.



*Photo by Chas. B. Wilson, Wolland, Ontario.*

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the well known Canadian writer, whose new book, "Candlelight Days," has just been published by Messrs. Cassell.

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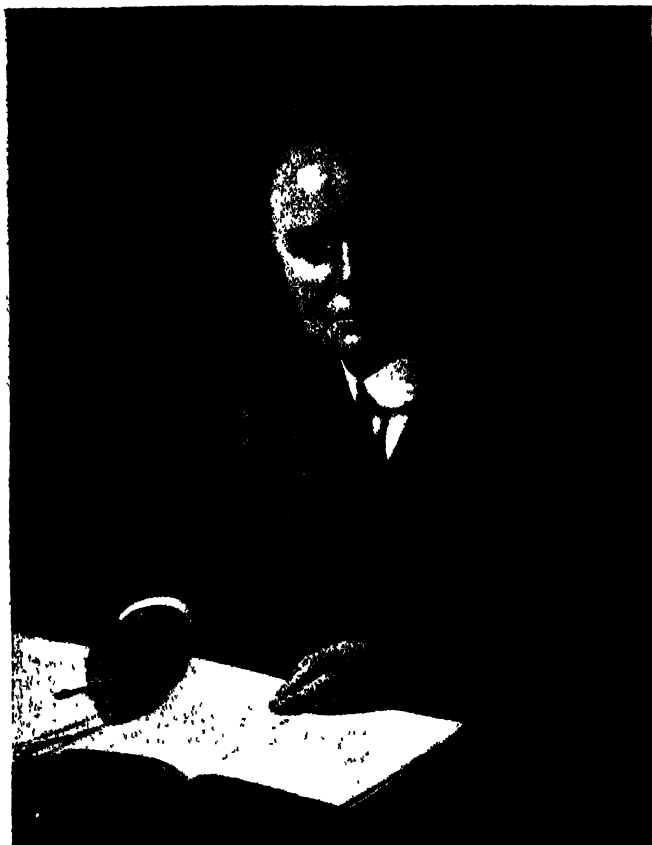


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**Mr. Wilfred Whitten**

thought his thoughts." So he gives you chapters on "The Veils of Yesterday"; "The City Man's City"; "A Walk through Everyman's London"; "The Street of the Ready Writer"—which, of course, is Fleet Street—and wherever he takes you you may be sure of finding him the very best of cicerones.

**Mr. Frank A. Mumby in his cabbage-patch at Finchley.**

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**Mr. J. E. Patterson on tramp with his Labrador dog, "Bosun."**

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Mr. J. E. Patterson has recently been on a tramp across Wales to Cardiff, and is writing a book on this and earlier pilgrimages he has made in Essex, Suffolk, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and elsewhere.

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## THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

### MR. R. AUSTIN FREEMAN.

SIXTEEN years ago I sent to Dr. A. Conan Doyle a copy of a little book in which I had used some of his Sherlock Holmes matter to illustrate certain points in psychology. In acknowledging the volume he told me that I took the stories too seriously, and that all he aimed at in writing them was to present his readers with "plausible yarns." It is possible for the general public, and perhaps even for the critic, to take detective stories too seriously, but with the writer of such stories it is different. He cannot be too serious in his work. However low his *genre* may rank in the public estimation it is not for him to take a light view of his work. Nothing alienates the public more readily than a suspicion that an author is writing with his tongue in his cheek. He may have as modest an opinion of his merits as he pleases, and he may even admit that he does not regard his kind of writing as the highest class of literature; but in the actual doing of his work he must make his readers feel that he at any rate thinks it worth while.

In his preface to one of his detective books, "The Red Thumb Mark," Mr. R. Austin Freeman adopts quite the attitude of the maker of "plausible yarns." It was written, he tells us, with "no purpose other than that of affording entertainment to such readers as are interested in problems of crime and their solutions; and the story itself differs in no respect from others of its class, excepting in that an effort has been made to keep within the probabilities of ordinary life, both in the characters and in the incidents." Few readers realise how much is implied in the apparently simple ideal of a "plausible yarn." There must be, to begin with, a vast background of accurate knowledge, but the knowledge must not be obtruded upon the attention of the reader. It is not sufficient that a certain incident is possible, or even that it actually happened, it must be such as to appear probable to the reader. Aristotle's view of the relative merits of the possible and the probable is as true to-day as it was when the "Poetics" was the book of the Year. Mr. Freeman obviously realises all this. He gives evidence of an unusually well-stored mind, he is master of many subjects, has read deeply and travelled widely. His is evidently a mind with a bias towards accuracy. To suit his purpose he sometimes takes certain liberties with facts, but his conscience is tender on the subject. If it is necessary to assume "a screw-pile lighthouse on the Girdler Sand in place of the light vessel," he is careful to note this, elsewhere than in the story itself, "to forestall criticism and save readers the trouble of writing to point out the error."

It appears that Mr. Freeman's critics do not all appreciate this love of accuracy and this endeavour to secure probability. In the preface to his recently published "The Mystery of 31 New Inn," he tells us that one of his critics maintained that these things were "of no consequence so long as the story was amusing." Mr. Freeman's illustrative defence is not very happy, consisting

as it does in showing that a particularly complicated method of orientation described in the story was actually used by himself in Ashanti. The critic would probably reply that the reader is not at all concerned about the actual use of the method, so long as it is intelligible and does not carry an obvious contradiction. The whole principle of the "plausible yarn," is here in question, the issue being practically the same as that raised in the various current discussions on artistic realism. The laws of perspective may show that a particular circular window that is open in a picture could never fit into the circular casement to which it belongs. What does it matter? ask critics of a certain school. The blunder is an offence to those who know perspective, but to the great majority of spectators it makes no difference. It would appear then that the degree of accuracy exacted from an artist, whether graphic or literary, must be determined by the knowledge of the persons to whom the artist appeals. Thus in stories of this class nothing must be introduced that is inconsistent with the ordinary experience of the average reader, or that is inconsistent with anything that appears in the story itself. This may be regarded as the minimum of accuracy necessary for successful work. On the other hand there cannot be an excess of accuracy, though there may well be an excessive display of accuracy. The author must not protest too much, but must, by successfully standing the criticism based on the reader's actual experience, win his confidence and thus let the question of accuracy drop out of consciousness altogether. It is here that Mr. Freeman is conspicuously successful. The ordinary reader is made to feel that he is in the hands of a man who is an authority on the subjects he is dealing with, and has a great deal of knowledge in reserve. Even the critical reader sees few traces of that shameless use of commonplace books of reference that marks journeyman work in mystery stories. Mr. Freeman draws from his store of knowledge, he does not usually hunt up knowledge *ad hoc*. It is true that one can sometimes reconstruct the origin of the plot. For example it is easy to imagine Mr. Freeman turning up some of his old biological note-books or text-books, and glancing at a diagram of the unique oval-shaped blood corpuscle of the camel—obviously an infallible guide in a maze of evidence from blood stains. But his use of this basal fact is so skilful that the mechanical nature of the construction is completely hidden. While we follow the story of "The Old Lag," we feel that we are reading of real men and women, though a cold-blooded critic might point out that they are all set in motion by the memory of a note or a drawing in an old college book.

As to narration, Mr. Freeman has, in three out of the four Thorndyke volumes, adopted the first personal presentation in that "second-fiddle" form typified in Dr. Watson of the Sherlock Holmes memoirs; in "The Eye of Osiris," indeed, the narrator has to play even third

fiddle. The purpose of this intermediary between the public and the really great man is no doubt to interpolate that amount of obscurity that is necessary to prevent the reader getting too soon on the right scent. The method necessarily condemns the intermediary to a somewhat humiliating grade of stupidity. The Dr. Jervis of these volumes is certainly not so dull as Dr. Watson, for his creator has had the advantage of Sir Conan Doyle's experience, and makes his secondary character much more of an active partner in the detection of crime. But, after all, Jervis is as inferior to Thorndyke as Watson was to Holmes. It must be acknowledged, however, that Jervis stands out more as an individual than does Watson. Indeed, one of the strong points of Mr. Freeman is the power he has of drawing real characters; by no means a common mark of writers of such ingenuity in plot construction.

Three of the four books in which Dr. John Thorndyke is the central character are written in the orthodox way. They are intrinsically of very great interest, and, indeed, stand out as conspicuously above the ordinary story of this type. They are the work of a master in this somewhat difficult craft. The fourth volume, however, "The Singing Bone," has all the attractions of an experiment in literary form. It is apparent that Mr. Freeman has been worried in his other books, as his readers must necessarily be, by the necessity of continually keeping back certain bits of information that might precipitate the *dénouement*, so he put to himself the question whether it would not be possible to write a detective story in which author and reader could play with the cards on the table. Accordingly, he set about writing the same story twice over—first from the point of view of the criminal, and then from the point of view of the detective. A by-product of this method is the elimination of the first personal form. The volume contains five such duplicated stories, and the result cannot be regarded as altogether successful. Were it not for Mr. Freeman's extraordinary power of telling a story the volume might have been a dismal failure. As it is, the author by a *tour de force* carries the reader right through the book, partly from sheer interest in the incidents, and partly from the interest in Thorndyke's methods.\* The objection to this duplicate method, which Mr. Freeman claims to have been justified by its success, is that it emphasises the purely logical aspects of the different cases. It is not so much a series of stories as a set of exercises. A teacher might be tempted to use them as problems in applied logic. This logical interest is no doubt prominent in the other books, notably in the

summing up at the symposium at the end of "The Eye of Osiris," but in the short stories it is deliberately brought forward as the chief matter. Nothing but the author's remarkable skill in character delineation and graphic narrative could save the stories from being regarded as technical studies, such as find a suitable place in a course on forensic medicine.

Indeed, the whole position of Mr. Freeman depends upon the class of readers to whom he appeals. His work is certainly beyond the range of the ordinary devourer of "sleuth" novels. He makes very great demands on the attention of his readers. To read these books intelligently implies a definite exercise in the use of Mill's Canons of Inductive Logic, and the books might form a very practical means of testing the student's mastery of these canons. A very obvious and natural criticism of the stories is that they are too clever: they ask too much of the reader. But, unlike some clever writers, Mr. Freeman is clever enough to carry off his cleverness. His exposition is so clear, his arrangement of events so methodical, that the reader is led along with the minimum amount of effort consistent with a very definite exercise of the reason. Stupid and lazy readers may be warned off, but the ordinary intelligent reader may rely upon having from Mr. Freeman a course in mental gymnastics conducted under the pleasantest conditions.



Mr. R. Austin Freeman.

I have carefully avoided even suggesting the plot of these stories, for in work of this kind it is manifestly unfair to stale the interest by suggesting the development. But it is not giving away any secret to say that one marked characteristic of Mr. Freeman's plots is that they justify themselves. In most mystery stories there is little difficulty in stating the mystery. As a rule, books of this kind have quite a piquant beginning. The failure comes later, when the mystery has to be unravelled. A great deal is usually left to the imagination of the reader, and not a little is entirely unexplained. Mr. Freeman leaves no such tangled threads. Everything is worked out with the greatest clearness and thoroughness. Where occasional obscurity occurs, as in the exposition of the principles of detection by finger-marks, the blame is thrown upon one of the characters: the author in his own person is eminently lucid. I have been so much interested in Mr. Freeman's method that I am acting a little against my own inclination when I urge upon him in his future work to subordinate his logical demonstrations to the human interest that he has been so successful in maintaining in his longer books.

JOHN ADAMS.



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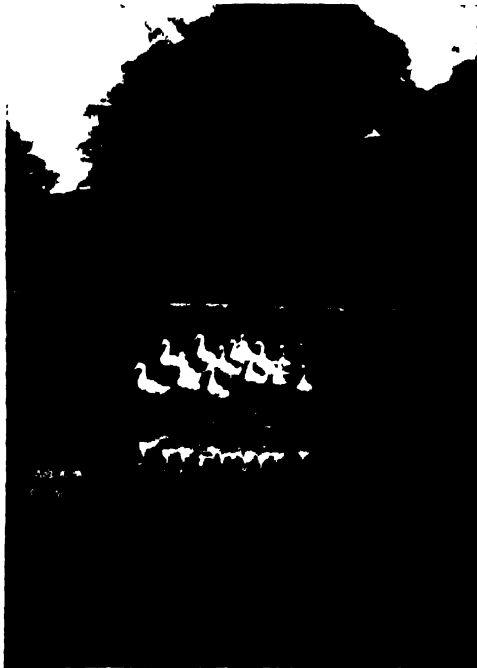
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# THE READER.

GEORGE FREDERIC WATTS, R.A.\*

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

"HERE is no heroic poem in the world," said Carlyle—whom Watts painted thrice and knew so well—"but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man." I know of no biography, written in our day, which comes nearer to being an heroic poem than this biography of G. F. Watts, R.A., composed by Mrs. Watts. As a rule, we resent biographies by the wives of the departed. They commonly give us no more than half the man—usually, though not always, the better half through either bias or ignorance. But there are noteworthy exceptions. Mrs. Watts is endowed with a highly-cultivated mind, an intellect of no common order, controlled by judgment, tact and taste, and capable of rising to a spirituality that placed her in communion with that of her husband, and enabled her to appreciate to the full the rather ethereal and rarified atmosphere in which moved Watts and the great figures of the world with whom he commingled. And withal there is a tenderness and womanly sympathy pervading her pages that touch an exquisite note—a note vibrating in curious harmony with what there was (and that was a good deal) of the womanly in Watts's nature.

I may say at once that for twenty years and more I was honoured with the friendship of the artist; by word and by correspondence he frequently enlarged to me on his views of Life and Art, and many a time unconsciously revealed to me the beauty not only of his opinions and his acts, but of his inner character. I was, therefore, ready to proceed on the understanding that I should write a biography. But I recognized that none so well as Mrs. Watts could

draw for the world the spiritual side of him who was a thinker even more, perhaps, than he was a painter, and depict the heart and mind and soul that inspired his Art. Her decision has been triumphantly justified, for she has given us such a portrait of him as he would have wished to be painted; and as I look upon it I recognize in it the man whose gentle yet forceful personality impressed itself on all who came into intelligent contact with himself or with his Art; who hated publicity and yet could not avoid challenging it, and whose dominating principles of patriotism, love, and progress, made painful assault on his native modesty. A Crusader with a sensitively retiring disposition has not an easy life.

Mrs. Watts, herself an artist, has the literary gift. So, too, had Watts, though he would often deplore that he was inarticulate. It was not that, it was merely that from want of practice, and still more from a high sense of literary nicety and exigency, he was not as fluent as he would have liked to be. On one occasion he wrote to me suggesting that I should persuade artists to write at length on their own Art, and not leave the duty wholly to the critics. "When Mr. Knowles," he

said, "urged me formerly to give him something for the *Nineteenth*, I replied: 'You can get anything I would say much better put by any number of men'; to which he answered: 'I want in my magazine to have men speaking who know practically what they are talking about, no matter what the literary style may be.' And he was quite right." It reminded me of what Millais told me, that when, in answer to Thackeray's invitation for a contribution to the *Cornhill* he replied that he couldn't even write English, the great Titmarsh drily retorted: "I've half-a-dozen damn



Photo by Emery Walker.

G. F. Watts (1862-64).  
(Painted by himself.)

(Tate Gallery.)

\* "George Frederic Watts," Vols. I and II, "The Annals of an Artist's Life." By M. S. Watts. Vol. III., "His Writings," 31s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

fools in my office who can write English!" Whether in his aphorisms on Art, his views on artistic methods and procedure, his essay on Benjamin Robert Haydon, in his articles on the Art of to-day (which, at my entreaty, he wrote for the *Magazine of Art*), and contributions to one or two other publications—all here republished in the third volume—we have proof in Watts of a true literary style allied to clearness of vision, and trenchant, yet subtle, expression. This is a side of his talent of special interest, I imagine, to the readers of *THE BOOKMAN*. It has, too, the psychological interest that Watts declined to dissociate Painting from Literature; with Michael Angelo and Alfred Stevens he would say: "I know only ONE Art."

I could not but dissent from his assumption of literary inability when he wrote: "My only wish is to be of use, not to be a scribbler for the pleasure of seeing myself in print. I think I have something to say, but know very well that I lack the gift to say it with any effect or credit. Therefore you may always use or reject anything I write without risk of my feeling vexed."

Now Mrs. Watts, of set purpose, stops short after



*J. M. Rooke, R.W.S., ph.*

**The Studio at Little Holland House, Melbury Road.**

From "The Life of G. F. Watts," by Mrs. M. S. Watts (Macmillan).

giving her picture of the man, complete as far as it goes, perfect and fascinating. She intentionally, and with innate good taste, refrains from criticising him as an artist. That she leaves to others—and others' criticisms she practically passes over in silence. But she tells us of his life and adventure, of his struggles and efforts, of his health that so hampered his efforts, of his career,

his friends, of his prodigious social success and of the great who admired and adulated and petted him, and of the small whom he helped, encouraged, and stimulated. She puts down his opinions, elaborates them, embroiders them with anecdote, and makes us sigh that the ideal and intellectual world that he inhabited, in a sense created for himself, is denied to the likes of us who must be content to grope our way on a far lower plane. Watts used to say that the mark of a great poet was that he infused something of himself into



*Frederick L. Griggs, del.*

**Old Little Holland House from the North-east.**

From "The Life of G. F. Watts," by Mrs. M. S. Watts (Macmillan).

his readers, and raised them, for a time, to his own level at his side. Even so this book makes us feel the relative earthiness of our surroundings and our life, and reveals the secret of the impression made by his Art upon the people, even upon the lowliest.

Although his early education had severely suffered through lack of health, Watts became an exceptionally well-read man who absorbed all the best literature and wisely neglected the indifferent. To thoughtful authors he devoted his attention; pure letters, history, philosophy, criticism, poetry and the like—these formed his main reading. It followed, therefore, that the noble scheme he had planned from the beginning of his career to paint England's greatest men for a gift to the nation—should embrace a score and more of writers. One of the earliest of his literary portraits was a posthumous representation of Jeremy Bentham, done, curiously enough, from a wax portrait and the jurist's garments. He painted no fewer than six portraits of Tennyson, and Swinburne, William Morris, and Browning. When the last named died Watts wrote to me: "He had a most artistic sensibility, and was an accomplished musician. That, I think, always implies, when found with other intellectual faculties, a fine sense in Art. I always found him very appreciative of my own aspirations and intentions; but I think his views of Art will be clearly seen in his writings. His death is a sad blow to us who knew him, being unexpected. Although so well on in years, he was so strong and vigorous. 'A life too short for friendship, not for



Photo by Christopher Liu

**G. F. Watts at work on the statue of Lord Tennyson, August, 1903.**

From "The Life of G. F. Watts," by Mrs. M. S. Watts (Macmillan)

days, Guizot and Thiers, and in his later life, Mr. Austin Dobson. Strangely enough, he never painted Ruskin, whom, in a letter I have seen, he addressed with warm affection as "Dear old friend Master, and best teacher." He had told me that, such had been their relations all his life long, so profoundly did he venerate the Seer of

fame!" [This reminds me of a curious view, then widely held, but which I was surprised to find entertained by Mr. William Rossetti, when I met him about that time. "It must be a great loss," he said, "to the Jewish community." It appears that he, and, indeed, the whole circle, had believed that Browning was a Jew, and that his name had been Brunning! and I had difficulty in divesting him of his notion.]

Among Watts's other literary sitters were Carlyle, Lecky, Max Müller, and John Stuart Mill; George Meredith, and the other "Meredith"—"Owen" (Lord Lytton, 1884). Dante Rossetti and Matthew Arnold; Motley and Leslie Stephen, Jowett and Sir Richard Burton; Milman and Sir Henry Taylor, in his early



Photo by George Andrews.

**"Limnerslease" on the South side.**

From "The Life of G. F. Watts," by Mrs. M. S. Watts (Macmillan).



By permission of Fredk. Hollys.

**The Wounded Heron.**  
By G. F. Watts.

Coniston, that he would have felt paralyzed as soon as he had taken brush in hand. Yet not long afterwards he arranged to paint a portrait; then Ruskin became ill and could not come to town, and when at last Watts had engaged a railway carriage to travel to Coniston "an attack of the old enemy" balked him in his intention, and the two men met never again. Watts had written to Mrs. Severn, at the time of Ruskin's illness: "Tell him, with my most real affection, that no day passes on which I do not think of him . . . tell him that the more I read him, and I do this often, the more I feel how great a teacher he is, not only in Art, but many other questions. . . . My wife and I read him constantly, always with renewed enjoyment, and, I hope and believe, with profit. I shall never see him again, I fear. It ever he is well enough to care for what I may say, tell him that no one is more deeply grateful to him for his teaching and for his splendid contribution to the National honour."

What a portrait he might have

made! For it was the thought that there was in a man, in greater measure even than the character in the face, that inspired him to his most brilliant efforts. "Brilliant" is, perhaps, hardly the word, for Watts disliked mere brilliancy; he aimed at and valued only the higher quality that tells with quiet insistence, and which reasserts itself with gentle force and compulsion long after the admiration that brilliancy inspires has died away or has wearied the spectator. "In each case," he wrote to me, now seven and twenty years ago, "I desire to avoid sudden appeal by sensational interest or surprising dexterity. I should wish the influence to be quiet and lasting, and you can understand how much I wish to avoid the slightest appearance of swagger or dogmatism in what I say."

Yet with all his passion for literature, Watts rarely painted illustrations of literary pages, as was a common practice in his day. In his earlier years he produced a few, no doubt—in "Britomart" (from the "Faërie Queen"), "Fata Morgana" (from Bojardo's "Orlando Innamorato"), "Paolo and Francesca" (in some respects his masterpiece), and, illustrative in a measure only, "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Ariadne in Naxos," and a few others. But these did not exactly illustrate the stories; rather were they painted commentaries inspired by the poetic idea. So, too, the beautiful "Endymion," of which the artist wrote to me: "My picture means more than the subject implies. I am not always painting parables, though I like doing that best, and was pleased the other day by someone saying to my wife that I had my finger on the pulse of the age. I love the old poetry and myths, but in my work use them only as vehicles by which to suggest 'the thoughts that arise in me'—excepting, as in the present instance, for the purpose of experiment in colour or practice of some change of method. The picture is not a new design, and is worked out rather as a recreation than for any other purpose."

So in his "parables" and didactic pictures, the literary element is evident (and to some critics, therefore, an offence), but they are, at least, literature worked out in colour, composition, and rhythm, and based upon true art principles. Mrs. Watts illustrates this admirably in her tale of how the second version of "Love and Death" was brought to fruition. "If the impression

to be conveyed by his picture was of greater importance than usual, every line, and the character of every line, of the various parts was pondered over, sometimes during many years." She tells how "owing to



Eng. H. Bourne.

**King Alfred inciting the Anglo-Saxons to repel the Invasion of the Danes, A.D. 876.**

From the picture by G. F. Watts in the New Palace of Westminster.



some subtle changes in line and tone, the figure of Death had neither the weight nor the slow movement he desired to give it. So day after day he thought and toiled, and I saw each fold of the garment deliberately reconsidered, a hair's-breadth of line or a breath of colour making the difference that a pause or an accentuated word would make in speaking. For instance, by raising the hand and outstretched arm a less judicial and severe impression was conveyed, and by this slight alteration the action changed from 'I shall' to the more tender 'I am compelled.' " She then proceeds to give technical details of supreme interest and value to a painter, but unnecessary to be recounted here.

Unlike many artists of less calibre, Watts resented neither criticism nor fault-finding, though he doubted the value of any that was not deliberately considered. He would beg me to "pick holes" in his work, and would brook no compliments, in spite of their sincerity, unless he felt them justified. When his first picture of Eve ("And she shall be called Woman"—a work of symbolical import) was exhibited, he wrote. "My Academy picture, of course, cannot be more of a success than the Book of Job would be if published in modern times as the work of a modern writer. I beg you will not consider yourself bound, if you notice it, to praise. It is wholly out of place on the Academy walls. I should like to have it criticised in the Elgin Room of the British Museum, while the two first books of 'Paradise Lost' were read and Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata' played meanwhile. Some remarks in the *Pall Mall*, not ill-natured, but not intended to be particularly complimentary, are very flattering. They imply that it is visionary—and this I would have." The personification of dignity and of generosity (which, allied to his charm of personality constituted him one of the most engaging and delightful of men), Watts was not naturally disposed, sensitive as he was, to take offence; far from being impatient, even of direct attack, he would weigh carefully any condemnation in order to discover what solid ground might exist in it.

"A critic," he wrote to me on another occasion, "has called me 'a belated Old Master,' and I think that explains my work very well. I never studied the old masters or made a copy in my life, but I am conscious of seeing with eyes constituted in the same manner, so I am not a representative of modern Art."

Yet Watts was intensely modern in his fight for progress and reform in Art and Literature, and even the Poet-Impressionists might find aphorisms in his "Thoughts on Art" that might be misused as mottoes to excuse their misconceptions, if not their antics. He desired constant advance in both Art and Religion: it was inevitable, he said, that they should follow the hands of the clock.

But it was not his liberalism that led "Signor" (as his intimates invariably called him) to decline on two occasions the dignity of baronetcy which was offered to him. Indeed, he approved of well-deserved distinctions. Especially was he delighted when Tennyson was raised to the peerage. "The best head of Lord Tennyson," he said, in a letter written in 1890, "I have been asked to lend to the Society



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**Life's Illusions.**  
By G. F. Watts.

of British Artists. It is the one in the peer's robes, and is for my National series. The robes I think important, as marking a distinctly historical event, the first



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**Fata Morgana.**  
By G. F. Watts.

in which a man was ever raised to that dignity for literary eminence *alone*. I do not profess to judge whether the distinction is one most applicable to the kind of eminence achieved, but while it is held to be the highest that can be bestowed I should like to see given for what is best, even for personal character, '*life peerages*.' I think there is some idea that I object to distinctions of the kind. That is a mistake; I think them fine things if worthily achieved, or worthily borne. '*Noblesse oblige*' is a splendid motto." Therefore, while he refused an hereditary honour which, indeed, he had no son to inherit, he accepted, amid the plaudits of the world, the Order of Merit when that highest distinction of all was first instituted.

Watts's religious thought forms one of the most engaging expositions of the book. His ideas, Mrs. Watts informs us, were found to be identical with those of Tennyson, as he discovered during his conversations with the poet. His breadth of view hardly admitted of further expansion; for him passive religion that begins



Photo by A. Rischgitt.

(Liverpool Gallery.)

#### Cupid Asleep.

By G. F. Watts.

and ends in "simple Faith" was of little worth, just as for him "Art for Art's sake" was a barren doctrine. Purposeful Reverence, active Love, and self-sacrifice for others and for the cause of Humanity, were the only tenets, and indispensable. "You must not speak to me of my 'theology,'" he said to me once, when I had let fall the word; "it should rather be called religious philosophy. I do not admit that Reason can be banished at the behest of Belief. I might illustrate my meaning, when such a contention is advanced, by holding up one hand and ticking off on my fingers 'Faith,' 'Veneration,' and so on; but those fingers cannot effectively grasp till the thumb, 'Reason,' completes

the grip." He believed that there is something mysterious—the spirit of a great Creator—in all living things, and most of all in man as the greatest, dowered with the highest brain-power and intellect. "It may shock you," he said, in words he afterwards modified, "but I feel that one creed is as good



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#### The Childhood of Zeus.

By G. F. Watts.



**Orpheus and Eurydice.**  
By G. F. Watts.

as another, and that Nature—Divinity—Humanity are to me almost convertible terms." I printed these words in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, and a few days later he wrote to me :

"I am surprised to find myself speaking so loosely as entirely to misrepresent my attitude of mind, which is one of great reverence for the general opinion in serious matters ; and though not rigidly orthodox, I cannot possibly confound the brutal creed of the Carthaginians, the worship of Moloch, or the fierce cult of Odin, with the creed of modern times, which, in its purity, inculcates Love and Universal Brotherhood (however little acted upon), or even with the mild self-effacement of the creed enforced by Buddha. Neither Darwin nor Huxley would have done so. . . . The majority of people believing me to be entirely indifferent to religious principles (not at all true) would consider my efforts even ~~an~~ ethical suggestion hypocritical, and many of my friends—for example, Mr. Gladstone—will be much pained. . . . I think you will understand that in addition to the unpleasant impression many of my friends will have, I feel grieved, if for no other reason than that I used expressions that imply so little consideration for the general conviction of the age." This letter is characteristic of that almost womanly tenderness and kindness on which Mrs. Watts insists as one of the distinctive traits of a singularly beautiful nature.

So, setting aside dogmas and doctrine, he painted not Religion but Righteousness ; not the Devil, but Sin ; and except in an early fresco ("Christ in Glory"), he never sought to represent the Creator or the Holy Trinity. Even Death itself was not the skeleton of Albert Dürer or the dancing bones of Holbein—not Death the Destroyer of Everyman, but Death the Kindly Messenger, the Angel of Rest. Watts seems to have painted, as it were, the words of Michael Angelo : "If life be a pleasure so death should be, for it is given to us by the same Master" ; wherefore he figures almost as a sort of Fra Angelico without the profession of implicit dogmatic faith—as a painter not of religion, but of profoundly reverent emotion and ethical passion.

His ethical compositions were, in Watts's opinion, by far the most valuable part of his life's work ; it is a theme Mrs. Watts develops very beautifully in this fascinating book. Nearly thirty years since the artist wrote to me : "I wonder whether you have perceived the distinctions I have spoken of as made by me in my designs—where I have taken *Reality*, as in the portraits ; where *Types*, as in 'Orpheus and Eurydice' ;

and where *Symbols*, as in the abstractions. I do not care about remarks or criticisms on my works as *pictures*, but I care a good deal about the mental and intellectual qualities, because these are not much considered in modern art." Historical pictures were for him but costume-pictures, "highly interesting archaeologically," he wrote, "but hardly capable of awakening in the spectator any intellectual activity." [Which is exactly what the wicked critics have been saying lately about the art of Alma-Tadema, to the infuriation of Sir William Richmond.] "The gist of the whole is," he added, in reference to his own work, "that these efforts of mine arise from a desire to supply what I feel to be much wanted ; not didactic Art but Art suggestive of considerations belonging to our higher natures. The pictures may be no more than hieroglyphics, but I want them to stimulate young artists to conscious effort in noble directions." And his contention is repeated that Art should stand beside Literature on the intellectual plane :

"I do not deny that beautiful technique is sufficient to constitute an extremely valuable achievement, but it can never alone place a work of Art on the level of the highest effort in Poetry, and by that it should stand." And again : "I cannot subscribe to the opinion uttered by Sir Coutts Lindsay at the dinner given to him, that Art is not a religious cult and has nothing to do with it ! This opinion, which seems to have been received with complete approbation, is widely shared by artists and lovers of Art, would make any approach to the greatness of former production impossible. The claim of Art to an equal place with Poetry must be upheld by some, and I hope a band of artists will always be found to fight for this with pencil or with pen." "My object, as you know, is to suggest the character of the thought of the age, not the material conditions." These extracts from private letters, a few among very many, illustrate the current of the Master's thought, maintained with tenacity from the earliest years of his career to the latest—the fount of his inspiration and of his achievement.

My space is filled, but I have, I hope, conveyed some idea of the great artist's attitude towards Literature, and in these supplemental notes added just a little to the fine tribute which Mrs. Watts has raised to her husband's immortal memory. No one endowed with any imagination and love of Art should miss this book. It is thoroughly well done, and the plates, it should be added, though too few in number, are of singular technical excellence.

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## G. F. WATTS AT COMPTON.

By CHARLES T. BATEMAN (Author of "G. F. Watts, R.A.")

MR. ANDREW HITCHENS, a friend for many years both of Mr. G. F. Watts and Lord Tennyson, introduced the artist to the locality where he afterwards made his home and where he spent some of his happiest years. "Limnerslease"—that is the apt name

he gave his house—is situated just below the southern side of the Hog's Back, a well known ridge of the North Downs rising sharply from the town of Guildford, and is delightful for situation, being on the borders of Compton, one of the most charming villages in Surrey. Not a

stone's throw from the gates is the shady, sandy track frequented by Chaucer's pilgrims in their journey from Winchester to Canterbury and close by is one of the finest specimens of an Elizabethan manor house in Loseley Park which has remained in the family of the More-Molyneux for several generations.

The charm of the home, however, consists in the fact that it was designed for the work of two artistic souls who were one in their appreciation of the gospel that art can be applied as a teacher of great truths. Both the artist and his wife carried out this principle at Compton. The visitor found Mrs. Watts busy with her village classes in which she trained the men and women of Compton in artistic expression, whilst the "Signor," as all his friends called him, undertook day by day the completion of great symbolical studies for presentation to the nation. During the last fifteen years of his life he only accepted one commission for a fee and this amounted to one thousand guineas which he placed entirely at the disposal of the Home Arts and Industries Association. Mrs. Watts was practically the founder of this society which originated with the idea of bringing art within the surroundings of the common people, and he was keenly interested in its welfare.

His studio at "Limnerslease" was large and lofty, and opened out, at the distance of only a few steps, from the living rooms, and here you usually discovered Mr. Watts, busy even when he had passed his eightieth year with the large canvases that yet remained unfinished. He told me on one occasion that for many years he found the early morning a good time for painting. In the

summer he usually occupied his studio at five o'clock and worked throughout the hours before noon except for a brief rest. I once asked him how he accommodated himself to these early hours, and he confessed that by sleeping on a plank bed when a young man he had triumphed over nature. There was a Spartan simplicity of manner and habit throughout his closing

life that gave point to his determination to utilize the morning.

Though he discussed his pictures with some reticence—more from temperament than dislike to talk—he was at times most illuminating in commenting on his subjects. Death presented to him no terrors. That fact supplies the reason for its constant introduction into his pictures. From his conversations one realised that whilst regarding it as inevitable he looked beyond its portals into a brighter and happier sphere. "I want to teach people to think of Death," he used to say, "as the nurse who comes to put the children to bed in the joyful anticipation that they will awake to the sunshine and the flowers." Now and again he received letters from sorrowing people, mourning the loss of friends, who had derived comfort from these studies, and the fact gave him great encouragement. His mention of such incidents showed keen delight in the knowledge that his artistic interpretations had appealed to the hearts of those in distress.

At his Compton studio he possessed a large number of portraits of celebrities in all ranks of life. Thus, for instance, hanging close together were Lord Rosebery, Mr. John Burns and Mr. Cecil Rhodes. These had all given him sittings and spent several hours in his studio. With each he had been on terms of intimacy and like all true artists had endeavoured to discover the real man behind the outward presentation. Two of these sitters are now living, whilst Mr. Watts has himself passed away, and it would not be fair to recall his telling comments, but he had estimated both their qualities and their weaknesses. Yet with all his keen discrimination of character and the high standard he set for himself, he never uttered a bitter or unfair criticism of anyone.

Pursuing his work day by day at "Limnerslease" he yet found time, with his wife, to enter into the life of the village. They enjoyed the society of a wide circle of friends in the neighbourhood, but probably one of his greatest pleasures was the creation of a



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By G. F. Watts.



By permission of Fredk. Hollyer. **Love and Life.**  
By G. F. Watts.

colony of art workers in Compton who gave their leisure to prepare the decorations and fittings for the graveyard chapel. On winter evenings Mrs. Watts held classes at "Limnerslease" where the villagers of all ranks, from the squire to the blacksmith, were taught to mould and bake the bricks and symbolic reliefs. Mr. Watts used to disclaim any credit for the excellent work that was effected, but whilst it is true that he did not take an active share in the building, he contributed the whole of the cost. Those who have visited the village burial ground will appreciate the genius that fostered Mrs. Watts's altruistic purpose.

Grave and dignified as the "Signor" always appeared in public life, you could not, even with a stretch

of imagination, associate him with a suspicion of Bohemianism. But he possessed a quiet fund of humour which enabled him to enter into the spirit of the pastimes of the young people of the neighbourhood. On such occasions he unbended, and one recognized a man who delighted in clean and healthy sport.

Many pilgrims to-day journey to Compton to visit the beautiful resting place of the great artist and to inspect the Watts' gallery that he established in the picturesque Surrey village. He has many memorials elsewhere, but his gracious manners and kindly ways endeared him to his neighbours, who will cherish his memory on account of these associations for many years.



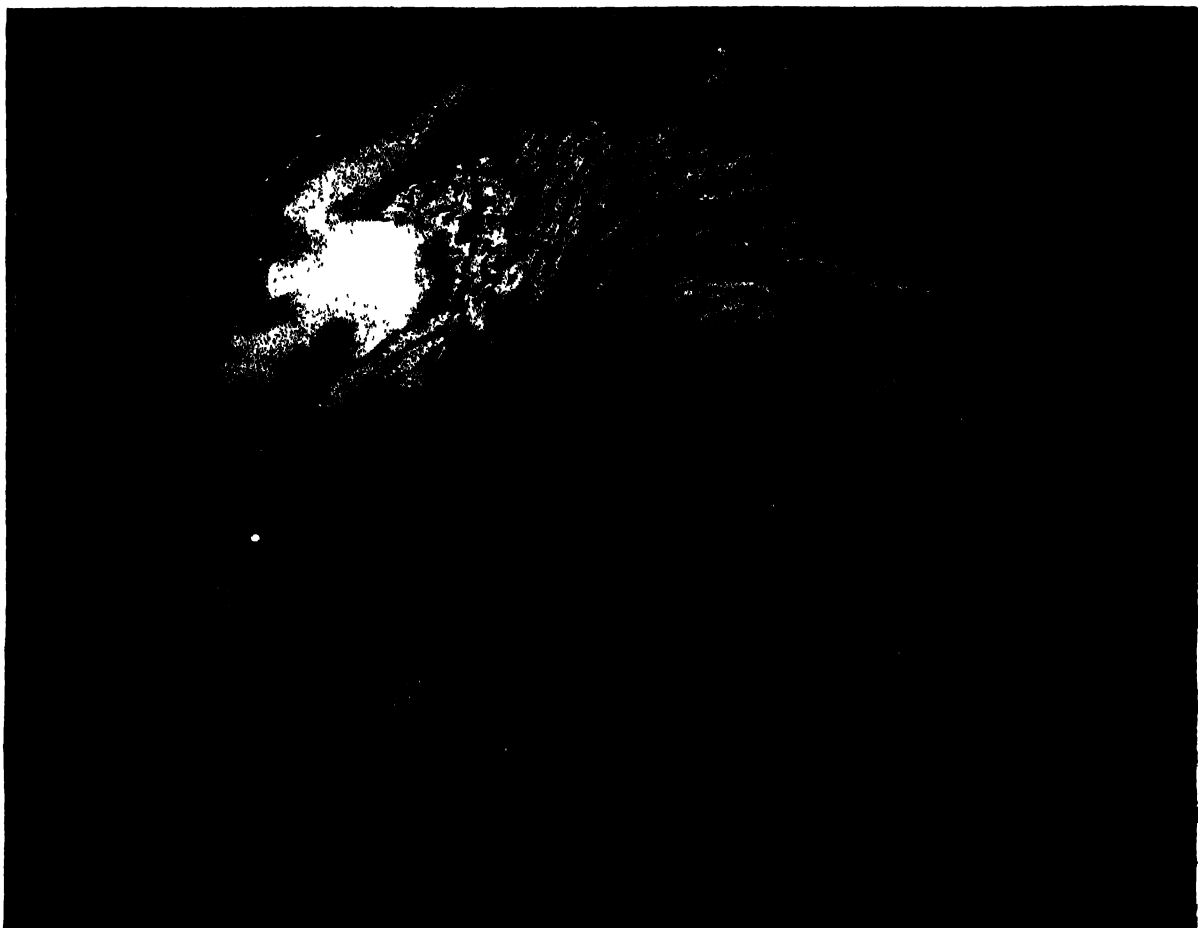
## THE MASTERS OF DANTE.\*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

**I** TURN on a brilliant March morning from these pages of Mr. Gardner's with reluctance, and would sooner read than write about them; for they hold a great

\* "Dante and the Mystics" By Edmund G. Gardner, Barlow Lecturer on Dante in the University of London, etc. (J. M. Dent & Sons)

charm in their blending of many deep, ancient thoughts with our Tuscan's incomparable style, here quoted abundantly. We, who have tasted the pleasure that lies in other volumes by this English commentator on Dante, may look for the exact learning, the clear Italian



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**Endymion.**  
By G. F. Watts.

air, the pieties and courtesies which give his work its distinction, with a sure hope to find them again. And so we do. But he has taken up a bold enterprise. It is nothing else than to transpose into a northern key, and thus make intelligible to audiences like those at the London University, that "inarticulate music" of the *Paradiso* which Carlyle, for instance, could not follow. The music enchants all ears capable of apprehending Italian rhythms, but its meaning has, with only rare exceptions, escaped English minds. Oxford, even, which prided itself on its acquaintance with dead Greek poets who were very hard to construe, as Pindar and Æschylus, knew little until of late that was religiously akin to the "*Divina Commedia*." Dr. Moore has thrown a ray upon these dark places for Oxonians; and for London Mr. Wicksteed, Mr. Warren Vernon, Mr. Gardner himself, are serving as light-bearers. *Prosit* to all of them!

Still, as I count the names of those whom I designate "masters of Dante"—and that in religion—I cannot but feel curious touching the fate which will attend on lectures so foreign to our Puritan, Agnostic, indifferent, idle literary public as these. How many,



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**Paolo and Francesca.**  
By G. F. Watts.



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**The Rider on the White Horse**  
By G. F. Watts.

I wonder, not having the fear of examination before their eyes, will bravely feed their spirits on St. Augustine, Denis the Areopagite, Plotinus, the Victorines, St. Thomas Aquinas, Joachim of Flora, the two Mechthilds of Magdeburg and Hackeborn—all for the sake of understanding the Dantean philosophy? Let me not be mistaken. Most of this I did myself in old and delightful days; like other students of the English College in Rome, I have my pleasant associations there and elsewhere, among the Latin Hills and wandering over the Campagna with Dante the mystic, the disciple of Aquinas, who sang to heavenly cadences the fair and terrible things which we believed. But, then, St. Augustine, the Areopagite, and the "Angelic Doctor," from whom we were learning our creed took us beyond literature. It was not for the sole worship of beautiful or vivid expression, not to gain some æsthetic thrill, that we lingered on the slopes of Tusculum and Monte Albano, the divine poem in our hands. Perhaps I shall fail to make my meaning clear; in substance, however, it has been violently uttered by Carlyle, when he hurled from him with scorn the mere "literary idea" that Dante composed "fiction," and that his angels,



saints, demons—nay, his whole supernatural world—had served him only as “machinery.” To him the world that he pictured was real, “bodied in fixed certainty of scientific shape,” as our Catholic dogma to us. Hence, in Carlyle’s judgment, the vision which Dante saw has proved to be “the most remarkable of modern books.” Do not, I say, forget this verdict, spoken by a Scottish Cameronian, who adored Goethe, hated Catholicism, and was the foremost man of letters in Britain during his long life. Carlyle’s bolt, truly delivered, hits the mark.

No fiction, but the sincerest of poems, deep from the heart. We must call its ground reality—seen, grasped, loved, brooded over, until Florence and Italy, with such eternal lights showing through them, appeared as what to a believer they in fact are, gates of Heaven and Hell. This, their transcendent significance, Dante caught, or, rather, it was burnt into him by dolorous trials, by sin, remorse, exile, poverty, loneliness, as the spirit made it known, with the high teachers from of old to expound it in their tongues of fire. Did he learn it by hearsay only—not by experience? He has left a word in prose, the “Letter” to Can Grande of Verona, which, if genuine—and I think it so—claims that, as our commentator affirms, “for the crowning vision or ecstasy of the *Paradiso*,” this Tuscan poet had more than hearsay and invention to stay him up. Under some form, be it what it might, Dante had passed through an ineffable spiritual crisis, resembling the exaltation of which mystic writers—Richard of St. Victor, St. Bernard, and St. Augustine, whom he quoted in his own defence—had given an account. He, too, like St. Paul, had been caught up to the Third Heaven, and heard secret words which it is not lawful (because not truly possible) for man to utter. Of these words the *Paradiso* furnishes a reminiscence and an echo. The whole poem leads up to them; its many stages, along the abyss of eternal hatred, by

the ascents of the Mount of Purification, from star to star, until the Empyrean is attained, the vision fulfilled, are preparations as in a noviciate for the life now to be dedicated to the Highest.

His master, indeed, whom he chose before all others, was Virgil, as in the line which Milton translates, “Thou art my father, thou my author, thou.” From Virgil he took, but wrought over again in the flame of his Tuscan genius, the style which brought him renown. Yet he

chose the poet of the “*Æneid*” for reasons other than his stately and most moving hexameters. The Sixth Book of an epic, at once Italian, Roman, hieratic, sang of a pilgrimage from this world to the next, across the River of Death, down into Hades, and onward to Elysium. Here the Florentine found, as in prophecy, the whole scheme on which he spent his years—the imperial, vicegerent of God, Rome’s mission from the hidden powers, Italy’s greatness—a subject embracing religion and history, which had the secret significance we term mystical, and without it never would it have entitled Virgil to be called “magician” as well as the bard of Cæsar. These things are not dwelt on in our schools, where the literary values of grammar and form outweigh the religious. And it is



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**Death Crowning Innocence.**  
By G. F. Watts

far from easy for an English Puritan, nay, for anyone who is not a Catholic born and bred, to enter into the soul of that devout Paganism. Dante could pierce through these veils; hence the mingling in his creation of old myths and strange classic monsters—of Furies, Minotaurs, Geryons, and their like—with Christian imagery. On an endless theme I will but say now so much as this: we Catholics, inheriting from the South a keen sense of antiquity, not dead and gone, but possessed by us in living traditions, in ceremonial of great beauty, and in the very words we use from day to day, feel at home with Virgil not otherwise than the poet felt who both imitated and surpassed him.

Virgil the magician, Aristotle the philosopher: to-

these Alighieri looked for inspiration to his chanting, for wisdom or the light of life when he meditated on the volume of God's works. All this, indeed, Mr. Gardner supposes well known to his listening circle. They are not, however, likely to have explored the vast fields of St. Augustine, or the "Sum of Theology" by Aquinas, who himself quotes the so-called Areopagite with a deference on which falls no shadow of doubt. Help must be given them, and with a deft manipulation of passages which will strike their minds as things rare, exquisite, profound, always lighting up some swift procession of verse where the terza rima has hitherto swept by in a cloud. Two points may be noted. The vision that is first shown by means of symbols and corresponding situations along the nine spheres, to be made perfect at last in the highest Heaven, is due to a divine supernatural radiance, known to mystics as the "light of glory." We do not refuse to say with our author, who founds himself on Augustine, that it is the "vision of the intelligible world" figured by "that great Platonist" of Alexandria, Plotinus. It is, even more importantly for our present aim, the vision which St. Paul has touched with a master's pencil in his Second to the Corinthians. Readers now will not expect of me to discourse about such hidden things amid the dust and street-cries of journalism. And my other point is yet more delicate. If, with Mr. Gardner, we define mystic knowledge to be the "science of love," its mere name cannot but daunt us. Either we must speak to the initiate—who will smile at our conceit and ignorance—or to the crowd—which, as a crowd, is always profane except when kindled by enthusiasm. Even the mystic, writing that which adepts will read, is constantly falling into the allusive allegorical manner that screens the too ardent blaze. Our present volume, addressing the intellect rather than the "deep heart," is restrained; one might go so far as to call it a discourse to the passer-by, who will never cross the temple doorstone. Perhaps it becomes more intimate when the life and death of St. Francis, which Dante has versified from Bonaventura—not from Celano, nor from Brother Leo—gives an historical setting to the doctrine of love and poverty. That is a fine chapter.

Staying thus outside the veil, we might talk a little of books and authors—how the Greek Plotinus, the Roman African Augustine, the Irish Richard of St. Victor, the German Mechthild, agree with Francis, Aquinas, Dante, in the science of divine things; and how the unique poem has drawn them all into its sphere



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**Time, Death and Judgment.**

By G. F. Watts.

of light, music and harmonious movement round the source of their desire. Commentary on the *Paradiso* from this point is rather beginning than exhausted. Mr. Gardner promises a long wished-for monograph on Joachim of Flora and the "Eternal Gospel." I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing it in good time. He is rightly careful of Dante's orthodox relation to Joachim, which has been misconstrued. I will signal another task for the brave scholar yet to come. These Christian mystics were not monists. But how shall we distinguish their philosophy, as it stands crystal-clear in the *Paradiso*, from that of which Persian poets like Jelal-el-Rumi and Ferid Ud-din Attar have been the ecstatic singers? Resemblances, differences, contrasts, invite the labours of an age destined probably to behold the religious invasion, growing steadily to a crisis, of the West by the East.

## "THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1913.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

*The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competitions Nos. 1 and 3; answers from Foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 2, 4 and 5 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

*Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original ballad in not more than forty-eight lines.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any

review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original drawing, humorous or otherwise, illustrating the title of any book mentioned on any page of this number of THE BOOKMAN.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

*A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original poem.*

*A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Keats, Shelley, Burns, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Wellington, Nelson, Gladstone, Disraeli, Darwin, or any other famous Englishman.*

*A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.*

*All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 2nd June next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the 1st July if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.*

*The name and address of the competitor must be written on each M.S., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize.*

*The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for August next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.*

### RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original Ballad is divided, and HALF A GUINEA has been sent to Miss Violet D. Chapman, of Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset, and HALF A GUINEA to Mr. B. R. M. Hetherington, of Wide-open-Dykes, Carlisle, for the following:

#### A BALLAD OF COLOURS

"Oh give me my girdle of milk-white pearls,  
And robe me in purest white,  
And set a white rose in my golden curls,  
For I am to wed to-night—

And white is the colour that best beseems  
The heart of a maid in her bridal dreams!

"Oh give me my girdle like sapphire seas,  
And my robe of the azure sheen,  
For I shall dandle his babe on my knees,  
Ere ever the Spring be green—

And blue was the colour that Mary wore  
When she on her bosom the Christ-Child bore!

"Oh give me my girdle of ruby flame,  
And my gown of the crimson bright,  
Lest my wan white face put my heart to shame,  
For my Lord is gone forth to fight—

Oh red is the colour of fire and strife,  
And red is the hue for a warrior's wife!

"Oh give me my girdle of deepest jet,  
And my robe of the sable dark,  
For the arrow that deep in his heart is set  
In my spirit hath found its mark—

Oh black is the shade of the funeral bier,  
And black is the sorrow that knows no tear!

"Oh give me my girdle of amethyst stone,  
And my robe of the purple hue,  
For the babe's sweet sake I will hush my moan,  
As my Lord would have me do—

For purple is royalty's signet-ring,  
And my little son is the son of a King!"

VIOLET D. CHAPMAN.

#### IN THE DAY OF THE EAST WIND.

##### (THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN)

They looked across the level lands  
At daybreak as the sun arose;  
They wrung their bony, fleshless hands  
Distraught with watching for their foes.  
"O God of Hosts," the burghers said,  
"Send us help for we are sped,  
For we are starving, dying, dead."  
*And still the east wind blew*

Said one, "The dykes are cut in vain,  
This east wind blows the water back.  
Yet were we dolts to yield to Spain,  
To face the thumb-screw and the rack.  
The east wind rakes the bitter sky,  
The fields that should be swamped are dry,  
And we are left indeed to die!"  
*And still the east wind blew.*

Said one, "What profits all this moan?  
Though we should die we trust in Him.  
A space, and ye shall yet be shown  
How He will teach our foes to swim!  
He holds the waters in His hand,  
And eke the winds at His command:  
Lo, He shall save the faithful land."  
*And still the east wind blew.*



By permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

The Seamstress.  
By G. F. Watts.



Photo by A. Rischgitz.

**At the Window.**  
By G. F. Watts.

(Lowndes Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum.)

They climbed once more the city wall  
With dragging feet, with listless feet;  
The pestilence was like a pall  
That hung above each silent street  
They scanned once more the Spanish line  
That ringed them like a serpent's spine,  
But out of Heaven there came no sign  
*And still the east wind blew*



Photo by A. Rischgitz.

(Manchester Gallery.)

**Prayer.**  
By G. F. Watts.

Yet lo, at eve, when hope was gone,  
The wind to westward veered around,  
It blew the salt sea-water on  
And swamped the Spaniard's camping-ground.  
At morn where trees and fields had been  
And meadows with their trampled green  
A tossing flood of brown was seen  
*And lo, the west wind blew*  
With loaves and victuals weighted down,  
O the blessed wind and sea!  
The ships sailed into Leyden town  
And cast their loads upon the quay  
O ye winds and waters praise  
God the Ancient of all Days,  
He who Leyden siege did raise  
*While the west wind blew*

B. R. M. HETHERINGTON.

We also select for printing—

**BALLAD OF NIGHT**

Behind the sunset's dying scorn  
I marshal my array;  
I fling my lamps aloft to warn  
The sentinels of day,  
Then on I creep to kiss the blue  
That hangs 'twixt earth and sky—  
For few can woo as I can woo,  
And none can kill as I!  
I spread the hamlet with my pall,  
I cloak the twilight down,  
I ride upon the sea, I crawl  
Into the aching town;  
I watch with sorrow, sin and strife,  
I see proud virtue fly  
For few know life as I know life  
And none knows death as I!  
I hide the childless mother's grief;  
The drunkard's sordid crime,  
The stricken Christian's unbelief,  
The ravages of Time  
I pluck each mask in devilry,  
And heap them mountains high!  
For few dare see what I dare see  
Yet none so blind as I!  
I shudder down the silent street—  
Across the ghostly lawn  
And out along the hills to greet  
My cold, pale lover, Dawn  
And as he gazes on my soul  
He lives that I may die  
For few pay toll as I pay toll  
And none exacts as I!

(Cyril G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire)

**LORO**  
**A BALLAD**

Where the bubbling moorland stream  
Smoothed the top of every boulder,  
Loro sat, in pensive dream,  
Mists of noon day, to enfold her,  
Wove a web of rosy brightness,  
In the water cool,  
Hung one foot of snowy whiteness,  
Loro of the pool  
Softly, wrapt in sunny mist,  
Gurth, a knight, rode through the heather;  
Rode to keep his marriage tryst,  
In the drowsy summer weather  
Said he rode, with brow o'er-laden,  
Not as lovers ride,  
For he did not love the maiden  
Pledged to be his bride,  
Loro, woken from her dream,  
Saw his shadow on the boulders,  
Turned, and saw his trappings gleam,  
Shook the hair from her bare shoulders,  
Drew the small foot back and hid it  
'Neath her cotton gown—  
Would he harm her? God forbid it!  
Loro slim and brown  
When he spied her, shy, afraid,  
Gurth forgot his tryst the morrow;  
He had never seen a maid  
Half so fair as timid Loro.  
Swiftly her slim form he lifted  
To his saddle-bow;  
On his cheek her black hair drifted  
Soft as midnight snow.

"Swift, o'er heathered  
hillocks ride!  
By the songful lark  
above me,  
Loro, you shall be my  
bride,  
Moorland maiden,  
you shall love me!"  
Spell of dreamy magic  
bound her,  
Soft her black eyes  
grew,  
All her rich hair fell  
around her,  
Child of sun and dew.  
(M. D. Baynes, Edge-  
hill, Teignmouth.)

We hesitated over giving the second half of the prize to Mr. Cyril G. Taylor—the false rhyme in his first verse—aiding us against doing so. Good ballads, some of equal merit with the two last we have printed, have been received from E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Winifred A. Cook (Birkenhead), Alice W. Linford (S. Tottenham), E. Irene Seaton (Boxmoor), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), John D. Smith (Miln-gavie), Edith Furniss (Birkenhead), Marjorie W. Crosbie (Wolverhampton), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Dorothy Seward (Cambridge), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), Stanley Simpson (Birkenhead), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Gladys Evelyn Warren (St. John's Wood), Headley V. Storey (Brighton), Lorna Fane (St. Anne's-on-Sea), Noel D. Branthwaite (Ashton-under-Lyne), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), A. W. Jay (Devonport), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), Verne D. Rowell (Ontario), Malcom G. Campbell (Glasgow), Jack Blainstein (Bloomsbury), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Maud Marion Burnell (Ashford), G. Vivian, Violet E. Harley (Harrow), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Gwendolen D. Harold (High Barnet), Kitty Lilian Lyon (Wimbledon), Agnes Lack (Margate), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), A. J. Killoran (Forest Gate), Laura M. Mills (Lismore), Josephine M. Lumley (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), B. M. Morris (Bath), Frances A. Mantes (Halifax), Mrs. W. Glazier (Streatham), C. W. Martin (Plumstead), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Louis Golding (Manchester), Eva Martin (Golder's Green), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), G. G. Jackson (Northampton), S. B. Irene Bull (London, W.C.), Betty F. Kirby (Hoylake), Robert Everall (Plai-stow), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), Edward Gleave (St. Helens), James McClay (Bangor), A. Eastwood (Southampton), Doris Dean (Bromley), Miss C. M. Walkerdine (London, S.W.), Emily F. Ife (Plumstead Common), G. W. Turner (Burnley), Mrs. M. E. George (Lewes), E. W. Taylor (Newport), Ivan Julius Collins (Northampton), Doris Smith (Burton-on-Trent), C. R. Price (Wellington), Doris Rochefort (London, N.), Rodney Bennett (Isleworth).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Quotation is awarded to Miss A. M. Strickland, care of Miss Church, Hale, Farnham, Surrey, for the following :

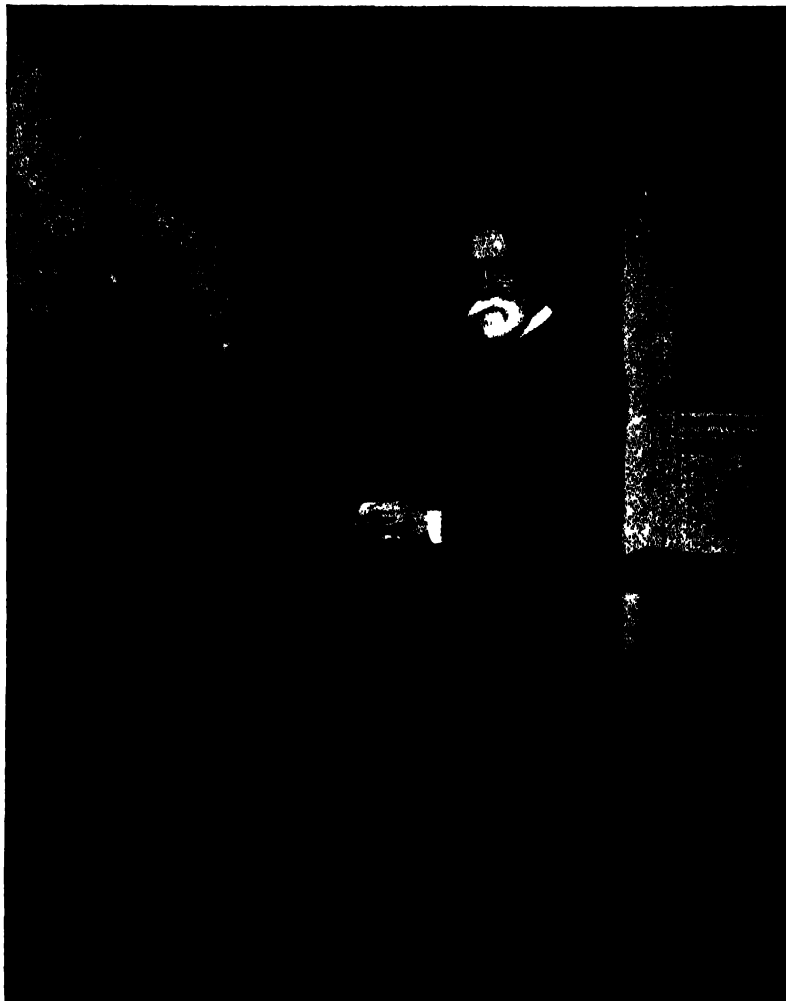


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

G. F. Watts.  
October, 1889.

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

III.—The Prize for the best original Photograph illustrating the title of any recent book is divided, and we are sending Two New Books to Miss E. A. Pearson, of Fleet, Hants, and Two New Books to Mr. F. C. Davis, of 46, Hill Road, Weston-super-Mare, for the two Photographs we reproduce on page 8. Several other good Photographs have been sent in, the best and aptest being the one by Mr. Ernest S. Heron, of 13, Grange Road, Chester, which we also reproduce on page 9.

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Ernest A. Carr, of Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge, for the following :

WHEN I WAS A CHILD. BY YOSHIO MARKINO.  
(Constable.)

This story of the author's youth, serious and touching, despite its quaint English, is in one respect unique. The mission scholar is generally too plastic and uncritical. Mr. Markino who in his eager boyhood starved to attend an American mission college at Nagoya, is a Samurai, trained in *bushido* from infancy. His pages show the impact of Western ideas and Christian theology upon an Oriental mind of fine type—sensitive, just, independent, and philosophic. The failure of his teachers to impress their ideals upon this earnest nature should teach our proselytisers the need of greater knowledge, wisdom, and modesty.

We also select for printing :

THE VICTORIAN AGE IN LITERATURE.  
BY G. K. CHESTERTON. (Williams & Norgate.)

Mr. Chesterton has condensed his wide knowledge of Victorian literature into a concise, critical survey which should enlighten and stimulate public literary taste. Commencing from Cobbett, he marshals the great writers of the period through his pages, focussing their salient qualities and significance on to our attention, linking them up in a chain of criticism that brings us finally to the Shaw-Wells-Kipling finger-post pointing through present-day letters. The author's intimacy with his subject, his peculiar powers of criticism, and the compelling style that stamps his

THE CHINESE REPUBLIC AND ITS FUTURE.  
REVIEW BY PHILIP D.

SERGEANT.  
"It cannot be—it is—it is,  
A hat is going round"  
O. W. HOLMES—*The Music Grinders*.

We also select for printing :

HOBSON'S CHOICE.  
By G. G. CHATTERTON.  
(John Long.)

"Only this, and nothing more."

EDGAR ALLAN POE—*The Raven*.

(Edward Ward, 112, Chichester Road, South Shields.)

HOW TO LISTEN TO AN ORCHESTRA.

By ANNIE W. PATTERSON.  
"I was all ear"  
MILTON—*Comus*.

(W. McC. Miller, Straidarran House, Co. Londonderry.)

"BECAUSE OF JANE."  
By J. E. BUCKROSE

"I am a man who is preoccupied"  
WALT WHITMAN.

(M. Cornish, 5, Essenden Road, Belvedere.)

THE BURNING QUESTION.  
By G. D. LICHFIELD.  
(Putnam.)

"I hope the poor man is insured."  
HOOD—*Don't You Smell Fire?*

work with individuality, together give this little book real value and interest.

(Alan C. Fraser, Highlands, Dodington, Bridgwater.)

HELEN REDEEMED AND OTHER POEMS. BY MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan & Co.)

One feels that Mr Hewlett is not altogether successful when he essays poetry; in "Helen Redeemed," he has chosen an ambitious theme and at times his ideas are fine, but the expression of them is often rugged and uncouth. The lines are unmusical and fall unpleasantly on the ear. In his determination to rise above the mediocre his verse has become laboured and strained; it appeals to our intellect, but it fails to charm us; it is passionate but it leaves us cold. It appears as if the author feared to be tender lest he should cease to be robust.

(Sybil Waller, 27, St. George's Road, London, S.W.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), Rev. L. Green (Bootle, Liverpool), Miss Richey (Belfast), Emily Gishy (Newbury), Mrs. Hooper (Wanstead), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), A. Compton Ellis

(Stoke-on-Trent), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Eva M. Martin (Golder's Green, N.W.), Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), R. J. Pocock (Oxford), Miss F. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington, N.), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs), James A. Richards (Tenby), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Miss Bradshaw Ishergood (Colchester), Frank Haigh (Halifax), Norah Hemdryk (Woolton, Lancs), Frances D. Watson, (Heaton Moor, Lancs), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), Bernard C. Gillott (Alfreton), Ivar Adair (Rathmies, Dublin), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), Miss A. N. Strickland (Farnham, Surrey), C. H. Kerth Hebblethwaite (Nottingham), John W. N. Sullivan (Highbury New Park, N.), W. H. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Susan Jesse (Salisbury), John J. Gurnett (Shoburyness), Mrs. E. K. Marshall (Merton Park, S.W.), W. Maurice Wilson (Newcastle-on-Tyne)

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr E. F. Thomas, of 3, Rangemore, Prestwich, Manchester

## New Books.

### ELTON'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.\*

Professor Elton's book on our literature of the great romantic era, from 1780 to 1830, is a survey on a great scale of the master and minor specimens of literary art during the whole of this period. The epigraph from Hazlitt—"I have endeavoured to feel what is good, and to give reason for the faith that was in me, when necessary, and when in my power"—is justified by the result. To comment adequately upon a commentary so saturated and so crudite would be the work of about ten years. Upon every production of the period that came up in turn for review, the author's last word has been: "How has he got at this?—what does it mean for me?—how does it wear?—is it well done?" Applying this to the author's "survey," the answer must be with monotonous iteration: "By unflagging study—the work penetrates and suggests, rarely dogmatizes—it is bound to appreciate in value (rare though this is in a work of criticism)—it is admirably done, not only as a whole, but in every part." It is, in short, one of those books which, in a period of depression about literature, when books about books are felt to drag a lengthening chain of insincerity and "tosh" (as a much admired critic once described to me all books about Shakespeare and Shelley), makes one feel that after all the literary endeavour is worth while; that there is such a thing as deep feeling and high-class brain work upon the thought and expression of past ages, that books about books may be engendered in some other fashion than by being thrown at the heads of impecunious authors by ravening editors or jaded literary advisers in their annual circumnavigation of the cyclopædias. There are none of these mechanical aids to production here. The book tingles with life and spontaneity. One can almost see the sap rising as one proceeds. The book is charged, as a whole, with the secret of life which is the secret of power, and this spirit of enthusiasm pervades every artery and penetrates to every leaf. The preliminary chapter of transition, of foreshadowing and first stirrings of romantic renaissance, at once strikes the note and shows the hand of a master, though it is, perhaps, the least masterly in the book, in the sense that it is not quite so perfectly subordinated in scale and perspective to the main design of the book as the long score of its fellows. Crabbe and Cowper are excellent, and the discussions such as those on the anti-revolution satire, scientific poetry, and the dispute about the harp of Pope, prepare us for the thoroughness and complete mastery of controversial detail which receives the fullest confirmation in the notes associated with each chapter at the end of the volume by way of appendix. The author's full power flashes out for the first time, I think, in his description, in chapter four, of Burns in relation to his landscape. Here there was a gleam of good

guidance from Angellier; but Mr. Elton has made a new exposure and developed the whole plate anew for himself and for us with exquisite results:

"Burns lived nearer to the brown earth, upturned for sowing and crowded with life, than any other of our poets. But he does not, in general, portray scenery for its own sake, though he can do so brilliantly. It is a habitation for men and dumb creatures, a background, a chorus, a thing subordinate to the life that swarms in it. It is alive itself, not in any pantheistic way after the manner of Wordsworth or Shelley, and it offers to Burns no religion and no instruction. Sometimes, certainly, it is an occasion for something a little declamatory or half-sincere, as in some of his most famous pieces, like those to the mouse or the daisy. In the latter poem Burns is not free, save for half-a-dozen admirable stanzas, from a suspicion of strain, any more than Chaucer in his treatment of the same flower, is free from a suspicion of exquisite convention. The comparison of the plough torn daisy to the artless victim of misplaced confidence and to the simple bard himself is a piece of rhetorical emotion. He is best when he describes without such after-thoughts (quoting 'The Brig of Ayr'); and Burns is equally sensitive to the happiness of rapid, and yet peaceful, water. But he does not speak of mountains or of solitudes, which he does not visit. His country is low, and rolling, and flat—Ayrshire and thereabouts. It is not thickly peopled, except with wild creatures, and of those he knows all the sounds. He hears the curlews call, and the patricks whin, and the bitterns roar, and the cornerakes clamour. He also knows the colour of the holiday

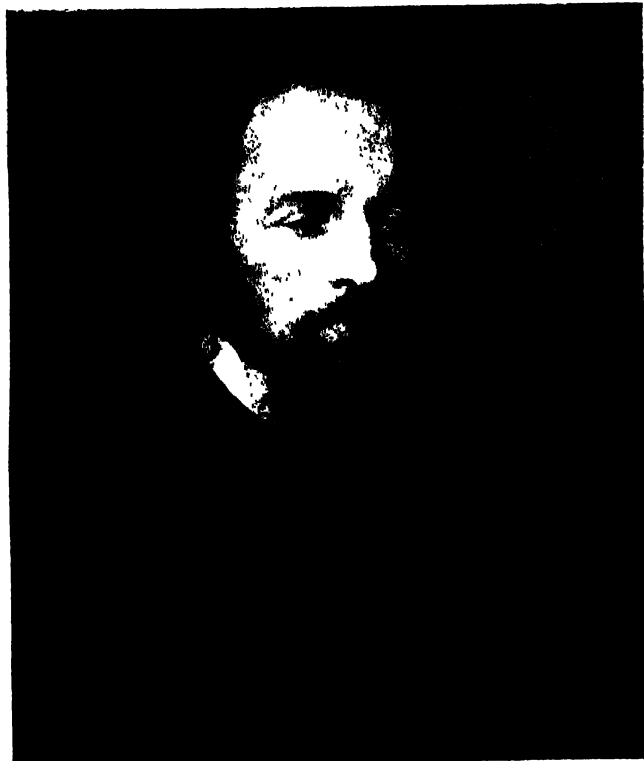


Photo by A. Ruchgits.

Tennyson (1859).

By G. F. Watts.

From the original in the possession of Lady Henry Somerset.

\* "A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830." By Oliver Elton, D.Litt., Professor of English Literature in the University of Liverpool. 2 Vols. (Arnold.)



Photo by A. Kischgutz.

**Carlyle (1877).**

By G. F. Watts

(National Portrait Gallery.)

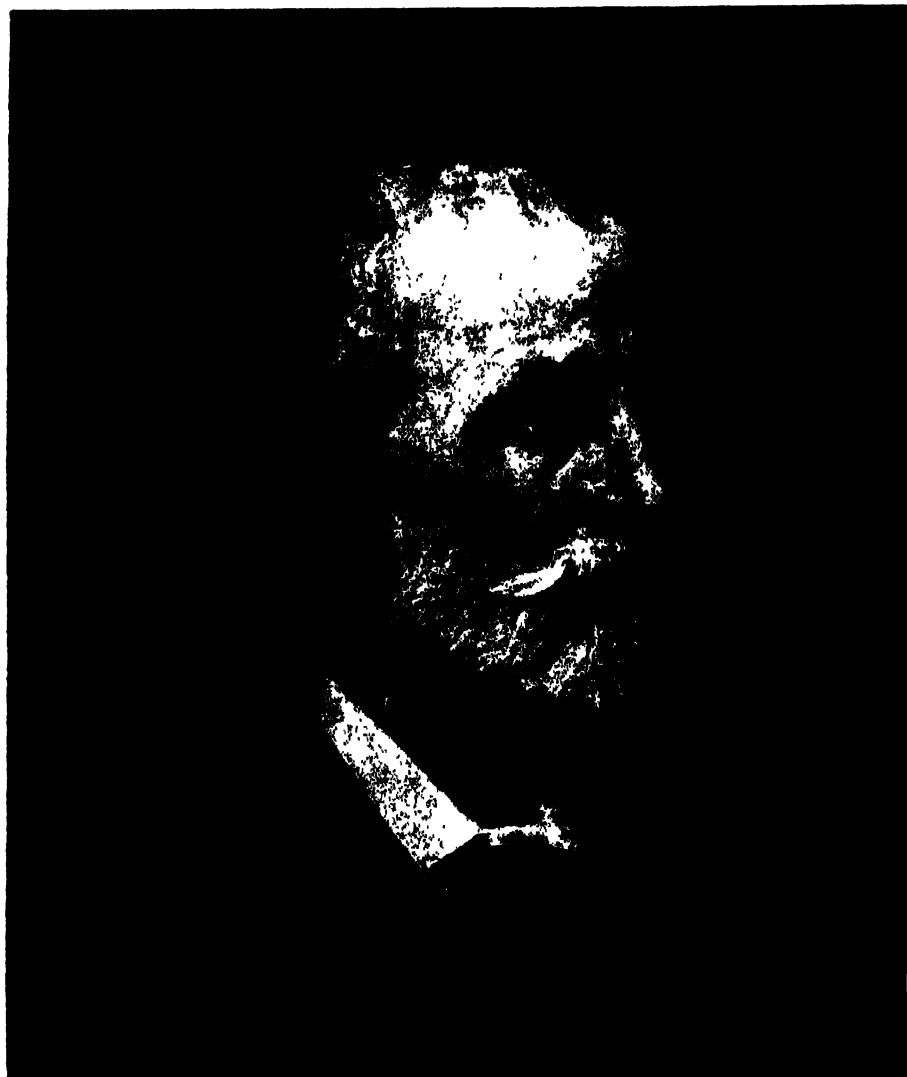
dresses, and catches the glitter of the silks and scarlets on the women 'skelping barefoot' to the Holy Fair. Transient lights do not escape him; the greedy glower of the elder at his twopenny in the plate, or the moonbeams glancing through every chink in Alloway Kirk. Everything is seen in movement; he has comparatively few pictures of 'still life.' Things flash by, or the wind sweeps the voices along."

There is a long chapter on Blake, full of perception and, to my mind, intuition, but without extravagance, and a delightfully cool estimate and criticism of Miss Austen. The minor novelists are touched in with the rarest grasp of detail, the result, doubtless, of assiduous piece-work, but giving the impression of almost superhuman memory. A very honourable space is allotted to my favourite, J. J. Morier—possibly too much, for he is essentially a *homo unius libri*, the first instalment of *Hajji Baba*. The chapter on Sir Walter of Waverley, to my mind, occupies the summit of the book; and although I am fairly read in the general literature of the subject, including the notable appreciations by W. P. Ker and Charles Alexander Young, I do not think that any one of them in sweep, rapidity and range quite comes up to the wonderful survey here given of the great mountain chain of romance.

The second volume, taken as a whole, strengthens—more than sustains—the first. Mr. Elton is a little hard on Southey, the bent of whose genius he seems to think (as Henry James, senr., thought of Carlyle), might have been for comedy. Surely, but for the long tyrannous epics, "Southey might have done more in the low-lying forms of poetry, which have a scent of the autumnal earth." The cardinal chapters on Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley are solid, original, magistral. But Mr. Elton is nothing if not catholic and judicious, qualities most incumbent upon a surveyor upon this scale. He startles

not a little when he buds the least expected of epigrams—"Earless on high stood unabash'd Byron"—but in the end he is fair, even to *Iara*. Over De Quincey and Landor he is more apt to rhapsodise than I should be. Lamb and Hazlitt are excellent. Coming straight from the ripe accumulations of Mr. Gooch, I do not appreciate his chapter on "The Historians" quite so highly. Once more the ensemble is very remarkable, and confers to my mind upon Elton as a critic the breadth and interestingness of a Biandes.

A caution may be administered to readers of this very advanced and concentrated critic, who enjoys also the distinction of being one of the very few prose-masters of his craft. Like Acton's book on the "French Revolution," or Lang's on the "Border Ballads," it postulates a considerable knowledge of the subject-matter and, the nearer the reader is to his originals and first impressions, the more will he appreciate the subtle artistry and unerring taste of his guide. Even then the critical paste is so highly concentrated that it will be to his advantage to consume but small quantities at a time. Mr. Elton does not care very much for colourless and scentless prose, the prose that merely says things, the prose that M. Jourdain found that he had been talking all his life—prose without an atmosphere, and *a fortiori* without magic or enchantment. It is vibratory or associational prose that he aims at, pretty continuously. Every adjective that he uses is charged with echoes and associations; there is always a hinterland of suggestion back



By permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

**George Meredith.**  
By G. F. Watts.



and beyond of the straightforward and superficial meaning. The medium of the critic is in a very high degree figurative, and this makes the full volume of his meaning often very hard to be quite sure of. Well though the present work deserves translation, one recognizes at once that it would be a very hard book to translate.

Most historians, whether political or literary, experience the fatigue of continuously originating new ideas, new epithets, the incommodity imposed upon the *litterateur* alone among artists, of at all times and all costs meaning something. The boon of a background of a mechanical kind which an apprentice may fill in, the breathing space of cheers, "laughter and applause," or the legitimate relief of a "da capo" are denied to the writer who must go on perpetually varying the pattern. As a rule, however, the historian finds a good deal of ease in paraphrasing the conclusions of other writers, quoting at ample and sometimes superfluous length, using conventional epithets and summing up exhausted and more or less superannuated verdicts.

All "sugaring" of this kind appears to be held by Mr. Elton in unequivocal detestation and contempt. He revels in new collocations, in new epithets—in one random page, for instance, I find applied to the work of Hazlitt such unusual adjectives as "clayey," and "rodent," while the impress of life upon the writer is compared to "surf-bathing," which takes the breath away—he hates a flat, time-worn phrase, as Sir Andrew hates a Puritan; these delicate implications shake off the mob that scours the rutted highway, and our author is felt often when he is at his best to be emphatically addressing a select audience of ticket-holders within closed doors. Mr. Elton talks a little contemptuously at times, it must be confessed, of the "bookman." Southey, says he, is a dead poet, a bookman, a journeyman in verse, and yet he is emphatically, I incline to think, a bookman himself. He gets his results unsparingly by the distillation of innumerable tomes. Such distillations, however exquisite, are not for the taste of all. As a fifth essence or *suprême* of the literature of a whole epoch, they are, of course, pretty rich food

these twenty-six chapters; and one goes dogging back after them pretty contentedly to a fare of biscuit and water—for a time. But, as the generations wheel round, and we approximate once more to a more bookish age, I can imagine that these select audiences will grow out of all knowledge, and that there will be a vogue, as compelling as that of the moment for the dialect of the "Western World" (in other words the western slope of Ireland), for the Eltonian epithet. These epithets, these figures, are *recherché*, no doubt; they have not the cryptic power of such catchwords as "Glory be!", but they are also far less monotonous. They require, it may be said, that the audience should not merely hear, but should overhear them.

And I can imagine our professor in blue and buttons, like the good antiquary, lifting the latch of some superb bard of the past age, hearing a tremulous voice chanting some mystic rune, instinctively grasping his pencil and memorandum book, and refusing to budge backward or forward until he has got the trick of the thing, and pinned it down with its solitary adjective.

"Hush, hush!" said the antiquary, 'she has gotten the thread of the story again' And as he spoke she sang:

"They hae saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,  
They hae bridled a hundred black,

**Swinburne.**  
By G. F. Watts.

With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,  
And a good knight upon his back'  
"Chafron!" exclaimed the antiquary, 'equivalent, perhaps, to *cheveron*—the word's worth a dollar'—and down it went in his red book."

Where the antiquary, who was a close man and looked narrowly at spot silver, said "worth a dollar," we, in the slang of the day, say "priceless." Well, there are many dollars'-worth of such words in these two volumes—beautiful words that vibrate, of which romantic prose-writers with a turn for poetry, whose names end in "ton," have a monopoly. But these two volumes are worth many dollars to the student who loves good books and their authors. As a faithful, minute and highly competent survey of the salients and re-entrants of a whole literary epoch, they have no equal, and hardly a distant rival.



By permission of Fredk. Hollyers.

Professor Schelling has, I believe, attempted something of the kind for the Elizabethan era. But, in the first place, the apparatus was not to be compared to that accumulated, by Mr. Elton. In the second place Schelling is incomparably inferior as a writer to Elton. The *materia critica*, too, is all in favour of the later period. Finally, in variety and profundity of literary genius, the period 1780-1830 is, taken as a whole, decidedly more opulent than the Elizabethan.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

### IBSEN'S MASTERPIECE.\*

It is possible that those who know "Peer Gynt" in the original will find a hundred faults in Mr. Roberts's translation. Those of us who are not acquainted with the original will be amazed rather by his virtues. Mr. Yeats once said, in a fine sentence, that "in vital translation . . . a work of art does not go upon its travels; it is re-born in a strange land." In the present volume "Peer Gynt" is re-born into the English-speaking world. In other words, the soul of the play is saved alive, and "Peer Gynt" sweeps along in its new dress with the joyous ease of a masterpiece. It is Mr. Roberts's mastery of the play as a whole that makes it hardly worth while to pause to denounce the occasional outrage of a bad rhyme, or the occasional collapse of a rhythm into prose. In sitting down to translate "Peer Gynt" into English rhyme, while preserving the metres of the original, Mr. Roberts obviously undertook a work calling for great skill as well as understanding. Rhymed translations are, as a rule, the accursed thing. It is only in the hands of an exceptional man that a rhymed translation is more than a lifeless paraphrase. Mr. Roberts's is never that. He seems to me to have caught far more of what might be described as the fantastic and tragic humour of the play than did Mr. William Archer and his brother in the only other translation that has been published in English. Mr. Roberts has, of course, used the Archer translation freely, as he acknowledges. But he has made his borrowings his own. There is not a trace of the poverty of the second-hand about his work.

If we may judge by the reception given to "The Pretenders" by the dramatic critics when it was produced the other day at the Haymarket Theatre—since I wrote this, alas! the play has failed—England is at last getting ready to welcome Ibsen into its domestic circles. So determined a realist, so daring a moralist, so contemptuous a smasher of public idols, could hardly have expected to be tolerated by respectable people until he was dead—dead and pedestalled, and himself a fit object for the idol-smashers of a later generation. Now that Nietzsche and Strindberg have assailed the public ear, however, quiet people may well ask themselves whether after all Ibsen was not a good deal of a Christian. He glorified self-realisation, indeed, but—and this is true of "Peer Gynt" especially—he interpreted self-realisation, not as a shrill Imperialism of the soul, but as a losing of the self and a re-discovery of it in love. When Mr. Roberts, in his recent book on Ibsen, tried to assimilate the moral idea running through Ibsen's work to the Christian theory of the Atonement, I was inclined to disagree violently with him. But as I read "Peer Gynt" again, I feel much more open-minded on the point. On the other hand, is Mr. Roberts on such warrantable ground when he argues that in the end Peer is saved from the Button-moulder, not by Solveig's love for him, but by his love for Solveig? It is one of those points in regard to which one might easily fall into quibbling. But surely the answer Solveig gives to Peer, when he asks her where his real self has been all his life is:—

"In my faith in my hope, in my love wast thou"—

is against Mr. Roberts's contention. It is one of the many virtues of his introduction, however, that it provokes

\* "Peer Gynt." By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by R. Ellis Roberts. 5s. net. (Secker.)

the reader into a running fire of argument. On the other hand, it must not be thought that his sole concern with "Peer Gynt" is with its moral ideas. "Peer Gynt" may, in one aspect, be a many-coloured and delightful statement of the idea that self-sufficiency is merely a form of self-slaughter. Most essentially of all, however, it is the riotously brilliant comedy of a man. Peer Gynt can hardly be denied a place beside Don Quixote, and Falstaff, and the other great comic characters in literature. He is the self-seeker, with day-dreams taking the place of ideals, as he has never been portrayed in literature before or since. He is undoubtedly the self-seeker portrayed by the critical intellect no less than by the imaginative intellect. But what a wealth of fancy, of laughter, of humanity has gone to his making! Even Ibsen never gave us such another portrait again.

ROBERT LYND.

### LIFE'S MANY-COLOURED TWIST.\*

Miss Sinclair has reached the height of her achievement in this book. Since "The Divine Fire" she has had inequalities. One was not sure of her grip on life. "The Creators" had pauses, *longueurs*. The ground work of it was artificial. With "The Combined Maze" she has justified the very highest expectations her greatest admirers can have had of her, and she has been extravagantly advised.

"One word is too often profaned  
For me to profane it"

The word, the glorious word, so often cheaply and easily used, genius, is in the mind of the present reviewer entirely in place concerning "The Combined Maze." Once before, in "The Divine Fire," Miss Sinclair gave us a hero out of that stratum of London life which lies midway between the middle-class and the people. I am not sure now that Ricky persuaded. In my secret heart even a woman of genius could not altogether make me believe that Ricky would have been loved by the exquisite Lucia. One demurred, hesitated. With Ranny of "The Combined Maze" there are no doubts, but full and warm and delighted acceptance. I doubt very much that any modern novelist of the creators, among whom Miss Sinclair takes her place, could give us finer than Ranny. He is an absolute triumph. Ranny is the son of a Wandsworth chemist, a clerk in a furnishing shop. He is of his world. He talks in cockney slang; he is something of a *gamin*. He is neither above nor below his class. But for sautty, for honesty, for sweetness, Ranny is an immortal creation. He flashes through the book, white and shining like a Greek god. He is adorable, the very flower of honest and lovely youth. Ranny is made, or at least, finished and polished at the Poly-Gym. He is an athlete as thousands of young fellows like him are. The thing that he most loathed and abhorred was Flabbiness, and after Flabbiness, Weediness. Ranny as an athlete is splendid, morally and physically. There is not an ounce of Flabbiness about him. He is immortally and for ever, Fit.

The odd title of the book is taken from the figure in which all the competitors at the Poly-Gym, displays take part. There is a glorious description of this figure in an early chapter which ought to find its place in an anthology of English prose. In the "Combined Maze" Ranny and his little destined mate, Winnie Dymond, a very strong and tender creation, meet for the first time. Winnie is as Fit, as far removed from Flabbiness as Ranny himself, though she is less splendid, the little brown true mate of the beautiful male.

For a time Ranny and Winnie lose their way. The figure goes dreadfully wrong. Ranny, led away by a momentary passion, marries the wrong woman; and Violet,

\* "The Combined Maze." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Hutchinson & Co.).

who was much more than the average sensual woman, is as much almost of an artistic triumph as our white and beautiful Ranny himself. The book ends on a tragic note, but tragedy so uplifted that it is better than commonplace happiness. One has a feeling after one has read the book that it is a very secondary matter whether Ranny and Winnie were happy at last. The thing that matters is that two so fit, so utterly un-Flabby and un-Weedy as Ranny and Winnie should be shining down there like jewels among the little clerks of London. We take off our hat to Miss Sinclair; she has done a big thing this time. This book has something akin with the great French masterpieces of fiction. But it is to be doubted whether any Frenchman could produce a thing so clean, so radiant as Ranny. There would be the sensual stain which is the uglier when it is sentimental. Our Ranny has his passions like other men, but they are honest passions even when they betray him. The whole drama, unfolded with minute care and detail, is a fragment of life and profoundly moving. Every character is touched in deftly. There is no slovenliness in this art. As for the writing, one does not need to be told at this time of day that Miss Sinclair writes like an artist. The book has humour, which helps one to read the story of Ranny and Winnie to the conclusion with a light heart. It is packed full with wisdom. The thread of life runs out as fast and free, as many-coloured as the human thread in the Combined Maze of the Poly-Gym. Henceforth we shall look with a new interest at the crowds of little clerks and shop-assistants who pour all over London by the early morning trains, wondering if there may be among the steadily rushing mass a Ranny—a Winnie. This is a London novel, and like London, it is packed full with life. There are things Dickensian in it—the group of Ranny's relatives and Ranny's comrades for example. But at times there was a certain quality in the Master—shall we dare to call it Flabbiness?—from which this clean-cut book remains absolutely free. It is a Dickensian quality which made an imaginative child cry out sharply over Martha Peggotty and her bursting bodice: "Oh, I don't like it: I can't bear it. It's *thick*," as though the clear air had suddenly become asphyxiating. The story of Ranny is fit; it has neither Flabbiness nor Weediness. Ranny is clean as a sword.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

### THE JUVENILIA OF MR. GEORGE MOORE.\*

If you were a vintner would you put new wine into old bottles? If you were a tailor would you put a patch of new cloth into an old garment? If you were the Director of the Louvre, would you hang Manet's brutal and powerful Olympia amongst the tender saints and pale Christs of the cinquecentists? Of course not, and, if you were anyone but Mr. George Moore you would not intrude into a volume of generous and enthusiastic "Impressions and Opinions" written in comparative youth, and now republished, an article entitled "Une Rencontre au Salon" written only yesterday with a pen dipped in cynicism and as out of place and bizarre in its present surroundings as a bull in a china shop. In a Preface written with the becoming weariness of an Old Master, Mr. Moore vouchsafes his reasons.—

"Three weeks ago," he writes, "it had seemed to us that all the beauty spots might be accepted without demur, but on looking into the book again, the article entitled 'Art for the Villa' seemed to us such a ravelled skein that we could not do else than strive to knit it together, and as this proved to be a task beyond our skill, a new article has been substituted, written, we admit, in our later style."

Now, now, Mr. Moore, are you quite frank with us? Are you not a tiny wee bit ashamed of having been once

\* "Impressions and Opinions." By George Moore. 6s. T. Werner Laurie.)



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**The Happy Warrior.**  
By G. F. Watts.



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**Sir Galahad.**  
By G. F. Watts.

young and enthusiastic, once an undisguised hero-worshipper of Balzac, Verlaine, Turgeneff, Zola, Degas, Rimbaud, Lafargue, Shakespeare, Villon, Thackeray, Dickens, Jane Austen, all of whose names adorn these charming pages, and have you not yielded to the temptation to intrude your later rather soured and cynical self into this matter of generous feeling and sentiment? Or can it be that—? But No! Perish the thought that Mr. Moore could not abide to let this volume of "Juvenilia" go forth without just giving a taste of what "we could do as we would, in our later style," lest the chance reader who had never read "Esther Waters" should judge that Mr. Moore had more heart than head.

But a truce to fault-finding. After all the matters written about in these early Impressions are of far greater importance than this or that motive of the author in editing them. It is, for example, well to be reminded that Balzac was not only the creator of the Modern School of Fiction, in which literature set out to compete with painting on its own ground, but that none has surpassed or even approached him in the realistic and pictorial representation of living, breathing, sinning, praying, complex humanity. And it is particularly interesting to recall this earlier storming of the prerogative strongholds of one art by another in these days when we see painting bent on making reprisals, determinately competing with the most subtle form of literary expression. True, we may be bewildered by, we may even deride the Post-Impressionists and Futurists, but we cannot deny—at least I for one cannot—and it seems to me here is the vital point—that these great departures in the Art of Painting fill all of us who give them a chance, with a divine discontent with the art that we have learned to consider consummate, and so remind us that the world is alive, that there is no finality, that we must not sit down, but we must still run if we are to obtain. But here we are going off at a tangent, embroidering when we should be praising. And yet it is a sort of praise, too. For surely in matters of taste we do not want always to acquiesce. We are stimulated to contradict, stimulated to enlarge, stimulated, in a word, to think, to realise.

Take for example the concluding sentences of the Essay on Balzac:

"As God is said to have created Adam from a handful of clay, so did Balzac create the French novel. Flaubert, Zola, Daudet, Goncourt, Bourget and Maupassant have only taken and developed that part of Balzac which individually they superficially represent. In conclusion I will say that as I understand criticism more as the story of the critic's soul than as an exact science, I confess that I would willingly give up *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, etc., for the yellow books."

Well, we are not all going to agree with that, and yet the position is arguable and there is much of the like stimulation in this book. Here is an example of Mr. Moore's hero-worship. Of Zola he writes:

"The man is greater than his books, and that is a great deal for he has written some very fine ones."

Not the finest, for "his genius is but the triumph and apotheosis of commonsense. Wingless, it never rises towards the stars." Here is an example of Mr. Moore's optimism:

"The one invincible thing is a good book. It may be doubted if the world contains a single good unknown poem. If a man were to write a good sonnet and drop it in the middle of the Sahara, the fate that has watched over good poetry through so many centuries would catch it up, and carry it somehow into common repute."

Here is an example of Mr. Moore's sympathy:

"I am not aware," he writes with rare insight, "of any other poet, except Verlaine, who has written solely to tell how weak, how helpless and undistinguished he is in all ways and things."

But I have said enough to send the reader to the book itself, which, notwithstanding some crudity of expression, makes for refreshment and delight, makes us, too, like Mr. Moore more than we have liked him before, much as we have always admired his genius.

G. S. LAYARD.

## A GREAT BIBLE CATALOGUE.\*

It is ten years since the first volume of this monumental work was published, dealing with the English Bibles in the great collection of the Society. The editors have wisely refused to hurry their labours. To catalogue adequately the Bibles in foreign languages proved a still more serious task; English and English dialects numbered 24, whereas the foreign languages enumerated in the three parts of the second volume amount to no fewer than 604. The editors have completed their task with the same careful scholarship with which they began, and the catalogue is a fine contribution to the bibliography of the Bible, with rich materials for scholars and students. To all who have been engaged in its production, and especially to the responsible editors, the heartiest congratulations must be offered on the appearance of the book. It is a great enterprise, carried out with a care and a technical attention worthy of the subject.

What the volumes before us contain is a series of language-headings in alphabetical order, under each of which is grouped in chronological order, with short bibliographical notes, a list of complete Bibles, Testaments, or separate portions of the Bible. As the editors point out:

"This method exhibits the history of Bible translation in any tongue, and has peculiar value as tracing the evolution of those missionary versions which the Bible Society exists specially to promote. In order to make the sequence complete, we have endeavoured to note each vital link in the lineage of a version, enclosing within brackets such editions as are not represented in the Bible House Library."

The time required for the printing of so large a mass of material has naturally thrown some sections a little out of date. That was inevitable, under the circumstances. In the Polyglot section, for example, as in the list of Latin and Greek texts, some editions have appeared during the last few years which have been too late for insertion. But this was inevitable. No editor can wait *dum defluat annis*. And the outstanding feature of the catalogue is its wealth of material on the earlier history of editions, its copious and exact information upon the highways and byways of the subject.

Apart altogether from the scientific value of the work, there are repeated glimpses into the history and romance of Christianity afforded by these pages. We are reminded, for example, that almost the whole edition of the first Georgian Bible was destroyed in the fire of Moscow in 1812, that the *editio princeps* of the Old Testament in Irish did not include the Apocrypha, as "the Hon. R. Boyle refused to print those books, though they had been translated"; and that the poor Christians of Anertum paid for their vernacular Bible by raising £1,200, "the result of fifteen years' toil at arrowroot cultivation." This last item recalls the fact that about 1841, also, "the Eskimo of Labrador out of their poverty sent a thank-offering of three gallons of seal-oil," by way of thanking the Society for the Scriptures which had been sent them. These are more pleasant traits than that recorded of the two Welshmen who started the first edition of the Bible in Welsh but broke up their friendship over "the general sense and etymology of one word."

A remarkable story is told of the earliest complete Bible in Malagasy, which was unfinished when the persecution broke out in 1835. The missionaries managed to complete the version, which they distributed among the Christian islanders, burying other copies for safety.

"These books, which passed stealthily from hand to hand, and were read in secret and at the peril of their owners' lives, became the fuel which kept the sacred fire burning during a quarter of a century of ruthless persecution. When the missionaries returned in 1862, they found that the little band of Malagasy Christians had grown from 200 to over 2,000."

\* "Historical Catalogue of the Printed Editions of Holy Scripture in the Library of the British and Foreign Bible Society." Compiled by T. H. Darlow, M.A., and H. F. Meule, M.A. Vol. II.: "Polyglots and Languages other than English." (The Bible House.)

A remarkable fact, in another direction, is noted with regard to Mr. J. E. Moulton's edition of the Tonga New Testament in 1880:

"This edition was published privately by the translator, owing to the fact that he felt himself unable to comply with the rules of B.F.B.S., which, at that time, required that the *Textus Receptus* should form the basis of all translations issued under its auspices. He seems to have had private access—probably through his brother, W. F. Moulton—to the unpublished documents of the New Testament Revisers, and to have based his own revision on them. Thus the Tonga edition of the New Testament, published some months before the English Revised Version (May 17th, 1881), affords the earliest example of a missionary version directly influenced by that revision."

Dean Burgon would have rejoiced to learn, however, that the edition was prohibited in schools by order of the Tongan Government!

The Gospels, especially Matthew, Mark, or Luke, are naturally the most popular parts of the Bible to be issued in separate editions. I observe Jonah is curiously popular, in this connection, among the Old Testament books. And the Keespeaking inhabitants of the Congo Free State have Nehemiah in addition to Luke as their total scriptures! The first book which happens to have been rendered into Karotongan was Galatians, but then it was soon followed by others.

There are only casual points, but they may serve to indicate the wealth and width of interesting material which is to be found in nooks and corners of this great work, apart altogether from its unique value as a bibliography.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., Litt.D.

### GEORGE ELIOT.\*

Although, probably, George Eliot is no longer a household word to us, the literary pre-eminence of her work amply justifies the "conscientious and prolonged labour" which Miss Deakin has devoted to "the detail of her early life."

We are not, indeed, prepared to accept without qualification the theory, said to have been established by M. Emile Legouis, that the "adolescence of genius" is not only "great enough to engage the investigator's concentrated powers," but, "from the standpoint of literary origins, *more important than any other phase of a career*." But no one can question the interest which must always be felt about the parentage, childhood, and education of a favourite author, especially one who seems to identify herself so thoroughly as George Eliot with the dreams and sufferings of her characters. Her personality, in fact, will carry with it an explanation of that strange mingling of intellectual arrogance and aloofness with passionate sympathy which characterises her art. Miss Deakin, in one of her few critical comments, has quoted the "wise and tender words" of Mr. Gilfil:

"God sees us as we are altogether, not in separate feelings or actions, as our fellowmen do. . . . Our thoughts are often

\* "The Early Life of George Eliot." By Mary H. Deakin, M.A. With an Introductory Note by Dr. C. H. Herford. (Manchester University Press.)

"George Eliot." By Viola Meynell. The Regent Library. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

worse than we are, just as they are often better than we are. . . . We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate actions. We don't see each other's whole nature."

Then she says:

"This was one of the things George Eliot longed to say. That way that God has of seeing us is the way the true artist has; it is the way George Eliot herself had."

This emphatic and picturesque statement, however, does not cover the whole matter, and somewhat depreciates the value of the personal insight which Miss Deakin has specially set herself to afford. For much of George Eliot's power comes from that half-knowledge which we derive from our own experience. As we all know, she put much of herself into Maggie Tulliver; she had faced, in her own person, many of the problems confronting Romola and Esther Lyon, Gwendolen, Dorothea and Will Ladislaw. We may learn, from this "Early Life," how faithfully her novels reflect her deepest convictions on men and life.

It proves also that, like her own heroines, she seldom depended on her own judgment, however tenaciously, if not dogmatically, she would pronounce upon the convictions she had acquired. At every stage of her intellectual or emotional development she confesses to an "absolute need of some one person who should be all in all to her and to whom she should be all in all." Probably, without George Henry Lewes, she would never have written a novel. Each of the many religious phases through which Miss Deakin has traced her was due directly to the personal influences. As Miss Meynell expresses it, "in each case the apostolic man becomes the woman's conscience."

Such changes, it will be remembered, were at an end before the publication of her first novel—in her thirty-ninth year. She had then settled down into a broad humanitarianism, subscribing to no definite creed, but convinced "of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith and the spiritual blight that comes with no faith."

Miss Meynell, indeed, defines her ethical code as "uncompromisingly Christian" and "very hard," admitting no possibility of "compromise or dispensation"; "the code of a woman who in her own conduct of life has broken all the pledges made and implied for her by her parentage, kin, and education."

On the personal aspect of this question Miss Deakin reveals more sympathetic generosity, greater subtlety, and—in our opinion—more justice. She endeavours to show that George Eliot never put greater value on the restrictions of conventionality than when she broke them. In her opinion only exceptional circumstances, like her own, could make rebellion permissible. She never resented "the quick condemnation" of "public opinion," however much the misunderstanding of friends hurt her. Privately she held herself justified; and never regarded the teaching of her novels as an atonement. They upheld what she had always believed; what, in her own heart, she felt she had practised.



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**For he had great possessions.**

By G. F. Watts

Miss Deakin has justified her contention by reliable evidence, perhaps the most valuable part of her work. She also tells us how early in life George Eliot was puzzled by finding that "glory was an attendant on luck instead of on goodness"; and that, like Maggie Tulliver, "at a very early age she got the idea into her head that she would become a person of importance in the world." We find her accepting a "compromise" with her father on the trying question of religious observances; and are assured that, however autobiographical or reminiscent, her books contained no actual portraits from real life. There is, too, an interesting passage about the "tidiness" of her writing, which recalls Mrs. Poyser's dairy; a quality evincing self-discipline and conscientiousness, not entirely congenial to the highest art.

Yet surely it is as an artist that George Eliot will live; by her characterization, her insight and her wit; her genius for dialogue, invention, and narrative. She has given us a glorious gallery of full-length portraits; increasing the number of our intimate friends; and, through them, the problems of life which have an endless fascination for all who care to think. In that sense her work remains, as Dr. Herford puts it, "a great and still unexhausted literary and ethical force." Miss Deakin could not give us too much detail in illustration of her personality and her powers, though only the serious student will wish to follow so closely her various incursions into philosophy. It is not as a thinker that we value George Eliot to-day. The quotations, and deductions, from her letters and journals are most welcome: we could willingly have been spared some of her essays and reviews.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

### E. F. BENSON'S NEW NOVEL.\*

"The Weaker Vessel" is to be numbered among Mr. Benson's more successful novels. Had it been blessed with humour: had the spirit of the first pages, descriptive of the inner decoration of a church, prevailed throughout; had the dragonish Mrs. Ransome, whose mischief-making virtuousness adds thorns and pains to the narrow path which leads to the strait gate, been humorously instead of cruelly depicted, we might have hailed the book as one of his best: as it is, its strength and sincerity make it notable enough. It is entitled to a wide appreciation.

Has Mr. Benson ever depicted a really nice and truly good woman? Clever enough many of his feminine characters have been; several have proved well-intentioned, all are witty; but, so far as this penman's experience goes, not one of his good women is really living. Eleanor Ransome is an attempt at ideal womanly goodness. She is, we are led to believe, charming; her gentle clergyman-father adores her; she has something of dramatic genius, acts well enough to win the applause of London, in her trial shows wonderful strength and patience, and yet does not convince us that she is quite natural. There is an occasional gushiness of speech and demeanour which would hardly have applied in her case. She is, at all events, a conscientious attempt to realise God's Good Woman. The task set to Eleanor's hand is, certainly, one to test a character and make a woman womanly. It is her part to play the guardian angel and wrestle with the enemy for a weak man's soul. Tired of her step-mother's frequent disapproval and ultra-religious exactitude she goes as governess to a house where a tutor is kept. Harry Whittaker is Nellie's destiny. He has a weak mouth, a physical circumstance promising trouble ahead, which Mr. Benson has before now found significant. Harry has also a genius for play-writing; but there is a bee in his honey, as Nellie, after their marriage, comes to realise. The son of a dipsomaniac, he cannot write without the stimulus of alcohol. His muse is merely jog trot without whisky. Here is the horrid dilemma. He must write to live; yet cannot work without drunkenness. What is he to do? He tries to control his

necessity; but that, of course, proves futile. The powers of darkness do not dole out iniquity in measured doses, and he is not blessed with a weak mouth for nothing. Harry drinks, struggles, continues to drink, deceives in order to drink. His wife wrestles with his weakness, and for a time is successful; it almost seems as if she may compel him to write well enough without whisky; then a new force enters, and Eleanor is baffled. Marian Anstruther, except that she has too clever a gift for speech (one would almost think, as Zuleika Dobson puts it, she had often sat at dinner beside Mr. Benson), is an actress, obviously intended to play the part of the naughty siren in cultured melodrama. She is beautiful, sensual, a temptress. From sheer wickedness and jealousy, she wantonly spurs the weakling's tendency, and so sends Harry some days' march nearer doom, making the task of the good wife much harder. The two women are rival forces; one inciting to evil, the other inspiring to good. It is the old, old battle, the time-old battle, and an allegory. The result seems inevitable, when fate, driving a motor-car, hurtles in, and the end is not completely conclusive.

Mr. Benson, it will be seen, has found in this story full scope for his particular gifts. The plot is one of the best-constructed he has yet produced, and the changing scene from clerical to theatrical life lends itself to effective contrast. Although it lacks the saving genial grace of humour, "The Weaker Vessel" is strong work.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

### THE BAUDELAIRIAN SPIRIT.\*

To what extent modern English literature is indebted to the bizarre genius of Charles Baudelaire can never be stated with anything like scientific precision. Yet few will deny that what has been called the decadence in modern literature, not only in England but in France and Germany as well, owes much of its individuality to that curiously aloof and elusive method of introspective exploitation which achieved its culmination in the work of the author of the "Fleurs du Mal" and "Les Paradis Artificiels." But that influence has not always been direct; it has not always been Baudelairean. When the Romantic movement of the first half of the nineteenth century had exhausted itself in heroics and insurrections, the spirit of personal revolt fell back upon itself, and the literary atmosphere became charged with the more subtle element of introspection. It was as though a world-weariness fell upon the human spirit, and everything that had been hitherto normally attractive became monotonous. Victor Hugo had set the young men of France thinking about themselves as heroes; Byron became a hero. Personality was nothing unless it was picturesque, and the need of being picturesque produced the *poseur*. There had been *poseurs* in every age, but it was not until romance ceased to be objective that anyone ever thought of giving the art of attitudinising in real life a philosophic basis. That distinction fell to the lot of Charles Baudelaire. It was he who gave the English idea of dandyism a new meaning. I say "new" because no one had ever thought philosophically about dandyism before; but what Charles Baudelaire actually did was to interpret for the first time the real and underlying idea of the spirit that produced the dandy. It was an accident that the temperament of Baudelaire found its chief exercise in a peculiarly intense form of the eternal battle between the spirit and the flesh. It might just as easily have happened that the first interpreter of dandyism had been one who had already conquered the flesh by denying it. Indeed, long before Baudelaire, mystics of more than one religion and period devoted ardent lives to such probings of the spirit in relation to the flesh which we associate with the genius of the decadent movement in the literature of modern times. The dandyism of Baudelaire only expressed itself incidentally in the

\* "The Weaker Vessel." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

\* "The Influence of Baudelaire in France and England." By G. Turquet-Milnes. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)





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**Hope.**

By G. F. Watts.

clothing of the body; it strove tragically enough to achieve soul-sufficiency, not by tasting, as the old mystics did, all the stars and all the heavens in a crust of bread, but by experiencing purgatory in every sensation. He and his followers were dandies of the spirit because acute consciousness of sin bade them resist not evil, in contradistinction to the older mystics who became dandies of the spirit because they resisted evil. The desire of Charles Baudelaire, as of all those who are in any way akin to him, was to discover in life that ecstasy which is eternity.

"One must ever be drunken," he said. "Everything is in that; it is the only question. In order not to feel the horrible burden of Time that is breaking your shoulders, bending you earthwards, you must be ceaselessly drunken. But with what? With wine, poetry, or virtue, as you will—only intoxicate yourself; and if sometimes, on the steps of a palace, or the greensward of a grave, or in the mournful solitude of your room you wake to find the intoxication diminished or vanished, ask of the wind or the wave, or the star, or the bird, or the clock, or all that flies, all that groans, all that rolls on, all that sings, all that speaks, ask what time it is; and the wind, wave, star, bird and clock will tell you: 'It is time to be drunken.' Lest you should be the martyred slave of time, be ceaselessly drunken! With wine, poetry or virtue, as you will."

In such a passage we have the keynote of human aspiration, although it is stated with a symbolical use of a term generally considered to have no associations with virtue. But virtue with the decadents and the symbolists did not necessarily mean moral goodness, it meant the strength to survive, the power of Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego to walk unscathed through the flames of a fiery furnace. This spirit is only Baudelairean in the sense that Baudelaire gave it modern significance, and in that sense Mr. G. Turquet-Milnes has contributed a very useful study to modern literary history by tracing its manifestations from Baudelaire and such of his predecessors as, for instance, Edgar Allan Poe, Aloysius Bertrand and Théophile Gautier, who may be said to have had their influence upon him. Few will be inclined to question Mr. Turquet-Milnes' right to include as coming under the Baudelairean influence such writers as Barbé D'Aurevilly, Paul Verlaine, Joris Karl Huysmans, Stéphane Mallarmé and Maurice Rollinat, but they will feel inclined to say that he has overstated his case by insisting upon the influence in "Villiers de L'Isle Adam" and "Jules Laforgue," just as they will question his belief that there is any marked influence of Baudelaire

in the paintings of Degas and Forain or in the music of Richard Wagner and Richard Strauss. Mr. Turquet-Milnes has fallen into the error of all specialists in influences by claiming too much for his subject. Granted pertinacity and dialectical ingenuity, one could prove that Baudelaire fathered all that was modern in the writings of all who succeeded him in point of time. But such a method of critical interpretation is valueless because with equal diligence and equal skill, you could come to much the same conclusion about any other outstanding literary and philosophic genius. This is already being done in the case of Friedrich Nietzsche, and it has been done in the sphere of music with more or less elaboration in reference to Richard Wagner. The commonsense of the matter would seem to be that the wakefulness of ideas is due to the perpetual action and re-action of one interpreter upon another. Influences are rarely direct among the powerful, and it would thus be easier to trace, say, the decadent line of descent among minor than among major poets. The author of "The Influence of Baudelaire" follows a more perilous path, and, of course, a more useful path, by tracing an idea from a distinguished exponent through a succession of exponents often of equal distinction and always standing out of the ruck of common writers. He is not an inspired interpreter, but he is workmanlike, and not without insight. His work has the virtue of clarity and abundant reference to fact; these qualities will make it useful to literary students. No one will deny that the subject is a suitable one for painstaking examination, because everyone knows that Charles Baudelaire is one of the supreme influences of the nineteenth century, not alone because he was a great poet, but because he represented the introspective spirit of humanity in a new, a modern expression. But he himself, as manifest in his work, represented not so much a beginning as the finale of a particular outlook upon life, an outlook ripe for expression at the time as is proved by the fact that so close an affinity as Edgar Allan Poe arose in distant America at the same time. Such influence as Baudelaire exercised upon his contemporaries and their successors is almost negligible compared with their own personal contributions to the literary understanding of life. Indeed, the important thing about the writers dealt with in this book as coming under the influence of Baudelaire, is the tremendous extent to which they did not come under that influence.

HOLBROOK JACKSON

**CALL A SPADE A SPADE.\***

This volume follows too fast on Mr. MacGill's previous publications for any material change to be looked for in his method of thought or work, but the new poems in it fully sustain the reputation gained by his "Songs of a Navvy." It is prefaced by some interesting particulars given by "J.N.D." who, in a few concise sentences, states all the facts of the author's career necessary for the public to know; that is to say, the biographical and bibliographical facts, leaving those of the poet's inner life to be sought for in his "Songs." If these verses are to be accepted as genuine chronicles of his story, Mr. MacGill is, indeed, one of those who have had to "learn in suffering what they teach in song." The woes of most young poets are mainly imaginary, but the hardships, mental as well as physical, told of in these lyrics appear to have been due to the stern logic of life, and Mr. MacGill in no way softens his phrasology when telling them. His sermons are enforced by no slight amount of coarse and ugly language, well calculated to shock the hypersensitive; but vigorous speech is needed to give his characters a vraisemblance to life, whether it is desirable or not to rake so much philological garbage out of the gutter. "Call a spade a spade," but why "turn diseases to commodities"? There are things in this volume which

\* "Songs of the Dead End." By Patrick MacGill. 3s. 6d. (The Year Book Press.)



cause the burnished lines of Baudelaire and the versified fragrances of Verlaine to appear emasculate and flaccid.

Mr. MacGill's powerful pictures of "low life," to use a conventional phrase, will not be deemed suitable subjects for poetry by those who would limit its expression to things of beauty only, but they have a meaning and a mission which can be best expounded in rhyme and rhythm. This is the form in which they can best stir the blood of the sluggish and terrify the tyrannical. The themes and treatment of these poems need not "the light that never was on land or sea," as they have enough inherent fire to kindle the wrath, or invoke the pity of their readers, according to their class, without any extraneous illumination. But not all these lyrics are concerned with the chronic sufferings and sorrows of the poor, or the indictment of their wealthy oppressors, and some of Mr. MacGill's "Songs" go to prove that not all is wrong with the world, and that there is a fair amount of happiness even for the homeless and houseless tramp. Under the most untoward circumstances, "despite the hate insensate which the fates have borne to crush below," the singer can find balm in Gilthead, and in "The Navy's Philosophy," tells of his joy in

"The rustle of the wind-swept trees,  
The robin's song at early morn,  
The lark's above the crimson corn,  
What music in the world like this!

"For me the music of the streams,  
The tints of gold on heath and furze,  
Where wind-blown gorse clumps shake their spurs,  
For me the wonder world of dreams."

Nor does he despair of the future, only he declares the millennium is to be attained not by the pen but by that

"Wonderful navy shovel! The days are near at hand  
When you'll rise o'er sword and sceptre a mighty power in the land."

Happily, "the poetry of the earth is never dead," and however low the divine flame may flicker there is always a bard ready to resuscitate the fire; therefore, Mr. MacGill is willing and able to forsake or forget for the while his crusade against those who "grind the faces of the poor," to carry on the quenchless torch. It would be difficult to surpass the pathos of some of his lyrics of home life. There is unaffected beauty in such pieces as "Fate," where he finds a variation from the old, old refrain of "When we were young, ah, woe! when!" in the splendid line, "but we were happy being young"; and in such poems, as "Going Home," "Home," "The Return," and other kindred songs. The first named, "Going Home to Glenties," has been felicitously set to music by Dr. Charles Wood, and is likely to become a popular piece for singers. The lines "No More," written on the evictions in Gweedore, on the northern coast of Ireland, are replete with natural sadness, and shadow forth one of those miserable tragedies erstwhile so common in Erin, which the dawning of a brighter day should render no longer possible. The last stanza sums up the whole story:

"Sad, sad thy tale, land of my birth,  
Bear witness, wild Gweedore,  
Thy children banished o'er the earth,  
And they return no more."

Mr. MacGill has many sides to his poetic character: he is not only a strong speaker on behalf of the down-trodden and oppressed, a sweet singer of domestic and pathetic incident, a narrator of startling and sensational deeds, but is richly endowed with humour, that rarest of all qualities amongst poets. In his previous volumes were several sarcastic and trenchant touches of this nature, and in the present work are further instances, as in "The Grave Digger," that jocose personage who finds a place for everybody and who levels all distinctions. It must be owned, however, that Mr. MacGill's power is most strongly manifested in those poems wherein he inveighs against tyrannisers of their brother man. A few lines from his grand invective, "Serfs," well represent his strength in this direction:

"In the lands that the leagueless and lonely, where fugitive,  
funeral-paced,  
The day drags askance from the darkness to glower on the  
destitute waste . . .

Sullen and lowering and livid, furrowless, measureless, vast,  
Pregnant with riches unravished, bearing a recordless past,  
Conquer the keeps of its splendour, looting the treasure it  
holds,

Damming its turbulent waters, rifling its forests and wolds,  
Bridling its torrents with bridges, its mountain cliffs battering  
down,

Turning its wastes to a garden, moulding its rocks to a town,  
Flouting at famine and failure, sober to suffer and serve,  
Staking their faith against danger in limitless daring and  
nerve . . .

And where shall you gather to dare it, men who are fearless  
and fit,

Primed with unquenchable courage, daring with Berserker  
grit? . . .

Seek for the men of the highway, ragged, untutored and  
gaunt,

Men who can wrestle with horror, and jeer at the terrors of  
want.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And there in the primitive fastness, more like brutes than  
like men,

They're huddled in rat-riddled cabins, stuck in the feculent  
fen, . . .

Hemmed up like fleas in the fissures, sweated like swine in  
the silt,

So that your deserts be conquered, so that your mansions be  
built.

\* \* \* \* \*  
These are our serfs and our bondmen, slighted, forsaken,  
outcast,  
Hewing the path of the future, heirs of the wrongs of the past."

After such a volley of sonorous verse it is difficult to return to a calm consideration of Mr. MacGill's more conventional themes, and it suffices to say, whatever rank his works may eventually obtain for him in the *chorus valum*, it is certain that he must be included among the singers of the age; therefore, it behoves him to be all the more fastidious over his productions. If, of necessity, his juvenile verse has been occasionally crude, no real critic can now deny the clarity and superb harmony of his poetry.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

## THE "PEOPLE'S BOOKS"—ANOTHER HANDFUL.\*

The twelve "People's Books" may be held in one hand. Thin, tidy, pocketable and well printed, they are ideal companions for the railway carriage; but they are not all equally suited to while away a passing hour. We take three out of this parcel on which to speak particularly: "Wordsworth," by Miss Masson, "Nietzsche," by Mr. M. A. Mûgge, and "The Bible and Criticism," by Drs. Bennett and Adeney.

Miss Masson's "Wordsworth" is a life, a criticism, and a eulogy in one. The book is as breezy as Lakeland and full of those humorous touches which we fail to find in Wordsworth. The poet's biography is traced minutely from unpleasant childhood to self-satisfied youth, and from youth to didactic manhood, until the curtain rings down on the life which even now by means of its descendants controls English poetry. There are, of course, to-day, dissentient voices; and it would be instructive to have a free unconstrained criticism on Wordsworth from, say, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Tennyson was rightly silent on Browning; his friend; but Mr. Swinburne amused the world with Whitmania. Miss Masson will have it that Jeffrey was a persecutor or a fool, or both, and plaintively asks why it was that Wordsworth's reward was so disgracefully delayed. But there is not much evidence that harsh reviewing does great harm; and, as our author admits, it caused the Idiot Boy to become ludicrously popular. If the new poet has always to create his audience, Wordsworthians cannot greatly complain; their late gleanings have become a fine harvest. The probable explanation of the obstinacy of the review is that Wordsworth always preached, as Coleridge did in prose, and that the purple patches did not prevent the eye being caught by (we quote

\* "The People's Books." 12 New Vols. 6d. each. (T. and E. Jack.)

Miss Masson) "what might be called flat prosaic moralising, severe, sententious, heavy and dull." There would have been less Jeffrey had Wordsworth been as good a critic of his own work as he was of poetry in general; but these are unhappy, far-off things. Miss Masson tells us Wordsworth was lovable; this surely would be hard to prove. As a writer he scarcely evokes the feeling with which the names of Chaucer, Shelley, Charles Lamb, and even poor Southey are greeted, and, except perhaps in the one congratulatory remark on Tennyson's "Dora," he was impatient of contemporaries. Who can forget his attributing the failure of "Lyrical Ballads" to the insertion of the "Ancient Mariner," or the letter in which Charles Lamb chastised him in a manner as dignified as it was indignant?

Wordsworth's contribution to thought, apart from his splendid contributions to poetry, was twofold; the importance of the common man and the worship of the common flower. But he does not impress us with his love of individual specimens of humanity; his leechgatherers are looked at curiously as in a museum; and his nature worship, notwithstanding his expression of belief that the flower enjoys its life, never rises to the only consistent position which such an expression demands, that is, the sincere belief in the living consciousness of earth, the mother of us all. This belief Fechner, the physicist, held; this belief was surely Shelley's. However fantastic it may appear, it is a working hypothesis which gets rid of unnumbered difficulties, and the fantasy of to-day may be the demonstration of to-morrow.

Miss Masson is unerring in her enumeration of the finest poems. She is militant for Dorothy; and she is feminine in prefixing "little" to all references to infants (we have counted six). The "Ode on the Indications of Immortality" is as bad a printer's error as the well-known "O for the touch of a varnished hand."

In Mr. Mügge's admirable introduction to "Nietzsche," we have work by one who has on many occasions dealt with the biography and the eugenic philosophy of the unhappy poet; for surely poet better describes the author of "Zarathustra" and "Beyond Good and Evil" than does any other word. The writer follows Nietzsche through his various changes—so prophetic of the final catastrophe. On one page he is a rollicking beer-drinker, on another a morbid pedant; and, as the scenes of his life unfold, he is enthusiastic soldier, military nurse, professor of philosophy, Wagnerite, anti-Wagnerite, Dionysian, Apollonian, professional pessimist and anti-Christian. Throughout all he was the aphorist. Can it be expected that such an one should be always consistent with himself?

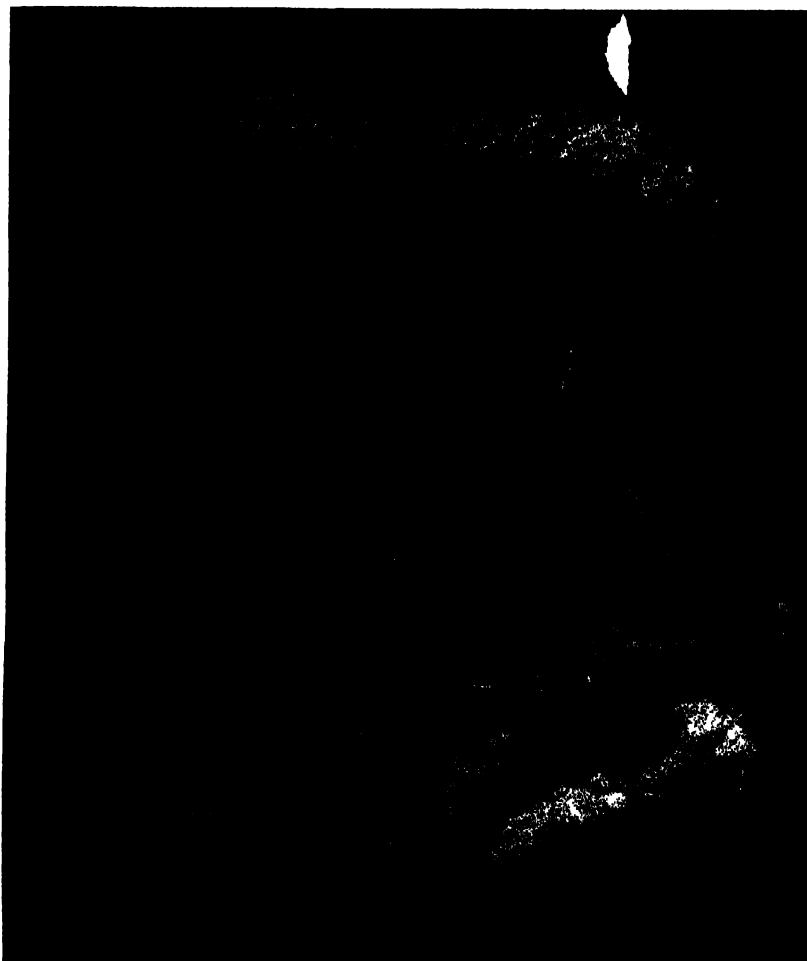
There is, however, no doubt as to the wisdom of writing a brief and clear account of Nietzsche in the "People's Books." *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*; and if ever we want to improve, the first step, as Bishop Butler says, is to know what our enemies think of us. Nietzsche is not only, as a gifted writer calls him, a herald of revolt, he is definite, super-aggressive and apparently simple. The people can understand the main lines of his teaching, and can appreciate the issues. We are all too weak; we want the will to Power; of all the things we profess to believe in Christianity is the worst, a slave-religion, mealy-mouthed, unmanly; it is ridiculous to beget the unfit; it is ridiculous to lose the fit in unmeaning wars; it is ridiculous to have no telos, no architectonic millennium for which to strive; man is yet in the making. But unless he believes in and practises far greater repression than he has been willing to practise in the past, there will be no hope of the coming of superman. Thus, he

preaches war and no-war; law and destruction of law; religion and irreligion. The interest lies in this, that all the preaching is done with intense earnestness and in poetic form; the despair lies in this, that when the world has done all, it can but look forward to an Eternal Recurrence of the Eternal Past.

Everyone knows—Nietzsche must have known it in all sane moments—that there is nothing new in the revolt. Christianity itself, by implication, is eugenic; and is directly opposed to modern war-developments and to a great deal of modern custom; the doctrine of eternal recurrence eternally recurs; even the word superman is two hundred years old; and Apollo and Dionysus have been enemies from the beginning of the world. Indeed, one of the most interesting particulars in this interesting philosophy is that it harks back to the early pre-Socratic times.

The little book is throughout clear and fair; occasionally it descends into slang, which now-a-days even a People's book should avoid.

A clear statement on "The Bible and Criticism" has long been wanted. Professors Cheyne and Hastings' Cyclopædias are well known, but they are beyond most people's purses, and in the compass of a hundred pages Dr. Adeney and Dr. Bennett have given us the results of moderate criticism. By this the Bible has nothing to lose; indeed, the young who, temporarily we hope, have grown distrustful, may return to the Bible with eagerness when they find how little its real content has been lessened by the attacks made on it from the time of Geddes to to-day. The present volume deals with general principles, and after giving the results in the case of individual books, speaks very briefly on the Canon of the Old Testament. The second part is occupied with chapters on the Epistles, the Synoptists and the Johannine writings; and a most suggestive paragraph refers us to Gunkel's "Creation and Chaos," and to the influence of Babylonian tradition on the



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**Prometheus.**  
By G. F. Watts.

Apocalypse. The main conclusions we need not set out; but surely it is a pity not to give more space in a popular book to the Babylonian narratives that deal with the Creation of the world and the Flood. Nothing can be more illuminating than a comparison of this sort. Again, very little is said of a working theory of the development of the canon; and we are not reminded of Luther's strange objection to the beautiful letter of St. James. The writer tells us that Protestantism rejects the Old Testament apocrypha; but when and by whose authority, spiritual or lay, were the apocryphal books taken out of our Bibles? They are in the Geneva Bibles, in the A.V. of 1611, and in complete Bibles published by the University Press.

It is to be hoped that this little volume will be the forerunner of a complete annotated Bible in which the results of criticism are not avoided.

The other volumes include a statement of Psychology in both its aspects by Dr. Watt; interesting and careful accounts of Pond Life by Mr. C. E. Ash, and Zoology by Professor MacBride; a survey of the Eastern Question and Turkey by Mr. C. Macdonald; an historical essay on Wellington and Waterloo by Major Redway; a life of the epoch-making Rhodes by Mr. Ian D. Colvin; a simple everyday law by Mr. C. J. Adams, and a stiff book on the nature of mathematics by P. L. Jourdain. An atlas in colours, though vouched for by Mr. Bartholomew, is perhaps an error; the publication of general atlases in covers measuring five inches by four should be avoided. But in this handful, as in the famous vision-tree, there is meat for all.

ARTHUR BURKELL.

## MANY INVENTIONS.

"The Porcelain Lady,"<sup>1</sup> by Frederick Niven, is a well-written and curiously attractive story of journalistic life, as it revolves about a London newspaper office. It is possible that there may be such a place as the Weekly, Daily, and Hourly offices, but it may be well to warn Mr. Niven's readers that they are not to be found every day; if they were, all the world would be journalists, if they could. But if the life is somewhat idealised, Mr. Niven has given us a very pleasant picture of the camaraderie, the sympathy and the unfailing helpfulness, which exist between the men and women of the ready pen, and the romance of John Brough and Ruth Winter ends as it ought, though "The Porcelain Lady" has very little to do with it. Mr. Niven generally sustains a high level of writing; it is all the more pity that he sometimes lapses into expressions inconsistent with the dignity of his work.

As might have been expected from so good a scholar and so distinguished a journalist as Mr. Harold Spender, "The Call of the Siren"<sup>2</sup> has many excellent qualities, and his pictures of Bath and the hills about it, Combe Down and Lansdowne, the lanes through Kelston and Swainswick, through which the children, Oliver and Elsie Martin, wandered so happily, have the authentic atmosphere. There are many characters and many incidents not closely related, so that the effect is sometimes confusing, and the author at times leaves the reader unsatisfied. How, for instance, did Johnnie Burrows know that Oliver's father was a thief, whence came the rumour, and having come, how did it die out so suddenly? Even Oliver's remarkable success in a cricket-match would hardly have the effect of making schoolboys forget so sinister a rumour; on the contrary, his greater prominence would lend additional zest to their speculation. But leaving apart such minor blemishes there is much that is excellent in the book, though some pruning would have improved it, and the chapter in which Alice Hardley plays the part of Potiphar's wife to her husband's old friend is full of dramatic power.

<sup>1</sup>6s. (Martin Secker.)—<sup>2</sup>6s. (Mills & Boon.) <sup>3</sup>6s. (Martin Secker.) <sup>4</sup>6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—<sup>5</sup>6s. (Constable.)—<sup>6</sup>6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—<sup>7</sup>6s. (Melrose.)

The characters generally are well drawn, with the exception of the Irishman, O'Brien, who speaks no known language and acts like an imbecile. By the way, what possessed Mr. Spender to call an Orange baronet by the name of O'Brien? An Orangeman would no more be called O'Brien than he would kiss the Pope's toe.

The wild justice of revenge is exemplified in "The Burnt House," by Christopher Stone.<sup>3</sup> The widowed Mrs. Tremayne, still young and beautiful, is obsessed with the desire to accumulate such evidence as will convict Blagg, a drunken tradesman, of the malicious burning of her home. To this end she employs a friend of Blagg's to spy upon him and ascertain his whereabouts on the night of the fire. When simple-minded people employ amateur detectives the result is all but inevitable. Hillier, the detective, draws large sums of money from his employer and produces no evidence, until at last Mrs. Tremayne has her eyes opened and angrily dismisses him. One part of the problem is solved by the opportune death of Blagg of a paralytic stroke, the other by the return of Mrs. Tremayne's old lover, John Dethluck. Quite a readable book, and the writing above the average.

"The Sword," by C. A. Benton,<sup>4</sup> is evidently a first novel, but it shows considerable promise. The female characters are ably drawn, but that of the hero is not very well realised. Desirée St. Just, young, vivacious, and handsome, under the shadow of a husband serving a term of penal servitude for fraud, is a pathetic figure, and her renunciation of the man she loves at the last moment touches a poignant note. Miss Benton must use her adverbs more sparingly in dialogue. The reader should be allowed to infer the meaning of such expressions as "whimsically," and "quizzically," etc., if they have any meaning, from the context.

Mr. Bernard Capes has the art, rare amongst English writers, no doubt through lack of encouragement, of telling a short story as it ought to be told. In "Bag and Baggage"<sup>5</sup> he does this often enough to justify the reproduction of these stories which have for the most part appeared originally in magazines. But he does not always. "Beneath Dark Wings" began excellently well, and if it had been half the length it would have been an effective piece of work. But the introduction of the dissertation on the spectrum analysis marred the effect by reducing to scientific terms the elements of mystery. The best of a good lot is undoubtedly "The Soft Seraphic Screen," a very terrible story, but told with consummate skill, of the inherited taint of alcoholism, which ends inevitably in a final catastrophe. The stories in lighter vein are good, but none so good as this.

It is a tribute to Mr. Desmond Coke's skill that, although none of his characters are likable and win our sympathy, "Helena Brett's Career"<sup>6</sup> holds one's interest. Hubert Brett, a fourth-rate novelist of proportionate vanity, was in his bachelor days "gey ill to live with," as his sister found to her cost. When he married Helena Hallam he meant her to be a great man's plaything in his leisure moments. Helena soon found that she had a formidable rival in her husband's work, and being left much to herself, she sought other diversions, and as the family pot was with difficulty coaxed to boil, Helena blossomed out into the anonymous author of a work entitled "Confessions of an Author's Wife." If the secret had been kept all might have been well; but it wasn't, for the publisher was a bad man and could not resist the temptation to make more money by breaking the contract of inviolable secrecy, and the fat was then in the fire. Helena apologises to her husband for having written such a bad novel that it had an instant success. But he, remembering his own dwindling circulation, is not to be appeased. But a *deus ex machina* arrives to solve the difficulty, and with what success we must leave Mr. Coke's readers to judge for themselves.

"The Ways of Eve," by Roy Meldrum,<sup>7</sup> is a bright and pleasant story, written round the claim to an estate, and the temporary impoverishment of the person in possession. There are, however, no grim tragedies and only enough

trouble to remind one that the world, albeit a pleasant place enough, is not yet quite a Garden of Eden. The book ends with a wedding breakfast and the felicitous compliments generally associated with such an event, and what more can one desire?

H. A. H.

### PHILIPPE-ÉGALITÉ'S EGERIA.\*

"The front row of women of letters of the second class" is the place to which M. Émile Faguet assigns Madame de Genlis in the preface he has written for M. Harmand's careful biography; and Sainte-Beuve, who seems to have read but three of her hundred and thirty volumes, pronounced her style to be always good, but never better. Indisputable as are both these criticisms, they say but half the truth about Madame de Genlis. In the days of our grandfathers she disputed with Miss Edgeworth the title of leading literary upbringer of youth. She flirted and flattered in the drawing-rooms of Versailles when Louis XV was king. She ruled the household of Philippe Égalité, and drew up the pattern of the *bonnet rouge* which that discredited prince assumed on spectacular occasions. She saw the red fool fury of the Terror, and congratulated the soldiers of the First Empire on their achievements. Napoleon pensioned her in order that she might be free to write "whatever passed through her head." Chateaubriand complimented her; Tommy Moore warbled to her harp; Lady Morgan visited her with "the high-beating throb of expectation" and parted from her "with admiration and regret." She saw her old pupil, Louis Philippe, seated on the throne of France, and, as we have said, she wrote more than a hundred and thirty volumes.

This is a career well worth recording, and M. Harmand has spared no pains in collecting every scrap of information that is to be found about Madame de Genlis. It was no easy task. This heroine had a genius for telling half-truths, for presenting her own acts in the most favourable light, and the man who judged only from her own bulky "Mémoires" would find himself sadly mistaken. More than half an adventuress, she made a parade of respectability, and something of a Republican, if not a Revolutionary, she was one of the first to acclaim the return of the Comte d'Artois on April 12th, 1814. She claimed that she had "always held" Royalist ideas, and at once set to work to produce her "Histoire de Henri IV," in order to please Louis XVIII, "for it is full of allusions that are flattering to the Bourbons and very damaging to Bonaparte." Fate played her a sorry trick. The work was issued by the publisher on the very day that Napoleon, returning from Elba, made his triumphant entry into Paris.

Perhaps the greatest day in the life of Madame de Genlis was January 6th, 1782. Hardy records in his *Journal* of two days later that the Duke of Orléans—then the Duke of Chartres—had "just dismissed the governors and deputy-governors appointed ten years before for his two sons, the Duke of Valois and the Duke of Montpensier, in order to hand over for the future the entire care of their education to the gentle Comtesse de Genlis, already the instructress of his daughters, the two Princesses." To say that Paris

\* "A Keeper of Royal Secrets: Being the Private and Political Life of Madame de Genlis." By Jean Harmand. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)



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### Physical Energy.

By G. F. Watts.

was surprised by this unprecedented step would be to give a faint notion of the amount of discussion it called forth. There was a shower of epigrams, lampoons, and satires. "Here," says a contemporary, "they talk for two or three days about a battle won or lost, and then the success or failure of a comic opera soon makes people forget all about it. It is not so with the adventure of Madame de Genlis. It has now, for more than a month, been the chief subject of conversation, and every day there is a renewed outburst of couplets, sarcasms, and puns."

What were the reasons for this appointment? The most disreputable, though the deciding one, was that she was the Duke's mistress. But she had other and by no means contemptible grounds for feeling that she was suited to the position. It is true that her own upbringing had been deplorable. Her father was a reckless spendthrift, her mother an empty-headed butterfly. In spite of their neglect, the child showed an early thirst for knowledge, and set herself to acquire it by every means in her power. Her mother had her taught the harp as a showy accomplishment, and she was naturally endowed with vivacity, an engaging manner, and a fair share of good looks. These advantages and a not too-scrupulous behaviour enabled her to push her way into society, to capture a husband, intrigue herself into the Orléans household, into the favour of the Duchess, into the Duke's affections. And yet she does not seem to have been really vicious. She was a woman and an *arriviste*. Her ambition was for intellectual distinction, and nothing was allowed to bar her path. "A prolix and insipid blue-stocking," says one of her critics impatiently. She was more than that. She had read more widely than any woman of her time, and if she was superficial, it was a vice of the age, and no human being could have more than a superficial acquaintance with the multitude of subjects which she handled. History, science, philosophy, cookery, theology, hygiene, politics, biography, fiction, pedagogy—she produced books on all these topics, and the list of her works resembles the catalogue of a library rather than the bibliography of a single author. And her method of educating the Orléans children was more enlightened and more in accordance with modern ideas than any of her contemporaries would have been likely to employ. It was Spartan in its severity, yet she won and kept the affection of her pupils. "King Louis Philippe said to me the other day," Victor Hugo relates, "I was never in love with anyone but once in my life." "And who was it, sire?" "It was

Madame de Genlis.' " This love might have been something more than a platonic affection on the Prince's part, did not the governess detect and cure its early symptoms.

Madame de Genlis' two great and enduring passions were not for persons. They were for pedagogy and authorship. A couple of incidents will illustrate how strong and deep-rooted they were. When still a child in Saint-Aubin she was in the habit of escaping to a terrace of the house that overlooked a pond.

" Here it is that the urchins of the village, the sons of watermen and ploughmen, come to cut rushes and loiter about. Félicité calls to them, enticing them with promises of cakes, and from the height of her stone balcony, like a magistrate on the bench, suspended between heaven and earth, she recites to them some of Mlle. Barbier's verses or a passage from the Jesuits' history. The boys stand there submissively, and go through their spelling lessons to their small mistress, who withholds the manna of cakes until the lesson is over "

And so great was her passion for writing, that at the age of nineteen, when she hoped she might soon become a mother, but before her child was born, she wrote and published " *Les Réflexions d'une Mère de Vingt Ans* " !

Taking her all in all, she is not a sympathetic figure. She was lavish in bestowing the tribute which vice pays to virtue. We see her moving about the Orléans' household, making herself servicable and agreeable to all, with her prim yet sentimental manner, absorbed in the education of the young people, confidential yet respectful towards the Duchess, now and again throwing arch or languishing glances at the Duke—a woman of brilliant but superficial gifts, vain, theatrical, affected, good-natured, egotistic, sincere as far as she understood sincerity, and uninteresting because she belongs to all that was most ephemeral in her age.

A. W. EVANS.

### A DWELLER IN GLASS.\*

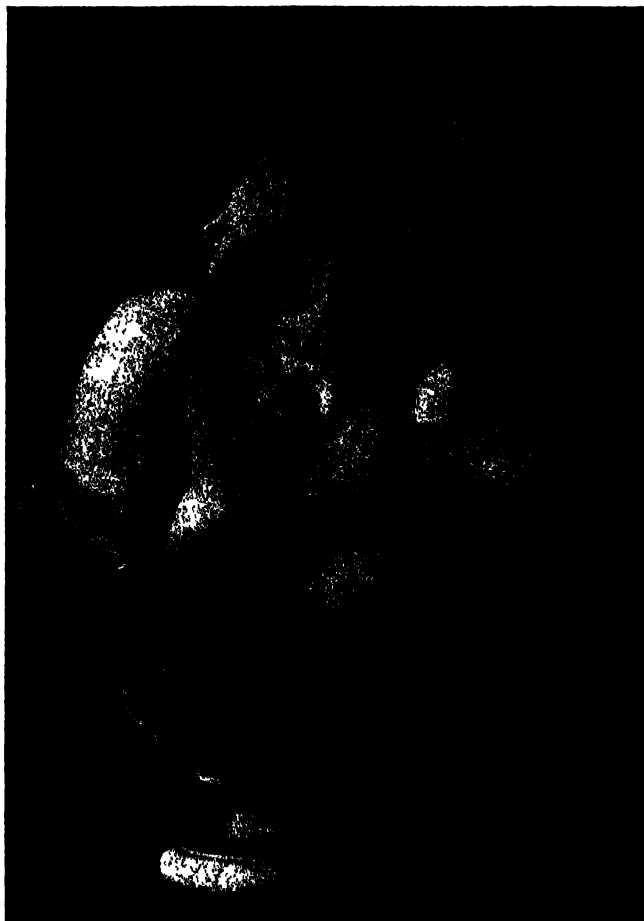
Those least tolerant of criticism on Miss Austen's literary qualities need not fear that any severe remarks in this book could harm her reputation, even had its general tone been less appreciative. It is difficult to pay serious attention to a critic who shows so much disregard for accuracy. " One is all but grieved," he tells us, " to notice many strange lapses and slips through the course of her stories, and much odd and imperfect English. . . . I profess I know not how to account for it." " One " is not merely " all but," but positively amazed to find in a book by a writer who " knows not how to account " for lapses and slips in other books, so many in his own. " And that mystery, Style—what a thing it is ! " writes Mr. FitzGerald. This remark is followed by the question : " How is it that a gentleman or lady dresses so that one can hardly tell what they wear, while another gets into his finery so awkwardly as to convey the idea that the garb is not part of his entity ? Style, which is the dress of our thoughts, amounts to no more. Jane Austen . . . left the *thing* to do its own work and made no effort. A great painter, or a sculptor like Rodin, never thinks of his method of expression. Inferior men think of nothing else. They must have models, clothes, etc., and these they copy. All the little touches of character that she observed she would set down without any thought of producing an effect by fine or elaborate writing " This passage may be taken as fairly representing Mr. FitzGerald's criticism. It is true that a good many great painters or sculptors (Monsieur Rodin himself among them) have found that, like the " inferior men," they " must have models " ; also, that admirable effects may be produced by the conscious avoidance of " fine or elaborate writing." Surely the author is mistaken if he supposes that Miss Austen gave no thought to style. Her own letters prove that she did think of it.

Mr. FitzGerald is critical about " *Pride and Prejudice*." He regards the Longbourn family as being of such " an inferior sort " that he describes them as being " ill brought up, ' ill kept, ill fed, ill dressed, and as bad as bad could

\* " Jane Austen : A Criticism and Appreciation." By Percy FitzGerald, M.A., F.S.A. 3s. 6d. net. (Jarrold & Sons.)

be,' like Dr. Johnson's leg of mutton." When he remarks, a page or two later, " It is hard to understand why after Darcy's proposal, Elizabeth did not rush to her mother and father, and call all the family together to announce the happy news of her triumph," he seems to confuse Elizabeth with Lydia, as he evidently confuses her with Jane when he writes : " When the rich Mr. Bingley went off to London it was settled, without any grounds whatever, that he *was* to be Elizabeth's husband, though he had spoken no word."

Mr. FitzGerald calls on us to " admire the judicious tact " shown by Miss Austen " in the choice of names." For examples he writes : " Sir John Bertram is rather melodramatic. Fanny Price, as the name of a quiet, shy-



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Clytie.

By G. F. Watts.

eyed, dependent girl, could not be bettered. Catherine Morland is somewhat romantic, Mr. Woodhouse excellent," and so on, and so on. It were better if he had shown a little more " tact " in preserving the names Miss Austen chose, as a reader familiar with her novels may discover from the quotation just given. His fancy is to give two or even more varieties of a name. Thus we can here choose whether the lover of Elinor (in " *Sense and Sensibility* ") should be called Edmund Ferrers or Edward Ferrars ; whether Elizabeth's surname (in " *Pride and Prejudice* ") should be spelt with one or two t's, and if Darcy's aunt should be described as (1) Lady Catherine de Burgh ; (2) Lady Catherine de Bourg ; (3) Lady Charlotte, or (4) Lady de Bourg. Fanny's maternal aunt (in " *Mansfield Park* ") is called Lady Price. Coming from names of fiction to names of fact, Jane Austen's nephew, who wrote a sketch of her life, is impartially called Mr. Austen Leigh or Mr. Austen Lee. Even on a bust supposed to represent the novelist herself, a photograph of which is given as a frontispiece, her name is incised as " Jane Austen." Remembering Juliet's opinion on the insignificance of names, one might almost suppose, but for a difficulty of dates, that she had acted as Mr. FitzGerald's secretary after her first interview with Romeo.

W. H. HELM,

## MR. BENSON AS WAYFARER.\*

It is always a pleasure to take up a volume by Mr. Arthur C. Benson. We remember his coming as though it were but yesterday, and the new note that he struck in the history of English essay-writing. The note was new for the time; to state the fact more truthfully, one should say, perhaps, that Mr. Benson heralded a return to earlier days when the literary note was humanist first and literary in a subordinate if no less actual sense. Here was a gentleman and a scholar, living in the comparative seclusion of a college close, but looking out from his study window upon the young life springing up around him with a certain wistfulness at the old fields and at modern methods, but with clear vision discerning the connecting links between times past, present, and to be. His pages—lacking a little in humour as humour is commonly accepted, but instinct with a deep feeling for humanity—betrayed an emotion refined by culture, but touched by that vital spirit without which no art can live beyond the artist's own little day. Mr. Benson's appeal, testified to by the demand for his books, is accounted for to some extent by his ability to express, from an individual standpoint, peculiar in a subtle way to Cambridge, thoughts which are felt more intimately than they can be expressed by large numbers of his fellows. His acute sensitiveness has its drawbacks. He tells us of the pain caused to his father when the privileges accorded to picnic-parties at Addington were abused. In his own turn he has suffered from the "critical talents and transcendent judgment" of the Puffs of our time, who have pinched, so to speak, and made holiday in his preserves. But it is in the sensitiveness they express that the charm of his books is felt the more nearly.

There is a threefold interest about his latest volume personal, journalistic, and literary. The personal interest is to be found not only in those intimate relations which he contrives to create between himself and his readers, but in the fact that the book will have to be taken into account with its predecessors as a continuation of the autobiography of a singularly perceptive mind. The journalistic interest is derived from the circumstance that these sixty-two little essays are taken from a weekly newspaper, and are a sort of testimony to the health of a much criticised craft. The literary interest belongs rather to the philosophy of letters than to the discussion of books and bookmen as such. It is not so much evidence that life is greater than literature, but that the true concern of literature is the reflection of life; that, if you will, if life is the more important thing, it can hardly exist in a true sense without literature, which preserves for it its models, its impressions, the record of its progress along the road. And when we speak of literature, be it understood that we mean the literature of ideas. As Mr. Benson says, "What we Englishmen often suffer from is a want of interest in ideas." So he asks us to walk along with him whilst he points out to us, primarily, the bearing of certain little problems of life and character, and, secondarily, the common and ordinary things by the wayside—the wonderful treasure of ancient and beautiful associations which have accumulated in our land, but which, ordinarily, we are so apt to miss. It seems to us that there is a more definite aim, if no less literary charm, in this book than in any one Mr. Benson had previously written. He recalls old England's story, how richly dight she is in natural beauty; he takes us around a few storied and specially favoured spots, notably Addington; he talks about some of our great men, as Gladstone and Browning, and Newman and Keats; he discusses preachers and preaching, art and life, peace and war, work and play, publicity and privacy; more often he asks us to look within at the manifold phases of human nature; and he winds up in the study with a delightful little chat about reading, reminding us, in words which should be printed and put up in every library, that "Books, pictures, music, scenery, and people are all difficult things to talk about, because

they are not wholly definite and tangible things, but depend so enormously for their value upon something in the mind and heart of the persons who read, see, hear, and observe them." The whole point about a book, he says, is whether it has a real life of its own. "Along the Road" will be found fully to survive the test indicated.

## OF DANCERS AND DANCING.\*

Surely there have never been so many inducements as now to sing of "the dancing stars"—"the dardal earth" having withdrawn from competition through agricultural depression; and surely there is no one more fit to raise that song than our dear Ellen Terry, at whose birth, like that of the Beatrice she portrays so winsomely, a star danced! A few years ago there was nothing in the way of terrestrial dancing to inspire her. Ballet was either a pale, feeble survival in the more attenuated operas, or else a rather crude display at the music-halls, depending for its popularity (according to that classic brevity of John Hollingshead's) upon "legs." Now and then a striking name like Cavalazzi or a little genius like Adeline Genée, flashed across the darkness; but these fitful apparitions did not so much shed light as make the darkness visible. So emphatically did ballet mean boredom to English opera-goers that even the pretence of giving it began to be evaded. Only in one season, I think, did Haris use the ballet in "Faust." In the "Huguenots," it was resignedly accepted as part of the general antiquated preposterousness of the whole show; but in "Carmen" it was resented as a stupid interruption of the drama. Even so exceptionally attractive an operatic ballet as the Dance of the Hours in "La Gioconda" passed almost without a hand. Yet now we see the big opera-house crowded in every part, as thickly as it used to be for Jean de Reszke, by people eager to enjoy a performance in which not a note of vocal music is to be heard. Truly, a tremendous change, the causes of which are too many to be set down here. Perhaps we may hint at one of them.

Ballet, as we used to know it, belonged to the era of opera when what was too stupid to say was sung. The intercalation of totally irrelevant diversions could not make more ridiculous what had already reached the height of the ridiculous, and as the dancing seems to have been good, it was enjoyed as much as the singing. Certainly, tradition preserves the names of the famous *pas de quatre*—Taglioni, Ellsler, Grhn and Ceito—as reverently as those of Pasta and Mahbrian, Grisi and Mario. But the generations that Wagner had educated into demanding a rational opera resented the ballet as an irrational excrescence; and in post-Wagnerian opera, generally, ballet could have no place. A *première danseuse* would scarcely be in tune (for instance) with an opera like "Fédora," where the hero is to be seen wearing a tweed Norfolk suit and heather-mixture stockings. Operatic ballet died, and went to its own place in the Christmas pantomimes. Only when ballet was separated from opera and from music-hall associations, and raised to the plane of the best artistic appreciation of its time, could it create any serious claim upon the attention. A happy combination of circumstances made that possible in Russia. At the right moment there existed the essential enthusiasm, the necessary Imperial and wealthy patronage, skilled inventors to arrange the themes, composers of genius to provide the music, brilliant artists to undertake the decoration, and a school of highly-trained mimes and dancers to produce and interpret the works. And so it comes about that ballet as presented by the Russians is able (quite literally) to stand upon its own feet, and to get as near to the ideal of music-drama as the best-intentioned opera can ever hope to do.

But this is a great deal of very dull talk about a very delightful volume, easily the best souvenir of a rare and

\* "Along the Road." By Arthur Christopher Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (James Nisbet.)

\* "The Russian Ballet" By Ellen Terry. With Drawings by Pamela Colman Smith 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.) "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life." By Loe Fuller. With an Introduction by Anatole France. 10s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)



exquisite entertainment. I gather that Miss Pamela Colman Smith's drawings are the real starting-point; and capital drawings they are, so good that one would like them to be better. The line blunders a little, here and there: it is sometimes too thick and washy, and sometimes too meagre and faltering; but no one can deny the spirit of the artist's work. Her pictures catch the very Nijinskyism of Nijinsky, as photographs never could; her Karsavina is as sweet as Karsavina herself; the startling black-cloaked figures from "Thamar" have all the sinister quality of that tragic adventure; and the barbaric drawings from "Schcherazade" reproduce with strange fidelity the grim humour and horror of the most ghastly and gorgeous production ever set before the guileless British public.

Miss Ellen Terry's text is more than a commentary; it is an interpretation, of high literary skill, and full of wise and witty sayings. With one of her judgments—that in the decorations of Bakst you cannot see the colour for the colours—I find myself in violent disagreement; and I wish she had insisted upon the immense superiority of the ballets written by genuine musicians, like Chopin, Weber, Schumann, Rimsky-Korsakov and Stravinsky, over those with what may be called mere conductor's music—"Narcisse," for example. Her critical praise of Nijinsky is delightful to read. Certainly no more remarkable man has appeared on the stage these many years. To see him as the pawing, sinuous, thick-lipped negro in "Schcherazade," as the horrid, noseless death's-head Petrouchka, with his joyless grin and his broken, wooden movements; and as the vision of the Rose, with his heart-stirring leaps and his floating, petal-like descents, is to gain new reverence for the capabilities of the human body as well as for the art of a richly-gifted personality. I suggest that someone should arrange Strauss's "Don Juan" as a ballet for Nijinsky.

There is nothing in common between the dancing of Karsavina or Pavlova and that of Miss Loie Fuller, whose volume I must dismiss with impolite brevity. Here the body counts for little. Great masses of white drapery placed in high relief against a black-draped stage, played upon from above, beneath and around by streams of coloured light, and whirled by rods held in the hand into the convolutions of a lily, the upward rush of a flame, or the flutterings of a butterfly—that is the dancing of Miss Loie Fuller. In the case of Pavlova or Nijinsky the personality of the artist is part of the charm; in the case of the serpentine dancers the spell is broken when the gigantic draperies collapse around a mere human figure. Miss Loie Fuller's volume is a very readable collection of professional stories—about early struggles, many adventures, lucrative engagements, distinguished critics, affable monarchs, and so on. There are many photographs and a preface by Anatole France.

GEORGE SAMPSON

### THE WHITE, WHITE NORTH.\*

Captain Mikkelsen is surely one of the most heroic, persevering, yet unfortunate explorers that ever went into the eternal ice of the North. Were it not for his indomitable and ever-kept determination to come up smiling after every reverse (although now and then in the depth of it he may have sworn pretty freely, and called Tyche everything but a lady), he must ere this have made a vow never to risk the Arctic again. After being members of the unsuccessful Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition, he and Mr. E. de K. Leffingwell organised an effort to go out to the north coast of Alaska, mainly to take soundings from there towards the Pole, for the purpose of forming conclusions, by the fall and rise of the sea floor, as to whether or not there is a small continent under the everlasting ice. A little of that object was attained; but otherwise the expedition failed—failed in all except an outstanding record of perseverance and heroism in the face of dangers and difficulties to which it appeared that there would never be an

end. After passing, in the entrance to the Alaskan Sea, the 47-ton *Gjøa*, under the command of Amundsen, at the end of her wonderfully fortunate voyage through the North-West Passage—the first on record, and that after great navigators had failed—Captain Mikkelsen's little *Duchess of Bedford* sailed in, to come out no more.

And now his ill-starred (some persons will say, obviously, "ill-named") *Alabama* has gone to the same fate—not unsuccessfully, though, nor on the Alaskan coast, but in a Greenland bay, that tragically miscalled land which was, so far as the Sagas tell us, the Ultima Thule of the Norse Vikings. No, not unsuccessfully; the purpose of the venture was gained—at what a cost of physical, nervous and moral power! In 1906, L. Mylius Erichsen commanded the Danmarks Expedition, to explore, map and chart the unknown coast of north-east Greenland. The object was mostly attained; but, on what appeared to be his last journey, Erichsen, accompanied by Lieutenant Hoeg Hagen and a faithful, heroic Eskimo, perished in the terrible rigours of the country—another ice-bound tragedy of the return, such as has now come to us from the Antarctic. Two separate efforts were made subsequently to find the bodies and papers of the missing men, the second one being successful in the matter of Brönlund, the Eskimo; the great value of the first search party being the food depots which they laid down. It was by these that the lives of Captain Mikkelsen and his party were saved, when they made the third endeavour to gain definite knowledge of the fate of their forerunners. We have written that this finally successful explorer is an unfortunate man. The expedition began with bad luck. No workable dogs were forthcoming, according to arrangements, when he and his crew arrived at the Færoe Islands; by this mishap some extremely valuable time was lost—a loss that came fearfully near to writing another "Tragedy" on the discoverers' first northward trip, after housing the *Alabama* on the Greenland coast. It was at the end of this journey of three months odd during the home-run of which a live dog was actually attacked and devoured by its companions—that the body of Brönlund was found and reverently buried. The record covers 52 pages of a large book, written in the present tense and in English that is far too colloquial to be literary; yet, blasé though we are to the narratives of explorers, we read it not merely in a sitting, but, as near as such a thing could be, in a breath. No romancist of the rush-and-rapier order, nor any tumble-tremble-and-run incidentalist of the murder-mystery type, could write with such a breathlessness, to say nothing of the overpowering reality, as Captain Mikkelsen has employed in describing the dangers, hardships, touch-and-go incidents of that first northerly trip. Yet there is no dwelling on any point, no word too many in the description of any threatening disaster. When they arrived back at the *Alabama*, day had shortened down to about three hours of more or less dull, grey light, during which the whirling snow was often too blinding to allow of progress.

The remainder of that winter, 1909-10, went in recuperating men and dogs ready for the far greater trip then to come, and in healing Jorgensen's frost-bitten hands and feet. On March 4th a fresh party set out on the big effort to reach Danmarks Fjord, seven degrees further up on the north-east shoulder of Greenland, and there find the bodies of Erichsen and Hagen, or locate the place where they died. It was a long, long journey, paid for by the attainment of its object; but the outward going, stiff and marked by danger as it was at times, was in the nature of a holiday trip compared with the return. This part of the narrative is one of those rare records whereof we should have a stock, if so many heroes of exploration had not died in their return tracks and their papers had not been lost with them. Hopeless beyond the touch of anything human is the heart that can read this and still be unmoved. All so simply told as the record is, even hardened men of action must find their pulses quicken as they read it page by page. Death seemed to be playing with the party, as a cat plays with a mouse—happily as a cat plays too lightly with a mouse, when its hole is handy enough for escape at last. With the leader

\* "Lost in the Arctic: Being the Story of the *Alabama* Expedition, 1909-1912." By Ejnar Mikkelsen. With numerous illustrations and a Map. 18s. net. (Heinemann.)



ill, the last dog gone (after each man had declared that he would take his faithful beasts to Denmark and keep them in ease and affluence till they died, if they did but come safely out of the venture), all their gear compulsorily discarded, and the next food depot far away, again and again it was an apparently ever-losing race with death; finally a wondrously inspiring story of success, punctuated continually by misfortune. Of such stuff only are heroes made; and this book should become a classic narrative of Arctic exploration.

J. PATTERSON.

### EPISODES IN ENGLISH CATHOLIC HISTORY.\*

For some years past the story of that remnant which was left in England after 1559, faithful to Rome and suffering under a succession of penal enactments, has been pieced together from widely-scattered sources. It is a chapter of moving and melancholy accidents, unknown to the reading public, not until of late decipherable even by professed historians, and boldly misrepresented in the pages of men like Froude, Kingsley, Macaulay—to name no others. Romance distorted its features; religious prejudice turned away from the saints and heroes who, had they not belonged to the old Church, would certainly have won admiring recognition. The Penal Laws have passed away, but the chronicle of mischiefs wrought by them and of the splendid passive resistance they provoked is waiting still for a place in popular volumes. The average Englishman knows as little of his Roman Catholic kinsfolk since the Reformation as of mediæval or modern Jews.

Catholics are now doing their utmost to break down the

\* "England under the Old Religion and Other Essays" By Abbot F. A. Gasquet, D.D. (G. Bell & Sons.)

"The Eve of Catholic Emancipation" Vol. III By the Right Rev. Monsignor Ward, President of St. Edmund's College. (Longmans.)

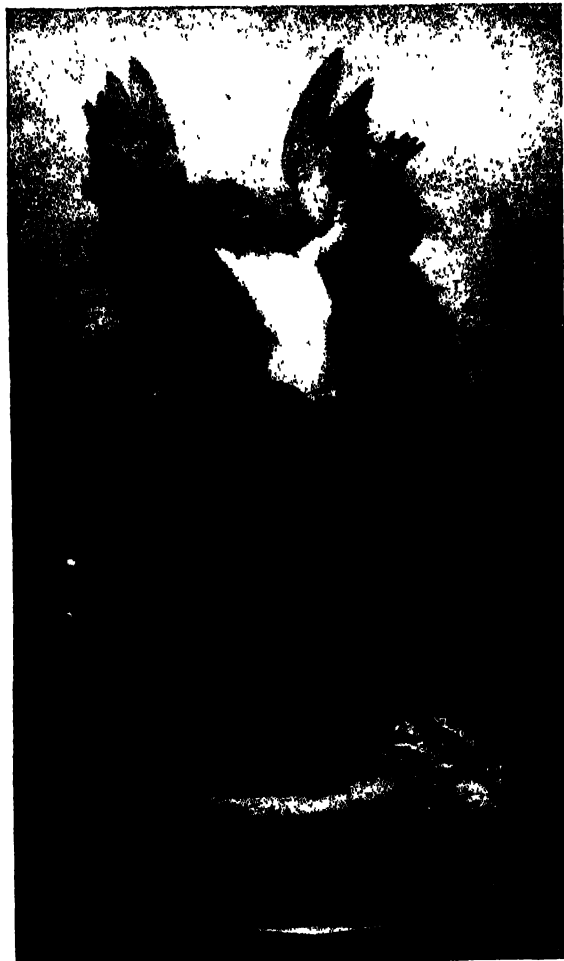
wall of separation and come out of their Ghetto. Vast piles of documents from colleges abroad, from Rome and Douay, from bishops' chanceries, have been examined, partly edited, and the contents of them distilled into print, with a care as well as a frankness of dealing not surpassed elsewhere. I do not believe in "scientific" history; but these narratives, founded on original evidence, correspond to the requirements of a judicial report. There is no need to praise Abbot Gasquet's qualities in writing on subjects which he has made his own. Experts acknowledge them; the public who feel an interest in such studies have learnt that they can trust his eye and his word. On doctrinal inferences from the facts which he brings forward there will, of course, be no lack of disputation. But the facts remain. His picture of the monastic life just before it was violently ended in this country is a sketch, drawn with restraint in clear outlines, well worthy to be kept in mind. Perhaps the most novel, as it is surely the most harrowing, of additions now made by Dr. Gasquet to our information will be his account of "Scotland in Penal Days"—a frightful record taken from authentic sources. The whole book has much to commend it.

With his third volume Monsignor Ward, the son and brother of eminent writers, brings to a triumphant close the movement known—somewhat inaccurately—as Catholic Emancipation. He has followed it mainly as it was helped or hindered by events and persons on this side of St. George's Channel, treating it in the light of domestic and Church history rather than connecting it with European revolutions. The original papers quoted in full, or analysed in the text, give Mgr. Ward's pages a value which they must always retain. His freedom from bias, independent judgment, and lucid order, make him a pattern witness to the true state of the questions at one time passionately agitated between clergy and laity, bishops and religious corporations, Irish Catholics and their English brethren. A good companion volume to Mgr. Ward's, now accessible in cheap form, would be Lecky's on Daniel O'Connell. Both men, differing as they do on fundamental principles,



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**Ariadne in Naxos.**  
By G. F. Watts.



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**Love Triumphant.**  
By G. F. Watts.

are yet to a certain degree in sympathy with the great agitator. If a little more philosophy is required, it may be sought in Arnold's "Irish Essays," and above all, as Arnold himself remarks, in "every essay, letter, and speech of Burke on the subject of Ireland."

WILLIAM BARRY.

### STUDIES IN LOVE AND TERROR.\*

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's new book persuades one more than ever that she is a born writer of the *conte*. "Studies in Wives" had brought us to that way of thinking on its first appearance. She is very good in the grand manner of "The Pulse of Life." She is better in the excellent sensationalism of "When No Man Pursueth" and "The Chink in the Armour." She is best of all in the short story for which she has a French genius. She has the simple direct expression which the *conte* requires, the concentration, the delicate and keen observation. So far she is the true countrywoman of De Maupassant and all those excellent craftsmen in words who have followed him. "The Chink in the Armour," the least ambitious and yet in a sense the most complete of Mrs. Lowndes's novels, for it compelled the breathless interest of the reader as few modern novels compel it, was a short story somewhat spun out. The first and the last story in these "Studies" compel in the same way. The element of the terrible in the first story is very well done, but it does not create the atmosphere as does "St. Catharine's God," where we touch and feel the slow life in the old country-house, where there is madness and horror and death. Once more we have to congratulate Mrs. Lowndes on her manner. One always feels that the story is so well in hand and the grand manner rarely fails. She is not very much concerned with

\* "Studies in Love and Terror." By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Methuen.)

speculation and doubt as to whether the French naval captain in the first story would have outraged discipline and compromised the woman he loved by taking her out in a torpedo-boat: whether the lady would have embarked on the forbidden adventure with a crew of ten of her own and her husband's townsmen, for example. She has the art to persuade us that these things are done. At her best she writes beautifully; and there are strange poignant bits of observation, such as: "As is always the case with a living creature near to death little Peter Bellairs looked very lonely." Mrs. Lowndes has always her story to tell. Sometimes she is just a little fatigued. She could have made more of "The Woman from Purgatory." But in an age of the slipshod and the cheap, it is a delight to find such craftsmanship, such good breeding as hers.

### SOME VICTORIAN GIANTS.\*

Mr. Coleridge's book is primarily a book of anecdotes; which being so, the obvious way to review it is to give anecdotes by which its qualities may be suggested and readers sent to the book itself. The large number and excellence of the tales about Victorian celebrities make selection difficult, and the difficulty is increased by the fact that the work contains many stories which, though familiar in one shape or another, are here told for the first time in their proper authentic form. That Mr. Coleridge sets out most advantageously for a gossip about an age that has gone may be gathered from the fact that among those he knew more or less intimately were Matthew Arnold, Cardinal Newman, Meredith, Dean Stanley, "Bob" Lowe, Browning, Lewis Morris, Jowett, Ruskin, Gladstone, General Booth, G. F. Watts, Whistler, Boehm, Labouchere, and Sir Henry Irving. It is a list that only indicates the catholicity of the contents; and it has to be noted that Mr. Coleridge has a special and appropriate manner for dealing with each of his subjects. For instance, writing of Newman he is all tenderness and dignity, while for some of the stage and painting friends there is a fitting abandon and gaiety. When any given celebrity is under consideration one gets the impression that with that celebrity Mr. Coleridge's sympathy and understanding are complete. It is a respect in which he is an ideal *raconteur*; but, in view of the wide and curious range of subjects, the impression may have been harder to create than Mr. Coleridge would have us infer.

The note throughout is of cheery kindliness—an exception being some remarks as to Henry Irving and the dramatic critics. Mr. Coleridge remembers a certain "first night" during the actor's long reign at the Lyceum. Irving asked him to stay and have supper in the Beefsteak Club-room upstairs, "and help him with some of the critics." The helping would seem to have been done chiefly with cigars that "looked about ten inches long, and were no doubt very choice, rare and precious." Irving paid for these, and he "ladled out" the cigars into the critics' "deep and large coat pockets." During the process, though, he looked swiftly at Mr. Coleridge, shut one eye, and gazed at him with the other with "the drollest and most informing expressions." Mr. Coleridge departed with the critics, he tells, continuing to "help" Irving with them by extolling the play all the way up the Strand. It is not an edifying picture. Less edifying is this:

"Many years afterwards, I remember Irving saying to me that if the Press took bribes he was bound to pay them, disgusting as the business was. . . . He said that one critic, whom he named to me, had 'cost him,' since he began, quite ten thousand pounds. Of course it was done indirectly, by buying plays which were never performed, and such like elegant transactions." This was long ago, and one can only wonder when the practice ceased.

It is a relief to turn to Mr. Coleridge in his placid mood, to read his tales of Newman, of Arnold, Manning, Lewis Morris, Browning, and "Coleridge, C. J." Of Newman, presented to children, he writes:

\* "Memories." By the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. With 12 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Lane.)



**G. F. Watts,**  
1889.

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"I do not think the old man saw any little children very often in an intimate way. . . . Certain it was that after gazing at them silently for a little while he became visibly moved, and rising from the table he murmured in a low voice half introspectively as it were, 'I think I must bless him.' He came round the table and laid his hand on the little child's head and said a few words of benediction."

All the anecdotes are not of men well remembered to-day. We have stories, for instance, of Bishop Phillpotts, seemingly a prelate of some geniality, who said to his host, on departing, "Good-bye, Sir John. I have much enjoyed my visit. I have only two suggestions to make for the improvement of your home and park: I should pull down the house, and fill up the pond with it." In the absence of proof that the saying was not the work of someone of earlier date, a connoisseur of anecdotes must offer no unpleasant comment; but what of this, attributed to the bishop as his suggestion on a proposed plan for paving with wood blocks? "In my opinion, if the Dean and Chapter would put their heads together the thing would be done." Those learned in regard to the colthic age, or even the days of Sidney Smith, may have something to say. Still, in an anecdotal work such things are bound to occur, and in Mr. Coleridge's volume they are refreshingly few.

No new light is shed on Mr. Coleridge's varied collection of giants, but a good deal of the old light is emphasised: as in the case of Browning, whom he met frequently. He was an inveterate "diner-out," says Mr. Coleridge, who adds that the poet always talked down to ladies, and discoursed to them about bonnets and clothes. This may, of course, have been Browning's humour or an endeavour to accommodate himself to environment, but Mr. Coleridge assures us that it "not seldom filled clever women with annoyance." There is also this naïve comment on the poet in private life:

"Though my diary mentions frequent occasions when I was in his company, it records no luminous sayings of his. I do not think anyone would have discovered from his talk that he was the extraordinary man his writings show him to have been." In other words, he was a smooth social acquisition, a human being who left shop behind him in years when it was apparently not the custom to do so. A multiplicity of reticent or bonnet-talking Brownings would have made succeeding book-compiling Coleridges an impossibility. Mr. Coleridge, though, admits that Browning had a sense of humour:

"Shortly after the publication of one of his volumes which was rather more obscure than usual, he and my father met . . . and Browning asked my father if he had read this last volume. My father replied: 'Yes, I have, and I think I understand about a third of it.' To which Browning rejoined: 'That's very well for a man of your understanding.'"

Mr. Coleridge ends on a low key. He writes of "the great galaxy of the Victorian Age," saying that John Morley alone survives, "the last of the giants," and adds: "Where are those that fill their places? Where indeed? The mould is broken." Let Mr. Coleridge be of good cheer: other times, other moulds.

DAVID HODGE.

## TRUTH AND GLAMOUR OF DARTMOOR.\*

I think there should be no question that "Widcombe Fair" is the ripest fruit of Mr. Phillpotts' genius. This book might well be the model of an English realism, saner than any taught us outside England. The wealth and fairness of honest observation that have gone to the making of it are rarer even than the skill that has packed a mass of humanity into one volume; and, so far as my reading goes, this is unique in fiction. There are critics who, accepting the author's modest foreword, have said that his work is not a story but a picture, and have seemed to mean by this that it did not strongly hold their interest. The common story method by which a few characters are linked together by events that affect the fortunes of one or two

\* "Widcombe Fair." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (John Murray.)

"Sleeping Waters." By John Trevena. 6s. (Constable.)

of them, and subordinate those of the rest, as in a play, is one that may be used successfully by far less able hands; but the interest it rouses is not often one for philosophic natures. Here is a novel of humanity. Yet, for my part, I find it sufficiently absorbing, and think that in any age and country where the pace and purposes of life were normal, and the intelligence of adult readers was balanced, it would at once displace, even in popular esteem, most of the thin and feverish fiction that beguiles our hurry. As it is certain that we must either be ruined or fall to a normal pace again, somehow and some day, the future of "Widcombe Fair" is, to my mind, assured. I take it to be one of the permanent books.

It presents the life of a Dartmoor village during four years, and the singular triumph of its workmanship is that this is done impartially, alike in spirit and in the choice of material for study. One sees a fair proportion of wisdom and folly, good and evil, comedy and tragedy. On a canvas so large as this of Mr. Phillpotts, such justice of design and accomplishment appears masterly in a sense that puts him above rivals. Only the finest humour made it possible.

A question of art raised by the author in his foreword finds me sympathetic with his ideal, but uneasy about its practical phases. Answering the charge that he has often made his scenery as important as the people who moved through it, and so delayed action for the purpose of describing the theatre of action, Mr. Phillpotts affirms the right of an artist to do as he pleases in this matter; says that to him the phenomena of man's environment are as interesting as man himself; and outlines an art which, surveying the whole spectacle of Nature, should awaken a new sense of proportion and perspective. One had divined this ideal in "The Forest on the Hill" and other novels; my own view is that, of necessity, it must inform a writer's mind much more fully than it fills his actual canvas. His purpose being to convey to others a conception and a point of view, he is obliged to consider their capacity as well as his message, or the message may miscarry; and it is a simple psychological fact that we are more interested to hear what Uncle Tom Cobleigh felt and said about the landscape or the weather than to have them finely pictured for us in an equal number of words. More, the finest and most sympathetic picture possible cannot move us, or make us see them as clearly, as we are moved and made to see by far less art expended on the man.

In "Widcombe Fair" the question never arises; and it is for this reason, as much as for any other, that I adjudge this novel the ripest fruit of Mr. Phillpotts' genius and the finest achievement of his workmanship. "At the elevation needed for such a survey, only the sound of laughter is heard: Melpomene's self stalks dwarfed out of recognition, as seen by the indifferent gods;" but we who read are on the ground, and that is why the author's elevation pleases us. "The Forest on the Hill" was about the environment and man; "Widcombe Fair" is about man in the environment. Its greatness is due to the very sense of proportion and perspective which that elevation gives, but its interest is still human, and only human. No other kind of interest can equal that, or detract from it, or much alter it. I dispute, therefore, that the landscape with figures lies as much within a novelist's range as it does within that of a painter. The figures in a novel insist on living.

The glamour of Mr. John Trevena's story, "Sleeping Waters," which is reviewed here because it also is a novel of Dartmoor, baffles the reader strangely, and seems to me to have a little confused the writer. A consumptive priest, overworked in the East End of London, is sent away into Devonshire by friends, and, as the effect of robust health—so we are led to think—behaves unlike a priest in a series of romantic and peculiar adventures that fill the book. But at the end, when the lack of verisimilitude in some of these adventures has alarmed us for the author, we are allowed to understand that the hero is, as a matter of fact, neither robust nor sane, but, like ourselves, has been a victim of hallucinations. One is sorry, but this will never do. There is so much good writing in the book, and so

much else that goes to prove an author's quality, that I wish Mr. Trevena had had the courage to deal outright in fantasy.  
KEIGHTLEY SNOWDEN.

### MORE GEORGIAN POETRY.\*

The book of the moment in verse is Mr. D. H. Lawrence's. He is remarkable for what he does not do and for what he does. Thus, he does not write smoothly, sweetly and with dignity; nor does he choose subjects, such as black-birds at sunset, which ask to be so treated. For some time past it has been understood that verse is not best written in jerks of a line in length. Mr. Lawrence goes further, and at times seems bent on insulting rhyme, as in this stanza from "Dog-tired":

"The horses are untackled, the chattering machine  
Is still at last. If she would come,  
I would gather up the warm hay from  
The hill-brow, and lie in her lap till the green  
Sky ceased to quiver and lost its tired sheen"

Correspondingly, he writes of matters which cannot be subdued to conventional rhythm and rhyme—chiefly the intense thoughts, emotions, or gropings of self-conscious men or women set on edge by love or fatigue or solitude. If he trusts to make a general appeal, it is by faithful concentration on the particular—a woman receiving a lover straight from bloodshed, a man repulsed, standing like an "insect small in the fur of this hill" in the night when

"The night's flood-winds have lifted my last desire from me,  
And my hollow flesh stands up in the night abandonedly,"  
and saying to the woman:

"And I in the fur of the world, and you a pale fleck from the sky,  
How we hate each other to-night, hate, you and I,  
As the world of activity hates the dream that goes on on high,  
As a man hates the dreaming woman he loves, but who will  
not reply."

The last comparison would be a flaw were it not that Mr. Lawrence sacrifices everything to intensity, particularly in amorousness. His triumph is, by image and hint and direct statement, to bring before us some mood which overpowers all of a sick, complex man save his self-consciousness. Mr. Lawrence is fearless in treatment as in choice of subject. He will be exact in defining an intuition, a physical state, or an appearance due to the pathetic fallacy—herein resembling the man in "We have bit no forbidden apple." He will give us in dialect the plainest outlines of a working-class tragedy, and in careful abstract monologue a schoolmaster's moment of satisfaction when it is sweet in the morning to teach boys who are his slaves:

"Only as swallows are slaves to the caves  
They build upon, as mice are slaves  
To the man who threshes and sows the sheaves"

Such moods he will sometimes follow with a painful curiosity that makes us rather sharers in a process than witnesses of a result. He does not refuse external things, a gang of labourers at work on timber, a picture by Corot, the Moon. A surprising number of his poems are tributary to the moon, but a moon of his own world, "divesting herself of her golden shift," or bringing him a pang of reminiscence, or reddening:

"The moon lies back and reddens;  
In the valley, a cornerake calls monotonously,  
With a piteous, unalterable plaint, that deadens  
My confident activity:  
With a hoarse, insistent request that falls  
Unweariedly, unweariedly,  
Asking something more of me,  
Yet more of me"

\* "Love Poems and Others" By D. H. Lawrence. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

"Helen Redeemed and Other Poems." By Maurice Hewlett. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

"Valdimar: A Poetic Drama." By Ronald Campbell Macfie. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald)

"Jesus of Nazareth: A Poetical Drama in Seven Scenes." By Alexandra von Herder. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

"The Gallant Way." By Frank Taylor. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

"Prison Songs and Poems." By J. Robert Clarke. 2s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

"Thomas Campion and the Art of English Poetry." By Thomas MacDonagh. 3s. 6d. net. (Dublin: Figgis.)

I doubt if much of his effect is due to rhythm. Verse aids him chiefly by allowing him to use a staccato short-hand which would be more uncomfortable in prose. But, whether the verse is always relevant or not, Mr. Lawrence writes in a concentration so absolute that the poetry is less questionable than the verse.

Mr. Hewlett is far removed from Mr. Lawrence in form. Mr. Lawrence's form has been groped for: it is as near as possible natural poetry. Mr. Hewlett's has been assumed: it is a fascinating, not wholly deceptive mask. He appears in verse as a servant of Diana:

"To whom all the praise of him who writes,  
Ever!"

as he says in one of his ten "staves" about Helen. But it is in speaking of himself that he is at his best: writing dignified sonnets, in whose mediæval mixture the spiritual masters the sensuous, and in fact survives alone in "Hymnia-Beatrix." He is less happy, but more painstaking and detailed, in depicting

Argive Helen, slim and sweet,  
For whose bosom and delight,  
For whose eyes, those wells of peace,  
Paris wrought, as well he might,  
'Ten years' woe for Troy and Greece."

For this Argive Helen and his own imagined Helen are two different conceptions, which his art is not strong enough to save from confusion time after time. Had he kept to her, and left out the heroes and the gods, he could have made something of her, but on the large canvas his inkings are lost.

It is hard to be just to Dr. Macfie after reading Mr. Lawrence. For his drama concerns chiefly a Viking turned Christian, whom nothing could lure to fight again until in the last act his beloved, who has led his army instead, is seen to fall; and the king speaks to his Vikings in blank verse, thus:

"When the dawn  
Comes shimmering into the western sky  
Our oars will beat and beat across the foam;  
Our sails will blossom in the morning breeze . . ."

But for those who still like to see heroic figures in every way worthy of this straightforward blank verse, Dr. Macfie is unexcelled.

His manly sweetness is not to be found in the dramatic pageant of "Jesus of Nazareth," where the blank verse, by the way, is seldom decasyllabic, but seldom lacking in substance or force. The scenes suffer by being a mixture of the old and the new, instead of a simplification on the one hand, or, on the other hand, an elaborate rehandling of the old. In spite of the excellence of several passages, and its invariable reverence, it is not much more than a dignified tinkering with the theme.

Mr. Frank Taylor makes no mistake in writing of

"The regiments that so gaily took the rub,  
(rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub)"

from Cressy to Malplaquet and Minden, wherever British soldiers have been led by officers bred

"In the schools that forge and weld the best of the breed,  
Brave boys in the schools that are schools for men, hard  
schools for the men that lead."

There is not much patriotic verse written with less nonsense and more metrical skill than Mr. Taylor's.

Mr. Clarke's verses would not have been remarkable if they had not been written in prison, as the "Epic of Hades" was written in the "Underground." But knowing that they were so written makes them more memorable than the similar ones written daily, for all that can be known to the contrary, in fairyland.

Mr. McDonagh, himself a poet, now shows himself a very keen student of poetry and of criticism, a worthy follower in prosodical studies by Mr. T. S. Omond, and a suggestive if not a victorious one. In the course of studying Campion he leaves few important questions of prosody untouched, and none of these unilluminated. He gives also, by the way, much promise of sympathetic insight and several specimens of delightful prose.

EDWARD THOMAS.

## A CRITIC'S LIQUEURS.\*

To the younger generation—a scarcely negligible quantity nowadays, when Lancashire dramatists in their uncensored plays suggest to approving British audiences that it is really the only generation that matters—Sir Frederick Wedmore is doubtless known almost exclusively as a writer on art, an unrivalled expert on prints and etchings. This little book serves well to show his versatility. It is not, it may be remarked, a book to read at a sitting: rather is it a book to be taken as liqueur-taking people take liqueurs, at intervals, small draughts at a time. Sir Frederick's liqueurs are suggestive and exhilarating. In epigrammatic prose—marred now and again by a heavy employment of parentheses, but generally careful, limpid and easy-flowing—he sets forth his views on many things, which range from Browning's "Landscape" to the *Macbeth* of Sir Henry Irving, from Job to François Coppée.

One of the selections is a short story, "A Chemist of the Suburbs," which presents Sir Frederick in a manner that would have made him an acceptable addition to the writers for *The Yellow Book*, and proves that the dry point is not necessarily the only point of a dry-point authority. "A Chemist of the Suburbs" is highly charged with sound sentimentality, and might have been written by Mr. Leonard Merrick or one of the French masters of the short story. That Sir Frederick understands the art of the *conte* is suggested by his own comment, that writers and serious readers know that a good short story "cannot possibly be a *précis*, a synopsis, a scenario as it were, of a novel." He says that that is why great writers succeed in it so seldom . . . even a novelist like Mr. Hardy, the stretch of whose canvas has never led him into carelessness of detail. While on the subject Sir Frederick has something to say of Whistler. To a remark that the short story is wont to be estimated, not by its quality, but by its size he adds,

" . . . a mode of appraisement under which the passion of Schumann, with his wistful questionings . . . would be esteemed less seriously than the amicable score of 'Maritana'. And a dry point by Mr. Whistler, two dozen lines laded with the last refinement of charm, would be held inferior to a panorama by Philippoteau."

Sir Frederick's views may, for all we know, never have varied in the very least as to Philippoteau and his seemingly deplorable "panoramas"; but there has been a certain flux as to the other artist.

Engaging throughout, the book is best when dealing with Rembrandt and Méryon.

D. H.

## TYRCONNEL.†

Mr. Sergeant's title, as he himself recognizes, is not exactly fitting or expressive. "Little Jennings" has a comparatively small part in the story, though so far as it goes it is a vivid part. The greater interest of the work is historical, not biographical. It will not secure its due straight away. Along with the first-hand and valuable material there is too much needless detail, particularly in the first volume. Mr. Sergeant is full of his subject and of things that bear but slightly or indirectly thereon, and in his interested and impartial way he crowds a series of pages with a wealth of matter in which the graphic and the well-nigh trivial are intermixed. This means a certain strain on the reader who is not as deeply concerned over the period and the personalities as he is himself, and it militates for a time against his conscientious presentation of, we might almost say his apologia for, Tyrconnel. In due course, however, the persevering reader is fairly well rewarded. He finds that with all his faults "Dick Talbot" had bold and striking qualities, that he has been recklessly

\* "Pages Assembled. A Selection from the Writings, Imaginative and Critical, of Frederick Wedmore" 1s. 6d. net. (Mathews.)

† "Little Jennings and Fighting Dick Talbot: A Life of the Duke and Duchess of Tyrconnel." By Philip W. Sergeant. 2 Vols. Illustrated. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

and grossly maligned by Macaulay and others, that much in the tortuous drama of his time, in Ireland especially, has been misunderstood, or presented in the spirit of prejudice and partisanship.

It may be long, however, before the sober truth will supersede the vividly rendered untruth in the popular imagination, or even in that of historians who do not go to original sources and documents. Tyrconnel is a vicious \* bogey-man in the minds of writers of historical primers and articles in popular encyclopædias. "Dirty work," "this scoundrel," "wretches of this stamp," "characteristic treachery" occur even in "Chambers's," in which his crowded and dramatic life is summed up and blackened in some twenty lines. Racial bias and theological bias have both helped to distort the vision and the picture of the general historian, who is on the side of William and against James II. —strangely enough the Pope of the period was an abettor and a helper of William.

Mr. Sergeant deals with tangled issues in a patient temper and with matters of racial and historical controversy in a fair-minded and balanced spirit. A good deal of the work is a corrective, part of it is an acquisition. If the best of it, were judiciously extracted, and presented in a popular form and at a popular price, it would be enlightening and helpful in many quarters that it cannot reach at present.

It makes the Anglo-Irish circumstances of a troubled and tragic years rather clearer to the general reader. The inner and real Ireland, with her vision, sufferings, philosophy, expressed in her own language, does not come within Mr. Sergeant's province. That inner Ireland, however, affords the material for a great and moving story when the accomplished and penetrative historian arises.

W. P. R.

## THE BACONIAN HERESY.\*

The only real Shakespeare-Bacon problem is how on earth anyone ever managed to persuade himself that there was one. We are already beginning to forget the amazing gentlemen who discovered those absurdly ingenious cryptograms which clearly proved that the plays were written by Bacon. Apparently they had satisfied themselves that great poetry could be written something in this fashion:

"To be or not to be, that is the question,  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to—"

"No—that won't do. I've got B in all right as the third letter of the first line, and I must have A as the third letter in the second line, or I shall never be able to spell Bacon in this soliloquy."

No man so stupidly preoccupied could write poetry of any kind; and no man in his senses would go over great poetry he had written and mangle it and make its beauty subservient to the introduction into it of an elaborate cryptogram. The person who had no more respect than that for his art could not write a poem that was good enough to win a prize in a Lamerick competition. The whole theory was obviously nonsensical, and the wiser Baconians abjure it and openly regret it was ever advanced, because it has discredited their cause with all thinking people. They say now they have other and more reputable evidence. But what does it amount to? A few years ago one of these curious gentlemen wrote an article in a magazine saying that in one of Bacon's notebooks was a list of forms of salutation; that these had been invented by Bacon, and, at all events, made their first appearance in literature in the plays attributed to Shakespeare. \* Yet anybody who took the trouble to look back a little could find most of these forms of salutation in the old Robin Hood ballads that were written before Shakespeare was born. Then they laboriously compile what they please to call parallel passages, similarities of phrase or opinion that are common to the works of both Shakespeare and Bacon, and offer this as evidence that Bacon must have written the plays; moreover, they find in the plays a display of legal knowledge that they say could only be possessed by

\* "The Baconian Heresy." By J. M. Robertson; M.P. 21s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

a trained lawyer, such as Bacon was. More than all, perhaps, they rely on the unproved fact that Shakespeare was a man of no education; they even exaggerate his ignorance, and the most persistent of them scornfully calls him "an illiterate clown." So we are asked to believe that so shrewd a man as Bacon, desirous of concealing his authorship of the plays, was so unspeakably foolish as to arrange for an illiterate clown to pass them off as his own. The thing could not be done. If Shakespeare could not read or write, his fellow-actors and brother-dramatists could not be kept unaware of that, and such a silly deception could never hope to deceive any of them. So your indomitable Baconian tries to shuffle out of this difficulty by suggesting that there must have been two Shakespeares: one the illiterate clown who was merely the actor who afterwards settled down as a country gentleman at Stratford, and one, a more intelligent William Shakespeare, who posed as author of the plays that Bacon had written.

It is all too farcical. The Baconians are in the main an unimaginative people who being quite without genius themselves cannot make the least allowance for its miraculous workings in another. They do not realise that it is the poetry in them that makes the plays of Shakespeare great, the poetry and their feeling for nature and their knowledge of humanity; and that the learning in them is the least important of their merits. Given the genius that the author of the plays must have had, there is nothing else to wonder at: it could be nothing for a man so alive and nimble-witted as Shakespeare to pick up all the legal knowledge he displays, and the scraps of correct and incorrect Latin and French that he uses now and then. Your stolid Baconians cannot comprehend that such a man as Shakespeare might employ in the plays every ounce of learning he had acquired, and had the *nous* to use it so easily and in such fashion as to suggest that there was far more at the back of it, they take it for granted that if he knew so much he must needs have known ever so much more. Which is the natural attitude of men whose whole knowledge is drawn laboriously from books in the presence of a finer, higher spirit whose quick wits and intuitions have rarer means of education. If Bacon had written plays they would certainly have been more like Ben Jonson's, overlaid with his learning. And before they worry about parallel passages, let the Baconians quote us passages from Bacon that contain any glimmerings of the humour that leavens all the plays and riots so gloriously in many of them; let them prove from anything Bacon is known to have written that he had it in him to create a Falstaff or a Dogberry.

They simply cannot do it, because with all his wit Bacon had no humour. Still, one feels it was worth while to take the blustering Baconian theory into a corner and knock it quietly on the head, once for all. And this is the pious, serviceable job that Mr. J. M. Robertson has done in "The Baconian Heresy." He meets the Baconians on their own ground, and by applying the comparative method not only to the writings of Bacon and Shakespeare but to those of Bacon and the other Elizabethan dramatists, knocks the top off the Baconian theory and the bottom out of it and shows you there is simply nothing inside. He accounts for the apparent classical scholarship of Shakespeare, and demonstrates by comparisons how widely and utterly different were the prose styles of Bacon and Shakespeare. He might have printed Bacon's few acknowledged poems to demonstrate how widely different, too, were their poetical styles. He astutely points out that Bacon,

"does not lard with law his writings on other subjects, as the Baconians make him out to have done in the Plays—a circumstance which alone might have served to guard careful readers against the notion that the law tags in the Plays came from his pen."

He gives you a careful study of the vocabularies of both men, and makes it clear that these differed as widely as their styles do. He shows you that there are more parallel passages or coincidences of phrase to be found between Bacon and other contemporary dramatists than between Bacon and Shakespeare; and he has collected from divers other Elizabethan dramatists who never studied the law

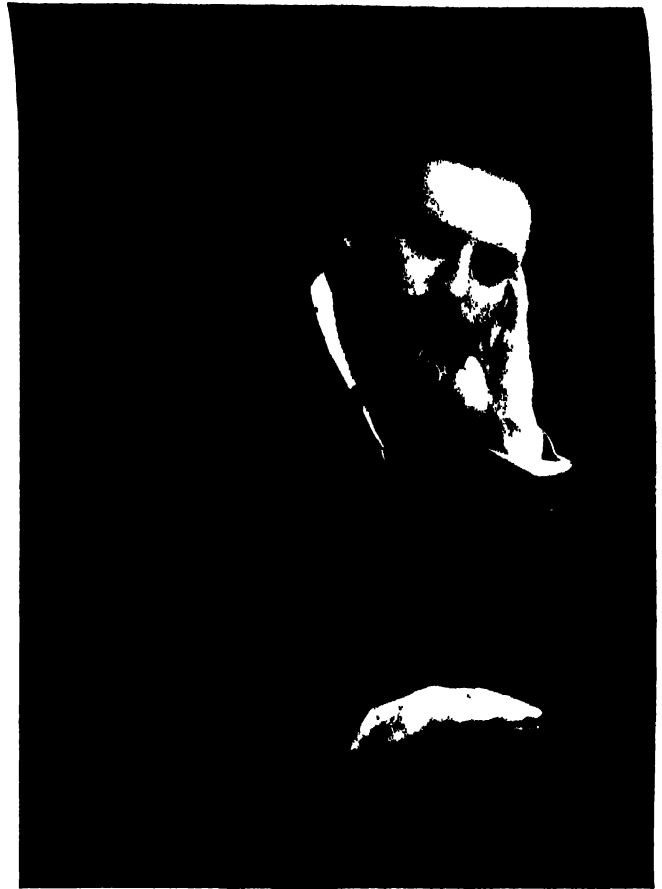


Photo by Oppenfeld, Ltd.

Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P.

passages that would seem to indicate at least as much legal knowledge as the Baconians attribute to the writer of Shakespeare's dramas. He might have mentioned that Massinger's signature is as crude and "illiterate" as the signatures of Shakespeare, though Massinger was an Oxford man. But he has done enough. He has written the most careful and most masterly exposure of the Baconian heresy that has yet been published. If the thing had to be done at all it was well to do it minutely, thoroughly, convincingly, and that is how Mr. Robertson has done it. For every reasonable man who has read his book the Baconian theory will henceforth be dead, and the Baconians may go on waking the corpse as long as they like, they cannot bring it to life again.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

## Novel Notes.

**THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN.** By Jeffery Farnol. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

There will always be a public, and a grateful one, for those novelists who take the advice of Mr. Balfour and "cheer us up." High in the admired circle of the cheery romancers stands Mr. Farnol, weaving inventions out of the Regency time, and making everything in that very mixed period subservient to constancy and manly courage. Manly courage has it virtually all the way in the person of Barnabas Barty, for when he is down on his luck and thwarted in his social ambitions, he stands highest in the affections of the unsophisticated reader. He inherits good looks and brawny sinews from his father, the ex-champion of the English ring in the heyday of pugilism, and he inherits some three-quarters of a million from a quarter which we can only assign to the arbitrary region of the author's expediency. He enters his hero to back up pluck and patience with unbounded generosity, and makes him fulfil his purpose. But Barnabas is not a whit more generous



than his author, for Mr. Farnol lavishes language and incident and character up and down his pages with the largesse of a spendthrift possessed of inexhaustible resources. The heroine, Cleone, has a good deal in common with Charmian in "The Broad Highway," and the social ornaments and villains whom Barty encounters in his upward progress to Cleone's hand and the honours of Court, have every mark of kinship with Sir Maurice Vibart and his compeers in that most enchanting story. Where Mr. Farnol best succeeds, however, is in depicting the plainer humours and eccentricities of the population of the road, and here, we fancy, he has no equal since Dickens. There is the same weakness for labels and unchanging attributes and tricks of speech, but there is the same inventiveness, and the same glorious high spirits slung off a flying pen that has neither guile nor misgiving.

**THE SECOND-SIGHTER'S DAUGHTER.** By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin awakens one's interest and curiosity by commencing his story with an ancient legend: "Once upon a time there was a man who picked up a stone to throw at his enemy. But his enemy escaped before he could hurl it at him. So the man carried the stone in his pocket for seven years, turned it, and at the end of another seven years threw it at his enemy and missed him." It is a shrewdly significant prelude to the story of thwarted revenge which follows. Mr. Burgin has selected a strikingly uncanny character for his heroine: a wild, radiantly beautiful woman with a power and charm that are inhuman. She dwells in an atmosphere of mystery; her father has weird traffickings with the Other World—what wonder then that she can cast spells about men, running the lives of two of them and spoiling her own? The best character in the book is undoubtedly Mirby Harrison—a bloated, irritable old man, with an undernature so generous and sincere that one forgives him his many failings. The story bristles with strongly dramatic situations; it is well written, and the interest that is foreshadowed in the legend at the beginning is cleverly retained to the end.

**THE HIPPODROME.** By Rachel Hayward. 6s. (Heinemann.)

A novel that excites with its incidents, and at the same time satisfies with its characterisation is not very frequently met with. Miss Hayward certainly fulfils both the demand for adventure and the desire that adventure should be worked out through living people, and not by means of labelled shadows. But "The Hippodrome" would have been more aptly entitled "Fatalité." Fate undoubtedly met Arithelli when she alighted at the railway station at Barcelona in the person of Count Poleski, a devoted member of a gang of Russian Anarchists. The cleverly-contrived plot centres in Arithelli, a girl of haunting beauty, who becomes chief equestrienne at the Barcelona Hippodrome. She finds the famous Spanish city a veritable "entresol de l'enfer," but escapes unscathed from its gross temptations. Inevitably through her friendship with Poleski, she gets mixed up with the Anarchists, and is taken like a bird in the fowler's snare. Vardri, another member of the gang, with whom she falls in love, attempts to free Arithelli and himself from the clutches of Sobrenski, the leader. Arithelli is portrayed with care, and deserves the pains the author took in her delineation. The theme is full of dramatic scenes, and its interesting possibilities are developed into an enthralling story.

**MRS. PRATT OF PARADISE FARM.** By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

"Mrs. Pratt, of Paradise Farm, leant across her gate and looked up and down the road. She was a big, fair-skinned, soft-eyed young woman, with abundant chestnut hair. . . ." Two figures appear in the distance, and she hides behind a bush until she thinks they will have passed; however, they do not pass; creeping cautiously out, Mrs. Pratt sees that they have stopped at the gate—a young

and beautiful girl and a handsome young man—strangers to her. They ask if she has lodgings to let. Mrs. Pratt is startled, and says she has never thought of letting lodgings, and although she would very much like to take these two kindly and aristocratic young people as lodgers, she feels they cannot know who she is. "Tears formed, large and liquid, in her eyes. You can't want to come and lodge here," she said, with a broken-hearted humility. "You can't have heard; yet 'twas in all the papers! I'm Mrs. Pratt—the Mrs. Pratt—the one that was tried for the murder of her husband!" The story of Nancy Pratt and these two strangers is full of romance and mystery, of sunshine and clouds. It is a charming story, told daintily and sympathetically, and contains some excellent character studies; "Old Sarah" is a masterpiece.

**DOCTOR WHITTY.** By G. A. Birmingham. 6s. (Methuen.)

Since Kirriemuir gave Mr. Barrie an original for "Thürms," we may fairly doubt if any Scots or Irish village has supplied anyone with so much gay material as Westport, in County Mayo, has done to Canon Hannay. He has given us several novels, and short stories by the dozen, all more or less coloured with the grey light and April shadows of that little village on the sea edge of Connaught. "Dr. Whitty" is a compromise between the author's two best fiction veins, being simply a series of short stories around one character. He has everything in common with his counterpart in "General Regan," Dr. Lucius O'Grady, but improves on the parallel to the extent of getting married at the finish. One slip on the author's part which reveals the haste at which these stories were written, is that he has not made up his mind as to the Doctor's Christian name, for he calls him George as a rule, but makes him (on p. 53) sign himself with the initial "E." But whether George or Edward, the Doctor is a fountain of gaiety, and sprinkles freshness and laughter on every page of this droll and jolly book.

**MONTE CARLO.** By Mrs. De Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. de Vere Stacpoole is the novelist born, not the novelist made by proximity to a novelist. Her first book is good enough to make a reviewer read it from beginning to end, and how much that implies will be understood by reviewers, for it is remarkable how often a halting and amateurish first novel will have workmanlike successors. To this new writer the business comes easy. "Monte Carlo" is extremely brisk, interesting, and well written. The hand that gives us the Riviera scenery so deftly and delicately may well have a kinship with the hand that gave us "The Blue Lagoon"; that is to say that Mrs. de Vere Stacpoole has beautiful words and beautiful colours to make us see the land of delight. Her heroine, Julia, puzzles one a bit. How did her maker view her? To one reviewer she seems dull, cold, and not a little vulgar. Nothing of the refinement, though it be dull and prosy, of the Cathedral Close clings to her garments. She might have come from a shop parlour rather. Perhaps that is exactly what Mrs. de Vere Stacpoole meant her to be, in which case she is a triumph. Jack is just what one often finds in the raffish Bohemian life, a simple, boyish person, who touches pitch all the time and never is defiled. The book goes with a swing; and there are many touches of keen observation, with a talent for turning an epigram. "Monte Carlo" is very good, but its successors will be better and better.

**THE CHAIN OF OB.** By St. Clair Harnett. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

Most critics will agree that Mr. St. Clair Harnett's second novel indicates a marked advance in literary power and interest. Mr. Harnett still takes the most amazing liberties with time and space, and steps as unconcernedly from the twentieth century into the twelfth as did "Alice Through

the Looking Glass," but he never fails to remember that he has a strong, consistent, and well knit story running through his fingers, and, from the point of view of the tired novel reader who asks for something bright and vital and fresh "The Chain of Ob" is really admirable. His hero is the one who is marked with "the devil's bracelet." It extends right round the left forearm just below the elbow in an unbroken chain, and by old sorcerers is reputed to derive its power from a passage in the Book of Samuel—that which relates when Saul would seek the Witch of Endor, his servants were told to find a woman who was mistress of an Ob. At all events, those who own this token are reputed wondrous tender to influences from worlds unseen and ghostly visitors, and so when Tony goes with his friend to take possession of the haunted and mysterious Girdlestone House, all manner of weird and uncanny things happen. The figures in the moth-eaten tapestry come to life, and the hero finds he is in plain prosaic Devon in the daytime and at night a leading figure in some of the thrilling tragedies of passion and ambition that were enacted in England centuries ago. The effect is extraordinarily penetrating and vivid.

**DAISY DARLEY.** By W. P. Ryan. 6s. (Dent.)

You cannot exhaust the fascination of Fleet Street. Never was street so thickly populated with arresting personalities. Put Fleet Street, the human side of Fleet Street, into a chapter of your novel, and you will be sure of at least one living chapter. Mr. W. P. Ryan has done more than this; his new novel is leavened throughout by a realistic "inside" description of the running of a great evening newspaper. Indeed, so intimately and convincingly does the author sketch the staff of the "Gleam," that even the sweet and airy heroine who gives her name to the story loses colour and vitality by comparison. Sub-editors and reporters live vividly in these pages, and towering above these smaller fry looms the massive figure of Theobald Cunningham, the great journalist who edits the *Gleam* and weeps in print over the sorrows of Sad Humanity. "His momentous, world-weary, yet prophetic 'I' spoke for all mankind. It appealed to the imagination like a star through the mist—ruthful, portentous, suggestive of diviner verities. His world took his most trivial confidences as something touching and sacred; even to his indigestion and insomnia, of which he often wrote, he gave a large human dignity, a sense of the Universal Ordeal." The story opens with the advent to the staff of the *Gleam* of Arthur Clandillon, an able young writer with large-hearted ideals and mystical leanings. "This office," the chief tells him, among many other wise reflections, "like every other office is run and ruled by invisible women." In Arthur's case the invisible woman, to whom his soul speaks in all his writings, is not, as one might suppose, the woman he is engaged to marry, but Daisy Darley, a distant relative of his. For—and here is Arthur's problem—side by side with his increasing affection for Daisy Darley, the conviction is growing upon him that he has outgrown the "self" which took the false step of becoming engaged to Alice Considine, a hot-blooded, vigorous girl, whose views on religion and life in general are cramped and narrow compared with his own. The love tangle which forms the plot is, however, quite secondary to the clever character studies in the novel, which is distinguished throughout by an exceptional depth and brilliancy of thought and expression.

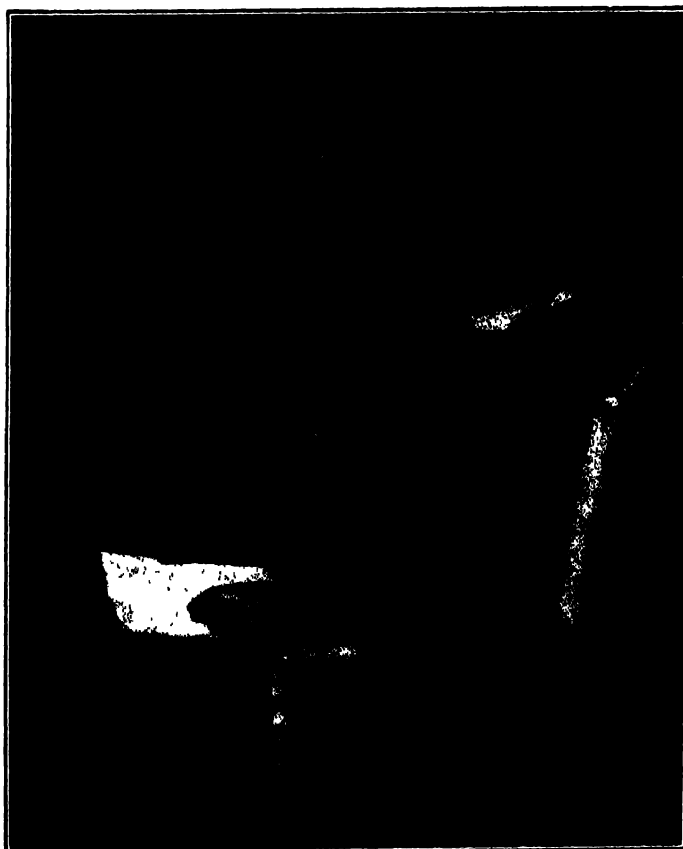
**LOT BARROW.** By Viola Meynell. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

"Lot Barrow" affords yet another proof that the one sex never understands the other. The female characters are excellent; particularly that of Lot herself, the servant girl. Her first adventure terminates disastrously, far more disastrously for her lover than for herself. And it is all her doing. Yet her compassion is not for him, but for herself. This is absolutely typical of rather low intelligences cursed with vanity. But a second sorrow, a great blow to her vanity, has a refining influence on her. She

emerges a humble woman, prepared to breast the blows of circumstances, to take the evil with the good. Such a development is natural, and it is most naturally told. Mrs. Child, her mistress, is another clever portrait, though a profile rather than a full face. A woman with unusual burdens to bear, who manages to put a brave face, even a merry face, on it for her husband's sake, for her lodger's sake, but no further. That is the extent of her endurance. Beyond that she is waspish and nagging. A marvellous transcript from life. But the men! The hyper-sensitive lover of Lot, an extraordinarily thin-skinned village swain, reduced to a bottomless abyss of despair by a moment's disappointment. Her second lover, a young, healthy, hard-working farmer, who year after year poisons his own life and the lives of his parents because his cries for the moon are shown to be impracticable. It is not thus that we conceive of the rustic mind. And thirdly, the exquisite prig, cultivating quite honestly what he imagines to be a platonic friendship with Lot, inculcating quite seriously the duty of callousness in the face of the deepest sorrows. He is impossible, inhuman. And what there is of humanity in this precious hero bears an unpleasant likeness to the villain of Mr. Hardy's "Woodlanders." But Lot, with her splendid physique, her Atalanta-like power of running, might well be admitted to that society. Mr. Hardy has drawn no more living human girl.

**THE FINGER OF MR. BLEE.** A Tropical Comedy. By Peter Blundell. 6s. (John Lane)

Harold Blee, the hero of this extravaganza, is a young Eurasian, a purely delightful specimen of a Malay competition-wallah on a comparatively humble scale. Of his antecedents we are not permitted to more than guess. From a condition of primitive childhood, in which he runs about in a state of nature, Fate removes him to a mission school, whence he is drafted to the service of the government in Jallagar, and becomes a kind of god-in-the-car in a feud between the Commandant's lady and the wife of the agent of the great Bung Steamship Company—Commandant and Agent being (through their respective wives) rivals for the social ascendancy of Jallagar—and of a very



Miss Viola Meynell.

charming love affair between two of their young relatives. The author has studied types in the Far East with a keen eye to character, and the result in the volume before us is entertaining to a degree.

**THE LADY OF THE CANARIES.** By St. J. Lucas. 6s. (Blackwood.)

To pick up a book by Mr. St. J. Lucas is to be sure of reading something of distinction. His style is easy and scholarly, and he has gifts of pathos and of humour such as few other writers possess. The story from which this collection takes its title is one of the best things of its kind that Mr. Lucas has yet done. The heroine is an English governess who has fallen in love with a man who proposed to her on the spur of the moment, and who realised almost immediately afterwards that he was not in love with her. The man took up an appointment at Trieste and made half-hearted attempts to break off the match, but, being of a weak, vacillating character, has allowed the girl to throw up her post and come to meet him in Venice, where for some time he has not the courage to go and meet her. She, poor soul, has spent all her money on flaunting clothes in Paris, and is in extremity when at last he appears, and in a short time becomes so disgusted with her that he leaves her. A "thin" enough plot, it may be said, but Mr. Lucas handles it in the most masterly fashion, and when we see, as we do, that beneath all her external tawdriness and artificiality there is a genuine passion burning in her, we feel the righteous indignation that we ought to do towards the vapid, yet really kindly, man who deserts her. Of the other stories "The Brandon Leonardo" is far the best. A tale that hangs upon some picture is a favourite exercise with Mr. Lucas, but in this story he has conjured up a particular "atmosphere" which is one of his happiest achievements, and the whole episode is treated with a delicacy and deftness of touch that leave nothing to be desired.

**A MARRIAGE OF INCONVENIENCE.** By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The main theme of Mr. Thomas Cobb's new novel deals with the life of the heroine Nina Hallday, who is apparently (the author does not make her parentage clear) the illegitimate daughter of a wealthy old *roué*, Campion by name. Mr. Cobb is a bold man, he is not easily perturbed or daunted by social difficulties, and he places his heroine in a position which is one of great embarrassment, even after her marriage with a quite desirable and fairly interesting hero. Vernon Hartford is a good, sound character, nothing very much out of the way, but what in slang phrase has become known as a "white" man. He makes up his mind that Nina is the woman for him, and the "nosy" propensities of his undesirable aunt, Mrs. Flemmerton, and the pressure brought to bear upon him by his sister, Mrs. Grahame Marsack, who is quite a fashionable woman in her way, prove insufficient to alienate him from his choice. Had he abandoned Nina we cannot but think that Hartford would have sunk to a low position in the average novel reader's esteem. Nina herself is just an extremely nice girl—with no apparent kink in her nature arising from her unfortunate birth—with a fine figure, and remarkable eyes, of which she makes good use. Vernon is an adept at evading the leading questions of his sister, and some of the most amusing passages in the book are concerned with the exercise of this useful accomplishment. Euphemia Flemmerton, a rather attractive girl of eighteen, is a well drawn character. Mrs. Flemmerton has all the objectionable characteristics of that too common type, the person who concentrates a large amount of energy in poking her nose into other people's business. A good and amusing story.

**ISRAEL KALISCH** By W. L. George. 6s. (Constable.)

There has been a definite "purpose" in each of the two earlier novels which Mr. George has written, but neither in "A Bed of Roses" nor in "The City of Light" was the

essential *motif* so insistently obtrusive as it is in this study of the life and death of an intellectual Anarchist. From its very nature the story is one of sordid life on the Continent, in New York, and in London, but the sordidness is merely that of the material circumstances in which the characters live, and the tale is saved from being "unpleasant" (in the Shavian sense of the term), by the subsidiary love-affairs of several of the characters, and, in particular, by the devoted passion of Karsavina for the hero, Israel Kalisch. The conception of Israel Kalisch is first-rate. While he is thoroughly sympathetic with his hero, Mr. George is not unduly carried away by his creation, and he uses Kalisch very skilfully as a foil to other of his fellow Anarchists. The book, indeed, is extremely clever. Mr. George has the gift of being able to put a political sermon, or rather a political debate, into the form of fiction without either destroying the value of his real thesis or obtruding the teacher too much upon the storyteller, and so long as he retains this power he will be read with interest by people to whom most of the views held by his characters are utterly obnoxious.

**PHYLLIDA FLOUTS ME.** By Mary L. Pendered. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Phyllida Woodruff is a very charming young lady who lives in a sleepy little village, reading poetry and dreaming of a haloed ideal lover; she has found John Martin, a neighbouring farmer, too matter-of-fact, too commonplace, and has consequently refused to have anything to do with him. John's sister, knowing the sterling worth of her brother, resents that his love should be treated flippantly by a silly, sentimental girl, and determines to be avenged and at the same time to teach her a lesson. So she makes herself up as the sort of man she thinks will appeal to Phyllida's heart, and getting John off to London for a time, she takes advantage of his absence and tries to win the affection of Phyllida, who has never seen her before, and has no suspicion of her disguise. The result is she experiences the most amazing ten days of her life, and ends her adventure by falling in love with the squire of the village and, after her disguise is seen through, getting engaged to him. It is a fresh, amusing story, told brightly and vivaciously, with many humorous touches. Phyllida's natural disappointment in her ideal man with his exaggerated passions and his flow of empty words, her realisation that life is something more than poetry after all, and the sudden silhouetting of John's strength and virtue against the weaknesses of the bogus lover, help one to draw the satisfactory conclusion that the best things in life are not the things we have not, but those we already possess.

**THE LITTLE GREY SHOE.** By Percy James Brebner. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

For a good, stirring tale of romance and adventure, one cannot ask for a better novel than Mr. Percy James Brebner's latest, "The Little Grey Shoe." The hero is a man named Heleston, an officer in the Guard of King Philip of Saxe-Oldenburg, who thinks he has left the happiest portion of his life behind him in England, and suddenly finds he is mistaken when he chivalrously assists a Princess passing as a maid of honour, and for the nonce disguised as a serving maid, to escape from the blatant attentions of some German soldiers. This slight action—the opening of a gate he had no right to open—brings him into disgrace with the king; but he is the one man who stands loyally by the king when a rebellion rises and Count Christian claims the throne. It is at the beginning of the fight that Heleston picks up the little grey shoe which belongs to his lady, and which saves his life; it is for the sake of the owner of the shoe he chooses to live and serve Count Christian, rather than be hanged as a traitor; and it is the lady herself who rescues him at the end when he is awaiting certain death. The plot is ingeniously constructed; the story has a delightful love interest and simply bristles with incident and surprises from start to finish.

**THE CATFISH.** By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The catfish, it appears, "is the demon of the deep, and keeps things lively," and if Mary Festing does not deserve to be called a demon she certainly possesses those attributes which enable her to prevent matters from becoming torpid. And yet Mary is, as it were, a temperament rather than a vivid personality. Her influence upon George Tracy is always somewhat enigmatic, and that curious character, himself an odd compound of the romantic and of the practical, is probably moved sub-consciously by the soundest eugenic promptings when he turns from Mary, whom he has loved almost in a resentful manner, and marries the somewhat ordinary and healthy Lesbia Garnett. George Tracy is by far the most prominent figure in the story, and his gradual development from a predominantly romantic boy into the successful but always intellectual and artistic head of "Tracy's" is worked out with that skill and neatness by which Mr. Marriott's novels are generally characterised. The days of Tracy's early childhood and of his school career are especially well described, and the same criticism applies also to the character of his friend, Miles Darragh, which is not, unfortunately, elaborated as much as could have been wished. However, the elusiveness of the whole story is, in great part, its main charm, and it is clear that in Mr. Marriott we have a novelist of considerable sympathetic insight and delicate imagination.

**THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN.** By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Constable.)

This is an excellent specimen of the novel to which Mr. Norris has made us grow accustomed—quiet, thoughtful, well bred and refined, skimming lightly over the surface of life yet etching people and scenes deep enough for us to recognise their fidelity and to remember their truth. The keynote to this new story is found, perhaps, in the fact that Mr. Norris has, for any reason, discovered the time has arrived when he must paint a socialist. Other writers, no doubt, would give "The Right Honourable Gentleman" an aggressive beard, a check suit, a bowler hat, and a red tie. This is not, and never could be, the Norris method. The Socialist in his story figures in the first chapter as "The Unsociable Socialist" and is quite a respectable personage, for his creator is at some pains to explain that "the Right Honourable Arnold Calthrop, President of the Local Government Board, did not like being stared at. He thought people who stared at him impertinent—a view not very easy, it must be confessed, to reconcile with the principles which he professed, yet comprehensible enough by those who had sufficient insight to divine the mental attitude which must needs accompany such a physique as his." Later we learn that "for many generations the Calthrops of Monkshill had been great territorial personages, exercising a benevolent quasi-feudal rule over a large tract of country, practising a lavish hospitality, upholding Tory traditions, and occasionally filling high offices of State, though always declining ennoblement." Any doubt we therefore felt as to the suitability of "The Right Honourable Gentleman" to be a Norris hero is quite set at rest, and from this point onward we read this account of his flirtation with the impeccable Mrs. Newmarch with suitably chastened regret.

**AUNT OLIVE IN BOHEMIA.** By Leslie Moore. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Into whatever life "Aunt Olive" intrudes, she is sure to bring the charm of her sunny, old-fashioned personality. The story of how Miss Olive Mason takes a studio in Chelsea after a long life of dull self-repression in the country, and how she befriends six artists is infectiously entertaining, and deserves to be popular. We thought nothing could be added to the charm of the theme, till the girl-child Pippa appeared, a spritely elf who talks in broken English and has a captivating individuality of her own. In a novel set in an artistic milieu, it is impossible to avoid thinking of "Trilby"; but the author has her own story to tell, and she owes little or nothing to George Du Maurier.



Photo by F. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Charles Marriott.

Fortunately for all who come under "Aunt Olive's" sway, she enjoys an income of five thousand a year. When the six artists succumb to this delightful old lady, she begins to play the part of kindly fate. Jasper Merton and his wife, and the Duchessa di Corleone and Paul Treherne then find their troubles vanish in a miraculous way. Only the solution supplied to the difficulties surrounding Pippa's parentage reads like a bit of special pleading, provided for the sake of a pleasant ending. The style is discursive, and the construction somewhat loose, but the novel is one for which to be grateful.

**AN AFFAIR OF STATE.** By J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Methuen.)

It would be interesting to know how the central idea of this remarkable book first took shape in the author's mind. Even so tragic a thing as a social revolution has its humorous side. Carlyle found humour in the Terror? Was it in the spirit of this grim humour that Mr. Snaith first put pen to paper? There is a *bizarrie* in his opening chapters, an intellectual levity, that breaks out at intervals later, which would seem to support this theory. But as the story progresses one feels that it is gripping the writer with a force that makes him serious in spite of himself. The book is so clever, so good in the main, that many if not most of its readers will wish that Mr. Snaith had been inspired throughout with a really vital purpose. The volume is full of daring contemporary portraiture, touched here and there, Whistler-like, with a kind of mocking cynicism. Probabilities are treated with no respectful hand. The relations of the principal personages are Gilbertian. James Draper, son of the people but gentleman by nature, an idealist, another Oliver Cromwell come to judgment, who speaks with the passion of a Burke and the silver tongue of a John Bright and a like religious devotion, is married to a daughter of the aristocracy of birth. His chief friend and confidant, his disinterested Egeria, is the Duchess of Rockingham. Draper is loyal to his King, devoted to his country, an idol of "the North," but he is convinced, nevertheless, that, in order that it may go forward, Democracy must be first put back, and saved from the emotional dishonesty of the Cockney agitator-journalist, Mr. George John

Galloway. The portraits of Draper and the Duchess are wildly imaginative, but they are finely drawn for all that, actual in a world of their own. As the narrative draws to a close, the social and political chaos becomes a mere background for the contest between James Draper, his wife the Lady Aline, and the Duke and Duchess of Rockingham, in which contest the ex-Premier Solomon Grundy and a certain Lord Peveril play a subsidiary part. There is, perhaps, a suspicion of melodrama in the tragedy of the Duke's death, but of how many public men may it not be said that "one never know's one's Rockingham"? Mr. Snaith has a nice sense of character, a crisp, telling style, and his dialogue has point and appropriateness.

**WHITE MOTLEY.** By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell)

Among a party of happy holiday-makers who are enjoying the winter sports amid the glistening snow and the clear, hard sunshine of Switzerland, there arrives a gentle, sympathetic little woman, known as the "little widow." We have already learned of a sorrow that has shadowed her life, and we guess that she has come to Andana wishing to hide herself from the world. But she has come, too, to play a principal part in a tragedy that takes place in the white silence of the Alps, and to win incidentally the love of a good man, who, at the critical hour does all within his power to save her name from disgrace. One expects from the pen of Mr. Max Pemberton a plot that is thoroughly exciting, a story that is well written and full of incident, and in this case, at least, none will be disappointed. He has caught the true care-free atmosphere that lingers round the snow-clad peaks during the winter holiday months, and has used it for striking a vivid contrast to the dark doubt and grief that is assailing the "little widow" while she sends out her warm sympathy to all those who come in contact with her. The other characters staying at the hotel afford plenty of scope for amusement,—the irrepressible Bess Bethune, a precocious child of thirteen, two impressionable young men, who turn to the "little widow" for advice and help out of a love tangle; and many another who has part in the panoramic background to the "little widow's" sufferings and joy.

## The Bookman's Table.

**MY FRIEND'S BOOK.** By Anatole France. Translated by J. Lewis May. 6s. (John Lane)

"My Friend's Book" is not one of Anatole France's most interesting or important works, but that it possesses distinction and charm goes without saying. It is in main the recollections of a man about his childhood and upbringing. The life of a small Parisian of the nineteenth century is shown us with that delicacy of touch and emotion, with that kind of faint hint of gentle irony, for which Anatole France is so famous. There is little plot in the story—in fact, there is no plot at all in one sense. The tale just winds along through the remembered episodes of youth, here bright with the curious, precise details of memory, there hazy with the usual lapses of recollection. The psychology of children has a singular attraction for Anatole France. Probably it is that his own memories are peculiarly vivid and that all his books on childhood are to a large extent sheer autobiography. The exquisite and cunning ease of his style is an almost perfect medium for so simple a story as this. A child might read "My Friend's Book" with delight—a delight that would be shared by the most cultured people. There is always in Anatole France an ironic reserve which is very piquant. You never quite know whether his tongue is not in his cheek. One need only read the long conversation at the end of this book between Octave, Laure, and Raymond upon the subject of fairy tales to be conscious of the feeling. That vague suggestion of a mocking smile that hovers over all his work gives it a rare flavour that is all its own, gives it a subtle and almost indefinable personality. You might as well try to explain why it is that certain rooms affect one so

queerly, or certain scents, or certain silences even. And what makes Anatole France especially fascinating is the fact that his mockery is so kindly that you never quite know whether it is mockery. It is as elusive as a name that is on one's lips but will not shape itself into a word. This translation appears to be competently made, but, of course, any translation of a French stylist loses some precious essence which simply cannot survive in an alien tongue. That is a sad but undeniable truth.

**OUR VILLAGE HOMES.** By Hugh Aronson. 2s. 6d. net. (Murby.)

As Lord Henry Bentinck says in a brief preface to this little handbook, Mr. Aronson's writing is here and there tinged with party feeling, and we regret this fact the more that in many respects Mr. Aronson shows himself to be a careful and sober observer of the condition of rural England to-day. He is not so dithyrambic in his denunciations as Mr. F. E. Green, but at the same time he hits hard, and he has a great deal of strong criticism to offer upon the action and the inaction in recent years of the Local Government Board. Mr. Aronson estimates very fairly, as it seems to us, the respective merits of the Bill introduced by Sir Arthur Griffith Boscawen and of that prepared by the Rural League, and it is clear that he does not expect salvation to be achieved by the passage of either of these two projected measures. Like many other students of the same problem, Mr. Aronson looks to what has been accomplished in Ireland recently as the most hopeful example of what can be done, and he argues that the same remedy, if applied in England, would meet with not dissimilar results. The Irish system, he says, should be applied until the wages of agricultural labour can be raised, after which the system of State grants should be withdrawn, and he goes on to suggest that this rise in wages should be effected, not by the passage of a Minimum Wage Act, but by giving to each labourer a piece of land of his own to till, and time in which to till it. In advocating this course Mr. Aronson is almost certainly on the right lines.

**SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.** By George Kitchin. 10s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

In any history of the early days of journalism L'Estrange must needs bulk largely; it was a good thought to give him a book to himself, and Mr. Kitchin has written a full biography of him that is at once painstakingly accurate and alive with interest. L'Estrange was a Royalist pamphleteer; he was imprisoned in Newgate after the Parliament triumph, but escaped. The Restoration gave him opportunities of avenging himself on his enemies and mending his own fortunes, and he was not slow to profit by them. He was active in bringing authors and publishers of seditious books to punishment, and presently the office of "Surveyor of the Press" was created for him, and he obtained a monopoly of the printing and publishing of news and advertisements. His three first newspapers, *The Intelligencer*, *The News*, and the *City Mercury* were ably conducted, but the journalistic rivals he had supplanted or suppressed fiercely resented his possession of such exclusive privileges, and before long they were curtailed. Other papers came into existence under other editors, but until the Revolution he remained one of the most powerful and influential of the Royalist journalists and pamphleteers, and also one of the most unscrupulous. He was coarser and more abusive than Defoe became later on the other side; he was scurrilous and slanderous to a degree, though whilst he had the power he gagged and persecuted his brother-journalists without mercy. But there is more than a touch of romance about his record; he was a strong and interesting personality, and remains for ever a significant figure in the history of journalism, to which history Mr. Kitchin has made a very welcome and valuable contribution. There are several illustrations in facsimile and from old prints, and a good reproduction of Kneller's portrait of L'Estrange.

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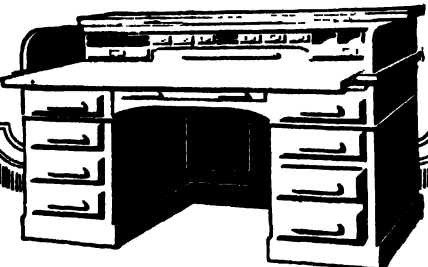
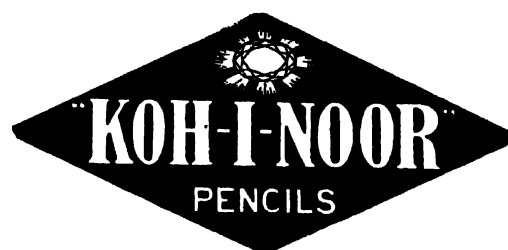
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By A. W. DIMOCK.  
With 93 Illustrations from Photographs by JULIAN A. DIMOCK. 7s. 6d. net. (Palmer)

Mr. Dimock is, as this book will show you in a moment, an experienced tarpon fisherman, and, like all others of his ilk, he has an enthusiasm for the tarpon which is almost boundless. "The tarpon meets every demand the sport of fishing can make. He fits the light fly-rod as no trout ever dreamed of doing and leaps high out of the water a hundred times for every



## THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1913



**EDMUND BURKE.**  
*From The Windham  
Papers*  
(Jenkins).

once that a brook trout clears the surface. When grown to the size of an average man he is no less active, although he will snap a line of thirty threads and break a hickory hoe handle, as you or I would break a reed." And again, "To one who knows the tarpon, the feeble efforts of the salmon to live up to its own reputation are saddening." Besides, it is a handsome fish— a really beautiful creature, as anybody who has seen these photos must admit. To those in search of sport, "The Book of the Tarpon" will be an eye-opener, while the

photographs with which it is illustrated are nothing short of marvellous.

### REMINISCENCES OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE.

By LADY MACDONELL.  
With 16 Portraits  
7s 6d net. (Black)

The life of the diplomatist has a fascination for the general reader which is equalled probably by no other calling. The reasons for this are probably two-fold; firstly, because he nearly always has a wide experience of several foreign countries, while, secondly, he is supposed to be the depository of "state secrets" and hardly-won information. Lady Macdonell first met her husband in 1869, when he was holding a Secretaryship at Buenos Ayres, and his fortunes subsequently took her to Madrid, Berlin, Rome, and Munich, and with her husband as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Rio de Janeiro, Copenhagen, and Lisbon. About her varied experiences and the many interesting people whom she met, Lady Macdonell writes in a pleasantly chatty manner, and her book affords many interesting sidelights upon the history of the last forty years.



**DR JOHNSON.**  
*From The Windham  
Papers*  
(Jenkins).

### THE DALESMAN.

By A. WREN RUMNEY With  
14 Illustrations 5s. net. (Titus  
Wilson, Kendal)

Around a somewhat slender central plot Mr Rumney hangs a number of delightful studies of the scenery and characters of the English Lake District. If regarded as a novel "The Dalesman" is no more than conventional, but no reader of the book will be content to regard it as a novel. Mr. Rumney clearly possesses a deep knowledge and love of the Lake District, he has a true sense of humour and the ability to

draw character. Moreover, the dialect which he frequently introduces is well managed and seldom or never troublesome. "The Dalesman" is an unusual and altogether charming piece of work—and the photographs with which it is illustrated are exceedingly fine

### WEST INDIAN TALES OF OLD.

By ALGERNON E. ASPINALL.  
With 43 Illustrations. (Duck-  
worth.)

In a couple of earlier volumes Mr. Aspinall has proved how thorough is his acquaintance with the West Indies, and the attractive book now before

us goes far to strengthen the high opinion of the author which we had formed from his earlier work. In their time the West Indies have had their full share of the more exciting episodes of the world's history, but these stories will come, nevertheless, comparatively freshly to the general reader. Whether he is dealing with the exploits of the brave Benbow or with the unexplained Barbados mystery (in which lead coffins play a leading part), Mr. Aspinall writes brightly and vividly. Among travellers and those who enjoy such romances of the past, "West Indian Tales of Old" will find a ready market.

### A MONTESSORI MOTHER.

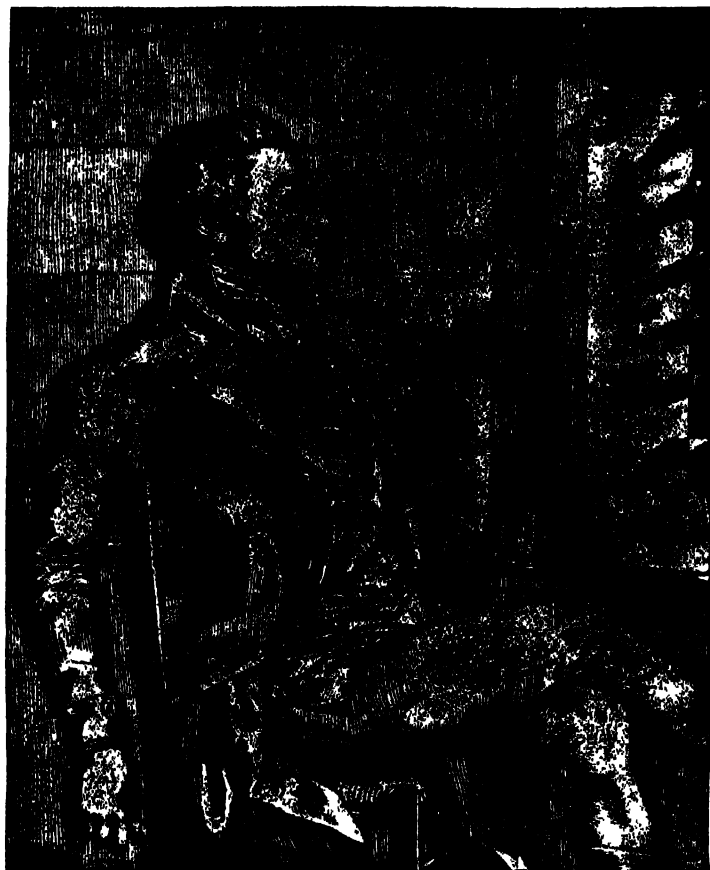
By DOROTHY CANFIELD  
FISHER With 20 Illustrations  
4s. 6d. net.  
(Constable)

To those who may not know what is meant by the Montessori Method we would say that it is by far the most important theory for the education of young

children put forward since the general adoption of the kindergarten. And it is something more than a theory; it is successful in practice. "Children's Homes" are now flourishing in Rome, and Dr. Montessori is giving direct instruction in her method to a number of teachers who have come to her from all parts of the world. It must, however, naturally be some time before Montessori schools are properly organised in this country, and in the meantime there comes this valuable book from the pen of a lady who has had a considerable experience of Dr. Montessori's work. Mrs. Fisher writes in a clear and untechnical manner, and the volume contains an appreciative introduction by Mr. E. G. A. Holmes, the well-known writer upon educational topics.



**CHARLES JAMES FOX.**  
*From The Windham  
Papers*  
(Jenkins).



*From The Windham Papers* **SIR SIDNEY SMITH IN PRISON.**  
(Jenkins). Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

1s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

We are glad to have this collected edition of Lindsay Gordon's poems. The quality of the verse is uneven, of course, but at times it touches a very high mark. Deep melancholy broods over the poems, so that we get to understand the tragic self-destruction that ended Gordon's life at Melbourne on June 23rd, 1870—the very day his "Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes" were first published. Now, after more than forty-two years have passed, we can more justly appraise the poet's work than contemporary critics could. The swing and quick movement of "From the Wreck"; the vigour of such a verse as this:

'Then a steel-shod rush and a steel-clad ring,  
And a crash of the spear staves splintering,  
And the billowy battle blended'



Frontispiece to Oliver  
Goldsmith, Regent Library.  
(Herbert & Daniel).

ARBELLA STUART.

By B C HARDY. Illustrated. 12s. 6d net.  
(Constable)

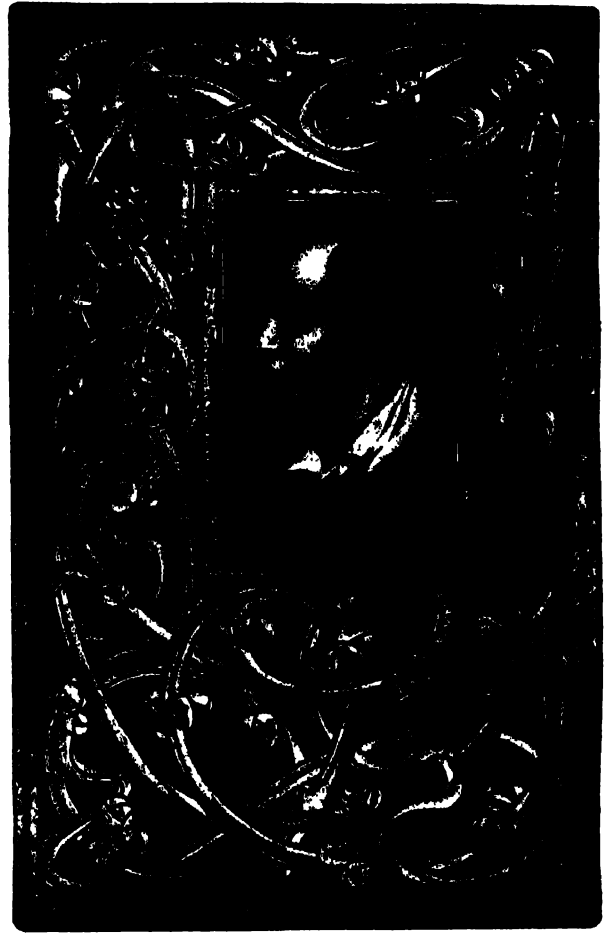
The story of Arbella, or Arabella Stuart, is one of the lesser tales of great misfortune befalling high estate. Cousin to Queen Elizabeth, standing in close affinity to the English crown, if fortune had smiled on her birth she might have been Queen of England in her own right, by alliance she might have been Duchess of Lennox, Duchess of Parma, Duchess of Holstein, Princess of Nassau, Queen of Poland, Queen of Spain, Queen of France, or even (by marriage with her cousin, James VI. of Scotland) Queen of Great Britain, for every one of these marriages had been proposed for her, and been passed by. She was a grand-daughter of grand old Bess of Hardwick, from whose masterful ways she had at times much to endure. But her great sorrows came through her secret marriage to William Seymour,



Frontispiece to Poems by John Dryden  
(Blackie).

Riot of chargers, revel of blows,  
And fierce, flush'd faces of fighting foes,  
From croup to bridle that reel'd and rose  
In a sparkle of sword-play splendid!

and the beauty and wealth of description in some of the sea-poems, all reveal the gifts of Adam Lindsay Gordon. It is curious to think of Gordon as a member of the Australian Parliament, but so he was for two brief sessions in the days of his prosperity. The anonymous introduction, critical and biographical, to this edition of Gordon's poems is both sympathetic and discerning. If Gordon's appeal is directly to the Australian, it is still true that there are many lovers of good verse in England to whom the appeal is no less irresistible.



Frontispiece to Plays and Poems by Oliver Goldsmith  
(Blackie).

later Marquis of Hertford, which earned for both King James's displeasure and separate imprisonment. Romantic is the tale, and it has inspired poet and novelist from her own day down till 1844, when G. P. R. James published his "Arabella Stuart," which was popular enough in its own time but has long since gone the way of all dull books and is no longer remembered. Since then there have been several biographies, long or short, and the present work is derived from these and from the rich collections of private correspondence belonging to the period. It gives a very lively and sympathetic portrait of a woman who filled no little space in the Court and the life of her day, and whose griefs were nearly as poignant as those of Mary of Scotland, but less legendary.



Frontispiece to George  
Eliot, Regent Library  
(Herbert & Daniel).

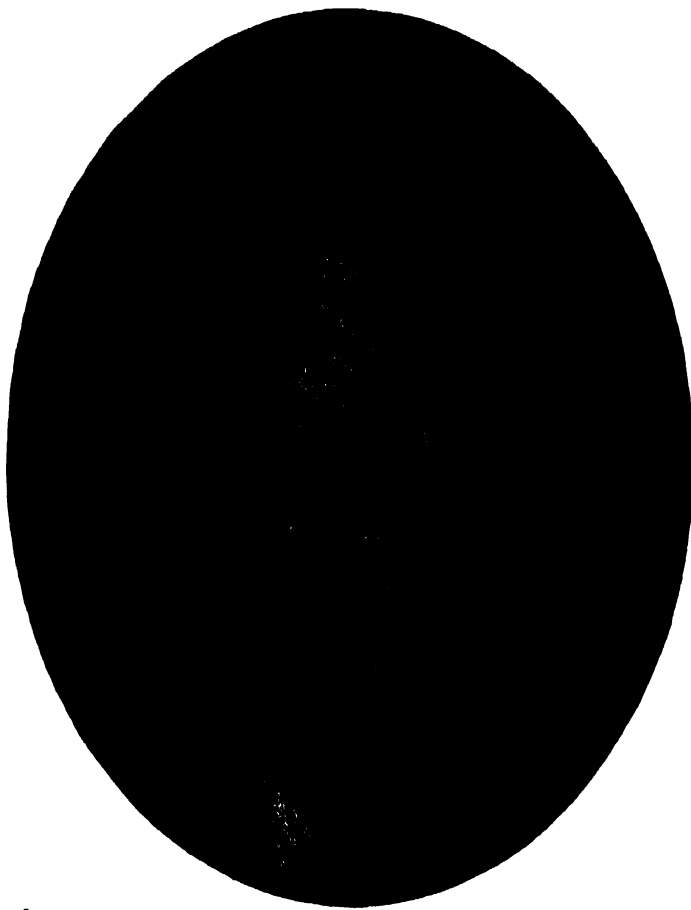
# THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1913

## THE YOUTH OF HENRY VIII.

A Narrative in Contemporary Letters. By FRANK ARTHUR MUMBY. 10s 6d. net. (Constable & Co.)

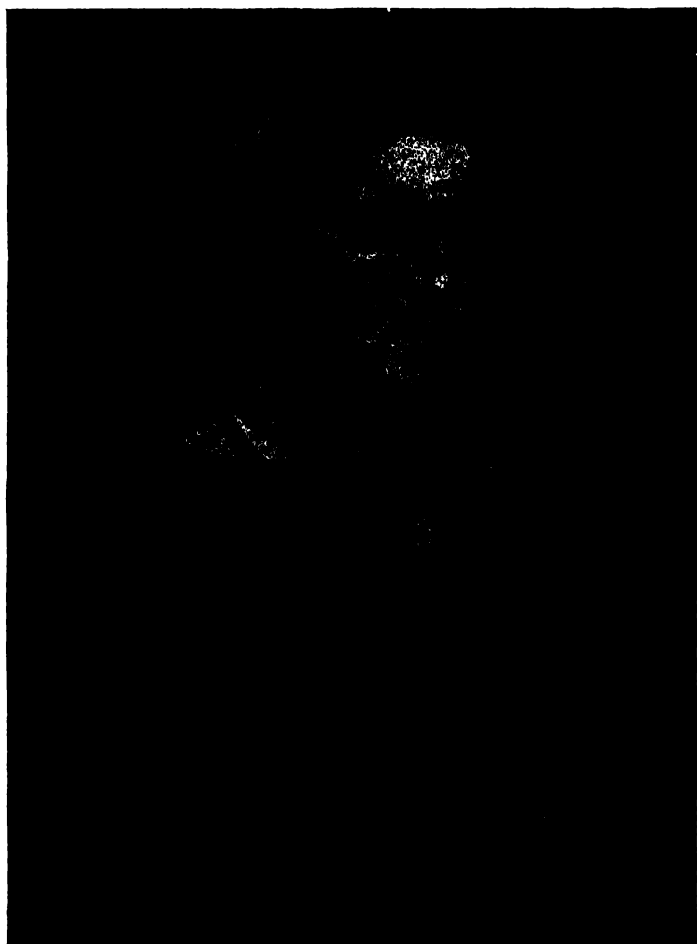
Mr. Frank Arthur Mumby has conceived a plan of relating the whole history of England in a very vivid and attractive way. He has already done some good work in collecting and editing examples of the art of the best modern letter writers. A year or two ago he went back to the early days of Queen Elizabeth, and composed a delightful story of her girlhood by means of letters written by the young princess and the persons around her. It was the success of this novel essay in historical narrative that inspired him with the large project of telling the entire history of our country by means of contemporary letters written at the time when events occurred. And now, in "The Youth of Henry VIII," Mr. Mumby, having prepared the groundwork of his scheme, prosperously enters upon his laborious and yet pleasant task. If he can carry the whole of it out with the success he has achieved in the story of the youth of Henry VIII, he will win the gratitude of a large number of readers. I must confess that I have not studied all the letters of the early kings of England, but I should be much surprised if the art of letter-writing in the eleventh and twelfth centuries was practised so widely and so well as it was at the dawn of the English Renaissance, when King Henry VIII—young, handsome, cultivated and immensely wealthy—set out to dazzle Europe as the beau ideal of a Renaissance potentate. All that Lorenzo the Magnificent had been on a small scale Henry meant to become in a very large way. There was apparently no vice in him except a touch of vanity and vain-gloriousness, pardonable, and even natural, in a young man of his position.

"Our King," wrote Mountjoy to Erasmus in 1509, "does not desire gold, or gems, or precious metals, but virtue, glory, immortality. The other day he wished he were more learned. I said, 'That is not what we expect of your Grace, but that you will foster and encourage learned men.' 'Yea, surely,' said he,



From Arbella Stuart  
(Constable).

ARBELLA STUART  
AGED ABOUT 17.



From The Youth of Henry VIII  
(Constable).

HENRY VIII.  
From the painting in the National  
Portrait Gallery.  
Photo by Emery Walker.

'for indeed without them we should scarcely exist at all.' Make up your mind that the last day of your wretchedness has dawned. You will come to a Prince, who will say: 'Accept our wealth and be our greatest sage.'"

And here is King Henry at twenty-four, as described in the letter by the Venetian Ambassador: "His Majesty is the handsomest potentate I ever set eyes on; above the usual height, with an extremely fine calf to his leg; his complexion very fair and bright, with auburn hair combed straight and short in the French fashion, and a round face so very beautiful that it would become a pretty woman. The Queen is rather ugly, but the damsels of her court are handsome and make a sumptuous appearance."

The observant Venetian goes on to hint that the Queen, in spite of her plainness, is secure against her lovely rivals, by reason of the fact that she is about to give birth to an heir. There can be little doubt that Henry would have remained openly faithful to Catharine of Arragon if she had given him a son. On the whole, the lively and entertaining volume of letters that Mr. Mumby has collected from the *Calendars of State Papers*, the *Rolls Series*, and various other sources, is calculated to give an unprejudiced reader a good opinion of our Royal Bluebeard at the height of his glory. Generous of nature, he trusted men, and was betrayed by those nearest to him. Queen Catharine, on the other hand, does not show in her own letters any of the grace and nobility of character with which Shakespeare has endowed her. The daughter of the subtlest and craftiest intriguer in Europe, she fought for power and position with a cunning that could stoop to strange baseness. Married in her youth to Henry the Seventh's elder son, Prince Arthur, she wrote to her father that she would rather drown than leave England after the death of her husband. With a view to bringing off her re-marriage with the new heir to the throne, she suggested that her father-in-law, old King Henry the Seventh, should be won over by wedding him to her sister, Juana. At the time she wrote Juana was insane and wandering

about Castille, carrying with her the corpse of her dead husband, Philip.

It is quite likely that Catharine had fallen in love with the new Prince of Wales, and was ready to see her own mad sister become her mother-in-law, so that she in turn might marry handsome Prince Hal. But injured pride and a fierce passion for power are clearly revealed in Catharine's letters.

There are some wild dramas of naked human passions in this volume of epistles, written for the most part in the ceremonious diction with which princes addressed each other in the first part of the sixteenth century. Now and then one of the actors loses control of himself under the stress of passion and fear, and breaks out into ordinary speech, half inarticulate with emotion. Such is the letter that the Duke of Suffolk wrote to Wolsey, after he had betrayed the King's interests in France and married the widow of the French King. Wolsey's letter in reply is one of the masterpieces of English literature, its subtlety, its power, and its nice balance between a secret friendship for Suffolk and an open fidelity to the King, would have made Machiavelli envious. If Mr. Mumby can continually find material of this sort in contemporary letters, for his series of historical narratives, he will win a numerous and delighted public.

L. W.

## PAINTERS AND PAINTING.

By SIR FREDERICK WEDMORE. (Williams & Norgate.)

In this volume of the excellent Home University Library, Sir Frederick Wedmore places his extensive knowledge at the service of the reader, and, without descending from the heights of trained and disciplined taste, discourse, in friendly—one might almost say colloquial—fashion on great painters and their work. Certainly an easy book to read, and illuminating, too, in many a phrase and well directed criticism. Limitations are inevitable, Sir Frederick explains that all schools cannot be included, "and several men, really great, who have been discussed too much, I scarcely discuss at all." But Blake is not even mentioned, and the Japanese artists are left out. After that, we must put up with hearing nothing about Post-



From Mrs Gaskell: *Homes, Haunts, and Stories*, of which Sir J. Pitman & Sons are about to issue a new edition.

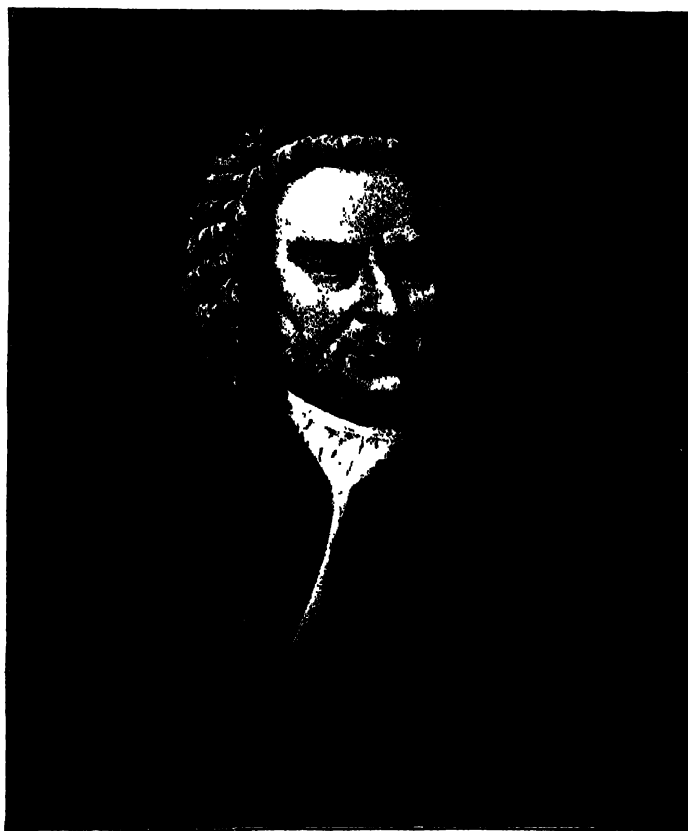
ELIZABETH CLEG-HORN STEVENSON (MRS. GASKELL) BEFORE HER MARRIAGE. From a miniature painted about 1840. Photo by Harrick Brooks, Manchester

bery, executed with that meticulous attention to detail which adds social value to Mr. Newte's work. From the moment when Julie Potter is encountered studying "The Ladies' and Gentlemen's Complete Guide to Conduct and Deportment in Every Circumstance in Life" to the thrilling *dénouement*, the reader's interest is kept on an almost

## A "YOUNG LADY."

By HORACE W. C. NEWTE. (Chatto & Windus.)

Thackeray would have enjoyed this absorbing study of suburban snobbery, executed with that meticulous attention to detail which adds social value to Mr. Newte's work. From the moment when Julie Potter is encountered studying "The Ladies' and Gentlemen's Complete Guide to Conduct and Deportment in Every Circumstance in Life" to the thrilling *dénouement*, the reader's interest is kept on an almost painful stretch of attention. Julie's infatuation for Bert Spatcher, "one of the k-nuts," her business experiences in the city, and the masterful intrusion into her life of Kenneth Woodward, together with a whole contemporary portrait gallery of suburban types, form a living, closely knit narrative. Hints there are of May morning romance, even of primitive passion, and the inimitable Mr. Applebee, the taxidermist, provides refreshing humour. Paltry social pretences, affectations and mean ambitions are exposed in "A 'Young Lady'" with relentless power. The discovery of Mr. Marble's occupation—he was a carver in a city restaurant—and its appalling effect on the "select" Woodbridge folk, makes one hope this novel will be read by the pathetically stunted women who "give tone" to the Woodbridges of London. Beyond the fact that Mr. Newte overworks the verb "perceive," we have nothing but praise for his new novel.



From *Great Composers in Love and Marriage* (Long).

B. J. H. Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.



From Painters and Paintings CHARDIN: LE BÉNÉDICITE.  
(Williams & Norgate). Louvre, Photo Alinari

## A GREAT COQUETTE.

By JOSEPH TURQUAN. With 16 Illustrations. 12s 6d.  
net. (Jenkins.)

"My book," says M. Turquan, "contains the history of a woman who fascinated at every step." Yet even he finds it difficult entirely to account for the secret of Madame Récamier's fascination. It can be granted that she was beautiful --extraordinarily so-- but even her beauty was of a

cold and passionless type. She had no wit, no particular charm of manner. "She was too commonplace to have real intelligence. Without being silly, she was far from being a superior woman, as Madame de Stael would like us to believe. . . . She was a perfect mistress of the art of being bored without showing her weariness. Her heart, source of every beautiful action, generous thought, and originality of intelligence, had been dried up in her worship of vanity." And yet among her "salon" were numbered many of the most distinguished men of her time, she was universally courted, flattered, and adored. She is indeed, as M. Turquan shows so well, a curious study, and one of unusual interest. The anonymous translator of "A Great Coquette" appears to have done his work remarkably well, for the book is both idiomatic and easy reading.



From A Great Coquette  
(Jenkins)

MADAME TALLIEN AND  
MADAME RÉCAMIER.  
After the painting by Marguerite  
Gérard in the Bordeaux  
Museum.  
Photo, Artigue.

From An Exiled King.  
(Hutchinson).

KING GUSTAF ADOLF IV. AND HIS  
QUEEN, FREDRIKA DOROTHEA  
WILHELMINA.

## LIFE'S CHANCES.

By MARJORIE CROSBIE. 1s. (Alfred Hinde.)

In this collection of verse by Miss Marjorie Crosbie there is much that is very pretty and thoughtful. Miss Crosbie is fluent and graceful, and in the philosophy and facile melody of her poems challenges comparison with Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, but for the most part the poems have a note of sadness in them, they have not the flashing optimism, the triumphant hope, that makes Mrs. Wilcox's work so universally popular. Nevertheless, Miss Crosbie now and then touches a lighter, happier note very pleasantly; and her purely descriptive verses are charming and vividly realised. Her sadness is, we believe, no more than the sadness of youth; she is young enough still to feel the joy of grief; and when another year or two have ripened her gift and added to her experience we predict that she will give us lyrics that shall be tenderer than these perhaps, though not so pensive. It is only when one has really trodden the sorrowful way that one learns how to be happy. Meanwhile, we are glad to have this little book of thoughtful and very promising poems.

**MOLIÈRE.**

*Euvres complètes en Six Volumes. Avec une Notice sur Molière par EMILK FAGUET, de l'Académie française 1fr 25c. net le volume (Nelson.)*

In this age of the world it is hard to be original, as authors and publishers alike know too well. Something like a miracle of originality, however, has been accomplished by the firm of Nelson; for a glance at the bookstalls will show you multitudes of shilling and of sevenpenny reprints that were never there till the Nelson tactics proved the possibility of victory on those desperate lines. Just now, in a specially delightful sense, Nelson has conquered "that sweet enemy, France." The "Collection Nelson" provides exactly what is wanted in England, namely, a choice of the best French literature, new and old, in cheap volumes,



*From The Complete Works of Molière (Nelson).*

**DON GARCIE DE NAVARRE (ACTE II., SCÈNE V.)**



*From The Complete Works of Molière (Nelson).*

**LE TARTUFFE (ACTE IV., SCÈNE IV.)**



*From The Complete Works of Molière (Nelson).*

**LES FOURBERIES DE SCAPIN (ACTE III., SCÈNE II.)**



*From The Complete Works of Molière (Nelson).*

**L'ECOLE DES FEMMES (ACTE V., SCÈNE IV.)**

not too large for the pocket or too small for the shelf, sound in text, legible in type, and (oh, great desideratum!) clad in covers of something stronger than Parisian paper. To that collection a most happy addition has been made in the shape of a complete Molière in six charming white and gold volumes, adorned with prints, and enriched as well with a long general preface, and a short introduction to each play from the pen of the most distinguished of living French critics. Ten or fifteen years ago you would have thought these volumes really cheap at half-a-crown apiece. In these happier days they sell at 1fr 25, which, being interpreted, is neither more nor less than the nimble shilling. Such a venture will not lack a generous English welcome,

## THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1913

for French, completely French, as Molière is, he has qualities that make him specially attractive to the countrymen of Shakespeare and Dickens, of Sterne and Bernard Shaw. We in England who have taken Don Quixote and Sancho Panza to our bosoms as if they were, like Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, part of our national mythology, are not likely to let the accident of nationality lessen our admiration for Molière. We know Tartuffe well, though we sometimes call him Mr. Pecksniff. We have our George Dandin, though we have solemnized him and stiffened him out with British starch and side-whiskers into Mr. Dombey. Even the fault that M. Faguet urges when he calls Molière "un grand écrivain négligé" is pardoned more easily beside the Thames than beside the Seine. Not, by any means, that England is indifferent to form—that, surely, cannot be urged against the land that gave birth to Milton and Shelley. What makes the Briton restive is not form but formalism. We do not care for a poet with a marble style if his heart is marble too. The grandeur of remoteness that distinguishes French tragedy is an impediment rather than an attraction to the Englishman. The noble classic figures seem to move and have their being against the background of a world that is vast and menacing, but dim, aloof, and unpopulated. In that world are passions, but no people; it is not the world in which folk eat and drink and are merry—and die. In that tragic world people do not die; they slay or are slain, or they perish. One is conscious of the few who suffer and of the immortals who sport with them, but not of humankind at large. This, remember, is not so much what French classic tragedy is, as what the generality of Englishmen find it. Shakespeare by contrast teems with life. In and beyond his plays you hear the hum and whirr of the world, and you hear it, though more faintly, in Molière. This, you exclaim, is the world we know, the world, not of passions, but of foibles, where much is terrible, but where much more is ridiculous. The world of Molière is not the world of a few, a super-few, whose voices reverberate to the skies. It is just the mingled concourse of men, various and unexalted, of amusing rogues who cheat, and honest fellows who are cheated, the worst with something good in them, the best redeemed by something humanly foolish.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

### ANCIENT GREECE.

By H. B. COTTERILL, M.A. With nearly 150 Illustrations in Half-tone and Line, and 5 Plates in Colour. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

"Ancient Greece" is the first volume of a new series of histories—the Great Nations—which Messrs. Harrap are publishing. Mr. Cotterill's aim has been to treat adequately every aspect of the Greek civilization in the course of a volume which is neither of unwieldy size or length. Beginning with the Achæan supremacy in the Ægean

civilization he traces the whole history of the country until the Rise of Macedonia in the time of Philip and Alexander the Great. His attention is also largely devoted to the art and literature of the country, and his book will be found invaluable as a handy guide to the Grecian spirit. The volume, which is most liberally illustrated, will shortly be followed by others on Rome, France, Germany, Ireland, Scotland, and Mediæval Italy.

### THE MATING OF LYDIA.

By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

There are haunting echoes in Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel, "The Mating of Lydia." "Armored of Lyonesse" comes back to the memory, with its story of

the two artistic natures, the woman preternaturally serene and harmonious, the man falling but only to rise again, exceeding human. Here, too, in this story of the Cumberland dales, the man rises on stepping stones of his dead self to higher things. He is the moral of the tale and perhaps for that very reason is a little unreal, just misses capturing our sympathy. Even his creator seems to hurry over him a little impatiently. The other moral of the tale, the collector who tramples everything, family ties, sympathy with his kind, everything and anything human, in his mad mania, is also unreal, more so than his victim. He is a Frankenstein's monster.

Lydia, on the contrary, lives. She is a product of the age which is emancipating women. She will be superior to the old commonplace affections of her sex. The beauty of the

world is enough for her. She will only have dealings with men on equal terms, as comrades in the pursuit of the good and beautiful. She would insist on possessing the new dignity and joy added to a woman's life by the march of events, having her soul in her own keeping. "Yet perhaps the Spirit of Irony took note of these new forms in which the natural vanity and the possessive instincts of the sex may now assert themselves." True, for the Spirit of Irony pervades the book. Strong in her new philosophy, blind to its effect on other less ethereal natures, she rejects the young Greek god, but tries to keep him as a comrade, with disastrous results. Her other comradeship, that with the tempted man, contains in itself from the very first the germ of what will eventually level all her magnificent theories with the dust, and show her just as much a woman as her foolish old Mrs. Nickleby of a mother.

The book professes to be a disquisition on the use of wealth. Underneath this obvious motif there is another, perhaps introduced semi-consciously, and certainly more interesting, the subtle resemblance between different forms of selfishness. Lydia determined on enjoying the beauties of nature and art without the intrusion of old-fashioned



From Ancient Greece (Harrap).



love; the great lady at the hall keeping to herself her throbbing pleasure in the Cumberland countryside—a remarkable portrait, and as modern as Lydia herself; Faversham, the tempted, determined on retaining the prestige accruing from the possession of priceless cameos; and the Frankenstein's monster who, with all his mania for collecting, does collect the most beautiful things—all these are companions in selfishness. And note the curious fact that the arrival of Faversham and his cameos brings out the old collector's love of beauty, almost hidden under the crust of acquisitiveness. The one really unselfish character in the book, the Greek god, Lord Tatham, is most cruelly treated by fortune, even the marriage hastily arranged for him at the end we feel to be cruel. In many ways he is the greatest success of all the *dramatis personæ*. Ultra-modern yet absolutely sane and sympathetic, he is a splendid type, a fine creation, one that seems to glow with warmth under his creator's loving delineation.

W. A. F.

### THE MOSLEM CHRIST.

An Essay on the Life, Character, and Teachings of Jesus Christ according to the Koran and Orthodox Tradition.  
By SAMUEL R. ZWEMER, D.D., F.R.G.S. 3s. 6d. net. (Ophiant, Anderson & Fernier.)

Dr. Zwemer is a well-known antagonist of Islam in the missionary field, and he has now added another volume to several preceding works directed against the Moslem faith. Much of this present book will be chiefly useful to those directly concerned in combating the teaching of Mohammed—a whole chapter, indeed, is given up to the question, "How to preach Christ to Moslems who know Jesus"—but the general reader will also find many things of interest. It is well to know the official Moslem view of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and to learn what is written in that strange medley of writings, the Koran, concerning Him. Both these points are explained with great thoroughness by Dr. Zwemer, and the statements and quotations given may be accepted with confidence. The text of the Koran is taken from Palmer's translation, and the standard commentaries used are those of Berdhawi, Zamakhshari, and Jellalain. A good bibliography is added.

### NEW WINE AND OLD BOTTLES.

By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

When we catch sight of the name Scroose on the first page of Miss Constance Smedley's new book, it raises hopes

that we may perhaps be going to meet again some of the delightful acquaintances we made in "Commoners' Rights." But although the scene is again laid among the Cotswold Hills, none of the people we knew come down from Chipping-dun into the present story. Nevertheless, the new acquaintances we meet in Scroose are quite as attractive as the old, and in some cases even more so. "New Wine

and Old Bottles" impresses one in its opening chapters as a keenly interesting story, but it is not until we near the end that we realise the underlying motive of the plot and the great skill with which the author secures her objects. We have nothing but praise for the book and its ideals. Needless to say, Miss Smedley understands her characters through and through, and writes with sympathy and kindly humour of their doings. Readers of the story will long remember Miss Valentine, and her brother who receives such mysteriously heavy packages by rail, Mr. Griggs, the tailor, who designs all the dresses for Miss Valentine's Pageant, Mr. Dobbs, who dogs all Mr. Valentine's movements, suspecting that he is an anarchist, the Beverleys, Mr. Lawrence, the Pringles, and the many others so vividly portrayed in Miss Smedley's stimulating and powerful new book.



From Ancient Greece (Harrop)



From Ancient Greece (Harrop).



From Ancient Greece (Harrop).



From *Dream Cities*,  
which will be published shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

BUDUA FROM THE WEST.

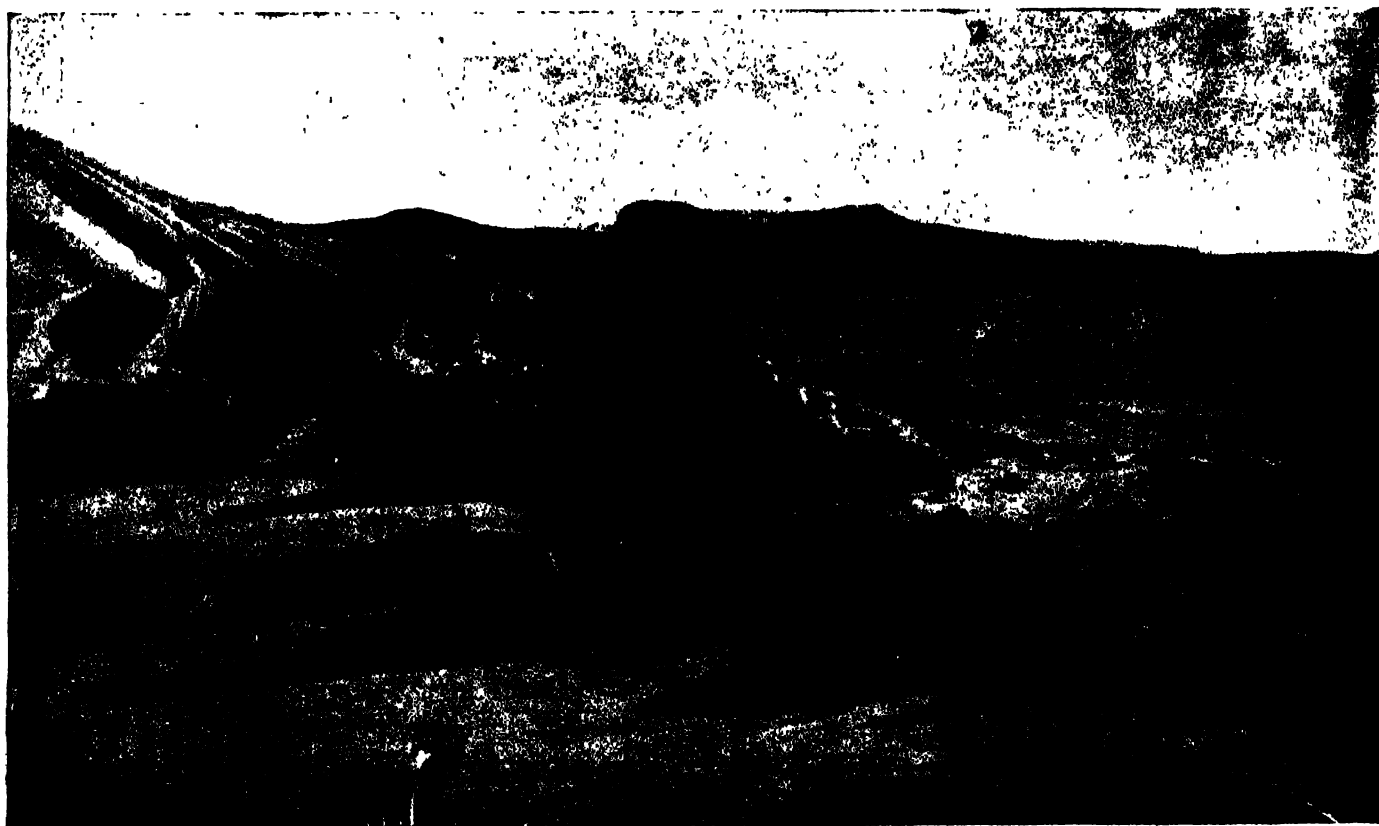
in foul nights and fair around our coasts. As to the scope of the work, the author says that he has endeavoured to give a brief but interesting account of our lighthouses and other sea-marks; and, seeing that the book is intended for the general reader, technical and statistical details have been kept down. At the same time, sufficient of the former is given for the reader to understand somewhat how the latest beaconlight is

## BRITISH LIGHTHOUSES:

*Their History and Romance.* By J. SAXBY WRYDE. With 73 Illustrations. 10s 6d. (Fisher Unwin)

Here we have a book that should fill a "felt want." Until it came, we had nothing quite of its kind. Books on seagoing craft, general and particular, on sailormen in all their colourful variety, on long-shore life, the sea and almost all that therein is, we had galore; but, with the exception of W. J. Hardy's "Lighthouses"—a book that differs largely from this one—this is the first attempt to give us a somewhat connected story of the "sailor's candles" that shine so mercifully from their tall "sticks"

made to do its work of warning and guiding seamen in dangerous places. As Mr. Wryde says, to have described every lighthouse in detail would have been monotonous indeed; he has been far wiser in giving "a simple description of the more important lighthouses, on an imaginary voyage round our coasts," and in tracing clearly, with here and there that touch of romance which illuminates stolid history, "the gradual growth of the warning signal, from the wood fire in cresset, to the electric arc whose brilliancy is computed in millions of candles." The book is well illustrated, the reproductions from sketches of such places as Cromer Church and East Cliff, Ramsgate lighthouse and harbour, and Swansea bay being particularly good.



From *Lost in the Arctic* (Heinemann).

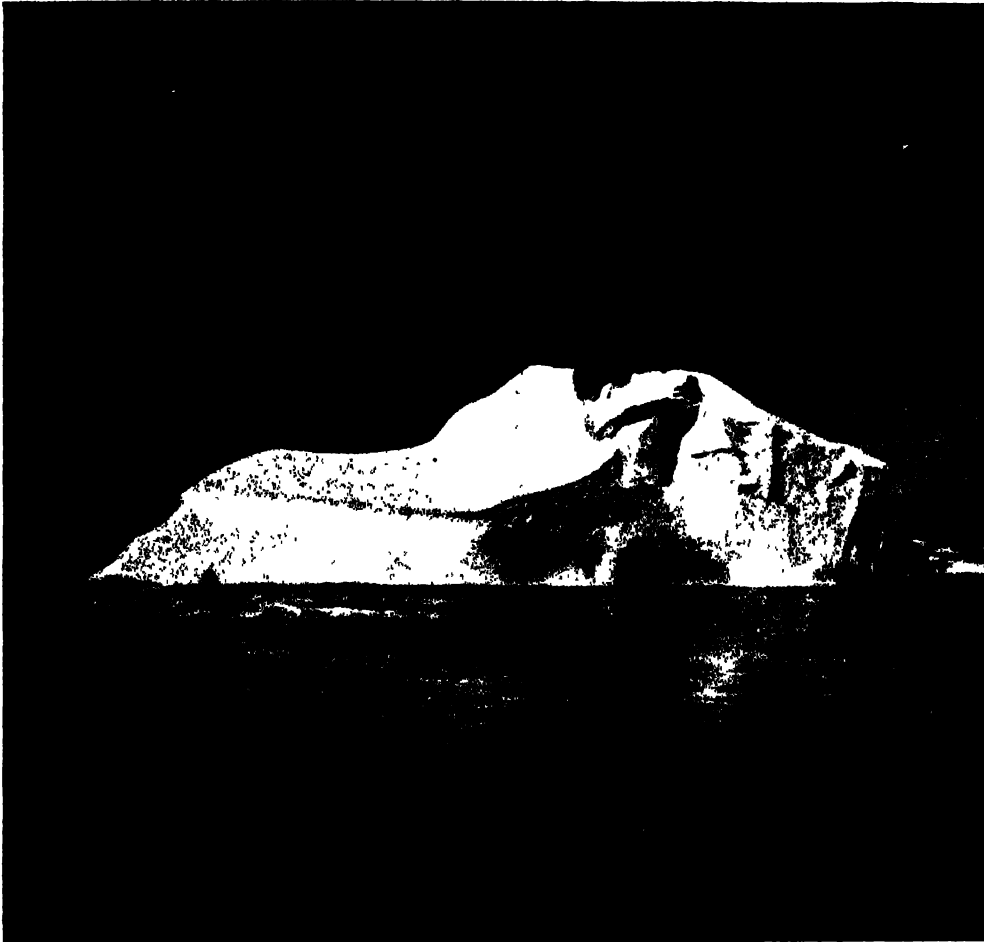
See review, "The White, White North," by J. E. Patterson.

**ROS-  
WITHA:  
BEING  
LEAVES  
FROM THE  
LIFE OF MY  
LITTLE  
DAUGHTER.**

By OTTO  
ERNST.  
Translated  
by A. C.  
CATON. 5s.  
(A.C.Caton.)

This very charming study of child-life has just been translated from the German by Miss A. C. Caton. The author has a remarkable sympathy with children, and the many touches of quaint humour and the amusing anecdotes scattered through the pages, make Roswitha a real and human, and altogether lovable little creature. The

book is refreshing and original; it deals solely with incidents in the life of a bright and happy little girl, and they are natural, perhaps even ordinary incidents, just as she is a natural and perhaps even ordinary child, but it is the simplicity of the book, the total lack of any affectation or straining after effect that makes it so thoroughly readable and so specially appealing to all child-lovers. The translation itself is so ably done that it does not read like a translation. One can open the book at almost any



From *Lost in the Arctic* (Heinemann)

AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

page and find some delightfully amusing little story about Roswitha, or about one of the many people who make up Roswitha's world. She is a little sprite dancing merrily through it, leaving behind a trail of happy memories, which her father has caught between the covers of this volume, and kept there, that others who have never met her may know and love Roswitha too.

**FLORIDA  
TRAILS.**

By WIN-  
THROP PACK-  
ARD With  
41 Illustra-  
tions from

Photographs by the Author and Others 7s. 6d net. (Palmer.)

In its flora and fauna Florida is richer than almost any other part of the world, and the impressions of this enthusiastic naturalist, Mr. Winthrop Packard, are well worth reading. The writer is frank enough in regard to his own shortcomings. "Huh!" said one of the local fishermen, "he didn't even know what a garfish was." But, as this book shows, occasional ignorance of Mr. Packard's type can be a good deal more instructive than another man's



From *British Lighthouses*  
(Dawson).

THE SOUTH LIGHTHOUSE, LUNDY ISLAND.  
(Gibson & Sons, Penzance.)

## THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1913

knowledge, and many of his sketches are curious indeed. Such is that devoted to the seven thousand pelicans which cover the face of a three-acre island at breeding time, and which, having broken down all the mangrove trees on their island, have become ground builders rather than leave it. But there is something in the book for everybody who takes the least interest in natural history, while many of the photographs with which it is illustrated are of considerable beauty.

### FORTUNES FOR FARMERS.

By BERNARD  
GILBERT. With 1  
Illustrations. 2s.  
net. (Palmer)

England, Mr. Gilbert thinks, still offers an opening for the farmer. There is no need for him to emigrate; he can, if he chooses and sets about it in the right way, easily make a living "off the land" in this country. The writer takes, for example, the specific case of the Lincolnshire farmers. "In my immediate locality are a number of young farmers, between twenty-five and thirty-five years, who are progressing rapidly, taking more and more land, up-to-date, enterprising, and ever ready to try new methods. Some were labourers ten years ago, saved a little money, took a small holding, and never looked back; others were started by their fathers, mostly in a small way, and have gone forward." And the secret of it all is no more than enterprise and modern methods. Mr. Gilbert, for instance, has the utmost scorn for the absurd attitude of the majority of farmers towards the motor-car. Why be prejudiced against an invention which may clearly be adapted in such a manner that it may prove of the utmost practical use in agriculture? And why always row corn, when very often much



*Iron Heals*  
(Cambridge University Press)

STUDY OF *AQUILEGIA VULGARIS*.

true dweller in the woods the volume is one worth keeping no less for its information than for the way in which it is given. The illustrations are invaluable, and make clear everything in the text. We are shown leaf and bud and flower and fruit, and an especially interesting point is that we have photographs of several trees in winter when the lack of foliage allowed the structural arrangement of the bole and branches to be

clearly seen. Very interesting are the scraps and tit-bits of folk-lore and history that gather around particular trees. How many of us remember that the city of Ravenna and the famous Rialto Bridge at Venice are built on piles of alder? Or that the fruit of the ash-tree used to be pickled when it was green and tender, and eaten as a "delicate salad"?

more money may be made in fruit or vegetables? "Fortunes for Farmers" is a stirring, common-sense and practical book. Every farmer should be compelled to digest its teaching.

### TREES AND HOW THEY GROW.

By G. CLARKE  
NUTTALL. 1 Sc.  
With 149 Illustrations. 6 net.  
(Cassell & Co)

This is a charming and useful book, describing twenty-five British trees, and all about them, from the cradle to the grave, from seed to root, their ways and appearance and whims, their domestic and interior habits and characteristics, the uses to which they can be put by mankind, in short everything interesting or necessary to know about all the trees of Great Britain. Written with a real love for the "tall tree," it hardly with the passion of the



From Florida Trails  
(Palmer).

A LITTLE BLUE HERON AND HER NEST;  
THE COMMONEST FLORIDA HERON.

CAMP  
AND  
TRAMP  
IN  
AFRI-  
CAN  
WILDS.

By E. TOR-  
DAY. With  
42 illus-  
trations  
and a Map  
16s. net.  
(Seeley,  
Service &  
Co.)

In this  
remarkable  
book Mr.  
Torday



From Trees and How They Grow

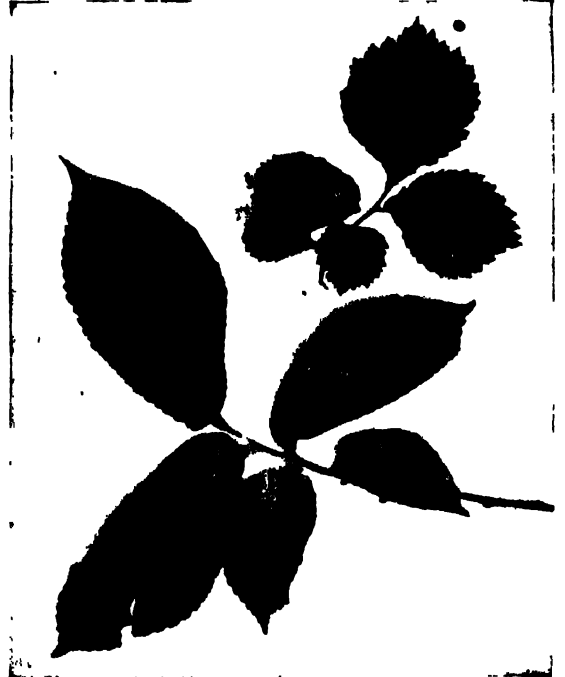
ELM TREES IN WINTER, SHOWING BRANCHING.

tribes, find-  
ing real  
friendships  
among the  
chiefs and  
their people,  
learning to  
understand  
and to love  
them. His  
book is a  
noble re-  
cord, and  
offers an ex-  
cellent in-  
stance of  
what the  
right type  
of man and  
the right  
way of deal-  
ing with the  
native in his



CONES AND LEAVES OF LARCH.

gives an account of  
his adventures and  
experiences from  
1900 to 1907 in the  
Congo. Though its  
record finished six  
years ago, it is re-  
markable because it  
remains fresh and  
valuable, and be-  
cause it ignores  
merely topical mat-  
ters of great interest  
at a certain moment  
and soon stale. But  
most of all it is re-  
markable because of  
the attitude of the  
writer to the natives  
with whom he came  
in contact. All  
through the book he  
shows himself wise,  
discerning, tolerant,  
sympathetic and  
understanding to the  
native and his point



LEAVES OF WYCH ELM AND COMMON ELM.

of view. He  
sought not  
to impose  
Western  
civilized  
ideas upon  
his impres-  
sions, but  
rather to  
think with  
the mind of  
the native.  
The result  
was that he  
travelled  
immense  
distances  
through the  
Congo,  
often stay-  
ing for  
lengthy  
periods at  
one village  
or another,  
making fast  
friends with many



Four illustrations from Trees and How They Grow (Cassell).

LARCHES IN WINTER.

home can  
do for true  
civilization.  
Often and  
again he  
was able  
to settle  
deadly wars  
of exter-  
mination  
between  
chiefs, with-  
out blood-  
shed, able  
to help  
other Euro-  
peans in  
difficulties,  
through his  
experience  
and pres-  
tige. He  
has no scorn  
for savages  
and their  
habits, not  
even when  
they are



From *Camp and Tramp in African Wilds*  
(Seeley).

SOUTHERN BAMBALA MAN AND WOMAN.



From *How England Saved China*  
(Unwin).

A STREET SCENE: A BARBER SHAVING.

cannibals, but, as befits a member of the Council of the Anthropological Society, he observes everything and records for our instruction and delectation the habits, the art, the crafts, the folk-lore of his friends. And once at least he received a useful lesson in tolerance and good manners from a cannibal. Two tribes were on the point of deadly war. Mr. Torday had arranged a palaver, which lasted two whole days, and in which he was opposed by a chief who incited the tribe to fight. Losing patience Mr. Torday addressed the tribe vigorously. "Do not listen to this bad man, . . ." and gave excellent and clinching reasons for making peace. The chief said no more, and peace was concluded. But "when all was over he came up to me and said 'You have called me a bad man, because I expressed opinions with which you did not agree. I only said what I thought right. If you did not want to hear the views of people with whom you do not agree why did you call a palaver?' Mr. Torday felt duly rebuked, but the chief bore no malice, and they became excellent friends later on. The book, with its humanity, and its valuable account of the tribes and their ways, is a permanent contribution to knowledge.

## STORIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

By AGNES MAULE MACHAR. With Preface by the Right Rev. J. E. C. WELLDON, D.D. Series I. and II. With 23 Illustrations and 7 Maps. 6s. (Elliot Stock.)

Miss Machar unquestionably possesses the ability to write in a manner that will prove interesting to children, for whom, we take it, her book is primarily intended. At the same time, it should not be neglected by adults—the "busy folks" of the title-page — and if, as we hope it will, the book should come into their hands, they are almost equally certain to appreciate it. Taking the two series together (the first ends with the death of Mary, Queen of Scots), a complete picture—or, better, a series of pictures—is presented of the history of this country from the earliest times until the accession of King George V. It is a varied and vivid panorama of the stirring incidents and great events that have gone to the building up of the British Empire. Miss Machar, who is a Canadian by birth, writes vividly and well, and we have no hesitation in prophesying for the book the success it deserves.

## HOW ENGLAND SAVED CHINA.

By J. MACGOWAN. With 38 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

Mr. Macgowan's book is, as he frankly avows, one with a purpose—that of proving that the Christian missionary in China is justified of his calling. To prove his point the writer gives three examples of reforms which have been introduced by Christianity. The first and most terrible evil of which he treats is the custom—now happily discouraged by the Chinese authorities themselves—of foot-binding among the women. The Heavenly Foot Society, with which Mrs. Archibald Little was prominently associated, has now branches all over China, and it is the exception rather than the rule for Chinese women to bind their feet. The second evil against which Christian missionaries have fought with success is the Chinese custom of destroying unwanted girl babies; while Mr. Macgowan's third example is found in the greatly increasing popularity of modern methods of surgery and medicine, which has been fostered by the medical missionary. Mr. Macgowan's justification of his calling is complete and unanswerable, and his book is one which deserves to be read by everybody who is interested in Chinese questions.

## THE LAND OF THE NEW GUINEA PYGMIES.

By CAPTAIN C. G. RAWLING, C.I.F., F.R.G.S. 48 Illustrations and a Map 16s. net. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

This interesting book is, according to the subtitle, "an account of the story of a pioneer journey of exploration into the heart of New Guinea." It was organised towards the end of 1909 by the British Ornithologists' Union in order to commemorate their jubilee. "New Guinea as a whole," says the author, "still offers greater opportunities for the explorer, collector and anthropologist, than any other portion of the globe," so it is not at all surprising that the Union should have decided upon this island for so elaborate an expedition. The work was undertaken in an unknown quarter of Dutch New Guinea and proved exceedingly arduous. The difficulty of obtaining supplies, the impassability of the jungle, and the terrible climate hampered them on every side. During the first year rain fell on no fewer than 330 days and on 295 of them was accompanied by lightning and thunder. Malaria, beri-beri and various other diseases accounted for many deaths. In the year and a quarter that the expedition remained on the island the vast majority of those who did not die were invalided to a healthier climate. Very few remained from the beginning to the end. And yet the results were remarkable. They can be summarised in Captain Rawling's words:—

"Close at hand for the museums were packed 2,200 skins of birds comprising 235 species, many of which were new to science; six cases of mammal skins; many tanks and bottles of reptiles; entomological specimens;



From The Land of the New Guinea Pygmies (Seeley).

DR. MARSHALL (WHO IS ABOUT 5 FT. 9 IN. IN HEIGHT) AND THE FIRST TWO PYGMIES WHO VISITED OUR CAMP. THE STRING BAGS CONTAIN ALL THEIR WORLDLY POSSESSIONS.

quantities of ethnographical objects of great interest and value . . . a map of 3,000 square miles of a hitherto unknown land, complete in every detail . . . But of more human interest than all these was the discovery of the Tapiro pygmies, a really remarkable find at this period of the world's history, and sufficient in itself to have warranted the despatch of the expedition."



From The Fetish Folk of West Africa (Revell).

SEVERAL STRIDES TOWARDS CIVILIZATION.  
A Group of Bulu.



## THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1913.

Captain Rawling's book, although rather difficult to follow at times, makes capital reading. The modesty and perseverance of these adventurous men is quite astonishing. Reading in his almost joking words of horrible dangers and privations, it is hard to realise what extraordinary



From *The Children's Home Finder*  
(Nisbet)

difficulties they overcame. They plunged, undismayed, into the heart of the treacherous forest, a forest full of every kind of evil. And yet it was worth it all. The romance of adventure is always worth its hardships.



From *California*  
(Stanley Paul).

PRESENT OCCUPANTS OF R. L.  
STEVENSON'S HOUSE, MONTEREY.



From *Good-night and Good-morning*,  
by Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord  
Houghton), of which Mr. Elkin  
Mathews is publishing a new  
edition.

### THE WASTREL.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS. With Coloured Frontispiece. 6s.  
(Ward, Lock & Co.)

The plot of "The Wastrel" is sufficiently complicated to do great credit to Mr. Bindloss's powers of invention, but it is not so involved as to confuse his readers at any time. The story is laid in Canada throughout and it opens quietly enough. Jernyngham, the "wastrel," is threatened with a visit from a relative. Well aware that he does not do credit to his family, he induces a friend, Prescott, to assume his name. Prescott consents to what he considers a harmless piece of deception and plays his part with much success.



From *Gutter Babies*  
(Heinemann).

But one thing leads to another, and before long Prescott finds himself in a particularly awkward position, as Jernyngham's suspected murderer. There is a girl also—two, in fact—so that even his love affair is not so straightforward as it might be. Mr. Bindloss avails himself to the full of the opportunities his material gives him, and he has concocted a powerful dramatic and romantic story.



From Painters and Painting.  
(Williams & Norgate.)  
(See page

RAPHAEL: "LA BELLE  
JARDINIÈRE."  
(Louvre, Mansell).

## THE FETISH FOLK OF WEST AFRICA.

By ROBERT H. MILLIGAN. 6s. net. (Revell.)

This is a very good book by an American missionary, and it is valuable because of the author's long and intimate acquaintance with the people whose ways of thought and conduct are here described with great fidelity. Mr. Milligan has no illusions about the "noble savage" or the beauty of primitive man. He is fully alive to the value of all that is good in civilization, but is equally alive to the fact

that for the African material progress brings "no power of moral renovation." Against the modern trader in West Africa, with his rum selling, his San Thomé slavery, and his brutal indifference to the welfare of the native population, Mr. Milligan appeals nobly and humanely. Thus modern European trader indeed is seen to be as callous and cruel as the average Spanish "Conquistador" of South America in the sixteenth century, and but for the missionary things would be even worse than they are for the unfortunate West African. The case against the decent



From Paris and her Treasures.  
(Methuen).

CLODION'S STATUETTE  
OF A FAUN WITH  
HIS CHILDREN. IN THE  
MUSÉE DE CLUNY.

trader and the government official is that they destroy all tribal authority and ancient customs without doing anything to help the African to adapt himself to the changed conditions. Mr. Milligan, a Protestant, does not do justice to the Catholic missions, but apart from that his book deserves to receive a wide and serious consideration. The stories of the West Africans amongst whom the author dwelt are both gruesome and humorous.

## GUTTER BABIES.

By DOROTHEA SLADE. Illustrated. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Miss Dorothea Slade is one of those happy people who can find flowers growing even in the gutter. At all events she has brought from the heart of the slums some of the most delicately pathetic and most quaintly humorous stories that have ever been published. The gutter babies really live and play and work and die in her delightfully realistic book, and one feels at the end as closely akin to those small, wild people of the back streets and alleys, as if one had stolen a little of Miss Slade's deep understanding and tender sympathy. In all the sordid tales of tragedy and woe, of sin and suffering, Miss Slade never loses sight of the brighter side, and even before we are aware of it we are laughing through our tears. There is no exaggeration,



SIGNOR TOSELLI,  
who will shortly publish an autobiographical volume through Messrs. Duckworth



VIEW OF LONDON BRIDGE AND THE POOL - ABOUT 161

"LONDON"

From On and Along the Thames  
(Jarrold).

no extravagant phrasing, no obvious desire to waken pity in the heart of the reader; it is all told simply and naturally, and it is exactly this that makes the tales the more human and pathetic. The impulsive, lovable "Special Johnnie" lives inside the book as vividly as outside it, and his mischievous character is silhouetted boldly against the general greyness of the gutter-life—but each character is real and distinct, and for each of them one has a half tender, half amused memory. The delicate illustrations by Lady Stanley are an added attraction to an altogether pleasing and attractive book.

## PARIS AND HER TREASURES.

By ETHEL E. BICKNELL  
With 64 Illustrations, 2  
Plans, and a Map 5s. net.  
(Methuen)

The amount of work which Miss Bicknell has put into this remarkably efficient little guide is nothing short of marvellous, and we have no hesitation whatever in saying that its acquisition is the plain duty of every British visitor to Paris. The feature of the book is its alphabetical list of sights—the "treasures" of the title—than which nothing could have been better done in its way. It seems to us to be absolutely exhaustive. The Louvre, of course, is treated—and well treated—but it is not allowed to swamp the claims upon the sightseer of less-known collections and monuments, while the book's minor details—a

select list of restaurants, advice upon theatres and music-halls and shops, recommendations as to what should be seen during a stay of a week, an alphabetical treatment of the principal sights in the adjacent suburbs, and so forth—will be found to be of the utmost value. The book is, indeed, a complete guide minus the customary list of hotels and pensions, and it possesses the great advantage that one can

find what one wants in a moment. The map, which marks the Métro routes and stations, is a good one, and the illustrations, though small, are exceedingly well reproduced. It is a model of what such a book should be.



From The Empress Josephine  
(John Lane).

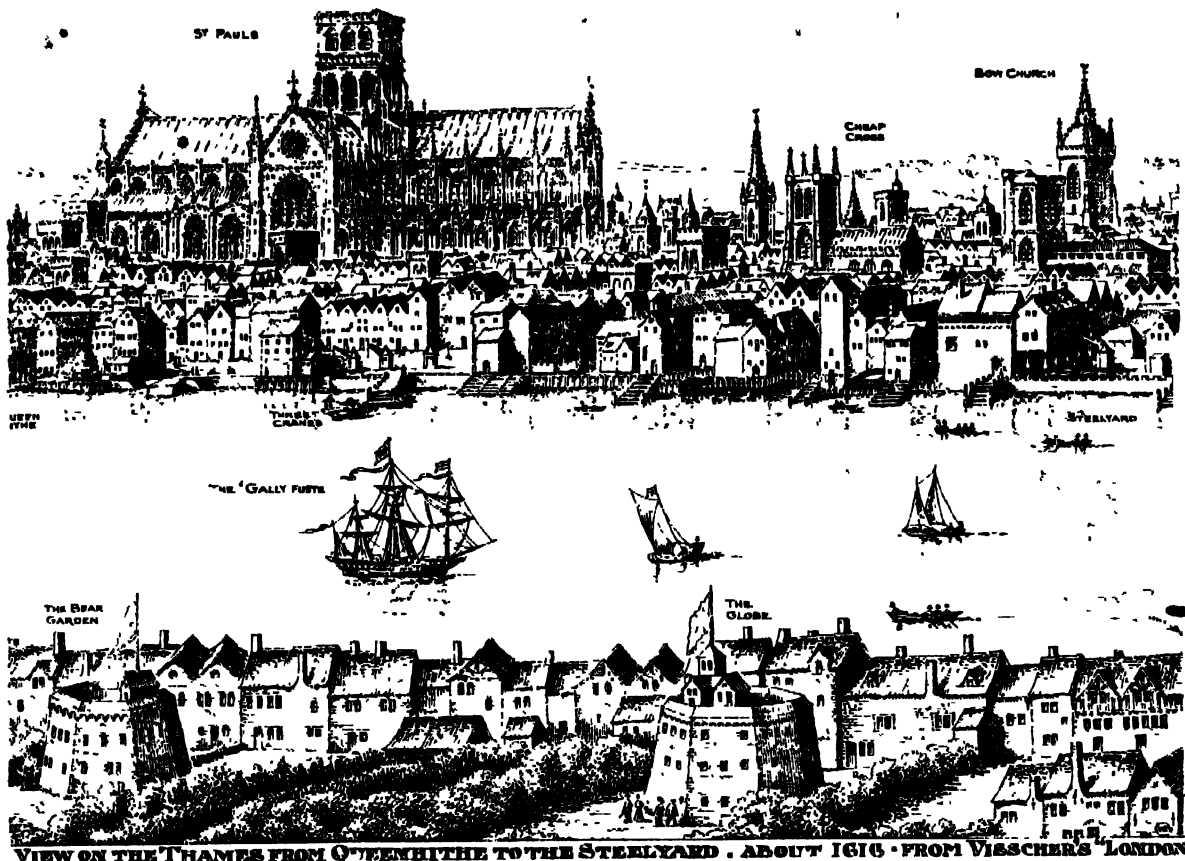
(From an engraving by Delagorgue, after Label, pupil of David.)

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE.

## ON AND ALONG THE THAMES.

By W. CULLING GAZE.  
Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.  
(Jarrold)

The full story of the Thames is not to be told in a single volume. Mr. Culling Gaze has, without the least prolixity, devoted the whole of this portly book to a record of less than a quarter of a century of its history during the reign of James I. He begins with an account of the towns and villages on the banks of the river from its head to its mouth, and gives separate chapters to the royal residences along its course; to the court life, the religious life that were lived beside it; and passes to an account of its government, its association with naval and military affairs; its commerce and trade, its pleasure and sport, and there is a delightful



From On and Along the Thames (Jarvold).

chapter on the water processions that used to take place upon it on Lord Mayors' Days. Mr. Gaze has done his work so thoroughly and well that "On and Along the Thames" is one of the most entertaining of the almost countless books that London has inspired. The illustrations from old views of London along the Thames about 1616 add greatly to the charm and usefulness of the volume

## THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

By JOSEPH TURQUAN.  
Authorized Translation by  
Violette M. Montagu  
12s 6d net. (John Lane)

Because men love romance better than reality, the fictitious figure of the Empress Josephine will probably long maintain its place in the great Napoleonic drama as that of a heroine of surpassing beauty, noble character, and saintly disposition, who was ruthlessly sacrificed as soon as she barred the way to the accomplishment of her husband's inordinate ambition. M. Turquan claims to have demolished this fancy picture, and to show us instead the Empress Josephine as she really was. In his latest book he continues and concludes the version of her life story which was commenced in *The Wife of General Bonaparte* some two years ago. The present volume is characterised by much the same merits and defects as its predecessor. He marshals his carefully selected facts very well, and states his case with vigour and lucidity; but it is obviously the *ex parte* speech of

a counsel for the prosecution rather than the deliberate summing-up of the judge.

Of course, it cannot be denied that the real Josephine was something very different from the popular melodramatic conception of her. She was neither a great beauty, nor a woman of unimpeachable character. Although the possessor of a wonderfully fine pair of dark, expressive eyes, a singularly melodious and caressing voice, and a supple,

well-proportioned figure whose every movement was marked by a characteristically indolent Creole gracefulness, Josephine when she first emerges into the light of history appears as a widow over thirty years of age (six years older than Napoleon); who endeavoured to make up for the bloom of youth by rouge and powder, and to conceal the disfiguring badness of her teeth by a close-lipped smile. She had had no education worth speaking of, she possessed few accomplishments, and she owed her position in the anomalous society of the time to the fact, which she somehow managed to conceal from Napoleon, that she was a paid mistress of the infamous Barras. There is no doubt whatever that although Napoleon was passionately in love with her, she had at the outset

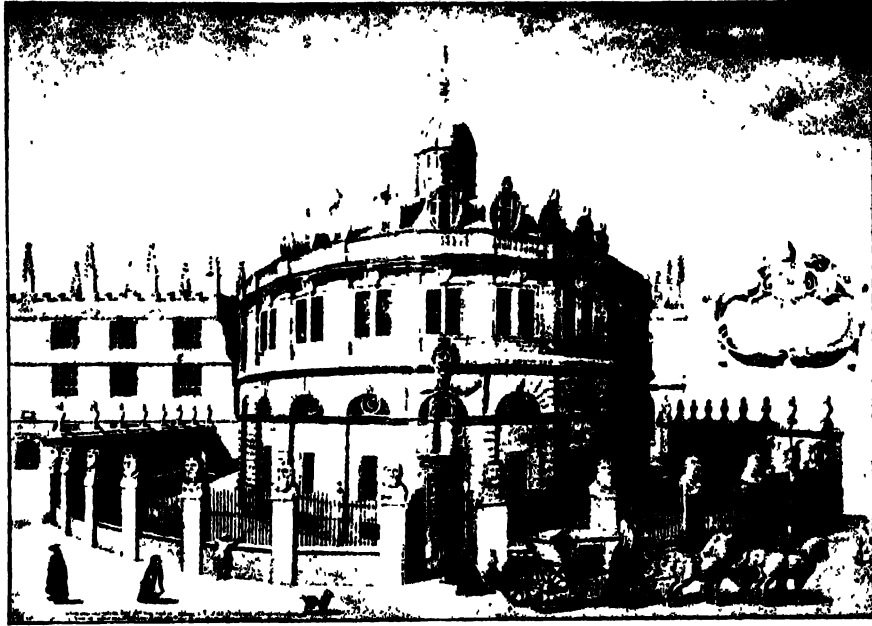
little affection for him. She was cold and dilatory in her replies to his ardent letter from Italy, and hung back as long as possible from joining him at Milan. Within less than a year of their marriage she compromised herself with Hyppolite Charles, a young hussar officer; and a year



From Stories of the British Empire  
(Elliot Stock)

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

or two later behaved so indiscreetly with him during her husband's absence in Egypt that Bonaparte then had serious thoughts of divorcing her, and would have had good ground for so doing. From that date onward the fear of a divorce hung like the sword of Damocles over Josephine's head, but although he was perpetually being urged to it by his brothers and sisters, Napoleon's affection for his wife was too strong to permit of his making the wretch. After the estab-



From *The Life of Gilbert Sheldon*  
(Wells Gardner).

THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE, OXFORD.

Napoleon had placed the matter on a purely pecuniary footing by promising to pay her debts, allow her an income of three million francs, provide her with a palace or two to live in, and permit her to retain the title of Empress. By suggestions of this kind, and by a too persistent and somewhat monotonous insistence on Josephine's triviality or childishness, or selfishness, or some other undesirable quality, M. Turquan detracts from the value of what might otherwise have been an in-



Photo by Henry H.utton.

THE DUOMO AND BAPTISTERY OF  
PARMA.

From *Little Cities of Italy*  
(Putnam).

lishment of the Empire, however, another and more powerful motive came into play. Josephine was incapable of bearing a son and hence to the throne, and was asked to consent to a divorce in order that by another marriage the Napoleonic dynasty might be more firmly established. M. Turquan goes the length of maintaining that it was Josephine's plain duty to have welcomed the proposal, and, crediting her as he consistently does, with none but the most

forming as well as interesting piece of work. The translation is very well done, and the volume is illustrated with numerous portraits.

JOHN FVIL.

### THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GILBERT SHELDON

By VERNON  
STALEY. With  
20 Illustrations  
(Wells Gardner)

"From the death of Laud to the primacy of Sancroft," says Mr. Staley, "a most important and eventful period of English Church history, Sheldon stands

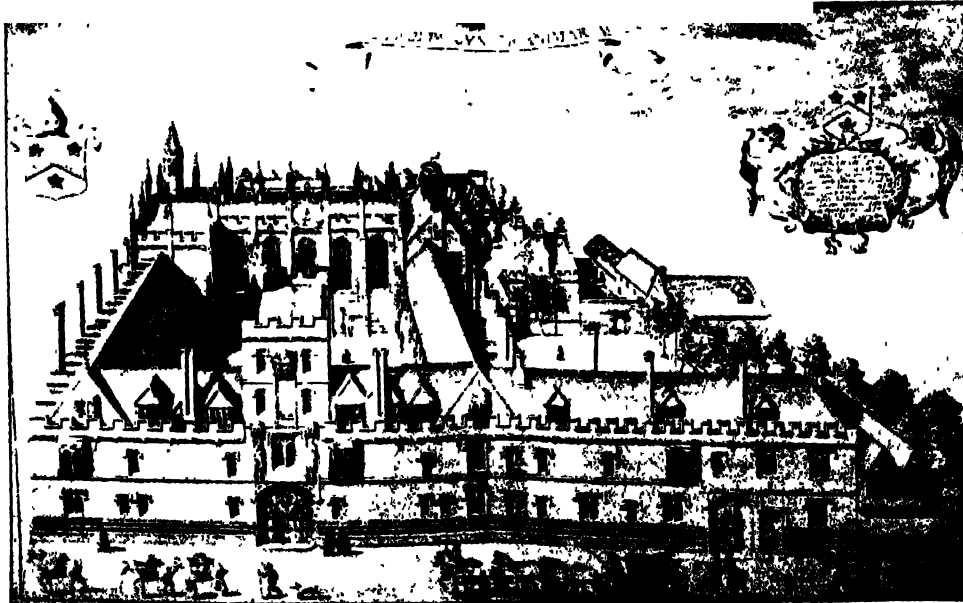


(Johnson & Hoffman.)

AKBAR'S GATE. FATEHPORE-SIKRI.

From *Indian Pages and Pictures*  
(Putnam).

selfish motives, he alleges it was not the prospect of losing her husband which distressed her, but the thought of losing her exalted rank and of having to live on a reduced income which would not permit of the extravagance to which she had become accustomed. And he suggests that she would probably have consented readily enough if



From *The Life of Gilbert Sheldon*  
(Wells Gardner).

ALL SOULS, OXFORD.

out as the most eminent and capable Church man of the time covered by the Great Rebellion and the Restoration. . . . To Sheldon and Clarendon was committed the delicate and responsible task of re-organising the English Church and Nation, after the convulsion and upheaval of the Commonwealth—a task which, when we survey the whole complicated

situation created by the Revolution, and recognise the corrupt state of the Court at the Restoration, fills the mind with dismay by its intricacy and vastness." Yet until now there has been written no record of the life and deeds of this great Churchman, a man who dared to remonstrate publicly with Charles II. for his profligacy and evil life. Mr. Vernon Staley, who, as Archbishop Sheldon once was, is the Rector of Ickford, Bucks, is to be warmly thanked for having ably filled an important gap in the literature dealing with the English Church.

### LITTLE CITIES OF ITALY.

By ANDRÉ MAUREL. Vol. II. 108 net (Putnam)

Monsieur André Maurel is well known in France as a novelist and journalist, and a distinguished critic and connoisseur in painting, sculpture and architecture, and a delicate and charming writer upon the artistic and natural beauties of Italy. His "Little Cities of Italy" dates from 1890, and the appearance of the first volume was hailed



From Gardening (The  
Hobby Books)  
(Nelson).

A ROCK GARDEN.

with cordial appreciation from a critical public, and was crowned by the Academy and won the Marcelin Guerin prize. The present translation, of which this is the second volume, gives the work to American readers and to English. It is really a delightful book, full of impressions of beautiful and interesting things recorded by a most sensitive and discriminating mind. It wanders from town to town, leaving with the reader little vignetted glimpses for the mind's eye, little swift peeps into the lurid and tormented history of those troubled communities, tender little idylls of travel. It would make an agreeable addition to the books that are part of the baggage of the wanderer in Italy, and deserves less than most the usual fate of such books—to remain locked in a portmanteau, left somewhere to be called for later. There *might*, however, have been a map, and there *should* most certainly have been an index, the lack of which is the one blemish upon a handsome volume.



Coleridge's Cottage: Nether Stowey  
From Coleridge and Wordsworth  
in the West Country  
(Elkin Mathews).

### INDIAN PAGES AND PICTURES.

By MICHAEL MYERS SHOEMAKER With 63 Illustrations.  
108 net (Putnam)

Mr. Shoemaker has written a pleasant, discursive book about India sufficiently described in its title "Pages and Pictures." He is clearly an experienced "globe-trotter," experienced enough to be something more. Unfortunately it is just the something more that is lacking to Mr. Shoemaker. He writes with knowledge and in a direct, bright style that is agreeable and engaging, he would certainly be



The Holford Coombs

From Coleridge and Wordsworth  
in the West Country  
(Elkin Mathews).



From *Byzantine Architecture*  
(Cambridge University Press)

NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE, POITIERS.

f Supplement

a delightful companion. But he never loses the globe-trotting point of view, he sees always from the outside. So it is he naively tells us writing of Oudeypour, as he spells it, "those old moghuls were men of taste surely." His surprise at the discovery is fresh and exquisite, and he seems to call the world to share it. A little further on he tells us gravely that the carvings on Hindu temples "upon closer

inspection are repulsive, for most are of the vilest character." It is essentially of the globe-trotter to bring an unspoiled mind from his home, "*coelum non animus mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*" However, Mr. Shoemaker's book gives a lively if superficial picture of Indian places and Indian life, and may be commended for its liveliness as a fireside guide to the armchair traveller for whom it is intended.



From *Byzantine Architecture*  
(Cambridge University Press).

THE NARTHEX AND WEST DOOR, VEZELAY.

## THE LIFE OF JOHN JERVIS; ADMIRAL LORD ST. VINCENT.

By CAPTAIN W.  
V. ANSON, R.N.  
With Illustrations, Maps and  
Plans. 10s 6d  
(John Murray.)

Following up the well-deserved success that he gained with his biography of Admiral Anson, Captain Anson has now as efficiently turned his attention to that eighteenth century seaman whose very name seems—to those who know the history of the Navy—to spell discipline. There is an especial fitness in the author making this his second book, as





From King René d'Anjou and  
his Seven Queens  
(Long).

YOLANDA D'ARRAGONA  
(KING RENÉ'S MOTHER).  
From coloured glass window,  
Le Mans Cathedral

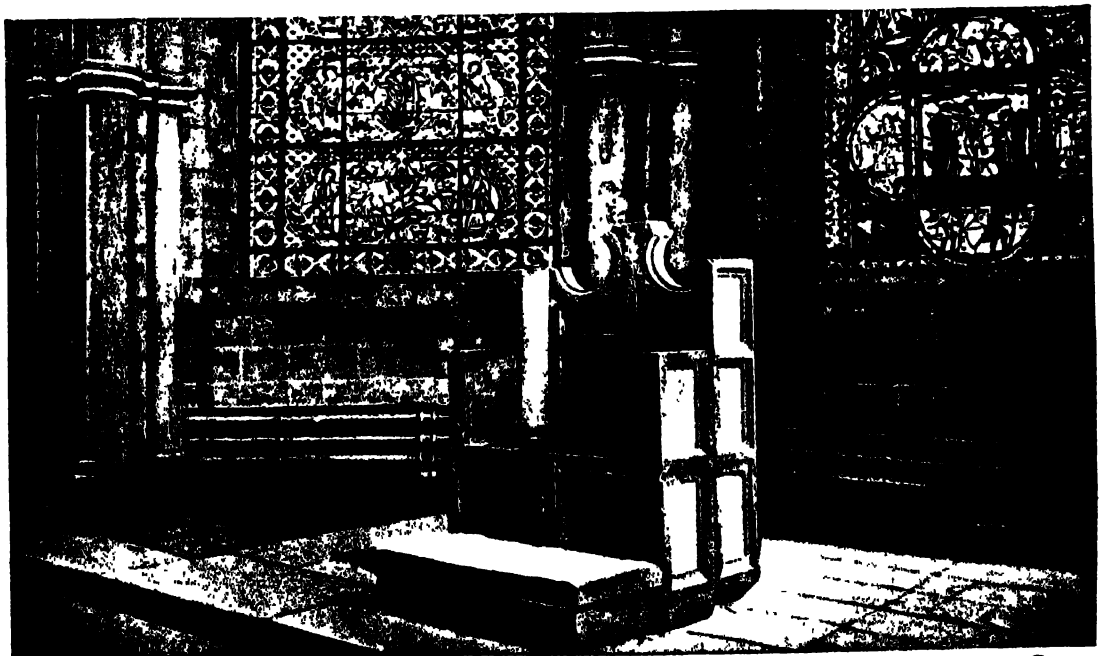


From King René d'Anjou and  
his Seven Queens  
(Long).

KING LOUIS OF SICILY-  
ANJOU (KING RENÉ'S  
FATHER).  
Le Mans Cathedral

he shows thus: "Put into the Navy by Anson, who was a Staffordshire man like himself, John Jervis started with nothing to help him beyond Anson's nomination, and a letter afterwards asking Saunders to look after him." "It was doubtless the hard battle he had to fight as a lad, in order to force his way up, that produced in him the stern simplicity and hard exterior (hiding a warm nature underneath) which made him feared, indeed, but respected and obeyed with all the loyalty a good and able man is sure to win from those who serve under him and trust him." It is the life of this man—without, like the oak of which his ships were built; within, manly and tender—that Captain Anson so ably puts before us, showing the great importance of the disciplinary work that was done by St. Vincent and a few of his immediate forerunners

and contemporaries, and without which Nelson's victories could not have been what they were, and might even have been defeats. It is a fine and stimulating record.



From St. Augustine of Canterbury  
(Murray).

THE SO-CALLED ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHAIR  
AT THE CATHEDRAL, CANTERBURY.

## THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1913

### SAINT AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY.

By SIR HENRY H.  
HOWORTH, K.C.I.E.,  
Hon D.C.L. (Durham),  
F.R.S., F.S.A., etc., etc.  
With 14 Illustrations,  
Maps and Plans 12s.  
net (Murray)

The present volume—its predecessor being "Saint Gregory the Great"—is the second which Sir Henry Howorth has devoted to his study of the birth of the English Church. It cannot be said that its hero is a man in any way comparable with the great Pope to whom Christianity in England was originally due. Augustine as a Churchman was narrow and prejudiced, trained in a monkish school, and his efforts to force himself as their primate upon the British were attended with only moderate success. His mission was indeed in many respects a failure, and in the author's view, "the best that can be said of Augustine is that he was a commonplace man with good motives and high standards, set to do a work much beyond his capacity, and for which he had a very indolent training." As a study of little known times the volume is of the greatest interest, and the various details of Saint Augustine's mission are set forth in an exact and scholarly manner. The appendices are lengthy and exhaustive, and the illustrations are well worthy of their place in the volume.

### THE MARRIED LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

By CLARE JERROLD  
With 18 Illustrations.  
15s. net (Nash)

Mrs. Jerrold's "Early Life of Queen Victoria" was, we believe, very well received by both critics and public, and the companion volume which has just been published gives the writer an even better opportunity of displaying her capability for the task she has set herself. Queen Victoria's earlier years may have been less generally known to the public, but at least the materials for a history are avail-



From *Way Stations*  
(Hodder & Stoughton)

ELIZABETH ROBINS  
Photo by Elliott and Fry



From *Mary Russell Mitford*,  
by W. J. Russell, which will be published during the Spring by Mr. Melrose.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.  
From a painting by John Lucas, 1829.

able. Her married life is seen through a veil of prejudice. Prince Albert, unfortunately, aroused no enthusiasm for his many excellent qualities. The young person of the present day believes that he was dull—which he was not—and priggish—which he may have been. In many respects he was to blame for the attitude both of the past and of the present. He "kept himself to himself," as the saying goes, he had no intimate friends in this country, and he had all a middle-class Englishman's abhorrence for an exposure of the facts of his private life. Moreover, he had but little charm of manner, and he was emphatically not gracious. He was wholehearted in his determination to keep himself in the background as far as possible. "He made the members of his household promise most solemnly," Mrs. Jerrold tells us, "that they would never repeat anywhere any account of the things they heard or saw in the Royal Household, while Ladies and Maids were on their honour not to keep diaries. These promises were kept most loyally. And the result of it all was that the Prince helped to annihilate himself." Mrs. Jerrold's picture of the Prince Consort is finely drawn. Evidently she feels much sympathy for him—more than she does for Queen Victoria, towards whom she is sometimes perhaps a little unkind. But she is never unfair. She solidifies her attitude by a recital of facts. Nevertheless, in order to appreciate Queen Victoria properly it is essential that you should read this book. As a volume of popular history it is admirably done. Sometimes piquant, invariably well-written, it interests and holds the reader from the first page to the last.

### WAY STATIONS.

By ELIZABETH ROBINS.  
6s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton).

When one looks at the list of women distinguished in literature, art, science,

music, who support the cause of woman's suffrage, it is difficult to understand how any man can flatly oppose their demands—how any man can, in effect, say to himself: "I am capable of voting in Parliamentary elections, but these women are not." One would think it required an almost sublime self conceit to enable him to maintain that complacent attitude of mind. But as a rule it is not so much conceit that governs his view as a careless ignorance of the case for the other side, and all such who are wise enough and fair-minded enough to wish to be cured of that ignorance should read Miss Elizabeth Robins's "Way Stations." It is made up of articles, lectures and speeches—some of them now for the first time printed—that Miss Robins has written and delivered on the more salient aspects of the woman's movement, and these are linked together with concise historical chapters that relate the whole story of that movement and its striking developments within the last eight years. The prevailing tone of the book is so calmly and finely reasonable, its facts are marshalled so ably and its arguments advanced with so much force and such a breadth of sympathy with and understanding of both sides of the question, that it is hard to see how an impartial anti-suffragist could read it and remain uninfluenced. It is a masterly and convincing assertion of woman's claim to the common rights of citizenship, it knocks to pieces the ridiculous bogey that women are actuated in their demands by any sex-antagonism, and disposes of the suggestion that men have deliberately initiated the injustices that women suffer from, with a shrewdly imagined account of how man rose to predominance and woman sank into subservience naturally

and from force of circumstances in their pre-civilized state. "Way Stations" is a deeply interesting and valuable contribution to the literature of woman's suffrage by one of its most brilliant advocates.

## THE WAY OF UNDERSTANDING.

By J. WARSCHAUER,  
M.A., D.Phil. 3s. 6d.  
net (James Clarke)

Here the author presents us with twenty-five sermons which he preached on consecutive Sunday mornings to an urban and industrial congregation in the North of England. Mr. Warschauer assures us that they are printed practically as they were delivered, therefore it must have been a pleasure to hear him. The word "sermon" usually acts as a mild panic on us moderns; but here the preacher is nothing if not manly. Take this as a sample: "Do not, I beg of you, let us identify religion with owlish and sepulchral airs, or even with particularly plain and unbecoming garb, as though an offence to taste were really an outer sign of godliness—the connection is quite imaginary. I have always sympathized with Dante Gabriel Rossetti's quaintly despairing remark when his gifted sister, Christina, became a novice of an Anglican convent at Clewer: 'Here is Christina, who has entered the religious life, and made herself look exactly like a penwiper!' And I am bound to say that one has known some excellent religious people conscientiously and deliberately affect a style that cast a chill over a summer's day. What a mistake!" Quite true. More such commonsense Christian preaching would do something towards refilling our empty churches. We recommend Mr. Warschauer's twenty-five addresses as good, straightforward, interesting talks.



From The Married Life of  
Queen Victoria  
(Nash)

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT  
THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.  
From a painting by Winterhalter



From A Keeper of Royal Secrets  
(Nash).

MADAME DE GENLIS IN  
LATER LIFE.

# THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1913'

## SPIRIT AND POWER.

By DAVID M. M'INTYRE. 2s. 6d. net. (James Clarke.)

This is a helpful sort of book that has largely been made out of addresses and discussions which took place in Scotland during the summer and autumn of the past year, when there appears to have been a general desire for spiritual awakening. At the same time it is not solely a collection of conference addresses. It is an examination, as detailed as the assigned limits admit, of elements which may contribute towards a revived condition of the religious

life of our own time and need. Taking the material of what he said on the platform, the author has worked out and beyond what was then said, seeing and elaborating, in the leisure of the study, points which were naturally left unnoticed in the



MR. TIGHE HOPKINS.  
Author of "Wards of the State"  
(Herbert & Daniel).

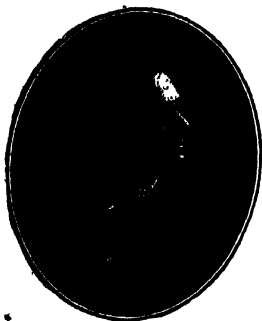
of the innumerable tomes that spring continually from brief journeyings in Palestine. The keynote of the book is the immemorial antiquity of Palestine, its unchanging traditions, beliefs, manners, even geographical land marks, the persistence of the old Canaanite and his habits. When we have read, we are conscious of a profound sympathy with the people of the country, not because of their Biblical interest, but for themselves, and at the same time we feel a keener interest in the Bible story of the Israelites. The difference between this fresh, full, undidactic book and the ordinary concoction of a half-digested tour among

beaten tracks is something to be very grateful for.

## A SON OF THE SUN.

By JACK LONDON. 6s. (Mill & Boon)

An indescent fabric steeped in



DR. J. WARSCHAUER.  
Author of "The Way of Understanding"  
(Clarke).

heat of debate and the flow of platform language. Nor is he in the least pawky, feeble or sentimental in his religion; on the contrary he writes strongly, with fervour and not a little virility on such subjects as "The Outlook," "Joy in the Ministry," "Revival in the Church," "The Gospel the Preacher's Theme," "Pastoral Care," "The Missionary Motive," "The Gift of Faith," etc. Altogether the book is one that should appeal and be helpful to all who have the cause of Christianity at heart.

## THE IMMOVABLE EAST.

By PHILIP J. BALDEN-SPERGER. With 24 illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

The author of this book was born in Palestine and educated with the Arabs and lived for nearly forty years among them until he settled in Nice in 1892. With his four brothers he devoted himself to agriculture, and for years travelled up and down the country carrying their bee-hives and their wooden houses on the backs of camels from hill to plain and sea-coast, following the seasons, deeply identified with the country and learning all its ways until there were few things secret from this son of an Alsatian missionary. Though he has been a regular contributor to certain journals, and has been much quoted by other writers on Palestine, this is his first book, and is a refreshing surprise to the reader



Frontispiece to The Life of the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Lyall, by Sir Mortimer Durand, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Blackwood

SIR ALFRED LYALL.  
From the portrait by J. J. Shaughon, R.A., 1890.

nesia, half-children and half-gods, to the howling savages of Melanesia, head-hunters and man-eaters, half devil and all beast. Told in Mr. Jack London's terse and vivid style and packed with a wealth of exciting incident, "A Son of the Sun" is certain to be one of the most widely read adventure stories of the year.



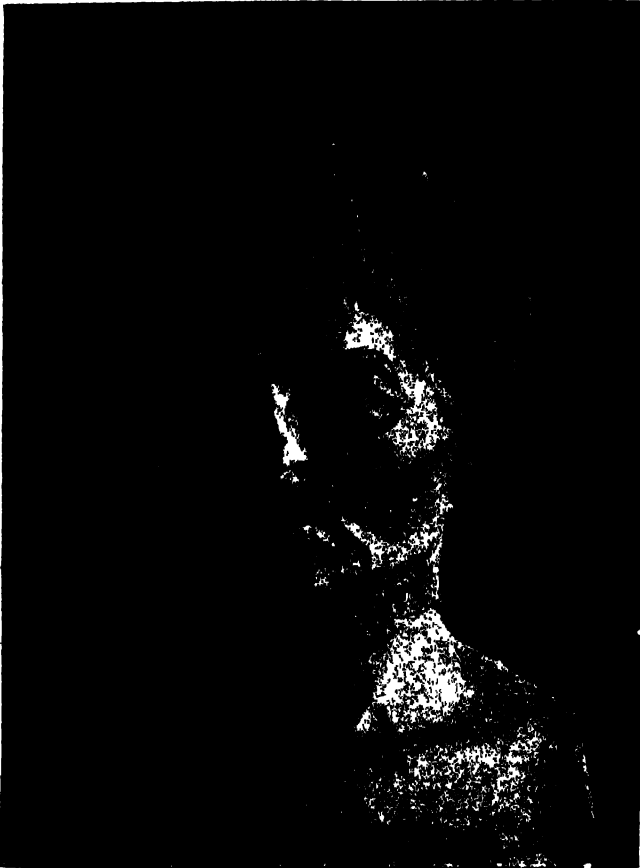
REV. D. M. M'INTYRE.  
Author of "Spirit and Power"  
(Clarke).

the intense colours and perfumes of the tropics, and thickly studded with clear-cut gleaming gems of adventure--such is "A Son of the Sun." Mr. Jack London's hero, David Griof, is a muscular trader, worth untold millions, whose delight it is to rub shoulders with fun and adventure in the course of his cruises among the fascinating islands of the South Pacific, where his multifarious interests extend from Samoa to New Guinea, and embrace pearls and pirates, buried treasure and uncharted coral reefs. Blue-eyed, with a yellow moustache, he possesses a skin with a marvellous sun-resisting capacity. "Other white men were pervious. The sun drove through their skins, ripping and smashing tissues and nerves, till they became sick in mind and body, tossed most of the Decalogue overboard, descended to beastliness, drank themselves into quick graves, or survived so savagely that war vessels were sometimes sent to curb their license." The natives of the islands are sketched with equal power, ranging from the flower-garlanded, golden-glowing men and maids of Poly-

## A HALF CENTURY AMONG THE SIAMESE AND THE LĀO:

An Autobiography: By DANIEL MCGILVARY, D.D. With  
an Appreciation by ARTHUR J. BROWN, D.D. 7s. 6d. net.  
(Fleming Revell.)

Dr. McGilvary spent fifty-three years in Northern Siam as a Presbyterian missionary, and died, at the full age of eighty-three, in the land of his adoption in 1911. When he was seventy-five years old he began to write this autobiography, the plain and grave life-story of a man of high character and purpose. Dr. McGilvary was an American, but of Highland race, and, in his own words, "a Scotsman of Scotsmen." All that he tells us of his boyhood in Buffalo, where his father was "a ruling elder" in the church, is of exceptional interest; for the "old school type" of piety that prevailed, with its nightly task of the Shorter Catechism, its "great quarto Illustrated Family Bible, with the Apocrypha and Brown's Concordance"—the only pictorial book in the house—the Fall Communion, and the Sabbatarian rule that forbade whistling even of hymn tunes on Sundays, must be hard to find in the United States to-day. "My father loved his children, but never descended to the level of familiarity with them when young, and could not sympathise with their sports," wrote



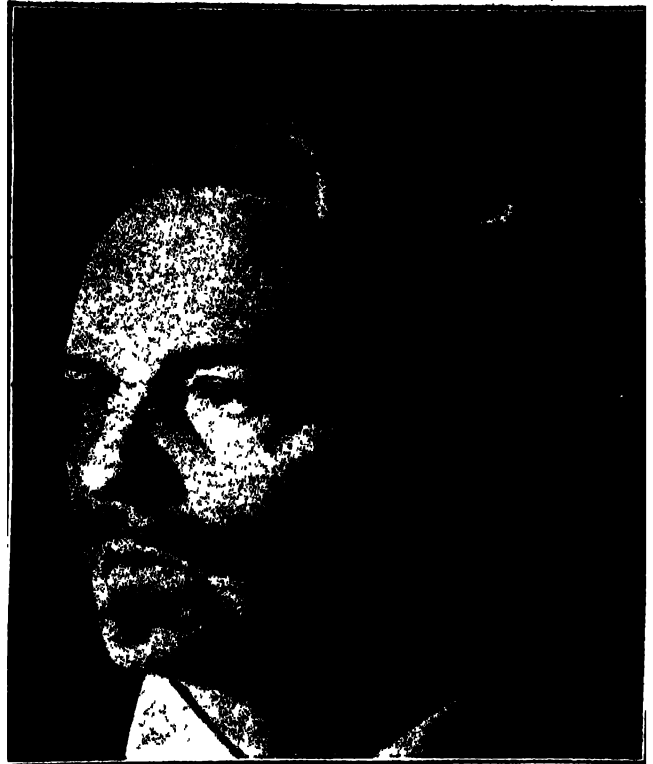
From August Strindberg BUST OF STRINDBERG.  
by L. Lind af Hageby, a translation of which is announced for early publication  
by Messrs. Stanley Paul.

Dr. McGilvary, calmly and without hint of reproach. After two years in Siam McGilvary married, and all the country did honour to him and to his wife when they celebrated the jubilee of their wedding in 1910. The respect was justly won, though at times the solemn, disinterested altruism of the missionary must have puzzled the lads. The autobiography is utterly free of all exaggeration, and is as modest and thoughtful as it is matter of fact.

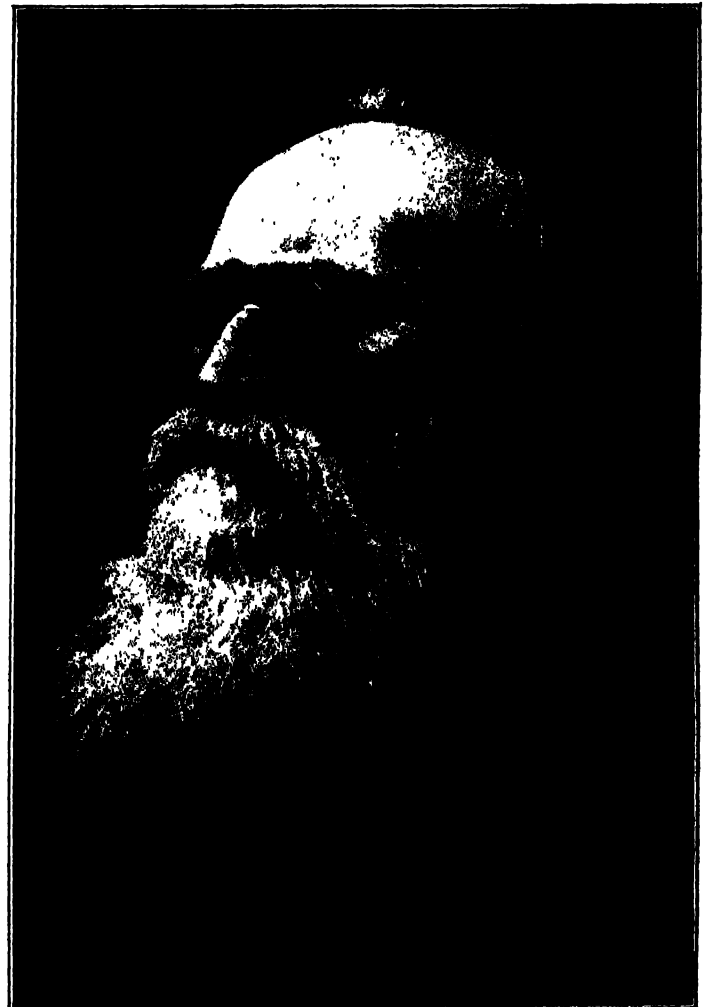
## MARRIED.

By AUGUST STRINDBERG. 6s. (Frank Palmer)

These twenty stories of married life are some of the best things that Strindberg has ever done. When the book first made its appearance in Sweden, in 1886, its sale was prohibited; the author was prosecuted and acquitted,



AUGUST STRINDBERG, AUTHOR OF "MARRIED" (Palmer).



DANIEL MCGILVARY.  
Frontispiece to A Half Century among the Siamese and the Lāo  
(Revell).



From *The Dalesman*  
(Titus Wilson, Kendal)

FARMER OR LAWYER?  
Photo—Mr. G. L. Saul

and the volume, being then republished, had an enormous success. Why it should have been censored it is a little difficult to see. The opening story, which is by no means one of the best, is the only one to which any serious objection can be taken. It is a clever enough study of a rather abnormal, unhealthily morbid youth who marries a woman older than himself and dies when he is about twenty. Again and again Strindberg ascribes much of the sin and misery of the world to the fact that men cannot earn a large enough income to be able to support a wife when they are very young; withal, most of the marriages in these stories of his turn out unhappily. They are drab, saddening, somewhat sordid stories in the main; they are ironical or grimly humorous, steeped in the pathos of disillusionment and failure, yet not without their moments of pity and tenderness and glimmerings of occasional idealism. The men and women of them may not often be pleasant persons, but they are amazingly natural. Strindberg paints life almost as sombrely as Ibsen did, though in one story he makes delightful fun of Ibsen's philosophy. One wishes that the tales had a little more of the joy and sweetness of human experience in them, but of their truth, within

their limits, and the insight and power with which they are written, there can be no question.

### ELIZABETHAN KESWICK

By W. G. COLLINGWOOD, M.A., F.S.A. With 15 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Titus Wilson, Kendal)

Mr. Collingwood's most interesting work consists of a series of extracts from the original account books, 1564-1577, of the German miners, in the archives of Augsburg. It is seldom realised that it was a German firm that developed the copper mines at Keswick and in other parts of the Lake District during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. A regular German colony or settlement was then

made in the district, in time to be absorbed by its English neighbours. For a while, however, it was an important concern, as is shown by numerous extracts which Mr. Collingwood has transcribed and translated. His book, indeed, is a most important contribution to the science of archaeology, and nobody who is interested in that subject should err by overlooking it. The illustrations are from old prints.



From *Camping with Car and Camera*  
(Dent).



From *Caravanning and Camping-out*,  
which will be published shortly by Messrs. Herbert Jenkins

A HALT BY THE WAYSIDE.

## THE SAILOR WHOM ENGLAND FEARED.

By M. MACDERMOT CRAWFORD With Illustrations  
by Nash

"The Sailor Whom England Feared" is an attractive and well-written account of the life of John Paul Jones, the famous "pirate" and "traitor." Although born in Scotland of mysterious but almost certainly British parentage, as a fact, Paul Jones was neither pirate nor traitor. Certainly he won fame by carrying arms against the country of his birth, but he was then an American citizen, and his sympathies were naturally enlisted on the side of the

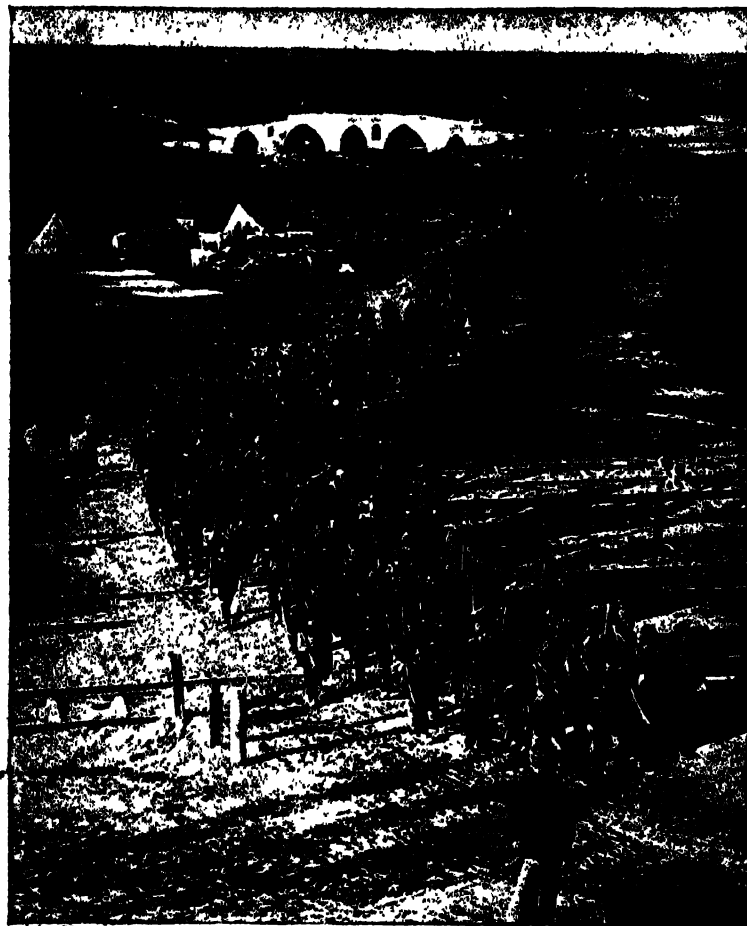
United States. His memory has suffered much at the hands of contemporary historians. Paul Jones seems in reality to have possessed a manner which may be justifiably described as charming while he was certainly a man of personal integrity and of a courage which won the respect and admiration of his adopted countrymen. He was a born commander and a naval fighter of brilliant abilities. The story of his life and adventures reads like one of the most romantic of novels, and it is here told in a most vigorous and interesting manner. The author establishes a complete vindication of the character of an heroic and much misunderstood man.



From *The Immovable East* (Pitman).

A FELLAH AND HIS CAMELS, ON THE BANKS OF THE KISHON.  
From a photo by I. H. Halladjian, Haifa





*From A War Photographer in Thrace*  
(Unwin).

**THE RETREAT AFTER LULE  
BURGAS: A PHOTOGRAPH  
AT CHORLU.**

### **THE PASSING OF THE DRAGON.**

By J. C. KEYTE, M.A. With 38 Illustrations and a Map.  
6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

For some reason or other the impression has arisen that the recent revolution in China was practically bloodless and that it was attended by but slight loss of life. That may

have been the case in the coastal districts, but in the interior portions of the country it certainly was not so. Almost inevitably foreigners were involved—most unwillingly—in the struggle, and the consequences were very far from pleasant for them. It was very fortunate for Mr. Keyte's friends that he happened to be in Peking when the news reached him of the awkward situation in which they were placed. He at once set about organising an expedition for their relief, and so successful was he that he was asked by the Swedish minister to attempt the rescue of the Swedish Missionaries at their station in north-west Shensi. Mr. Keyte writes in a lively and vivacious manner (though he is not above pointing a moral at times), and as a record of travel, adventure and politics combined it would be hard to find an equal to "The Passing of the Dragon."

### **THE PASSING OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE IN EUROPE.**

By CAPTAIN B. GRANVILLE BAKER. With 33 Illustrations and a Map. 10s. net. (Seeley.)

Captain Granville Baker's admirable book is especially useful as a supplement to the many volumes dealing with the Balkan War which have recently been pouring from the Press. The author does not appear to have had any personal experiences to record, but he was present in Constantinople in war time, and the countries of the Balkan League seem to be fairly familiar to him. The book is at once a popular and admirably condensed history of the various nations involved in the struggle, and a volume of travel sketches. The author writes with a sympathetic and understanding pen, and many clever little accounts of

personal impressions— as, for instance, his acquaintanceship with Dedo Mitli, an old Bulgarian innkeeper— show him at his best. As a keen military man the lessons which Captain Granville Baker draws from the Balkan War are of minatory import to this country, but on the whole his is an enjoyable volume, while the illustrations—from the author's own sketches—are decidedly attractive.



*From The Passing of the Dragon*  
(Hodder & Stoughton).

**THE GATEWAY AT SUITECHOU. TOWN GUARD AT GATE.  
HEADS OF BANDITS EITHER SIDE OF THE GATEWAY.  
PROCLAMATIONS POSTED UP AGAINST EACH HEAD.**

## A DAY IN TANGIER.

By SIR ARTHUR  
LASSENBY LIBER-  
TY. With 25  
Illustrations by  
JOHN HASSALL,  
17 from Photo-  
graphs by LADY  
LIBERTY and  
others, and a  
Frontispiece by  
JOHN LAVERY.  
Edition limited  
to 250 copies.  
7s. 6d. net.  
(Black.)

It is rather pleasant to find oneself in complete agreement with a publisher's puff, but it is decidedly an unusual experience. Still, Messrs. A. & C. Black are exactly right in claiming that "A Day in Tangier" "suggests the ideal way of making holiday and gleaming enjoyment from the most trifling incidents." It does. It is a slight book—one of humour rather than of travel—but it is very well worth reading and keeping, as well for the illustrations as for the text. (Mr. Hassall is, as usual, delightfully amusing.) Sir Arthur Liberty shows none of the signs of the novice, if indeed he be one—his work is as creditable to him as it will be amusing to other people. The binding and general production make the volume a thing of beauty and worthy of the taste of its author.



From Two Years under the Crescent  
(Nasbet).

NAZIM PASHA.  
A sketch from life by the author.

towards, for instance, the Reinhardt productions, is to be regarded as indubitable sign of the increase of its popularity. But what is being done upon the Continent? Here Mr. Carter places before us the impressions he has gathered

## THE NEW SPIRIT IN DRAMA AND ART.

By HUNTLY  
CARTER. With  
63 Illustrations  
(5 in Colour).  
12s. 6d. net.  
(Frank Palmer.)

A guide to recent tendencies in art and the drama was badly needed, and Mr. Huntly Carter may be congratulated upon the admirably clear and readable manner in which he has set them forth. He regards the "new spirit" as it affects the art and drama of this country. "England," he thinks, "can no longer be regarded as insular in the matter of ideas. Ideas know no boundaries, and those of the reform of the European theatre and drama are at our doors." In the person of Gordon Craig, however little his work may be appreciated in England, we have supplied the movement with one of its leading spirits, and the hospitality recently extended



From A Day in Tangier  
(Black).

"OUR CAVALCADE ATTRACTS MUCH UNSOUGHT ADMIRATION FROM THE CROWD."



From *Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life*

(Herbert Jenkins). See Review *Dances and Dancing* by George Sany

THE BUTTERFLY DANCE.

from a recent tour of Europe, and the result is a volume of much importance and interest. A special feature of the book is a large number of beautifully produced illustrations, five of which are effectively rendered in colours.

### JOZEF ISRAELS.

By J. ERNEST PHILLIPS. 1's. 6d. net. (George Allen)

When Jozef Israels died, in the summer of 1911, he was eighty-seven years of age, and had been a painter for over seventy of them. At forty-eight, or so, he entered, by resonance and full sympathy, the circle of artists conveniently known as the Hague School. Though absent from the beginnings, he survived the close of their remarkable "movement." He saw the stream of modern Dutch painting break back and forward into fresh beds, and himself carried on in his old course. He was developing all the time. The circumstances of his life were fortunate. At a

comparatively early age he attained a world-wide popularity. As he matured he won more and more the respect of the discriminating. His old age was a revelation and triumph of personality. He became the pet of his countrymen, the smallness of his inches favouring the affectionate and intimate sentiment with which they surrounded him, and taking nothing from the authority of his figure as a great artist himself and the last (if we except Matthew Mauns, and he stands alone) of a group of great artists.

As a man and as a painter he was vital to the end. That was his happy fortune.

Israels and his work were so variously discussed in his lifetime that there is little new to say of them now that he is dead. The facts of his life are simple and unimportant. He was born (1824) in Groningen, where his father was a stock and share broker. His parents, Jews, designed him for the Rabbinate, but he wished to be a painter, and at sixteen was having his way. For seven years or so he was in Amsterdam.



From *The New Spirit in Drama and Art*  
(Palmer).

STUDY OF NIJINSKI,  
by Paul Irlbe.



From *Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life*  
(Jenkins).

THE DANCE OF THE BUTTERFLY.

working in the studio of the younger Kruseman, and studying at the Academy under the elder Pieneman. Mr. Marius says that while in Amsterdam he received a great impression from the exhibition of Ary Scheffer's "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel," and that he went to Paris in 1846. There he studied under Picot, and came within the influence of Delaroche. For fully twenty years after his return to Holland, in 1848, Amsterdam was his home, but the village of Zandvoort (to which he first went in the early fifties, to recuperate after an illness) was his inspiration. It was not until 1860 or 1870, perhaps later, that he settled in the Hague. In one of his letters, dated May, 1872, Bosboom writes that he and his wife are going to call on Israëls, who has just taken the house occupied by Schelfhout, recently dead, and adds, "Israëls is very happy that he lives in the Hague . . . It is a difference—in Amsterdam and the Prinsengracht and here opposite the Acclimatietuin!" So he was at least forty-five before he joined the group at the Hague of which Bosboom, then over fifty, was the central figure. For the forty years thereafter the landmark dates in Israëls' career are those of his pictures and the triumphs he shared with the so-called Hague School. His part in the Rembrandt celebrations in 1906, the essay he wrote on that master (not specially for Messrs. Jack's "Masterpieces of Colour"), the personal tributes he received, and his late journey into Spain, are all so many lights on his own art and on theirs.

We should expect, therefore, in any book on Israëls now an appreciation of his personal artistic development, and a survey of his group and his particular place in it. The latter Mr. Phythian in the present volume does not attempt at all. He mentions that there

are contemporaries who made common artistic cause with Israëls, and on an early page promises to take note of their art, but the kind of note he takes is that "Anton Mauve painted on the coast also a big, broad, coast scene, boat just drawn up by horses" . . . Inland anything sufficed him, for the poetry of light is everywhere," which is not a note on Mauve's art, but only at best a note (and a rather futile one) on its subject. The complete inadequacy of the book on this side of it is illustrated by the fact that it never once mentions Bosboom, and this, although pages are given to Israëls' adoration of Rembrandt, in which Israëls was Bosboom's successor. Other pages are given to discuss Millet's influence on Israëls or Israëls' on Millet, but nowhere is there a hint of the breezes that were stealing into Holland from Barbizon long before Israëls settled at the Hague, and that were blowing in Paris when Israëls was studying there

and painting, say, "The Bathers," which was shown at the French Gallery last spring. As far as Israëls' contemporaries go, Mr. Phythian's pages are uninforming and uninformed.

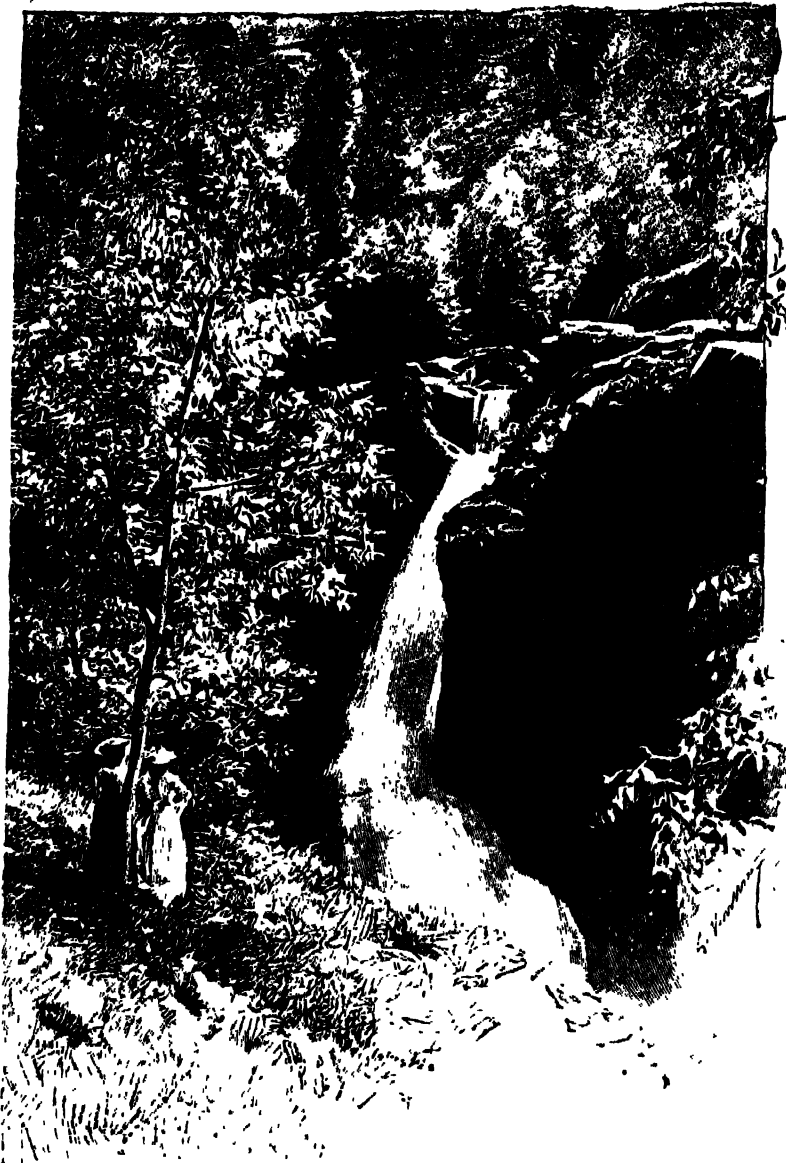
Mr. Phythian prefers to treat Israëls as individual and apart from his countrymen and townsmen, and that is not a bad, nor need it be an unilluminating, method of studying him. Israëls possibly held himself just a little aloof; his art, at any rate, can be understood without reference to them. He worked out his own salvation. The steps towards it might have been shown more definitely than in these pages, for example, there was beautiful painting done at Zandvoort, and in what may be called the Zandvoort period, which deserves greater consideration than our author gives it, if only because it points to how much the artist deliberately jettisoned in the larger aim of his later



From *How to Listen to an Orchestra* (Hutchinson).

THE MODERN ORPHEUS: PAGANINI  
From a contemporary photograph.

years. The progress from the Academic canvases to such a work as "The Sick Neighbour" has been fully displayed in London picture galleries this year, but it may very well have been found impossible to acquire for this volume a similarly complete and adequate series of illustrations. The usefulness of those which do appear would have been greater had they all borne the approximate date of their painting and the place where they can be seen, and been backed somewhere in the text by notes towards a catalogue. Still, in a general way, the reader will gather from these pages the circumstances of Israël's development and the canvases he painted in the course of it. He will nowhere be led to an understanding of how he painted them. Israël's art is never really discussed. Mr. Phythian confines himself to an analysis of its subjects. He cannot get away from the idea of sentiment as at once the end and the measure of art. He is persuaded that a return to contemporary life was the secret of the Hague "movement," of which the initiator was Bosboom, who not six times perhaps touched in a figure later than 1700. As if it were the contemporaneity of Mauve's "Ploughing" or Maris's "Amsterdam" that is its essence! The one and the other and Bosboom's "Alkmaar" in the Mesdag Museum approach Rembrandt in the quality of painting reaching out after spirit, and so does Israël's "Son of the Old Folk," quite irrespective of its subject. But, according to Mr. Phythian, summing up that relationship, "the single word that serves most aptly to describe the difference between Rembrandt and Israël is that the latter was the more homely of the two, both in his art and in his interpretation." A less imaginative artist, he thinks, might have given the picture, "A Son of the Old Folk," the title "A Jewish Pawnbroker." A less sophisticated artist also might.



From *Wayfaring in France*,

By Edward Harrison Tucker, a "recasting" of which will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan.

A GORGE IN THE CORRÈZE.

seur, selected a cigar. And then he replied. It was, he said, very gratifying to see that an idea which one has painted so strikes the heart of the spectator that he, forgetting the art of painting, sees the poet in the picture. But as for me"—and then followed

the confession and the denial that trouble Mr. Phythian. That was Israël's mocking, humorous reminder to those who discuss his work and forget the art of painting.

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has carried away with him. He does not "spread himself" upon the scenery to any great extent, and the Yosemite and Grand Canyon are hardly even mentioned. Nor is he particularly interested in the natural wealth of the State, except in so far as it affects its inhabitants. He concentrates himself upon the people of California; his book is

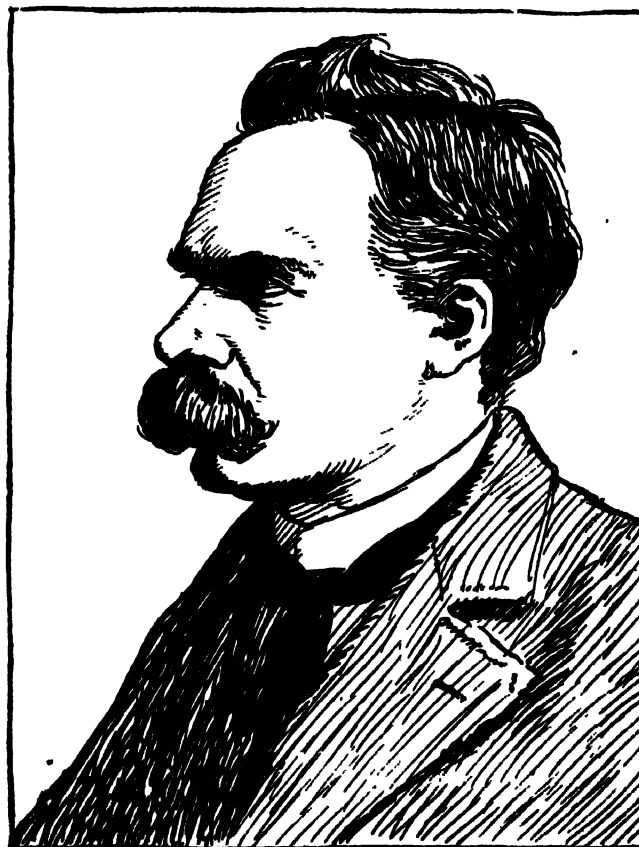


*Frontispiece to Shelley (The People's Books)*  
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emphatically one of human interest. Here the Californian can see himself as others see him—or at any rate as Mr. Johnson does. The portrait may be truthful, but it is hardly flattering. The author does not dislike the Native Son—he finds, indeed, much to admire in that gentleman—but he seems to take rather a cruel pleasure in pointing



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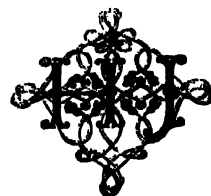
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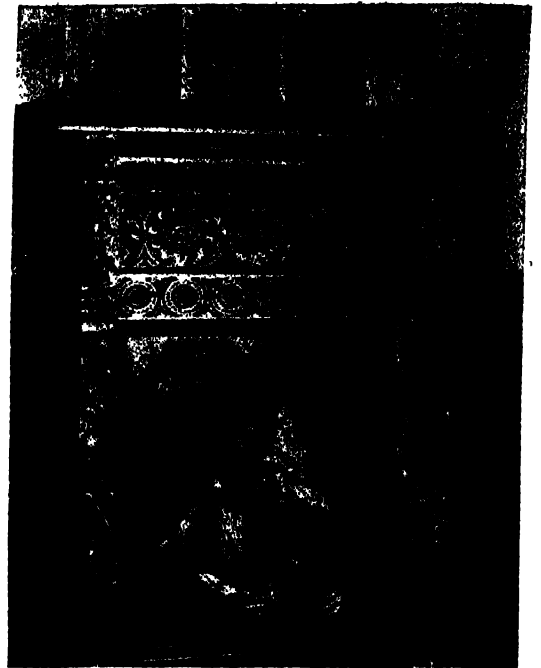
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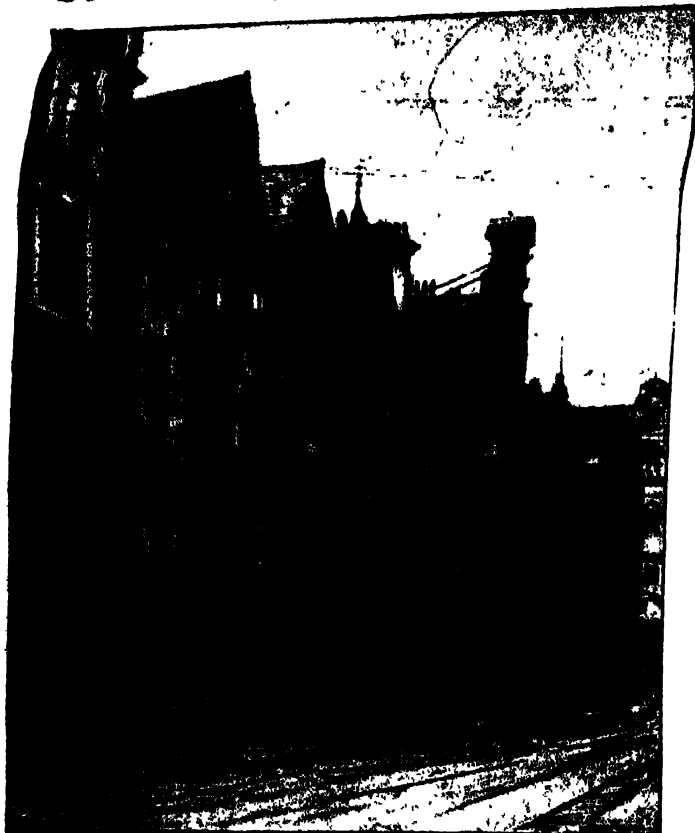
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CHARLES II. FROM  
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was the haunt of the wild boar and the sea-mew, and only the smoke of a few heathen wigwams ascended from the rock of Edinburgh." In his second chapter on Bishop de Bondington who built the Cathedral, the author introduces an ecclesiastic too slightly known in Scottish history, but an interesting and dignified character rendered all the more conspicuous in a century of tarnished ideals.

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Pepys and one undergraduate who was alleged to keep four horses. Oliver Cromwell, of course, ensures a mention of Sidney Sussex, but Jesus surely should not have been passed over. It has a character of its own—somewhat similar to that of the Hall—and it has a Don who would have figured worthily in Mr. Tennyson's gallery of eccentrics. It is interesting how all the colleges save Trinity undergo changes; and perhaps a chapter on the characters of all the colleges would have but a fleeting value. But if there is another edition of this book, or if Mr. Tennyson writes a companion volume, we suggest that there are various themes he might include. For instance, the life of non-collegiate students, the tragedies of failure and success, the Union, the Athenaeum, the Indians and other exotic persons. His philosophical account of the surrounding scenery is excellent, and in the style of Alice Meynell. As for the illustrations by Mr. Harry Morley, the market place lacks some of its celebrated "beefiness," but is otherwise satisfactory. "The Roofs of Cambridge" is quite as good as Yoshio Markino's pictures in the Oxford volume, and the various pictures of "The Backs" will be a delight to all Cantabs.

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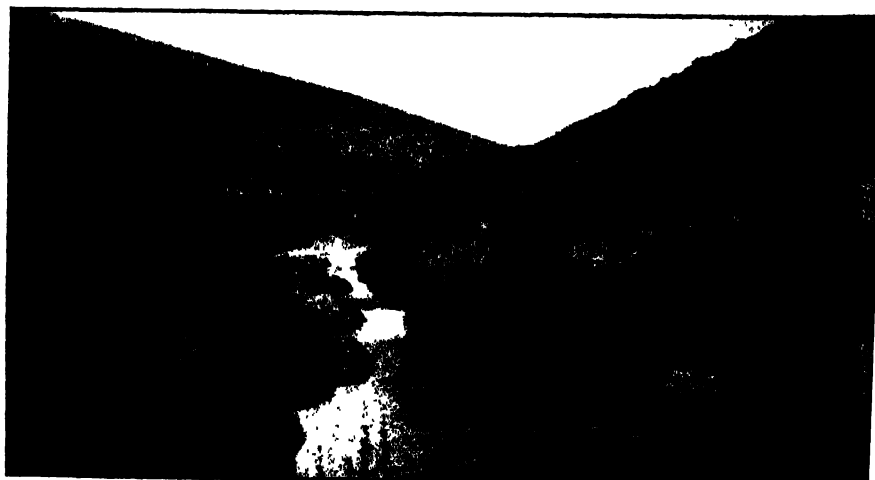
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age and no other. It has always been so  
in the past, and it must be so in the  
future. Imitation, necessary at first,  
has done its useful work, and the  
blind worship of precedent is now only  
capable of doing harm. . . . Consciously  
or unconsciously we form our views from  
our experience; and our ideas are  
inevitably shaped in a greater or less  
measure by what has been done already.  
But while an architect must take  
archæology to some extent into his  
service, he must beware lest it become  
his master. He must study the art of  
the past—neither as a subject of  
historical research, nor as a matter for  
imitation—but in order to learn its  
principles, taking it as his tutor rather



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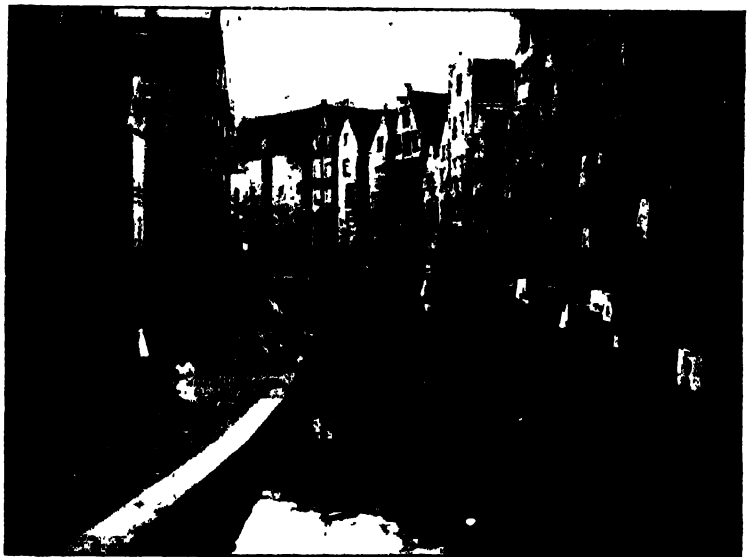
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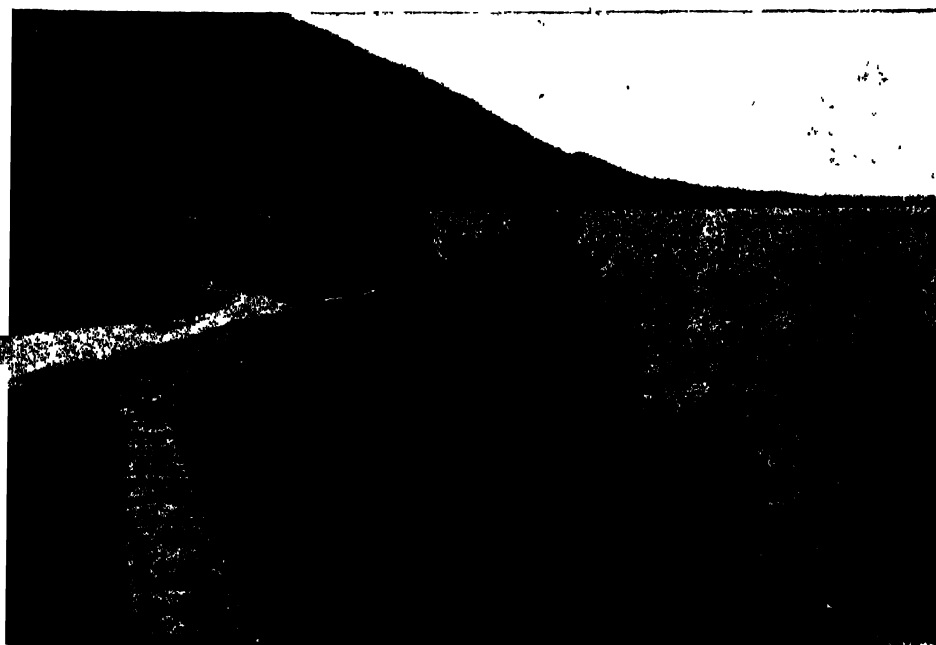


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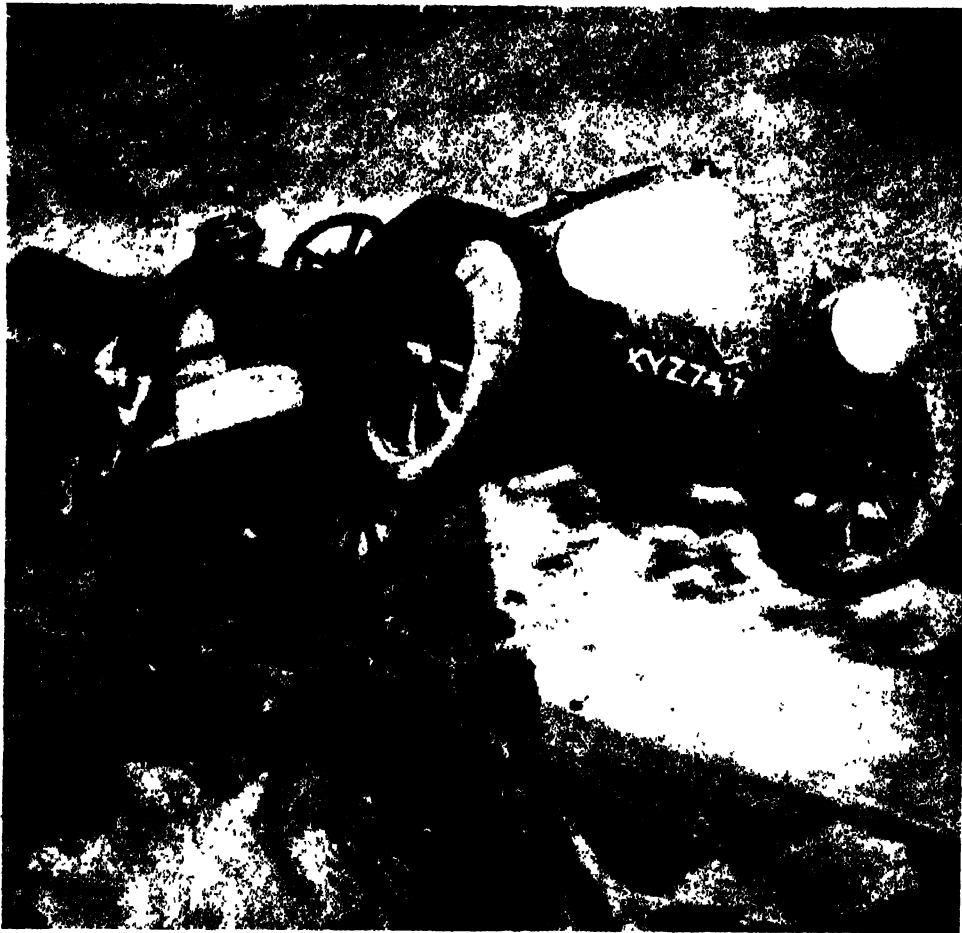
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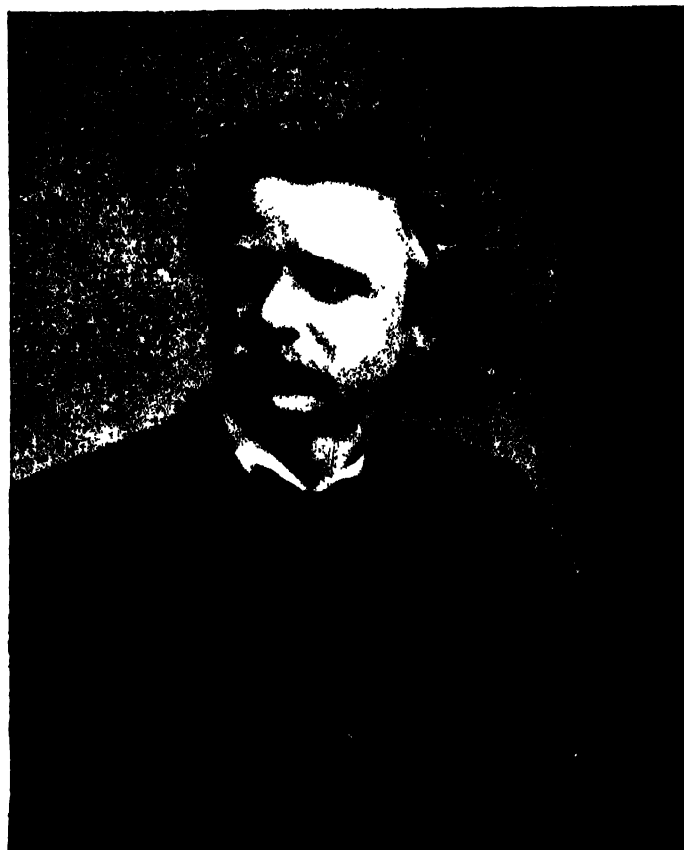
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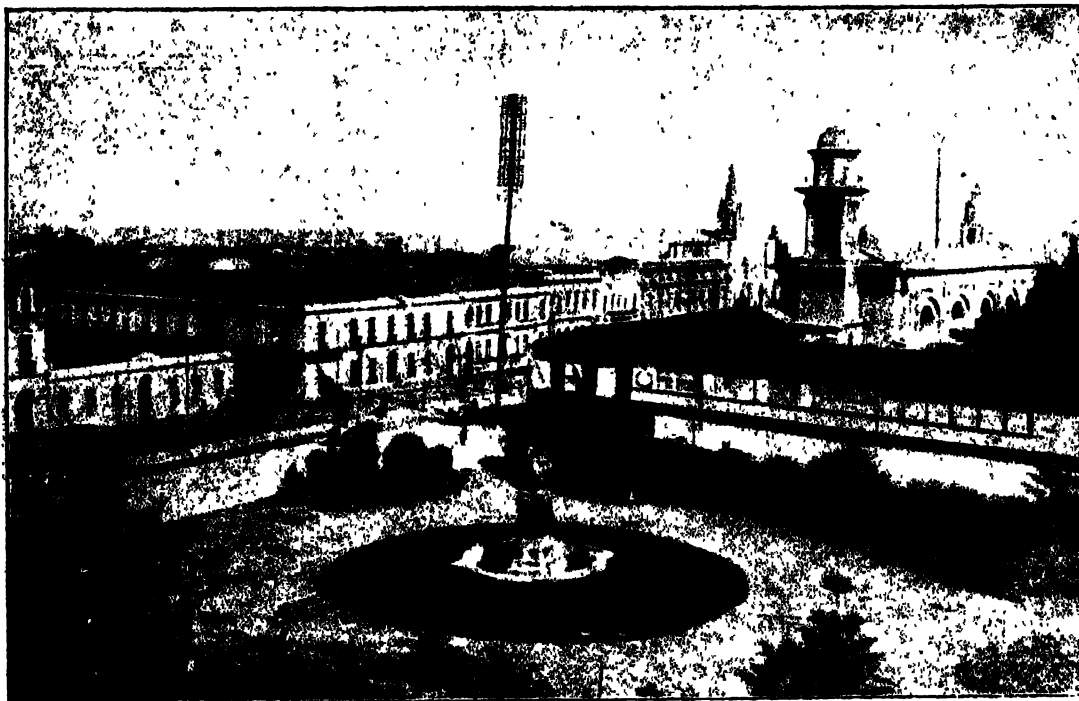
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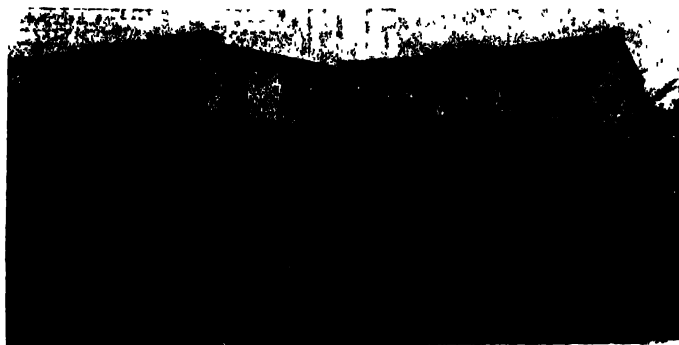
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all the interesting things that happened to them during the voyage. This and all that Mrs. Marriott writes of the Commodore's doings in Tasmania makes stimulating reading. The illustrations are good, and the book is indexed with particular care.

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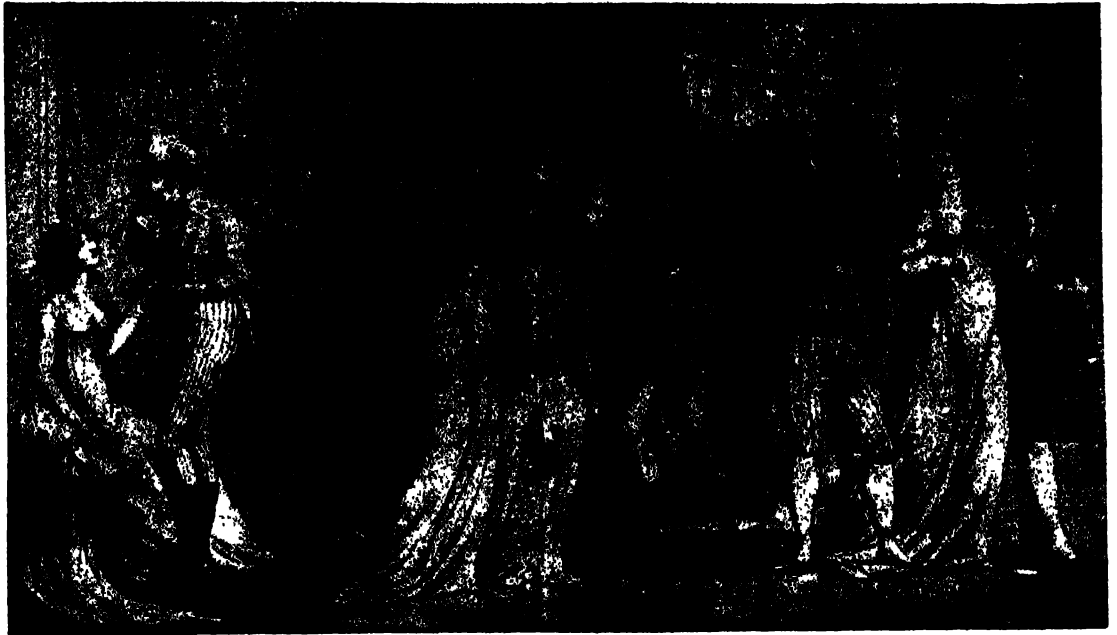
on) the Masai. There are also chapters on the Lamu archipelago, the Coast Belt, the Uganda railway, Masailand, Mount Kenya, Lake Victoria Nyanza, and so on. The book lacks atmosphere and real distinction, though there is almost a superfluity of detail. It is by no means a piece of book-making, for it is in its own way really valuable and full of first-hand knowledge; but all the same, it has not the one thing needful for a book of this sort—the touch of arresting personality. Unless we can be made

almost to feel the glow of the equatorial sun in a work on the tropics, what good are all the facts in the world? They miss the mark, for without that something else they are lifeless. This criticism applies, of course, only to the actual descriptive portion of the book. The other parts are, no doubt, of much superior merit.

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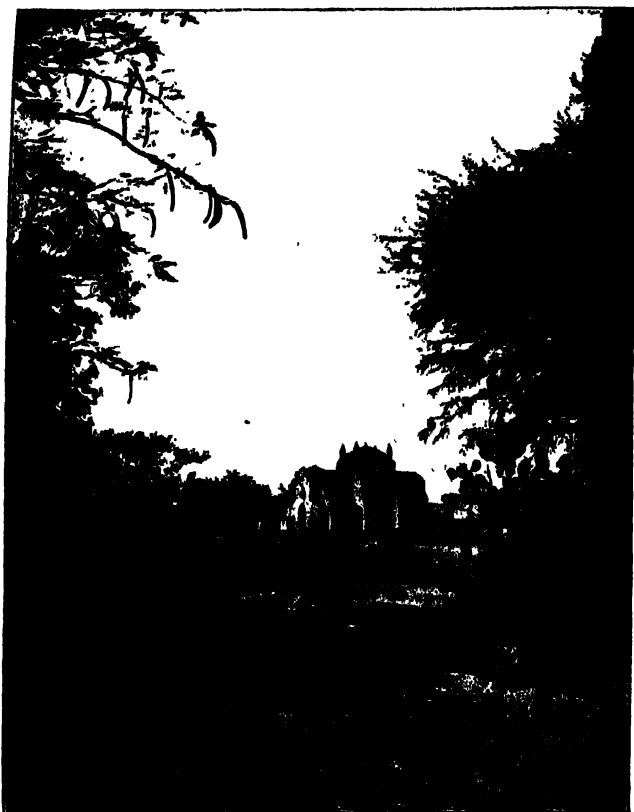
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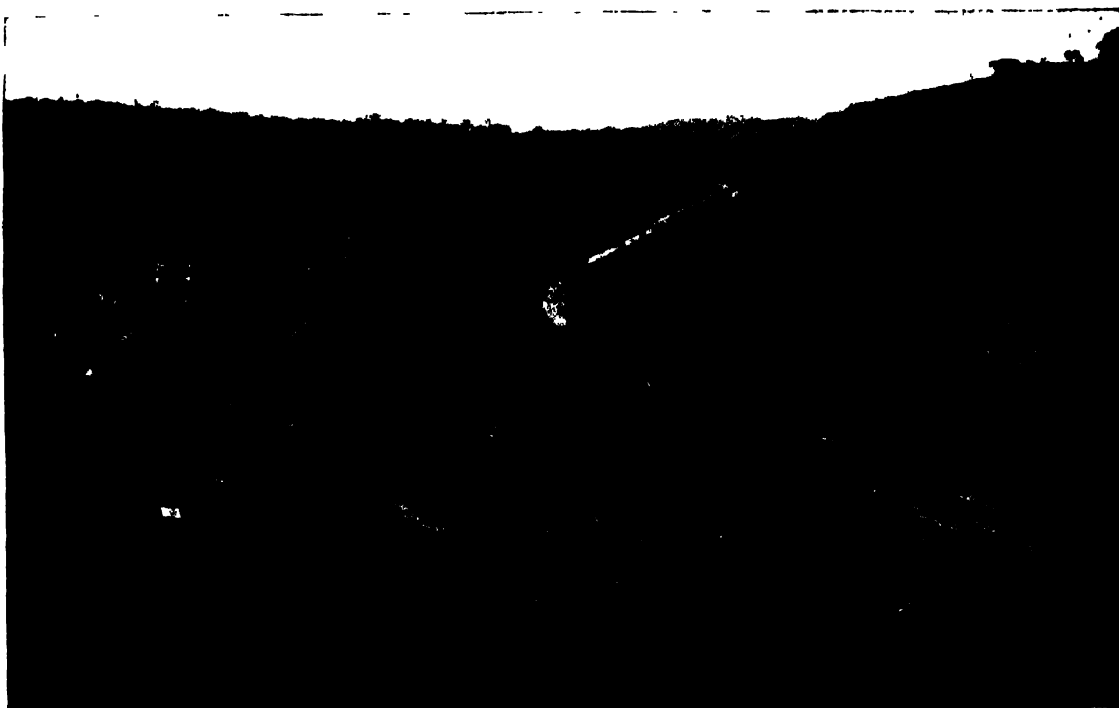
Mr. Beckles Willson is a great lover of Canada—her history in the past, her story in the making to-day, and her great hopes for the future. He has written many books on this theme, all with "fluency, fervour and zeal," and among recent contributions to historical biography his work on Wolfe, the young general whose audacious victory at Quebec gave Canada to the Empire, must be given a high place. The present volume describes the province of Quebec, and is rich with information for anyone who is interested in a country to which so many people go yearly from the United Kingdom to become citizens of Canada. In area some 350,000 square miles—large than France and Germany combined, a fact we seldom realise in glib speech

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piano " at the Hotel de la France at Concepcion, or in this little sketch of a Chilian waiter which immediately precedes it: "When a waiter has come bustling up with a dish, and has laid it tenderly on the table, you need not be surprised if he pauses for a while to gaze in triumphant admiration at the work of the *chef*. Then his feelings will overcome him. 'Nothing could be better done' he will ejaculate, and, having thus vindicated the quality of his freight, he will depart in search of something equally admirable for someone else." Although he does not consider the country incapable of improvement—even our own country has not yet reached that happy state of perfection—you can tell that Mr. Koebel liked Chile very well. Anyhow, he has written a book on the country that the general reader will find attractive, while we have not the least doubt that the traveller and the business man will find it useful. We must add a word of special praise for the illustrations—an excellent series of photographs most excellently reproduced.

experiment in some measure reconcile the general reader desirous of hearing something interesting or amusing, and the critical scholar in search of information. The style of the book sufficiently accounts for the omission of an incubus of footnotes and literary references. I have absorbed the writings of others, not quoted them." The district of Central Asia of which the author treats is the land between the Amu-darya and the Oxus and Jaxartes. This area he calls the Duab, and it "contains everything that is typical of and common to various overlapping or subdivided conceptions" of Turkestan, which, as he explains, is an atmosphere rather than a locality. Within this district the author has travelled elaborately, and has gathered facts—and photographs—which are at once of the greatest scientific value and of much general interest. The style of the writing is not unduly technical, and the author has spared no effort to make it readable. The volume is one which does the utmost credit both to Mr.

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From The Duab of Turkestan  
(Cambridge University Press)

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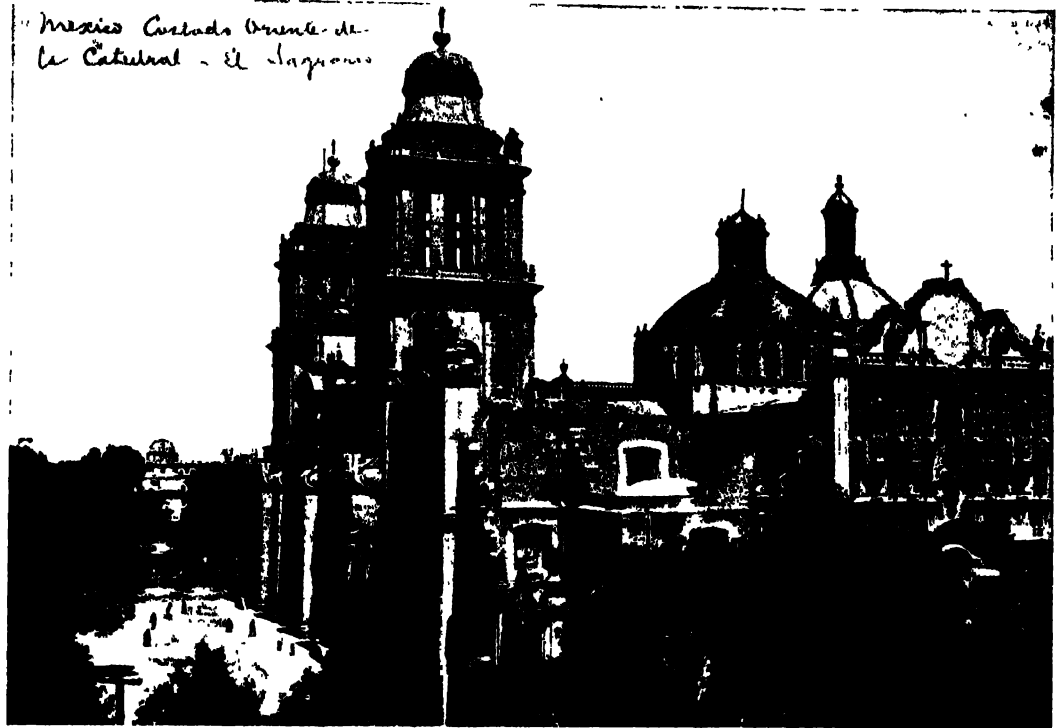
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*From A Queen of Shreds and Patches,*  
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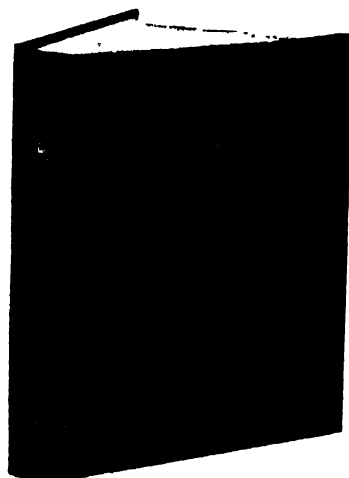
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## NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration

taken specially for THE BOOKMAN by Mr. E. O. Hoppé.

Katharine Tynan (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson) has written a first volume of her "Memoirs," and the book will be published shortly by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

## News Notes.

The June BOOKMAN will be an Edmund Gosse Number, and will contain a special article on Edmund Gosse by Thomas Seccombe. Other important articles in this Number will include "Swinburne," by Professor Saintsbury; "A Lyric Love," by George Sampson; "From Both Sides," by Stanley Portal Hyatt; "The Mystic Way," by Darrell Figgis; "Dickens in America," by W. Roberts; "The Positive Evolution of Religion," by James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt.; and an article on the late Professor Dowden.

The portrait on our cover is from a photograph by Paul Laib of the portrait of Mr. Austin Dobson painted by Mr. Frank Brooks, of Ealing. Our presentation plate portrait of Mr. Dobson was

Miss L. Lind-af-Hageby, whose speech in her anti-vivisection libel action recently won golden opinions from Mr. Justice Bucknill and the press and public in general, has written a critical life of August Strindberg, which Mr. Stanley Paul is publishing immediately. This is the first life of Strindberg to appear in the English language.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a new novel, a love story of to-day, which is to commence its serial appearance in the May Number of *Harper's Magazine*.

The picture of Miss Viola Meynell in our April issue was from a portrait-study by Mr. Sherril Schell, the talented American artist, who has opened a studio for the season at 116, St. George's Square, and has lately made a very interesting series of studies of literary celebrities.

"Mr. Laxworthy's Adventures," a new book by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell. As a writer of sensational stories, Mr. Oppenheim is among the most popular of living English novelists. He confesses that as a writer of fiction his chief aim is to make his stories real stories of adventure, and to keep the feminine interest entirely wholesome. His vogue in America is, if anything, greater than it is in England. He has recently gone to the South of France on a two months' holiday, and is staying again at the "Paradise Hotel" where the Laxworthy stories were written, and he says that if he feels like it he will forget he is on holiday and write another series of them.

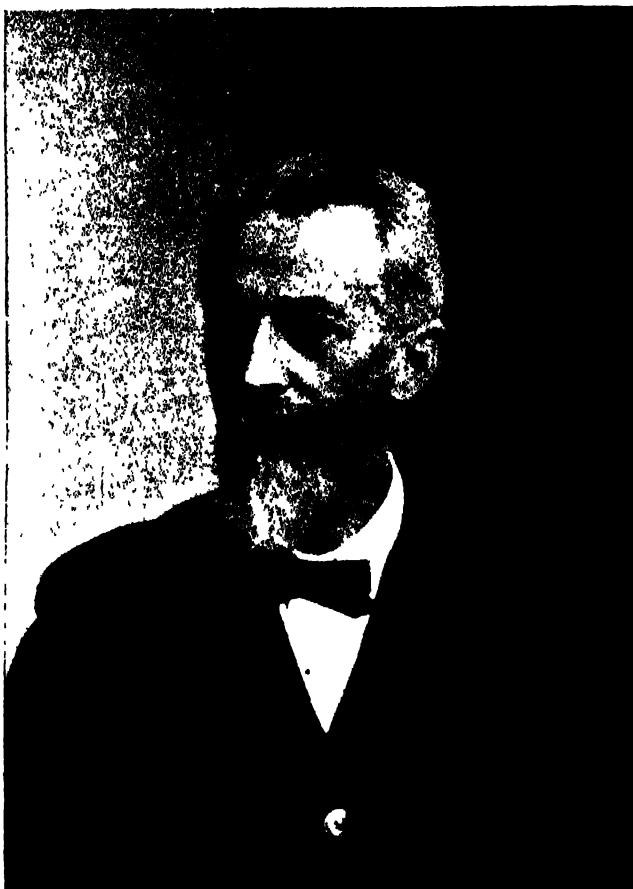


Photo by Lajaville, Dublin.

**The Late Professor Dowden,**  
on whom we are publishing a special article in next month's BOOKMAN.

Mr. Oppenheim began life by taking a hand in his father's leather business at Leicester, but he had already been writing stories, because it amused him to do so, since he was eighteen. The leather business was so successful that Blumenthals, the big American and Paris leather people, bought it over and made him their director at Leicester. His business experience has stood him in good stead; it not only helped him with material for his stories, but it was through the American head of Blumenthals that he had his chief incentive to the writing of the type of story that has made him a successful novelist. This gentleman introduced him

to the proprietor of the Café de Rat Mort, the once famous Montmartre haunt, for Mr. Oppenheim was



Photo by Ad. Lphi Studios, Strand.

**Mr. Arnold Golsworthy,**

whose new novel "A Little World" (George Allen), is reviewed in this Number.



Photo by Fulk, New York.

**Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim.**

Mr. Oppenheim, whose novel, "The Temptation of Tavernake," is published by Messrs. Horder & Stoughton, has completed a new book of stories, "Mr. Laxworthy's Adventures," which Messrs. Cassell are publishing this month.



**Miss Angela Langer,**  
 strange story of her own life, "Rue and Roses," Mr. W.  
 H. M. is publishing

frequently in Paris on business, and here he acquired his taste for the mysteries of international complications, for the proprietor used to tell him thrilling yarns of political and international adventure. He protests that he does not construct his stories but lets them grow. "Two or three people in a crowded restaurant may arouse my interest and the atmosphere is compelling," he says. "I start weaving a story round them—the circumstances and the people



**Gasquoine Hartley**  
 (Mrs. Walter Gallichan).

gradually develop as I dictate to my secretary the thoughts they evoke. But first of all I must have a congenial atmosphere—the rest is easy."

We have lately had a large number of books upon the position of women written by women, and in many cases their authors' idea of emancipation seems to be limited to a desire for political enfranchisement. Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan (Catherine Gasquoine Hartley) has written an important book, "The Truth About Women," that Mr. Eveleigh

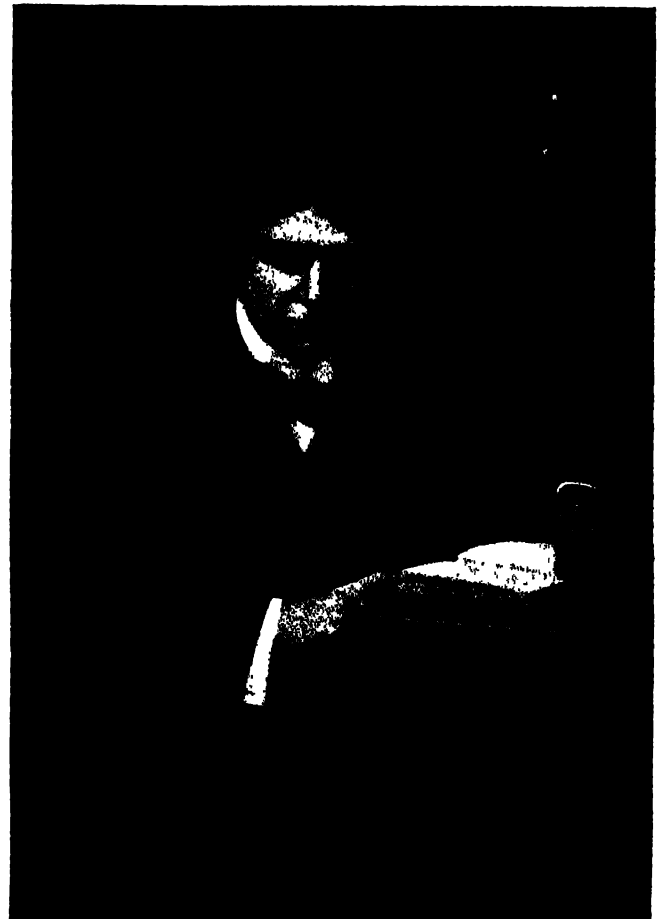


Photo by Scott's Studios, Regent's Park. **Mr. W. Pett Ridge,**  
 whose new book of stories, "Mixed Grill" (Hodder & Stoughton), is  
 reviewed in this Number

Nash is publishing, in which she examines the position of women from the points of view of biology, psychology and the sexual relationship, and sets herself to prove that the freeing of woman involves very much more than the gaining of the vote. Mrs. Gallichan, under her maiden name of Gasquoine Hartley, is the author of many and various books. Her first novel, "Life the Modeller," was published in 1889, and was followed by "The Weaver's Shuttle," "Stories of Early British Heroes," "The Moorish Cities of Spain," "Stories from the Greek Legends," and "A Record of Spanish Painting," which is recognized as the standard work on this subject. Her books upon Spain and its art and historic buildings are numerous, and include a study

of "El Greco," "The Prado," and "Spain Revisited." Last year Messrs. Dent published her "Story of Santiago," in their Mediæval Towns series, and "The Cathedrals of Southern Spain" will be issued shortly by Mr. Werner Laurie. Mrs. Gallichan has written and lectured much upon English painters, and a large volume of hers on "The Pictures in the Tate Gallery" was published a year



**Miss Rosamund Napier,**  
whose remarkable novel, "Tamsie" (Hodder & Stoughton)  
is now in its third edition

or two ago by Messrs. Seeley. But her interest in social questions is perhaps even keener than her love of art and literature; she has always been a diligent student of the Woman's Movement, and her latest work, "The Truth About Women," is the result of many years of observation and enquiry.

Mr. Adam S. Melville, senior partner in the famous Australian bookselling firm of Messrs. Melville and Mullen, of Melbourne, is retiring from active association with the business. Mr. Melville was born in Edinburgh, in 1842, and after serving a four-years' apprenticeship to Messrs. Gall & Inglis, went out



**Mr. Adam S. Melville,**  
of the well-known firm of booksellers,  
Messrs. Melville & Mullen of Melbourne.

to Melbourne in 1861, where he was promptly engaged as assistant by Mr. Samuel Mullins who had opened a book store in Collins Street in 1857. "For fifty-two years," writes Mr. Donald MacLean, the well-known Australian novelist, "Mr. Melville has lived and moved and had his being in the one shop, and from an unknown youth he has gradually risen to be the Grand Old Man of Australian booksellers, in many respects the most picturesque figure of them all." He has been too busy selling books to write many; but he has written an admirable one on China, and a pamphlet tracing the rise and progress of the book trade in Australia that is of peculiar interest and value. Mr. Melville has been the guide, philosopher and friend of many authors, and the warmth of their regard for him is summed up in Mr. MacLean's little note of regret at his retirement: "It is not the writer or the man of affairs we shall miss so much as the kindly, courteous gentleman."



**Mr. Stanley Paul.**

Mr. Stanley Paul, who started publishing four and a half years ago in Clifford's Inn, rapidly built up such a successful business that two years back he found it necessary to remove into larger premises in Essex Street, Strand. He has now, by way of further development, acquired the business of Messrs. Greening & Co. The firms will not be amalgamated, but the two will henceforth be conducted by Mr. Stanley Paul under their separate names. He is this year issuing no fewer than a hundred and



Photo by John Trevor.

**Mr. John Masefield,**

whose new poem, "Dauber," will be published this month by Mr. Heinemann.

six books for the firm that bears his own name, and intends to add a large number of serious volumes to Messrs. Greening's list; among the first of such additions will be a series of "Memoirs of Secret History"

publisher and is to make its appearance this autumn. Other poets will be glad to hear that she was paid fifty pounds for this volume.

Some interesting and sensational

eighth edition. Miss Lindsay Russell had spent her life in the bush and the country districts of Victoria until a year or two ago, and was more given to riding, coursing and picnicing than to study in school. She wrote "Souls in Pawn" during a brief visit to England recently, and sold it promptly to Messrs. Ward, Lock, and drew the money for it before she returned home. She has another book, a collection of her poems, called "Road of Yesterday," which is in the hands of an English



Photo by Adolphe Denis.

**Mr. H. S. Perrie.**

concerning the French Revolution, the "Recollections of an Officer in Napoleon's Army," and a volume on Madame de Pompadour in the Court Series of French Memoirs.

Miss Lindsay Russell, whose new novel, "Souls in Pawn," has just been published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, has been described as the Australian Marie Corelli. She is very widely known in Australia as the author of "Straws in the Wind," "The Love Letters of a Priest," and "Smouldering Fires"—the first edition of the latter sold out in a few days, and it is now in its



Photo by K. Stewart, Brighton.

**Miss Lindsay Russell,**

whose new novel, "Souls in Pawn," is published by Messrs. Ward, Lock.



Photo by courtesy of Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

**Countess Marie Larisch,**

whose autobiography, "My Past," has just been published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

revelations are promised in the Countess Larisch's Memoirs, "My Past," that Mr. Eveleigh Nash is issuing this month. It will be remembered that in 1889 the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and the Baroness Mary Vetsera were found dead at the hunting box of Mayerling, near Allard, but it was never authoritatively stated how they met their end. The secret is to be unveiled now by the Countess Marie Larisch, a niece of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria. After a silence of twenty years she has decided that the time has come to tell the whole sad and terrible story. In addition

to anecdotes and recollections of many other royal and distinguished persons, the Countess gives some full and intimate reminiscences of her aunt, the Empress Elizabeth, and of her cousin, King Ludwig of Bavaria.

Miss Marjorie Crosbie asks us to mention that her book of poems, "Life's Changes," which we reviewed last month, is published in London by E. J. Larby, of Paternoster Avenue.

"Pax Britannica" is the title given to an important book by Mr. Harry S. Perris, which Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson have just published. Mr. Perris is the Secretary of the British-American Peace Centenary Committee, and has had much experience as a worker for international peace, having served for some years as secretary of the British National Peace Council. His new book embodies, therefore, the fruits of practical knowledge as well as of much historical research.

Messrs. Macmillan have issued a new edition of "Gitanjali" (Song Offerings) by Rabindranath Tagore, of which a limited edition was published

last year by the India Society. This remarkable volume, which we reviewed shortly after its first appearance, consists of prose translations made by the author from his poems in the original Bengali, and has an introduction by W. B. Yeats.

The latest addition to the ranks of the London publishing houses is made by the firm of Max Goschen, Ltd., who have started business at 20, Great Russell Street, London, W.C., with the issue of Mr. Douglas Goldring's very successful volume "Streets." The new firm promise some interesting "discoveries," including a new writer, Mr. George Willoughby, whose collection of short stories, called "The Adventures," they announce for immediate publication.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this Number we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.; Messrs. Macmillan; Mr. J. P. Collins; Messrs. Methuen; Mr. Heinemann; Messrs. Alston Rivers; Messrs. Cassell; Mr. Eveleigh Nash; Messrs. Digby, Long; Messrs. Pitman; Mr. Stanley Paul; and Messrs. George Allen.

## THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

### AUSTIN PHILIPS.

MAUPASSANT used to say that the ubiquity of the English spinster was the most remarkable thing in Europe. But nowadays it is the British golfer that one encounters everywhere. I sometimes fancy the greater part of the Continent will at last be transformed into links for his benefit. His little alien caddies catch his enthusiasm, and spend their spare time in playing the game among themselves, and teaching it to their grandfathers. So at least a Frenchman tried to make me believe. Some years ago I was breaking, at Dieppe, a wearisome journey from Aragon—happily golf isn't played there yet—and in loafing about the French seaport I met the inevitable golfer, a youngish Englishman, tanned, clean-shaven, with a strong chin and the usual bag of clubs. But, extraordinarily, he didn't want to hold forth about the Dieppe links. He switched our chat on to literary "shop" and kept it fixed there. He was quite enthusiastic about Maupassant's short stories, and eager to get someone to disagree with him and give him an opening for discussion. So I mildly maintained that the tales of Rudyard Kipling were, on the whole, superior to those of the French master of short story-writing. They had more variety of theme, and showed a larger sense of life, and even in regard to the art of composition I was not prepared to allow that Maupassant was the greater artist. Maupassant's trick of getting atmosphere by describing a discussion between

one or two men or a group of chatting women, and then leading up to a brilliantly told anecdote from one of the speakers, has always seemed to me a distressing way of starting a tale. Maupassant himself wore the trick clean out, and his innumerable imitators have long since reduced it to an inanity.

"But don't you see Maupassant's real source of strength?" exclaimed Austin Philips. "He is quite free from the modern vice of dissecting a character to death, and analysing it into a tangled something that you cannot grasp. He carves his characters out of the stuff of life, instead of dissecting them into nothingness, like Paul Bourget and Henry James. He doesn't continually stop to explain what his characters think. He makes them reveal their qualities in action, and develop themselves in deeds."

When a man talks like this, one can usually take it that he is either writing tales himself or studying to write them. Austin Philips was doing both these things, and some months afterwards I came across a tale of his in one of the magazines that struck me as being remarkably good. It was a short story about life in the Post Office, written with insight into human nature, and with an intimate knowledge of the inner working of the most successful branch of our bureaucracy which was curiously arresting. It now forms the opening tale in "Red Tape," that Messrs. Smith & Elder published a couple of years ago.



When Austin Philips wrote it he was the Postmaster of Droitwich, with an interesting career behind him. I fancy that one of his long nourished ambitions in life is to arouse public opinion in regard to the organisation of our Postal Service. He wishes to see it so re-ordered that a man of ability in the lowest ranks shall again have an opportunity of making his way by sheer merit to positions of power and importance. He himself was driven into the literary world by a failure, after a struggle of seventeen years, to break through the iron barrier that separates the pariah caste of Post Office officials from the lordly and not always capable Brahmin caste, strictly recruited from crammer's pups in the universities.

Born in 1875 at Lewisham, and educated at Malvern College, Mr. Philips was unable to proceed to a university owing to a lack of means, so in 1893 he entered the Post Office by the back door. He became a sorting clerk at Leicester, where he worked on a night job, from 7.30 in the evening till 4 o'clock in the morning. He hoped that when he had gained practical experience, he would at last get on to the Provincial Inspecting Staff, fine appointments of this sort being then still open to members of the rank and file who proved that they had remarkable capacity. His father had won from the bottom to the top in this way.

It seems to me that Austin Philips must have become a good man at postal work. For after climbing from one small post to another, and going out to Natal for six months, he was taken up by the authorities and trained into a minor sort of Sherlock Holmes. That is to say, he entered the Investigation Branch of the service that deals with all kinds of Post Office crimes. Night after night was spent by him in the secret watching galleries that honeycomb the walls of all the big modern Post Offices. He prepared test letters to catch the thief that he suspected, and came forth as the chief witness at trials in London and the Assize towns of England and Wales.

It was while travelling about the country after criminals, and while sitting in the waiting-rooms at Bow Street and the Central Criminal Court, that he began to entertain himself with literature. Just to occupy his mind while waiting to convict the wrong-doers he had tracked down, he taught himself to read French and German, Spanish and Italian. And then—verse springs eternal in the youthful breast—he took to writing sketches in rhyme. Great was the quantity of them, and a few appeared in the *Westminster, Pall Mall* and

*Evening Standard*. Usually they were not signed; but Austin Philips often had the dubious pleasure of seeing his name appear in another part of the paper. "High-handed Conduct of a Post Office Official," "Star Chamber Methods at St. Martin's-le-Grand"—such were some of the headings under which the name of Austin Philips was first brought before the public, in connection with the trial of some thievish postman at Bow Street. For Sir Albert de Rutzen was inclined to condemn in open Court the method of questioning suspected wrong-doers which was followed by the Investigation Branch. And as Mr. Philips often had to conduct these private examinations, he came in for a good deal of criticism from the magistrate.

Austin Philips himself profoundly disliked the kind of work he was engaged in. He was well paid, but the wrong-doers excited his pity more often than his sense of justice. He broke down, after going with the police to the room of an auxiliary postman, who, though earning the magnificent wages of seven and sixpence a week, had stolen a letter. For a long time Mr. Philips beat his head against the stone wall that now prevents any official of the lower class from entering the higher branches of the service. "You've no lead in your boots, young man," said one of the Mandarins. "I don't want any lead in my boots," said Mr. Philips, "it isn't much use to a chap who's in a blind alley, and wants to climb the wall."



*Photo by R. H. Phillips,  
St. Ives, Cornwall.*

**Mr. Austin Philips.**

He saw it was a case of recoiling to leap better. He recoiled. At a loss of salary and prospects, he obtained the postmastership of Droitwich, with the help of Mr. Buxton Forman, and he gave his evenings to writing short stories. He sent them out, but, as usual, they were like homing pigeons. One morning—I remember him telling me at our first meeting—he had seven back by the first post. It was then he ceased writing for a while and studied Maupassant, Kipling and "Q." And after three years' practice, his work began to appear in the monthly magazines, and somewhat more than two years afterwards he leaped over the wall he had set himself to surmount, and landed well on his feet in the republic of letters.

In his two first volumes of stories, "Red Tape," and "A Budget of Tares," there are traces of the influence of the three men he sedulously studied. Yet even in his 'prentice work is revealed a fine native gift for story-telling, and the subject matter of many of the tales is fresh and provocative of ideas. Mr. Philips has discovered a world of new interests in the lives of the

bureaucracy that is getting a large part of the actual work of Government into their hands. The continual conflict between the democratic element in our Civil Service and the aristocratic corps that comes from the universities, affords him a wonderfully varied amount of dramatic situations, which he handles now in a vivid and memorable manner.

I fancy that in his younger days Mr. Philips was inclined to the Fabian school of Socialism, partly by reason of his discontent with the growth of Mandarinism in the public services of our great democracy, and largely out of general sympathy with all the undermen in our gloomy industrial civilisation. But his personal experiences of the qualities of some of the leading men in the modern movement of intellectual socialism, has transformed him into one of the most vehement and out-spoken opponents of Fabianism in life and art and politics. He expressed his views on the matter with a great deal of personal feeling in "The Common Touch," his first long novel, published this

year. One reviewer says of the work: "there is not a fine thought in it," another critic acclaims it as "one of the outstanding achievements of the current year." So it strikes me that Austin Philips has infuriated the persons he attacked and pleased those of his own way of thinking. He is now engaged upon another novel, dealing with the drama of the Investigation Branch of the Postal Service, in which, with the same passion born of personal experience, he depicts the struggle between the lower and higher divisions in our bureaucracy. In the meantime a new collection of his short stories, entitled "Not in the Newspapers," has been prepared for publication. It contains, I think, the best work that he has yet done. His laboriously cultivated talent is ripening into genius, and he is happily young enough to enjoy his popularity. For besides being an artist, he is a reformer with something of importance to say, and the larger his audience becomes, the more fully he develops the fine original side of his nature.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

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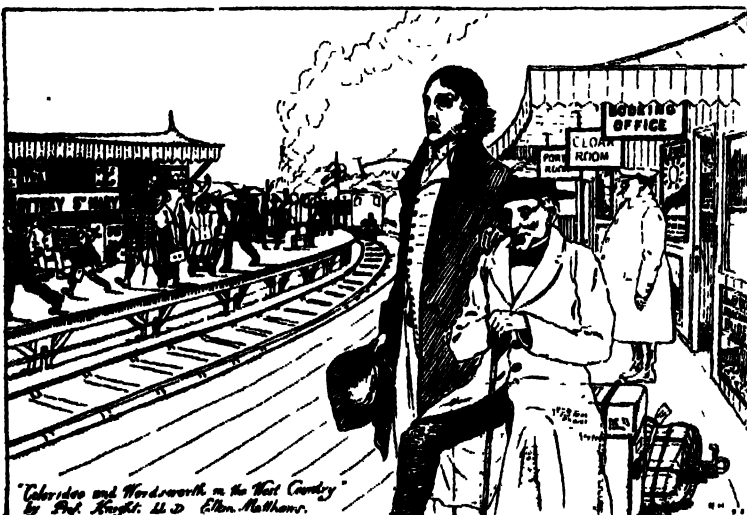
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# THE READER.

## AUSTIN DOBSON.

BY FRANCIS BICKLEY.

"MANY days have come and gone" since Mr. Austin Dobson first wooed the English ear with his delicate music. His earliest poem was published in 1864; his earliest volume, "Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société," in 1873. The English ear was deaf at first—the American proving more acute—but it was not long before the poet was recognised as peerless in his kind, the critic as an unique connoisseur of the eighteenth century. The ample, unhurried production of forty years, during the most of which the State as well as art was faithfully served, has secured Mr. Dobson an unassailable niche in the house of English letters. Edinburgh University has given him an honorary degree; the Athenæum has extended to him its stately hospitality under Rule 2; he is a vice-president of the Royal Society of Literature, and one of the small company of honorary members of the Authors' Club of New York. Yet now that his "Collected Poems"\* have reached a ninth edition it is made plain that he is still "singing clearly as of old," and that his "numbers are of gold" as unalloyed as ever. In the new poems added to this collection all his well-known qualities are displayed, riper, perhaps, but unwithered. Mr. Dobson has already headed a poem "Threescore and Ten" with autobiographical significance, but when he hints that his singing days are in flight the song itself belies him. The motto which he chose for his edition of Prior—*perennis et fragrans*—might with greater justice as regards the second epithet and with at least as great, one may prophesy, as regards the first, be inscribed on his own title page. He was not a precocious singer, being, it appears, nearly twenty-five before he saw his handwriting first transfigured in print, and some years older when he became a regular contributor to *Temple Bar*. It is fitting that a muse whose youth had the maturity of age should in age preserve the freshness of her youth.

In applying to Mr. Dobson phrases borrowed from his own tribute to Herrick no comparison is intended. Indeed, after it had been superfluously pointed out that both poets handled their materials with an unsurpassable lightness of touch, such a comparison

would be hard to sustain. Herrick, complain as he might of his exile in dull Devon, was the very spirit of pastoral become vocal, a pagan in every sense. Mr. Dobson, though singing in holiday mood

" Good-bye to the town!—good-bye!  
Hurrah! for the sea and the sky!"

is essentially the poet of the urbane; admitting closest kinship with Horace and Prior and Locker-Lampson. Nature, as viewed by Mr. Dobson, always suggests the eighteenth-century conception. Nor is this surprising; for it is from the eighteenth century that his art obtains its chief nourishment.

With what subtlety Mr. Dobson has captured the spirit of the age of his predilection is well illustrated by the following story, which comes from an unquestionable source, the poet himself. It was not always his ambition to become a man of letters. Painting was his earliest mistress, and as a young man he studied at South Kensington. This brought him into daily contact with a copy of the bust of Julia, daughter of Titus, whose youthful head and developed breasts reminded him of the century which already interested him, so girlishly gay and yet so expert in life. Years later Mr. Arthur Symonds, in an essay on Mr. Dobson's poetry, wrote: "In the Capitoline Museum at Rome, in a room filled with busts of the emperors, there is one bust, that of

Julia, the daughter of Titus, which has for me precisely the charm and pathos of those fragile things to which this kind of art gives something of the consecration of time. The little fashionable head, so small, eager, curled so elaborately for its life of one fashionable day, and seeming to be so little at home in the unexpected, perpetuating coldness of marble: what has such as this to do with the dignity of death?" The coincidence is curious and significant; but Mr. Dobson's relation with the age of Pope and Johnson calls for definition. It is not enough to say that he has caught its spirit, nor can it be affirmed that he has fled to an idealised eighteenth century as an escape from the reality of to-day. He finds the graces of that age congenial, but remains in normal relationship with contemporary life

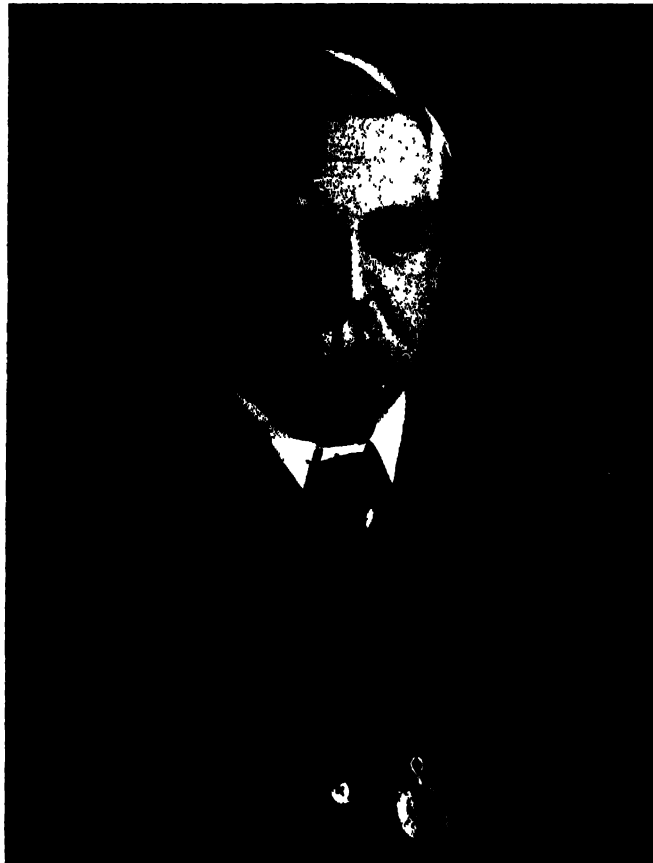


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Austin Dobson.  
(1910).

\* Kegan Paul & Co.

Nor has he even idealised his theme; he has sifted it. His attitude is frank and sympathetic, but not too serious and never more than playfully regretful. It may be imagined that if one were to come to the English literature of the eighteenth century with no idea of it but that to be gathered from Mr Dobson's poetry one might well be bitterly disappointed, finding satisfaction, perhaps, only in "The Rape of the Lock" and a few short pieces of Prior's. For while in his prose criticisms he has shown his judgment in operation, in his verse for the most part, he offers only its conclusions. A true artist, he ignores what he cannot use. The eighteenth century is his material, not his inspiration.

Indeed, Mr Dobson's choice, though too happy to be accidental, was not inevitable.



Photo by F. O. Hoppt

Garden of Mr. Austin Dobson's House at Ealing.



Photo by C. Las, Watkins. Mr. Austin Dobson.  
An early portrait

There are poems which show that his achievement might have been as admirable in other fields. Beginning to write in the 'sixties, he very naturally came under Pre-Raphaelite influences, and those pieces which suggest Rossetti and Morris are no less authentic Dobson than those which recall Prior and Gay. "The Dying of Tanne-guy du Bois"

"No, I am come too high Whate'er betide,  
To find the doubtful thing that fights with me,  
Towards the mountain tops I still shall ride,  
And cry your name in my extremity,  
As Palomyde,

Until the issue come Will it disclose  
No gift of grace, no pity made complete  
After much labour done, —much war with woes?  
Will you deny me still in Heaven my sweet,—  
Ah, Death—who knows?"

A similar grave music is heard in the poems founded on Greek story—"The Death of Procris" and "The Prayer of the Swine to Circe"—and it is to be regretted that Mr Dobson has done so little in this manner. But he has decided that the higher slopes of Parnassus are not for his feet. "*Majores majora sonent*" is the motto of his election. Much of the poetry of Rossetti and Morris and Swinburne dealt with life at one remove—that is to say, it was founded on literature, but on literature the source whereof was life. Mr Dobson has gone a step further taking his material from literature itself secondary. It may be admitted that the few pieces—such as "The Child Musician" and "My Landlady"—wherein he has attempted to deal directly with

is often justly cited as among his best work, nor are "Palomydes" and the two poems of "Angiola" to be ranked much lower. "Palomydes" for the sake of emphasising its right to a place of honour in the nineteenth century Arthurian concert shall be given here

"Him best in all the dim Arthuriad,  
Of lovers of fair women him I prize—  
The Pagan Palomydes Never glad  
Was he with sweetness of his lady's eyes,  
Nor joy he had

"But, unloved ever still must love the same,  
And riding ever through a lonely world  
When'er on adverse shield or crest he came,  
Against the danger desperately hurled,  
Crying her name

"So I who strove to You I may not earn,  
Methinks, am come unto so high a place,  
That though from hence I can but vainly yearn  
For that averted favour of your face,  
I shall not turn.



75, Eaton Rise, Mr. Austin Dobson's House at Ealing.



Photo by Elliott &amp; Fry.

**Mr. Austin Dobson (1889).**

modern life, are his least successful, but that he had no small mastery of poetry of the next degree has been amply demonstrated.

There is, moreover, an element of paradox in his close connection with the eighteenth century. For on one conspicuous point he is absolutely opposed to the practice of that age. No one scans his brother man more gently than Mr. Dobson, but on the question of what is fit for the printed page he is a precisian. Unlike Herrick, once more, he has no "unbaptised rhymes"

for which advancing years might prompt repentance. He dedicates his poems to the "English Girl, divine, demure," and any of his prose volumes would be as irreproachable a gift. Yet his constant theme is the manners and letters of the age of Prior and Swift, Fielding and Sterne, and he has neither idealised nor belied that. The explanation is, of course, that, as



Photo by Bassano

**Mr. Austin Dobson (1895).**

Photo by Elliott &amp; Fry.

**Mr. Austin Dobson  
in his Study (1910).**

already stated, he exercises the artist's right of rigid selection. Everything uncongenial is cast aside, including the major and minor improprieties. Even as an editor he has used this discretion, and his selection from Prior is a triumph of tact. For, while his theme is the eighteenth century, and its atmosphere is faithfully if discreetly rendered, the informing spirit is that of his own time. None of his contemporaries was more thorough a Victorian. "We are in the eighteenth century," it has been well written of his work, "but see it through the glasses of to-day, and the soft intercepting sense of change which hangs like a haze between ourselves and the subject is altogether due to the poet's sympathy and sensibility." He has all





Grown contented in our oaf-  
dom,  
Giving grace not all the  
praise ;  
And, *en parlant, Arsinoë*,—  
Without malice whatsoever,—  
We shall counsel to our 'Chloe  
To be rather good than  
clever,  
For we find it hard to smother  
Just one little thought, Mar-  
quise !  
Wittier perhaps than any  
other, —  
You were neither Wife nor  
Mother,  
' *Belle Marquise !* ' "

There is more of Tennyson  
than of Pope in these senti-  
ments

But when its cynicism and  
brutality have been set aside  
the eighteenth century is far  
from being beggared, and the  
qualities remaining are just  
those with which Mr Dobson  
is in sympathy. He has dis-  
covered brocade to be the  
wear best suited to a muse  
whose natural beauties are of  
the kind which are enhanced  
by adornment. Wit, grace,  
polish, the golden mean, what one may call the



The Sun Dial.

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.  
' The Story of Rosina, and other Verses ' (Kegan Paul)

Horatian qualities, are  
to be found in the  
eighteenth century and  
there alone in the Eng-  
lish record. In France  
they occur more con-  
stantly, and Mr. Dobson,  
who has French blood  
in his veins, is akin with  
the French poets from  
Charles d'Orléans to  
Theodore de Banville.  
He has their love of  
form, and has both  
translated and accepted  
Gautier's advice :

" O POET, then, forbear  
The loosely sandalled  
verse,  
Choose rather thou to  
wear  
The buskin—strait and  
terse "

As is well known, Mr.  
Dobson was largely  
responsible for that  
fashion of thirty years  
ago, the results whereof  
are enshrined in the  
little anthology—al-  
ready a classic—entitled  
"Ballades and Ron-  
deaus." He was the  
author of the first pure

lection is so often attained or approximated is difficult,  
but "The Pompadour's Fan" is perhaps the most de-  
lightful example of the poet's most artificial  
manner. The various translations and adapta-  
tions from Horace, whether in French or  
other mea-  
sures, are also notable. A literary  
*desideratum*  
is an edi-  
tion of the  
odes with  
an introduc-  
tion by Mr.  
Dobson,  
and these  
versions  
gathered  
into an  
appendix.



' Sentences the Cure '

The Cure's Progress.

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.  
From 'The Story of Rosina and other Verses' (Kegan Paul).



By the door the fingers

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.  
From "The Story of Rosina and other  
Verses" (Kegan Paul).

Mr. Dobson's metrical experiments have not been confined to imitations of Voiture and Banville. He has the science and ingenuity of a Troubadour. "The Masque of the Caliph," for instance, where all the rhymes are double, is a remarkable *tour de force*; and he has been equally happy with linked and internal rhyme. "In Memoriam" and "An Horatian Ode to the King's Most Excellent Majesty," illustrating the first of these characteristics, and "Threescore and Ten" displaying the second, are a reminder, were any needed, that there is no discord between technical ingenuity and spiritual seriousness.

Though lacking the fragrance and distinction of his verse, Mr. Dobson's prose is easy and pleasant to read, and his essays have many of the characteristics of his poems. Loving letters for their own sake, Mr. Dobson has never been concerned with theories of criticism, and the papers which form the volumes beginning with the

first series of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" and ending, so far, with "At Prior Park," though full of admirable judgments, are rather constructive than analytical. An erstwhile art student, Mr. Dobson is an exquisite draughtsman with words; and "Vignettes," as a generic description of his shorter studies, is a happy choice. He combines, moreover, a scientific accuracy and care for detail with the artist's power of informing his subject with life. Here, possibly, the influence of his French ancestry may be traced, for this combination is very characteristic of French criticism. Mr. Dobson is, indeed, almost as conversant with the life and letters of France as with those of his own country, and he has written nothing better in prose than the dainty and sympathetic studies—published together as "Four Frenchwomen"—of Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, the Princesse de Lamballe, and Madame de Genlis. His knowledge of the eighteenth century is remarkable. That he has other loves we know:

Montaigne with his sheepskin  
blistered,  
And Howell the worse for  
wear,  
And the worm-drilled Jesuits'  
Horace  
And the little old cropped  
Molière,

And the Burton I bought for  
a florin,  
And the Rabelais foxed and  
flea'd . . .

There is also plenty of evidence that he is well read in more modern literature, and has a place in his heart not only for Thackeray and Locker-Lampson, but for Tennyson and FitzGerald. But the first impression left by many of his books is that he has lived exclusively in the days of the Georges. He takes the *Gentleman's Magazine* as much for granted as other men take *The Times*, and the wits and letter-writers are his own cronies and correspondents. He has, however, the subtle art of being allusive without being obscure, and instead of bewildering us, he gives us a flattering illusion of equal erudition. He assumes in his reader

"A common taste for old  
costume—  
Old pictures—books . . ."

and hands his snuff-box with no hint of condescension.

Mr. Dobson has written of Carmontelle and Kate Greenaway as sympathetically as of Steele or Goldsmith,



#### A BROKEN SWORD.

The shopman shambled from the doorway out  
And reached it down—  
Snapped in the blade! 'Twas scarcely dear, I doubt,  
At half a crown.

Useless enough! And yet may still be seen,  
In letters clear,  
Traced on the steel in rusty damasked—  
"Pover Paraclete"

Whose was it once—who manned it once in hope  
His fate to gain?  
Who was it dreamed his oyster world should ope  
To this—in vain?

Perchance with some stout Argonaut it sailed  
The Western Seas,  
Perchance but to some paltry Nym availed  
For toasting cheese!

Or, decked by Beauty on some morning lawn  
With silken knot,  
Perchance ere night for Church and King 'twas  
drawn—  
Perchance 'twas not!

Who knows—or cares? To-day 'mid foils and gloves  
Its hilt depends,  
Flanked by the favours of forgotten loves—  
Remembered friends,—

And oft its legend lunds in hours of stress  
A word to aid,  
Or like a warning comes in puffed success  
Its broken blade

but his attitude towards art has an unmistakably literary flavour. His interest is in portraiture and genre, rather than in landscape or "expressionism." He is unashamedly concerned with the subject of a picture, which he has the not very common gift of being able to describe in a telling manner. His first full-length biography was a life of Hogarth, which has been several times reprinted and elaborated. He is also the author of a book on Thomas Bewick and his pupils, a note on Holbein's "Dance of Death," which inspired him besides to a stately chant royal; and an introduction to an edition of Reynolds's "Discourses."

As a biographer Mr. Dobson is conspicuous for sympathy and impartiality. His study of Horace Walpole, for instance, is a model of how to treat an unheroic theme. Without seeking to canonise the worldly Horace, he has vindicated him against the rhetorical malevolence of Macaulay, and has set the story of the Chatterton affair in proper perspective. Since the publication of his

life of Fielding in the English Men of Letters Series, just thirty years ago, he has been an unwearying champion of the great novelist's reputation. Only the other day there appeared in the *National Review* a "New Dialogue of the Dead," in which the author of "Tom Jones" meets his first biographer, Arthur Murphy, in Shadow-Land, and reduces him to a salutary, if tardy, speechlessness. "Mr. Austin Dobson," said James Russell Lowell in his address at the unveiling of the bust of Fielding at Shire Hall, Taunton, in 1883, "has done, perhaps, as true a service as one man of letters ever did to another by reducing what little is known of the life of Fielding from chaos to coherence

by ridding it of fable, by correcting and co-ordinating dates, by cross-examining tradition till it stammeringly confessed that it had no visible means of subsistence, and has thus enabled us to get some authentic glimpse of the man as he really was. He has rescued the body of Fielding from beneath the swinish hoofs which were trampling it as once they trampled the Knight of La Mancha, whom Fielding so heartily admired."

This is generous but not excessive praise; and by a pleasant chance the verses which its recipient had written for the occasion on which it was to be uttered, are among his happiest efforts whether as a poet or as the friend of Fielding.

Mr. Dobson has not entered into competition with his great contemporaries. As critic he has never aspired to the prophetic mantle of Ruskin or Arnold; nor as poet to the laurels of Browning or Swinburne. Rightly or wrongly, he has shunned the higher seriousness. But within the limits set by his modesty he is a singer not only of infinite grace and courtesy, but of real feeling and

a fundamental earnestness. Peerless as a writer of *vers de société*, he could not, if he would, be that only. And if—to indulge once more the convenient habit of finding the apt quotation in the matter in hand—we may say of him and his poetry that

"It will last till men weary of pleasure  
In measure!  
It will last till men weary of laughter  
And utter!"

we may as truly add (though *abst omen!*) that

"He held his pen in trust  
To Art,"

and has ever been the faithful servant of an exacting ideal.



Mr. Austin Dobson.

From a portrait painted by Miss Sylvia Gosse (May, 1899). Reproduced by kind permission of the artist

# "THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1913.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competitions Nos. 1 and 3; answers from Foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 2, 4 and 5 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

Each competitor may send in any number of attempts provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original ballad in not more than forty-eight lines. Will Colonial and Foreign competitors please note that we shall offer the prize next month for the best original sonnet instead of for a ballad.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the

best original epigram on any current literary topic or recent literary development

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Keats, Shelley, Burns, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Wellington, Nelson, Gladstone, Disraeli, Darwin, or any other famous Englishman.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 2nd June next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the 1st July if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each M.S., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize.



*The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for August next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.*

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.— The PRIZE for the best original Ballad is again divided, and we are sending HALF A GUINEA to D. K. Boileau, of St. Croix, Bath, and HALF A GUINEA to E. A. Potter, of Sutton Road, Erdington, Birmingham, for the following :

### FINULA.

Finula was my princess  
That dwelt by the Northern sea.  
Finula's raven tresses  
Hung down below her knee  
And it's, oh for my dark-haired lady,  
The fairest among them all —  
For she sings no more at her window,  
Nor dances adown the hall.

Finula was my princess  
Proudly she wore her crown,  
And the tread of her passing footstep  
Was lighter than thistle-down  
And it's, oh for my lovely lady —  
For her little feet he still,  
And she cometh no more to meet me  
When I ride up the Castle hill

Finula was my princess  
She sang like the birds in  
May,  
And the sound of her blithe-  
some laughter,  
Made music all the day  
And it's, oh for my tender lady—  
For the blue of her eyes is dim,  
And her hands are like carven lilies  
That lie at the river's brim

Finula was my princess  
I loved her in years gone by,  
And I wooed her in early  
spring-time,  
In winter did she die  
And it's, oh for my winsome lady—  
In her grave by the Northern  
sea—  
For she sleeps where the winds are  
calling,  
And the sea-wave tosses free

D. K. BOILEAU.

### THE PEACE OF CHRISTMAS

There came a grim sea-rover,  
While Christmas wassail rang  
In the Saxon's hall, where serf and  
thrall  
Of Christ the Saviour sang.

"A boon," he cried, the Norseman,  
Whose hands with blood were red,  
"That in His Name Whom ye  
acclaim  
I may be sheltered"

Up rose the Saxon franklin,  
In bitter scorn he cried  
"Aye! when our Lord in sweet  
accord  
Bids Judas to His Side!"

"Our blood is on your long sword,  
Our lives are on your hand;  
For vengeance dread cry out our  
dead  
Throughout the English land!"

"For tale of blazing roof-tree,  
For rape, and wrong, and raid,  
By gallows tree I'll pledge to thee  
The welcome thou hast made!"

Then scoffed the hardy rover.  
"By Odin, brave, and Thor!  
How dare ye raise glad hymns of  
praise  
Save to red gods of war?"

"I hear your Christ cry: 'Pardon!'  
I hear your lips breathe 'Slay'  
The peace He gave, the grace I crave,  
Your passion sweeps away!"

The priest set down his wine cup:  
"Blasphemer!" fierce he cried,  
And swords outsprang and loudly rang  
The spears on either side

But, "Peace!" brake in the Franklin,  
"There's truth in every word!  
Faint through the sound of earth around  
The holiest Voice is heard."

"Do good to them that hate you"—  
Drink from my cup, O Dane!  
Eat of my bread, rest on my bed,  
And pass in peace again

"But judge not of His Mercy  
By the poor grace I bring  
To meet the claim of the High Name  
Of Christ, the Heavenly King!"

That night the Franklin's vision  
Beheld, a wonder sweet,  
In glory shine the Christ Divine,  
With Judas at His Feet.

E. A. POTTER



### HOUSEHOLD ART

"Mine be a cot" for the hours of play  
Of the kind that is built by Miss GREENAWAY,  
Where the walls are low and the roofs are red,  
And the birds are gay in the blue overhead  
And the dear little figures, in rocks and mills,  
Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,  
And "play with the pup" and "reprove the calves,"  
And do nought in the world (but Work) by halves,  
From "Hunt the Slipper" and "Kiddle me no!"  
To watching the cat in the apple tree

O Art of the Household! Men may prize  
Or then ways "artless" and "Idyllic" —  
They may soar on their wing of sense and float  
To the *au fait* and the dim remote,  
Till the last sun sink in the last lit West  
In the Art at the Door that will please the best,  
To the end of Time (will be still the same,  
For the Earth first laughed when the children came!

## A BALLAD OF THE CLOISTER.

They robe her all in bridal white—  
 (Her eyes are like the summer seas,)  
 Her golden hair, with pearls bedight,  
 Ripples like fire to her knees,  
 As forth she steps, with stately tread,  
 Attended by her maidens seven—  
 A Bride of Christ, about to wed—  
 A fair and virgin Spouse of Heaven

They lead her to the Altar-rail—  
 (Her eyes are calm as moonlit skies,)  
 About her filmy bridal veil  
 The clouds of incense cling and rise;  
 Her thoughts are with her Lord above,  
 Till suddenly, there meets her glance  
 A face she might have learned to love—  
 And lips she might have kissed, perchance!

They bear her up the winding stair—  
 (Her eyes are passionate as flame,)  
 They cut off all her golden hair,  
 Her former glory now her shame,  
 They robe her in funereal black,  
 To hide her grace from loving eyes  
 And then in silence lead her back,  
 A form that none may recognise

They take her to the convent cell  
 (Her eyes seem carven out of stone,)  
 They bid her pray till Vesper bell,  
 And then they leave her all alone.  
 Her fingers stray among her beads—  
 She falls upon her bended knees—  
 But all the while her spirit bleeds,  
 And all the while—one face she sees!

Her tears are frozen ere they fall—  
 (Her eyes are like incarnate woe,)  
 "Ah Christ!" she cries, "I gave Thee all,  
 And wherefore should this thing be so?  
 I pray Thee tell me, of Thy grace  
 Wherefore this evil thing should be  
 That this dread vision of his face  
 Should creep between my soul and Thee?"

Then softly steals a Spirit Voice  
 (Her starry eyes through tear-drops shine,)  
 "Weep no more, daughter—but rejoice  
 Thy soul and body still are Mine.  
 Yet in My Father's House above,  
 Close to My feet the saints prepare  
 A place for him whom thou dost love  
 For thou shalt save his soul by prayer!"

(Violet D. Chapman, "Sorrento," Burnham,  
 Somerset.)



Mr. Austin Dobson (1895).

From a portrait drawn by William Scott, as found in Mr. Austin Dobson's "Poems" (London, 1895).

We also select for printing:

## WHERE THE DERWENT MEETS THE SEA.

Heard you the wind in the night, my lads,  
 Where the Derwent meets the sea?  
 The foam on the rocks is white, my lads,  
 And as wild as the furies be  
 We raced through the wind of the gale,  
 When our masts were stript of the sail,  
 And the foul winds sang,  
 And the breakers' clang  
 Was louder than Death's own hail!

Saw you our boat in the night, my lads,  
 Where the Derwent meets the sea?  
 As swift as the swallow's flight, my lads,  
 Through the seething foam went we.  
 Our rudder was gone, the tempest bore  
 Our boat to the howling, rocky shore,  
 With a sightless dash,  
 And a grinding crash,  
 We sank, and we rose no more!

Hear you my tale in the night, my lads,  
 Where the Derwent meets the sea?  
 O, I am the captain's sprite, my lads,  
 And I haunt where the breakers be;  
 When whistles the wind of the rising gale,  
 I rise from the rocks with my ghostly hail;  
 And I cry: "Beware  
 Of the wild reel there,"  
 And the sea gives an answering hail

(Berwick Sayers, 65, Avondale Road, South Croydon).

This competition has been a little disappointing in quality, but very good ballads have also been sent in by Winifred Cook (Birkenhead), Joan Adair (Dublin), D. Tweeddale (Birkdale), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Marjorie W. Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Millicent Gibson (Liverpool), Vernon H. Porter (Clapton), Doris Rochefort (Stoke Newington), Alexander R. C. Eaton (Forest Gate), Geo. R. Blake (Greenock), F. N. Jellicoe (Stockwell), M. D. Baynes (Teignmouth), H. Douglas Hamilton (Bristol), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), E. Price (Birmingham), Miss M. Christmas (Sevenoaks), Alice D. Neal (Elland), Noel D. Braithwaite (Ashton-under-Lyne), Austen H. Pennington (Oldbury), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), John MacTaggart (Edinburgh), Frank Dale (Saxmundham), Rev. J. Shone (Bangor), A. S. Hume (Birkenhead), Hadley Ford (Clifton), Margaret Dunn (Hammer-smith), John H. Gladwell (Worcester), Margaret E. Painter (Wimbledon), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Will Loudon (Dunfermline), Alice W. Linford (S. Tottenham), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Maud Marion Burnell (Ashford), G. M. Hennings (St. Albans), Edward H. Bucknole (Boscombe), Richard P. McCoy (Gillingham), R. Cogger (Dartford), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), H. M. Warthman (Chudleigh), Chris. W. Martin (Plumstead), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), J. C. Church (Castleford), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Beatrice Craig (Straidarian), Eveline Emily Iffe (Plumstead), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), E. Irene Seaton (Boxmoor), Edith Leadbeater (Birstall), Marjorie Ogle (Colne), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), R. B. Matson; Gwendoline





**Mrs. Primrose and her family.**

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.

From "The Vicar of Wakefield," with Preface by Austin Dobson and illustrated by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan).

D. Harold (High Barnet), D. M. Keimode (Coventry), W. H. Hamilton (Aberdeen), Gladice Vivian (Penarth), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), Stanley Simpson (Birkenhead), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), M. Pickthall (London, W.), E. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), William Morris (Sheffield), A. W. Jay (Devonport), E. Summers (Dukinfield), Dorothy J. Smith (Gravesend), Archibald J. A. Wilson (Rondebosch, Cape Town), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Lorna Fane (St. Anne's-on-Sea), Marion Cowall (Murrayfield), Doris Dean (Bromley), Emily Cornell (Upper Norwood), Joseph Poole Addey (Kingston-on-Thames), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), E. Love Langton (Burton-on-Trent), Theodore Maynard (London, W.), B. Vickery (Bradford), W. A. McPhail (Glasgow)

**II. - The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA** for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Marion F. Brown, of 7, Central Road, Gloucester, for the following :

**THE PORCELAIN LADY** BY FRIDERICK NIVEN  
(Martin Secker)

"Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care"

T. HOOD—*Bridge of Sighs*

We also select for printing :

**THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN** BY JEFFERY FARNOL  
(Sampson Low)

"You'll find him working muddly at the Bar  
After a touch at two or three professions"

SIR W. S. GILBERT—*To My Bride*

(E. A. Pearson, Noss Mayo, Fleet)

**A QUAKER WOOLING** BY MRS. FRED REYNOLDS  
(Hutchinson)

"Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee  
There was"

FITZGERALD—*Omar Khayyam*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

**FORTUNES FOR FARMERS** BY BERNARD GIBBERI

"That must depend on the weather."

LEWIS CARROLL—*The Hunting of the Snark*

(W. McC. Miller, Straidarran House,  
Co. Londonderry.)

**PRISON SONGS AND POEMS** BY J. ROBERT CLARK  
"Labour we must, and labour hard"  
HERRICK—*Labour*

(A. C. Laughton, 4, Hatfield Street, Wakefield)

**WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO?** BY E. ROBINS  
(Heinemann)

"Ask me no more"

FENNYSON—*The Princess*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath)

**THE WOMAN MOVEMENT** BY ELLEN KAY (Putnam)

"Break, break, break"

FENNYSON

(Thomas Hufington, 8, Granby Road, Headingley,  
Leeds)

**III - The PRIZE** for the best original drawing illustrating the title of any book mentioned in last month's BOOKMAN, is divided, and we are sending Two NEW BOOKS to Mr. Ronald Harley, of Wentworth Road, Four Oaks, Birmingham, and Two NEW BOOKS to Mr. Michael Teale, of The Red Cottage, West Park, Leeds, for the drawings reproduced on pages 62 and 63. We specially commend the drawings received from J. H. Fletcher (Tottenham), Henry G. Dowling (Portsmouth), W. E. Dodsworth (Sheffield), Doris Dean (Bromley), Rose Reynolds (Christchurch, Hants), W. Hawkins, Jun. (Sheffield), Alfred Victor Waller (Sunderland), E. S. Heron (Chester), J. N. Pickthall (London, W.), R. F. Reynolds (Lanbedr)



**The Cap that Fits.**

Drawn by Bernard Partridge

From "Picce in Porcelain" by Austin Dobson, illustrated by Bernard Partridge (Kegan Paul & Co.)

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINFA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. R. W. King, of "Deepdene," Catford Hill, S.E., for the following:

THE VICTORIAN AGE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

By G. K. CHESTERTON.  
(Williams & Norgate.)

To a psychologist studying the mind of "G. K. C.", this book would be absorbingly interesting. To the literary student it is rather curious. Considerably more than half deals with politics and religion, rather than with literature in any aspect. Even when "G. K. C." does treat of pure literature, he says a great many more clever things than true ones. His well-known sturdy independence of opinion is, we fear, in serious danger here of becoming aggressive bigotry; and the mere student is thus hard put to it to resist being "carried off his feet" by its many splendid, but scarcely trustworthy, paradoxes.

We also select for printing:

GROWING PAINS By IVY LOW (Heinemann)

In an age of introspection we are all apt to analyse Life till we find it in pieces at our feet, and then to lament because we cannot put it together again. And thus it was with Gertrude, the heroine of "Growing Pains." Evincing considerable powers of observation and psychological insight, Miss Low gives us a well-drawn picture of middle-class London girlhood which, redeemed by a certain lightness of touch from a tendency to morbidity, is well worth reading, but which leaves us with a strong desire to take the neurotic Gertrude out for a long walk in the rain.

(Edgar Fiere, Author's Club, 2, Whitehall Court, S.W.)

THE COMMON THAT I LOVE

By W. PERCIVAL WESFLE, F.R.S., and HENRY E. TURNER  
(Dent)

Fascinating always, Nature Study has now become a fashion. From the noise of the commercial world, and from the smell of the petrol, the city man now joins—in the spirit—with the little child of the Board School standards, to enjoy the unspeakable, and yet speaking, things of the earth and sky. This little handbook, one of a series, is a wonderfully useful practical guide to those things that one knows there are around, but yet knows them not. The illustrations are plain, the language simple, and all combined to read like—like Life.

(A. E. Gowers, 12, Broad Street, Haverhill, Suffolk.)

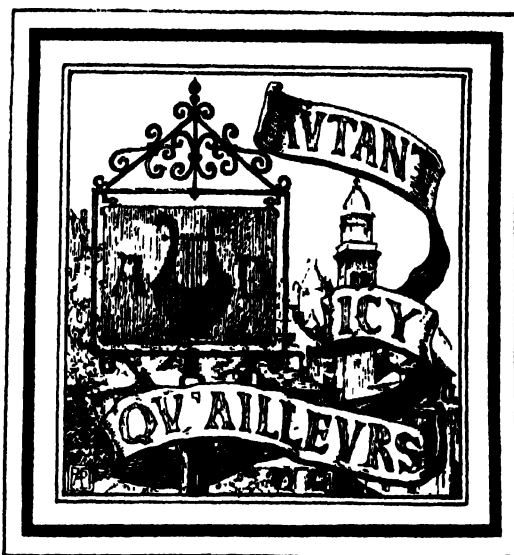
THE WEAKER VESSEL By F. F. BENSON  
(Heinemann)

Harry Whittaker finds that the elusive elf called "Inspiration" appears only when he is under the influence of alcohol. Without its stimulus the doors of his dramatic genius remain obstinately barred. To Eleanor, the stronger vessel, a character drawn with unusual insight, falls the task of fighting her husband's battles. Her weapons are love and an infinite capacity for understanding. And never once do those weapons become dulled; not even in the big crisis of her married life. Mr. Benson's style is admirably restrained, and he writes with a quiet strength that "gets there" by reason of its very unobtrusiveness.

(Cyril G. Taylor, Fair Hall, Heswall, Cheshire)

MOONSEED By ROSALIND MURRAY  
(Sidgwick & Jackson)

Any new writer, saddled with an illustrious parentage, is heavily handicapped, inevitably, too much is expected. There are, however, two points for congratulation in



Mr. Austin Dobson's Bookplate.

Miss Rosalind Murray's "Moonseed"; the plot-construction is so good that one does not foresee the end, and the minor characters are excellently done. But Miss Murray should make her people do something, feelings alone become wearisome. She should cultivate a sense of humour, and, when describing a well-known place like Amalfi so accurately that it can be recognised by anyone who has not been there, she should give it its own name.

(Florence G. Fidler, 131, Abbey Road, London, N.W.)

THE VICTORIAN AGE IN LITERATURE

G. K. CHESTERTON (Williams and Norgate)

This book exemplifies the inevitable result of setting upon a work that is primarily critical a mind that is primarily constructive. The essence of criticism, as Arnold insisted, is that one should make transparent the window of one's own perception. Mr. Chesterton has shown us the Victorians through the stained-glass of his own highly individualised personality. It is an account rather of Mr. Chesterton than of Victorian literature. Nevertheless men, books, movements, characteristics, and tendencies, he hits off in phrases, similes, and sentences of a felicity that compels the consent of his bitterest opponents in art, politics and religion.

(J. H. Dugdale, Jesus College, Oxford)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Ernest S. Heron (Chester), Doris Baker (Eastbourne), F. W. Lawfield (Cambridge), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), Robert B. Boswell (Bassett, Southampton), A. A. Chadwick (Derby), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), G. D. M. Allinson (Hampstead), Claude L. Penrose (Woolwich), Edna Smallwood (Highbury, N.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), J. B. Boulkes (Mellor, Derbyshire), Gwendolue Jones (Swansea), L. Cargill (Wallington), Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimsby), Mary Kingdom (Leamington, Spa), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs), W. H. Gillman (Devizes), Miss Van der Pant (Highgate, N.), Mrs. Hooper (Wanstead), W. J. Hollman (Rhyll), Miss L. J. Benham (Colchester), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), M. M. M. (Glasgow, W.), Alan C. Fraser (Dodington, Bridgewater), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor, Stockport), W. McC. Miller (Londonderry), Miss C. Wilson (Aberdeen), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Kelvinside, Glasgow), M. A. Newnan (Framlingham), Ronald Harley (Birmingham), N. Raghunathan (Kumbakonam, S. India), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), Edith Chadwick (Derby), William F. Spalding (Palmer's Green, N.), F. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington, N.), Enid Fletcher (Nottingham), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), Sybil Waller (London, S.W.), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Miriam Kirkby (Dore, Sheffield), H. Francis Young (Bow, E.), and James A. Richards Tenby).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. H. Helsby, 55, Kingsley Road, Liverpool.



Drawn by Hugh Thomson.  
Heading from "The Old Sedan Chair" in "The Ballad of Beau Brocade and other Poems" (Kegan Paul)

## THE ART OF HUGH THOMSON.

By J. P. COLLINS.

THE association of Mr. Dobson's muse with the art of Hugh Thomson, is the most natural thing in the world. It comes as easily to the mind as to couple Keats with Severn or Dickens with Cruikshank and "Phiz." One of the most beguiling of Mr. Dobson's essays is written in praise of Hugh Thomson, "an artist (he says) whose hand is never so happy as when it works in the half-light of a bygone time." There, in a phrase, lies the note of sympathy, and all the other notes follow in due harmony. Both poet and artist came into their own at a time when the Victorian era was growing too self-centred, too consciously moral and instructive, too intensely modern as modernity counted twenty or thirty years ago. It costs an effort in this later day, perhaps, to talk of the 'eighties as crude and pre-occupied with novelties, but one may take leave to doubt if this age of cinemas and hydroplanes ever takes itself quite so seriously as did the period that hailed the bicycle and the "bun" and rang with the exploits of the late Charles Peace.

To correct and leaven that self-importance of the 'eighties, there was no better influence than a revival of the essence of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and it fell to Mr. Thomson to remind our generation that the costume and tradition of Hogarth's time has still "potency of life" in it. All that is demanded in the process of resurrection is that the artist shall have humanity and freshness enough. The wire of contact is there if enough current comes to quicken it; and the application of this simple rule is the only secret underlying Thomson's work. He began with all the aptitudes and a true eye, of course—these were essentials, but the rest of his achievement has been simply the pouring of his own rich nature into the channels of fancy and interpretation. Sooner or later in this field he was bound to chance upon the lyrics of Mr. Dobson, and we may count it a happy fortune for us all that the chance came early.

Mr. Thomson's first start in life—barring his birth at Coleraine, of course—was in the linen mills of Belfast. It was another kind of mill that Longfellow was thinking of when he wrote his famous line, but at any rate the linen mills went far too slowly for a lad whose bent was all for drawing. One day his inaptitude for

textiles and trade showed an active phase, for he took the trouble to warn a client in his choice of a material, and as this piece of advice cost the firm a modicum of gain per yard, they concluded in all good humour that they would rather part with their pupil than with their profit. Just about this time the uncommercial youth was illuminating an address for his old schoolmaster on retirement, and this labour of love was shown by some one to the principals at Marcus Ward's, the chief art publishing firm in Ireland. To the novice's delight they offered him a post in their designing office, and the lad who had shown himself so undesigning in trade soon excelled expectations as a draughtsman. He put in a four years' term of apprenticeship, and another four years after that. As he says himself, had it not been for a re-arrangement of the firm, he might have been contentedly at Belfast until now.

Thus early in the 'eighties and his own twenties, Thomson came to London, and his first experiences were not of a sort to inflate young hopes, humble as they were. He persevered in his siege of a big illustrated paper until he had captured the heart of the art editor, when of a sudden the proprietor snuffed his ambitions there by a blunt refusal. A very few years later that decision was loftily overlooked and the artist invited to contribute to their columns; this time, the curt refusal came from Mr. Thomson. For things at last had begun to be more encouraging. He had gained

a footing on the staff engaged by Mr. Comyns Carr for the new *English Illustrated Magazine*, and no one who has watched the evolution of our art periodicals will forget the thrill it caused by its determined and successful attempt to set up a standard which has not been beaten since. Its first volumes, in spite of thin paper and an air of feeling then way, still proclaim the most distinctive bid for perfection in our magazines that the last century produced, and no British periodical can show a higher proportion of contributors who have risen to eminence since. One of these was Mr. Dobson, already famous for his inimitable verse, and it was to accompany his prose papers in the magazine that Mr. Thomson was first asked to use his pencil as an illustrator.

The first venture was a misadventure, in a way. The artist was told to turn

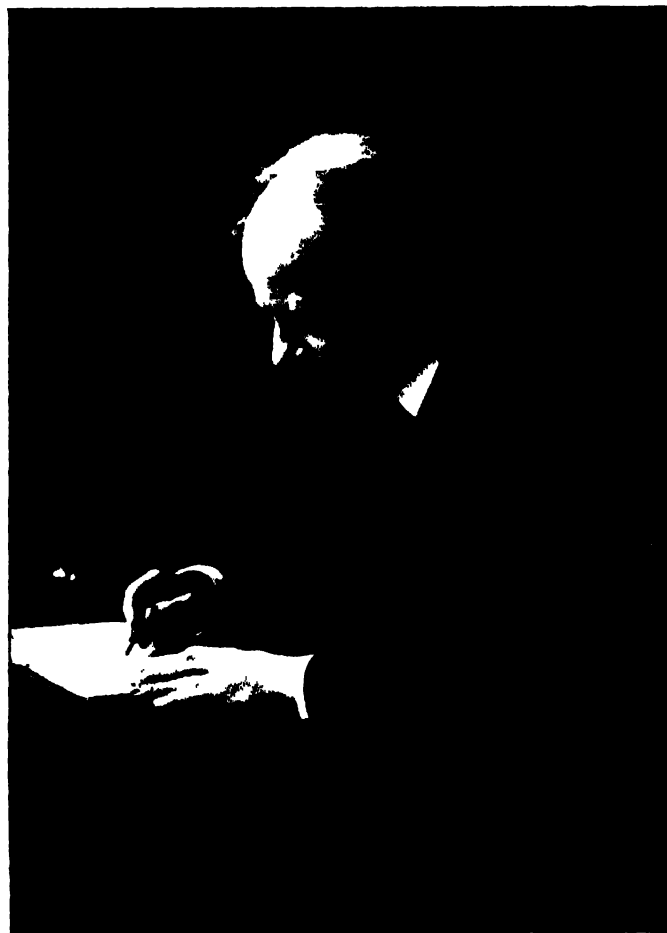


Photo by F. O. Hoppé

Mr. Hugh Thomson.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

out a few drawings to adorn an article on Covent Garden. Unfortunately no period was nominated in the bond, and this led up to a divergence of a century or so. Mr. Thomson, seized with a resolve to be up-to-date, drew a series of studies of

the Garden as it is to-day—or existed then—and it was not until delivery that he learned Mr. Dobson's pen was occupied with Covent Garden of the eighteenth century. With his usual resource and amiability, Mr. Comyns Carr procured a few old prints, and it was with this unco-ordinated series of pictures that the paper made its appearance, to the satisfaction of nobody, perhaps, and the puzzled surprise of the discerning reader. At any rate, the occurrence taught



*The Weekly Instruction in the Tunes of the Psalms.*

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.

From "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley" (Macmillan).

its lesson, and the courtly tone of Mr. Dobson's muse found no departure in time—no syncopation, shall we say?—from his favourite illustrator after that. They became firm friends, and it would be hard to say of whom Mr. Thomson's mem-

ories are the kindlier, Mr. Dobson or Mr. Comyns Carr. Certainly no editor could have been readier in courtesy or patience to a beginner, or less prone to confuse, as some editors have been known to do, testiness for taste, and arrogance for authority.

Men have praised Mr. Thomson's dexterity, but dexterity is a bagatelle. Even the Post-impressionists have that,—or some of them had it once. The cultivation or possession of a physical faculty like drawing



**The Little Bridal Procession.**

From "Silas Marner," by George Eliot; Illustrated by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan)



**The Young Lady enters the Pump Room.**

From "Evelina," by Fanny Burney (Macmillan).  
Drawn by Hugh Thomson.

**Lady Teazle.**

From one of Hugh Thomson's colour illustrations to "The School for Scandal."  
(Hodder & Stoughton)



**"Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness."  
Miss Neville, Mrs. Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin.**

From one of Hugh Thomson's colour illustrations to "She Stoops to Conquer."  
(Hodder & Stoughton)

is a poor thing in itself, unless it has illumination behind it. "Unless you see visions," Dean Church used to say to his curates, "I despair of you." Mr. Thomson has had the happy knack throughout of passing his visions on to others. From his first magazine attempts, and the time when he made his bow to the spirit of Caldecott, up to the delicate height and perfection of his pen work in "Cranford," and "The Vicar," he took his own way, and in his own vein, just as his countryman Goldsmith did, and with something of the same resulting bounty to mankind. He has done no less in his pencilled landscapes in the "Highways" edition (landscape has always been his favourite field), and the coloured plates of the later series. He has never been content with textual embellishment or the mere objective transcript. Like Abbey, he has found

his starting-point in the spirit and conception of the author, and the rest has followed easily. As Traherne sings, he has

"... wandered over all men's grounds,  
And found repose."

Everything of his bears the impress of serenity, touched with the genuine love of nature and the hues of health and beauty, and open to every influence save the morbid and the trite. They say the age is returning to the spiritual, for the same reason, perhaps, that the cynic recommended the policy of honesty—it has "tried bo'h." But it seems to me that our generation can never wholly have lost touch with the things that are of good repute, since it has never forfeited its admiration for the gaiety and grace and genius of Hugh Thomson.

**Fisher-folk at Folkestone.**

Unpublished Sketches from Hugh Thomson's note book.

## GOOD COMPANY.\*

BY WALTER SICHEL.

ESSAYS should be companions who show country cousins the sights. And in the circle of this volume a brilliant friend speaks to us, intimately revealing not only the recesses of his own mind, but the very core of his striking themes. Nor are these, though diverse and even contrary, unrelated; they are not, that is to say, of the kind that makes us wonder—as about the “fly in amber”—“how the devil they got there.” They belong to one broad era or at least to sections of it, and, much as they differ in tone and temperament, they are all more or less imbued with the sixteenth or seventeenth century atmosphere—that of Renaissance and Reformation. One of them indeed has an earlier birthday—and with him we shall begin—but even he, the noble John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, is steeped in an Italy that brought forth Machiavelli. And furthermore, like the rest of his comrades, he is an adventurer by birthright. If it be objected that prosaic John Stow (of “The Survey”), Sir Thomas Browne (of the “Religio Medici”), and that brocaded Duchess of Newcastle (the sole woman of this fellowship) cannot strictly speaking so be called, our answer

\* “Essays in Biography” By Charles Whibley (as net. (Con- table))

must be a courteous dissent. The first was a cantankerous citizen who longed to be a scholar and a gentleman but could never become either, and yet by a sheer enthusiasm for antiquity lost himself in an enduring work. If this was no adventure, what then is? The second—a secular saint—was eminently an adventurer of the spirit, a “spiritual Don Quixote” who, by virtue of that absorbing faculty, has poeticised our prose. And the third was throughout a fantastic of the first order, the sharer, moreover, of a queen’s tragedy and exile. Each of them voyaged after the unknown, and of all adventurers Jason in his good ship *Argo* seems the eternal type. But though the golden fleece be Jason’s quest, he is not necessarily a commercial traveller. Always he is a man of destiny and his ocean is a magic pathway. Indeed all who vividly give themselves out and venture much, however quietly, are adventurers. And of this valiant crew our author is assuredly a glad and gallant captain. Still, however, we have not yet reached our John Tiptoft. But a last prefatory comment remains, Mr. Whibley has the art, or rather the instinct, of playing round the persons portrayed, of giving us variegated glimpses both of character and circumstance. He can make a world out of a room,



“Miss Jenkyns used to say.”

From “Cranford,” by Mrs. Gaskell; illustrated by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan).

that is a great test, and the result is not a series of miniatures, but a biographical drama. Both by what he says and by what he leaves unsaid, he bodies forth the past till it moves before us, and his observations on its movements almost appear to be our own.

Balliol has long enjoyed a manifold prominence, but which of her nurslings can rival Tiptoft, created Earl of Worcester when he was twenty-five, traveller, scholar, writer, all-accomplished although “the Butcher of England”; at once the protector of humanities and the impaler of his foes; always brave, praised by scholars and soldiers though barely skilful with sword or pen? A Yorkist, he was yet first exalted by the Sixth Henry and so journeyed Jerusalem-ward simply to avoid the dilemmas of regard and allegiance. Gorgeous and capricious, he next betook himself to Italy where he joined and patronised the throng of wandering scholars—a strange and often ragged chivalry. He studied Latin at Padua and Greek at Florence, he translated Cæsar and



The Bookstalls in Charing Cross Road.

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.

From “Highways and Byways in London” (Macmillan).

Cicero (and also, by the way, Buonaccorso's "Declaration of Nobleness"). And he returned to mete out savage vengeance to King Edward the Fourth's enemies, and to be handed down as the Italianate Englishman—"a kind of bogey." He served as "Guardian of the Sea." As Irish Deputy, he slaughtered the Desmonds ere he became Lieutenant. The budding Renaissance lent him no illusions, and the sentimentalist would have killed his kinsmen for his King. But loyal he remained to that restless fratricide. The close will be best conveyed as Mr. Whibley tells it:—

"The pomp and pageantry of his life did not desert him. Tried before the Earl of Oxford, whose father and mother he had sent to the block, he met with as little mercy as he had been wont to give . . . As he went along one of the friars who accompanied him, an Italian of the order of St. Dominic, a kindly fellow and bountiful of speech, said to him 'Sire, you are brought here by your unheard-of cruelty,' to which the Earl made answer that what he had done he had done for the State. But the garrulous friar gave him no peace, saying that only just and honest things should be done for the State. . . . Tiptoft bore even the friar's impertinence with an equal mind, and when the time came for him to lose his head, he bade the executioner cut it off in three strokes as a courtesy to the Holy Trinity."

Was this irony? It must be hoped not. But at any rate it was characteristic. And so he lies buried at All Hallows, Barking, while his effigy—the tribute of a friend—adorns Ely Cathedral. Truly, as Mr. Whibley moralises, "two souls inhabiting one body." The problems of Hyde and Jekyll haunt the whole vista of the Renaissance, nor are they always absent from the longer view of the Reformation.

But if we desire—as all the young-hearted should—a full array of melodrama, surely we must turn to the reign of James the First and the typical course of



*H. Thomson*  
1898

**Mercery Lane.**

Drawn by Hugh Thomson  
From "Highways and Byways in Kent" (Macmillan)

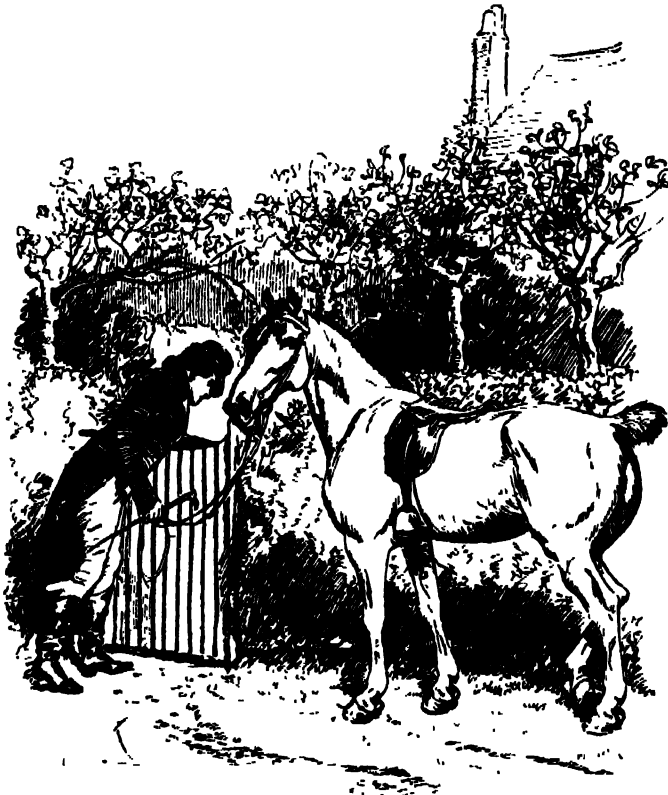


**Stella's Cottage in Moor Park.**

Drawn by Hugh Thomson.  
From "Highways and Byways in Surrey" (Macmillan).

Sir Thomas Overbury. The whole art of the Adelphi is here. There is the radiant adventuress in high places—Lady Essex with her paramour Rochester; the false and exploiting friend—Robert Carr; the fair sorceress (it was the age of witchcraft)—Mistress Turner, with her accomplice the magician Forman; the conspirators with the dark figure of Lord Northampton in the background; the intriguing influence, too, of Francis Bacon (who in this instance can never be accused of being Shakespeare); the slippery, slobbery King with his *coup de main* ready to fall on the favourite's head; and, to crown this whirligig of surprise and catastrophe, Sir Philip Sidney's daughter, the Countess of Rutland, as the victim's lady love. The age had indeed declined when the daughter of such a pattern could be found in such a galley! And then comes the lingering poison of a torturing death, the hopes against hope, the final gasp—nor least in the chapter of vicissitudes, the nemesis that eventually overtook the villainess, dressed "in black tannet, a cypress chaperon, a cobweb lawn ruff and cuffs," tried for murder in Westminster Hall. From such curdling scenes of crime and colour, Mr. Whibley gently leads us, as is his wont, to Overbury's book of "Characters," which best preserves his name—the herald of a long succession, from which, however, is here omitted Halilax's famous "Character of a Trimmer."





"It was Edward."

From "Sense and Sensibility," by Jane Austen; illustrated by Hugh Thomson (Mcmillan).

Scholar and schemer, such was the century's combination! And perhaps one of the most interesting among these studies is that of the Admirable Crichton, some of whose gloss becomes a trifle soiled in the process. For Mr. Whibley is apparently of opinion that this *tour de force* incarnate depended somewhat on a prodigious memory for his invention. Yet, with every discount, what an amazing career was there. Everywhere, in grace, in fealty, in acrobatic learning, in colossal advertisement, he prevails. He outruns his century. Everywhere he is "interviewed." His progress through Venice and Padua reads like that of a modern "star" in America. The tournament of words is immense. What was Sheridan's "Begum" Speech of under two hours in comparison with three livelong days of refutation by James Crichton the incomparable Scot? And in the end, for such careers at that epoch—fatality! Nothing can be more tragic

than the way in which, after his homage to Gonzaga, he was foully done to death in the Mantuan alley. A gipsy scholar indeed. Far less so—though he roved afield—is the nomad licentiate George Buchanan, the glory of the North, the wonder of the South. Mr. Whibley thinks more of him as a troubadour, perhaps, than in our ignorance can we. Nor, as regards his Latin lyrics, do we feel quite sure that his *Neæra* and *Eleonora* were so unreal. Mr. Whibley inclines to give Buchanan Rabelaisian affinities both of acquaintance and temperament. Buchanan was doubtless a sage who could rollick, but save in persistence, there seems to have been little of the giant about him. Rabelais, surely, on the other hand, must have been a very leviathan of spontaneous strength, splashing hugely in the salt waterspouts of his humour. But in one thing there is a near resemblance, the encounters between what another of these characters well describes as "Captain Necessitie and Cosyn Povertie."

Space forbids us to linger over Stow, the literal surveyor; or Edward Hall, the Worshipper of King Hal; or that most fascinating "Queen of Sheba" (one thinks of Sterne's), Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, who explored all worlds, revered her husband as a miracle and, second to him, her own works. Of these happily does Mr. Whibley observe, "the web of nonsense, which she spun like a spider from her brain, was yet able to enmesh the fly of flattery."

And now, after all, what time is there for Mr. Whibley's fascinating study of Sir Thomas Browne, the most Montaignesque (though with more piety) of Englishmen? As we read, we seem to be culling simples from Hymettus—yet Hymettus, notwithstanding, was only seventeenth century Norwich. Browne's "solemn gaiety" and wonder-

ing acuteness is a landmark in our style. "Above all," well comments Mr. Whibley, "he was not merely an inventor of harmonics; he was an inventor of the words to which these harmonies are composed." He was natural though self-conscious. "He was one who thought in images." "And so it is that though he writes what is called prose, he was always a poet, a poet working in careless disregard of the rules, yet never failing to achieve the effect at which he aims."

Had we more space it would have been a pleasure to have instanced also Mr. Whibley's excellent humour. He never takes himself or his subject too seriously, but always he respects the dignity of the past, and always he desires it for the present. Nor does he ever forget to pay the compliments that are due from history to human nature.



Covent Garden—The Avenue in the Afternoon.

From a drawing by Hugh Thomson, illustrating "The Tour of Covent Garden," by Austin Dobson, in *The English Illustrated*, 1884.

## New Books.

## WILLIAM WATSON'S NEW POEMS.\*

The poets are always the finest of politicians—so long as they keep clear of party politics. We have great national songs, but we have no great Tory or Liberal songs, and there never shall be any; for it is inevitable that your party-politician does, in a manner, make the parish his world instead of the world his parish. Poetry breaks its wings within such narrow limits; the poet stultifies himself when he gives up to party what was meant for mankind, and nowhere is the Muse so utter an exile as in the House of Commons. But, happily, that is not the atmosphere into which Mr. William Watson's Muse has been banished. There are only three or four political poems in his new volume, and one only wishes them away because he is too true and fine a poet to be wasting his time in transitory faction fights. When he inveighed with such passion and splendour against the iniquities of the Sultan he was not speaking as a party politician, but as a humanitarian; and for my part, in spite of his three or four political poems here, I will no more give Mr. Watson over to the Unionist Party than I will whittle Shelley down and call him a Radical. Those badges are too small to go round the necks of poets without stifling them.

Mr. Watson feels that the Muse is exiled in a different and a larger sense. He says, in a preface to his "The Poet's Place in the Scheme of Life," that in this country poetry has of late "appealed with constantly diminishing force to the audience which it addresses," that the need for the poet "is felt by but few persons in our day. With one exception there is not a living English poet the sales of whose poems would not have been thought contemptible by Scott and Byron." The exception is Kipling, apart from him "England's living singers succeed in reaching only a pitifully small audience." But I fancy it was always so. When Byron and Scott pleased large audiences, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth had to be content with the appreciation of the few; whilst Tennyson charmed the multitude, Browning, Arnold and others sang to comparatively small circles; when Hayley was selling his thousands nobody was buying Blake. The explanation is that one style of work happens to suit the taste of the moment and the other does not. Anyhow, I think the Muse is no more in exile now than she always has been; but I am glad Mr. Watson thinks otherwise, if it is only because he has thus been moved to write the poem that gives the title to this book. He laments that the Age banishes the poets from her heart

"To a distant, desert province of her thoughts,  
A region grey and pale; or, crueler still,  
Gives them, at times, gusts of applause, and then  
Remands them to new frosts of unconcern;"

but he foresees the coming of a better day:

"For in Life's midmost chamber there still burns  
Upon the ancient hearth the ancient fire,  
Whence are all flame-like things, the unquenchable Muse  
Among them, who, though meanly lodged to-day,  
In dreariest outlands of the world's regard,  
Foresees the hour when Man shall once more feel  
His need of her, and call the exile home"

Rarely has Mr. Watson written so spontaneously or with a more exquisite simplicity and tenderness than in some of the lyrics here—"The Three Givers," "Dublin Bay," "Part of My Story"—and many a magic phrase and stately verse testifies that he has lost none of his old cunning in building the lofty rhyme and breathing into it that deep-toned, swelling organ-music of which no living poet has a higher mastery than he. Take the lines on "The Centenary of Dickens," the great fighter in the cause of truth and right;

"A knight on whom no palsyng torpor fell,  
Keen to the last to break a lance with Hell.  
And still undimmed his conquering weapons shine;  
On his bright sword no spot of rust appears;  
And still, across the years,  
His soul goes forth to battle, and in the face  
Of whatsoever is false, or cruel, or base,  
He hurls his gage, and leaps among the spears;  
Being armed with pity and love, and scorn divine,  
Immortal laughter, and immortal tears."

Or "A Full Confession," with its magnificent picture of Niagara, as it

"... takes the infernal plunge,  
And out of the grey rage of the abyss,  
Out of the torment, everlastingly  
Upbreathes what seems, when sunlight touches it,  
The smoke of Hell lost in the smile of God."

I am not going to complain of the partisanship that rages in "Ulster's Reward" when it comes in the same volume with "Moonset and Sunrise," that touches imaginatively and with such power and uplifting earnestness on the tardy victory of the Cross over the Crescent in Eastern Europe:

"Enough, if hands that heretofore  
Labour'd to bar His road,  
Delay henceforward nevermore  
The charioteers of God,  
Who halt and slumber, but anon,  
With burning wheels, drive thundering on."

If there is nothing in "The Muse in Exile" that surpasses what Mr. Watson has done in the past, there is much that soars at the same high level and has the characteristic beauty of thought and loftiness of utterance that make the peculiar charm of his work.

A. St. JOHN ADCOCK.



Harry and Dick the Soldier.

From "Samor" with an introduction by Austin Dobson and illustrations by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan)

\* "The Muse in Exile." By William Watson. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

## WAGNER WITHOUT TEARS.\*

Messrs. Reeves are just now publishing some capital Wagner volumes. Here, for instance, are two, containing the famous treatise "Opera and Drama" in a size grateful to the hand (albeit a little heavy) and dignified enough even for the shelf of favourite music books. Older Wagnerians, contemplating the monumental row of prose works, may think that there was scarcely need for another translation; but they forget that time has gone on—gone on so fast indeed, that some who were once "advanced" in their musical appreciation have become hard-shell conservatives, so loyal to Richard the First that the mere name of Richard the Second makes them foam (journalistically) at the mouth. It seems not so very many years ago that Wagnerians in England had more opportunities for reading his prose works than for hearing his music dramas; but a new generation has arisen since then, and the operatic repertory has so far changed that many who know "Tristan" and the "Ring" by heart are now looking forward to the revival of "Lohengrin" and "The Flying Dutchman" as interesting novelties.

The young enthusiasts of to-day really know very little, at first hand, of Wagner's prose. To them these volumes can be strongly recommended, especially as the edition possesses some very helpful features. Wagner (alas, that we should have to say it!) was terribly long-winded. Everything he wrote is one-third, or even more, longer than it should be. In the case of the "Meistersinger" we are prepared to endure the heavenly length for the sake of the music; in the case of (say) "Rienzi" we are not. This misguided energy of production is seen at its worst in his prose works; for while in music he knew just what he wanted to say, his prose treatises are often little more than a protracted process of making up his own mind, involving lengthy and obscure arguments with himself about his own meaning.

"Opera and Drama," for example, is a torrential essay entirely without form, though certainly not void. Wagner the aesthetician shared the natural impulse of German philosophers towards complete unintelligibility, and the present treatise is not to be read without much wrestling. Now Mr. Edwin Evans, the translator, not only writes very clear and intelligible English (as Wagnerian translators sometimes do not), but he has very bravely broken up the matter into sections and paragraphs with appropriately epitomized headings; and so, "who will may hear Sordello's story told."

No doubt the aboriginal Wagnerites will be horrified at this rational handling of a congenially obscure treatise, but the normal lover of music will be grateful; for this book, like the "Lao'oon," is an æsthetic essay of real constructive value, and, in conjunction with Wagner's own practice, it has dramatised the opera for ever.

Reading it now, in the light of our present familiarity with the once anathematized music, we observe with interest that, while some of it is rather suspiciously like special pleading in favour of Wagner's own predilection for Teutonic myths, some of it indicates an ideal that he certainly did not reach himself. Something near it has been recently attained, not in an opera, but in a ballet, the "Pétrouchka" of Stravinsky, where the absence of speech seems not so much a deficiency as a positive addition.

That by the way. What, perhaps, the reader of to-day will enjoy most in the book is not so much the main thesis as the by-the-ways of rich constructive criticism, the thoughts of a musician about musicians. I wonder, sometimes, if we recognize how much of our admiration for the greatest masters we owe to the flaming hero-worship and militant zeal of Wagner. In the land where all discords are resolved, Beethoven surely recognizes a great apostle as well as a fellow-prophet.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

## BOHN'S LIBRARY.\*

It is almost superfluous nowadays to write anything in commendation of Bohn's Library. Carlyle uttered the general verdict when he said, some fifty years ago, "In regard to all manner of books, Bohn's Publication Series is the usefulest thing I know." Henry G. Bohn founded his famous Library in 1847; in 1864 it was taken over by Messrs. Bell, and throughout the sixty-six years of its existence it has retained its high place in the esteem of every lover of good books. The student soon came to know that he could depend upon Bohn's edition of any English classic, and that if he bought a translation of any foreign classic in that series it was sure to be a sound and a scholarly one. As the prices of books went, too, a generation ago, the volumes were remarkably cheap, and for this reason also the average book lover had a warm corner in his heart for the name of their publisher.

Recent years have brought us a vast and ever-growing variety of excellent reprints that are cheaper still. Bohn's well-printed, well-produced books at three-and-sixpence were accounted miracles of cheapness; but to-day the popular price has fallen to a shilling, and in a happy hour, and in the right enterprising spirit, Messrs. Bell have at length resolved on a cheap reissue of the great series that has so long been associated with their firm, and the first twenty volumes are already published. They are a varied and attractive selection ranging from Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection" to Fanny Burney's "Evelina"; from Goethe's "Poetry and Truth" to Fielding's "Joseph Andrews"; from Calverley's translation of Theocritus to "Gulliver's Travels." There is Motley's "Dutch Republic" in three volumes, and "Don Quixote," Emerson's works, and Burton's "Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah," each in two. Lamb's Essays, Ebers's "Egyptian Princess," and Arthur Young's "Travels in France," make up the twenty. Print, paper and binding—they are bound quietly and tastefully in cloth—are all that the most exacting reader could desire, and we have no hesitation in forecasting that Bohn's Library in its new form will be as deservedly successful and as general a boon as it was in its old.

## MODERN DRAMA.†

Without a doubt, the playwright, who is faithful to the principles of dramatic art, has the advantage of his artistic brethren. He can afford to be catholic and cosmopolitan about views, theories, missions *et hoc genus omne*, provided that his own are concentrated upon the one criterion of valuable self-expression—the play's the thing. He may thirst after Utopias; he may cleave to the traditions of his ancestors; he may be pragmatist or pantheist, but whoso shall counsel him to employ the stage as a dray-horse for his opinions is a pestilent *advocatus diaboli*. If he write plays, he must stick to his last; he has one canon, the realisation of men and women in dramatic relation with one another. If he conceive the canon as an incentive to the dour craftsmanship of Aristotelian unities and "well-made plays," he has only interpreted it in the spirit of the pedagogue. Mr. Fox's "This Generation" has carefully forgotten this. George Tremayne, an idealist manufacturer of cheap cigarettes, disgusted with modern social conditions, takes the plunge and a newspaper shop with an income of one hundred a year, as the residue of his great possessions. His commonplace wife and children naturally suffer, and his industrial partners prosper exceedingly. Mrs. Tremayne goes back for her children's sake and finally invigiles Tremayne himself back into a plutocratic environment seven devils worse than the first. Revolt is futile, and the "loving hands of wife and children close

\* "Bohn's Popular Library." First Twenty Volumes. 1s. net each. (G. Bell & Sons.)

† "This Generation." A Play by S. M. Fox. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin).—"The Great Adventure: A Play of Fancy in Four Acts." By Arnold Bennett. 2s. net. (Methuen.)

\* "Opera and Drama." By Richard Wagner. Translated by Edwin Evans, F.R.C.O. 2 Vols. 10s. net. (William Reeves.)



**"The Curé's Progress."**

"Monsieur the Curé down the street  
Comes with his kind old face."



**"The Idyll of the Carp."**

"The scene is in a garden, where you please,  
So that it lie in France . . ."



**"Une Marquise."**

"As you sit there at your  
O Marquise!  
And the men flock round your knees  
Thick as bees."



**"Au Revoir: A  
Dramatic Vignette."**

"If Madame [I omit] will be  
Beside the Fountain-rail at Three  
Then Madame—possibly—may hear  
News of her Spaniel. JOLICAUX.  
Monsieur denies his note?"

the golden prison house upon him." Now, here is no conflict of character, but of ideas masquerading as characters. We know perfectly well that the individuals of the play would and would not do certain things, just as well as we know that Hamlet would never have killed the king, had he been a Tolstoyan Pacificist. They have no option. The ideas see to that. The style of the play is indeed Jonsonian, with this difference—that the types are not selected from life itself, but from life as the reformer scans it, the novelist's stock-in-trade on the one hand and they that are gathered into the fold on the other. There are no cross-divisions. Behind the shifting panorama of conflicting social theories and interests, the *dramatis personæ* are effigies, with inscriptions. From the point of view of social service, of course, it does matter whether the Ayes or the Noes have it, but from that of dramatic presentment, it does not. Mr. Fox has allowed a clarified social conscience to obfuscate his dramatic conscience. While selecting a modern trend of play, which has uncharted possibilities, he has ignored its exigencies, which are to illustrate the reaction of personality upon environment. But Ibsen's characters never parade as sandwichmen and Shakespeare's problem-plays, "Measure for Measure," and "Troilus and Cressida," for instance, are an arena for tremendous dramatic fluctuation and development. The pity of "This Generation" is that, for all its sincerity and conviction, its abstractions have stultified vitality.

In spite of the reviewers, people are beginning to open their eyes to the fact that Mr. Bennett is the very Merlin of modern letters, able at will to metamorphose himself into the most diverse forms. It is a singular tribute to his elasticity of mind, for who would have imagined that the diarist of life, who wrote "The Old Wives' Tale," and "Clayhanger," with such meticulous accuracy of detail and observation, and with such provincial sobriety of treatment, could have leaped astride a sportive Pegasus and performed the most entertaining convolutions. It is hardly respectable, but the erudite Faust, we remember, was prone to all sorts of queer tricks. Mr. Bennett's new play—"The Great Adventure," catches him in his fantastic undress—a cap and bells motley which fits him exquisitely. It is an extravaganza, sliding now and again into pure farce and burlesque, but conceived with rare felicity, wit and sagacity. The theme of mistaken identity is as old and indeed as trite as Hein's sun, which was only an "old warmed-up jest," but Mr. Bennett has manoeuvred it into a *jeu d'esprit*, as fresh and jocund in fancy as all his artistic acumen and dexterity could create. The conception of a great artist half gleefully, half from the press of circumstance, impersonating his dead valet, who is buried in Westminster Abbey, with all the fanfare of publicity, because he left a state donation of two hundred thousand pounds, is fertile enough in satiric suggestion. Still more so is it, when the pseudo-valet, dragged remonstrating from his idyllic domesticity at Putney, is free to return with his wife to their suburban Hesperides, because "the policy of hushing-up things," is "the cornerstone of England's greatness." Had the satiric motive of England's decorous hypocrisy and mercenary Philistinism been deepened and fortified, the *jeu d'esprit*, as such, must have been marooned. As it is, it serves as a brilliant, but incidental flash-light. The characterisation in the play is centred upon the artist's homely and competent wife, whom he met, thanks to the industrious matrimonial activities of his valet. But if the other characters are only passable, that hardly detracts from a clever piece of slight-of-hand.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

### HALF-LENGTHS.\*

The late Justin McCarthy, in the "History of Our Own Times," devoted one of his last chapters to a political retrospect, and, in noting the men whose parliamentary

\* "Half-Lengths." By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. 2s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

career had been interrupted, mentioned Mr. Russell as one of those who, "it may be hoped, will not be content, and not even be allowed, to remain long out of the House of Commons." In a letter to Napier, in July, 1838, Macaulay wrote: "I am sick of the monotonous succession of parties and long for quiet and retirement. To quit politics for letters is, I believe, a wise choice." Presumably Mr. Russell shares Macaulay's views, for he has retired from the dusty arena of political conflict for some years, and we have grown accustomed to expect at least one volume a year from his pen. One of the most interesting chapters in "Half-Lengths" is an autobiographical sketch of Mr. Russell's connection with the *Manchester Guardian*. It appeared in that paper on July 6th, 1912, and is entitled "A Silver Wedding." We learn that in 1897 Mr. Russell contributed some articles, which were afterwards published under the title of "Collections and Recollections." The origin of this well-known book is very typical of its author.

"My friend, James Payn, was then alive," he writes, "but confined to his house by crippling illness. I used to visit him pretty regularly, and did what I could to amuse him. One day he said that, if I would put on paper all I had told him, it would make a book, which his firm (Smith, Elder) would publish. . . . James Payn died on the 25th of March, 1898, and the book which I had hoped to place in his hand I could only dedicate to his memory."

Any reader of "Collections and Recollections" will have no difficulty in imagining what a delight Mr. Russell's visits must have been to poor James Payn. And what a host of invalids have benefited by that fortuitous illness! The present writer placed "Half-Lengths" and a recent eminent theological work at the bedside of an ailing Dissenting divine. It was no surprise to find later in the day that the gospel according to Mr. Russell had proved the more acceptable fodder of the two.

"Half-Lengths" is, we believe, the sixth book the author has made, principally from his articles in the *Manchester Guardian*. There are not many writers who can profitably publish their fugitive journalistic pieces in volume form, but the absolute freedom that Mr. Russell enjoys in the famous paper enables him to indulge his fancy in any and every direction. The bent of his tastes is sufficiently well known by now, and no one will be surprised to hear that Gladstone and Kingsley, and the Wilberforces, and Oxford and Cambridge appear in his latest book. One would think that repetition is unavoidable, and indeed Mr. Russell does not always escape it, but where he recognises it he quotes Lord Morley's excuse: "A man may once say a thing as he would have it said, he cannot say it twice." Some of the most delightful chapters in the book are concerned with "Relationships," and in these the author is seen at his truest and best. Almost uncannily apt in quotation, he roves over the literature of the world and brings forth from the storehouse of his wonderful memory the things that were written for our learning. Now with playful satire and now with impressive simplicity he writes of the sacred relationship between mother and son, and no one can fail to respond to the noble emotions which the author engenders. The book also contains two long reviews, which were well worth reprinting, of Newman's "Life" and Bernard Holland's book on the Duke of Devonshire, and there is a capital sketch of the late Mr. Labouchere, who, we are not surprised to learn, was never an intimate friend of Mr. Russell's.

I. P. N.

### SWINBURNE ON DICKENS.\*

Every lover of Swinburne and of Dickens will welcome this reissue of the two essays (of two naturally cohering and forming one essay) that Swinburne contributed to the *Quarterly*, and to the American edition-de-luxe of "Oliver Twist." To many who did not know him except through his poems it has seemed a little strange that Swinburne should have been such a whole-hearted admirer

\* "Charles Dickens." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Edited, with Preface and Illustrative Notes, by T. W. Dunton. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

of Dickens and taken such unbounded delight in the Dickensian humour, but to those who were intimate with him there was never anything strange in it at all. Only now and then, in certain irresponsible parodies and joyously satirical trifles, does the note of humour sound in his writings but, says Mr. Watts-Dunton here, in a charming and deeply interesting preface :

"I verily believe that few men ever lived whose temperament was more humorous than Swinburne's—I know that none ever could have lived whose nature was more genial—I might say, joyous. After his shattered health had become restored at 'The Pines,' the joyousness increased with advancing years, and was the most notable feature of his character. . . . It was his humour, indeed, combined with his ebullient spirits, that helped to make him the most delightful of all companions."

Mr. Watts-Dunton goes on to show how Swinburne's adoration of Dickens dated from the days of his childhood ; how, later, when a friend was ill, he "used to walk over to Wimbledon with a novel of Dickens in his pocket to comfort and amuse the invalid by reading out to him ;" and "scores of visitors to 'The Pines' will recall that nothing awakened his anger so much as any undue disparagement of 'Boz.'"

Echoes of that anger with Dickens's detractors ring challengingly in this essay—an essay that is one of the noblest tributes ever paid by one man of genius to another. Not that the praise is indiscriminate eulogy ; Swinburne was too fine and subtle a critic for that : he puts his finger unerringly on Dickens's weaknesses of style and sentiment, but there is nothing petty or niggling in his censures, and how gladly and gloriously he lets himself go when he comes to the big things—the things that are beyond and above true criticism and that it were more folly to do more than wonder at and be thankful for. He ranks "David Copperfield" and "Great Expectations," as the greatest of Dickens's novels ; thinks "A Tale of Two Cities" is "doubtless the most ingeniously and dramatically invented and constructed of all the master's works" ; but that in "that unequal and irregular masterpiece," *Martin Chuzzlewit*, "his comic and his tragic genius rose now and then to the very highest pitch of all." Even the fascinations of Quilp, Mr. and Miss Brass, Mr. Swiveller and the Marchioness, the charm of Mrs. Jarley and the magic of Codlin and Short cannot, he says, "mesmerise or hypnotise us into belief that 'The Old Curiosity Shop' is in any way a good story," but he touches incisively on the qualities that nevertheless make the book a great one ; and the crudities of "Our Mutual Friend" can take nothing from his quick appreciation of Rogue Riderhood and his ecstatic joy in him : "When the genius of the immortal creator said 'Let there be Riderhood,' and there was Riderhood, a figure of coequal immortality rose reeking and skulking into sight." He revels in the humour of Mrs. Gamp, Mrs. Harris and Betsey Prig, till his gratitude overflows and "we think of all this, and of more than all this, and acknowledge with infinite thanksgiving of inexhaustible laughter and of rapturous admiration the very greatest comic poet or creator that ever lived to make the life of other men more bright and more glad and more perfect than ever, without his beneficent influence, it possibly or imaginably could have been."

Any little critic can find fault ; it needs a great man to rise to such glowing and ungrudging appreciation as that. Mr. Watts-Dunton owns in his preface that he thought of omitting Swinburne's violent strictures on Matthew Arnold and Andrew Lang, but we are glad he resolved to leave them in ; for they are, as he remarks, "so characteristic of his warm, impetuous nature. In a word, they must be taken simply as boy-like expressions of Swinburne's resentment against all those who did not fully agree with him as to the transcendent excellence of Dickens." With its editor's preface and illustrative notes, the essay is at once one of the most profoundly interesting and most valuable of the countless criticisms that have been written on Dickens and his work, and Mr. Watts-Dunton has conferred a real boon upon Dickens students by releasing it in this cheap and handy form.

## A STUDY OF A GREAT SOLDIER.\*

It is a daring thing for a civilian to write a book about a very great soldier within a few months of that soldier's death, whilst the memory of that soldier's campaigns is still fresh in the mind of every other military man ; yet Mr. Stanley Washburn has attempted the task, and, what is more essential still, he has succeeded.

"Nogi : A Great Man against a Background of War" is most excellently done. The professional will find nothing in it at which he can cavil—the author has been most careful not to pose as a military critic—whilst the man in the street cannot fail to be fascinated by the extremely clever study of the personality of one whom most of us had hitherto regarded merely as a terribly efficient portion of the Japanese war machine.

Mr. Washburn tells us, and proves to us, that Nogi—the general who spent a hundred thousand lives at Port Arthur—was, after all, human. He knew the Japanese commander well. He was with him during those appalling days of the siege, and again during the Moukden campaign. Nogi, calmly giving orders for the crowning horror of the assault on 203-Metre Hill, knowing that his only surviving son must be in the very front of the line, and Nogi, as a gentle old man in slippers, taking half-an-hour off duty to discuss the English translation of his poems—could any contrast be stranger ?

We are prone to look on the Japanese as a democratic nation, mainly because, as usual, its democrats form its noisy and inefficient portion. But the great man of Port Arthur was, above all things, a great aristocrat. One can picture the manner in which he would have put down a rebellion against the rule of his Emperor. Napoleon's "whiff of grapeshot" would have paled into insignificance beside his measures. He lived for Japan, and—certainly after the loss of his sons—for Japan only.

As the author says, "his own desire for life went out when his two sons were sacrificed on the altar of the nation at Nan-Shan and Port Arthur," and he adds, "his whole life was simply the personification of the duties which his ideals set before him." It is a splendid thing to say of a man, and yet, after reading Mr. Washburn's book, you feel it is perfectly true.

And he died for Japan, as truly as did any of those hundred thousand whom he "spent" at Port Arthur. It is difficult, almost impossible perhaps, for a European to analyse accurately the motives of an Oriental ; but one thing is certain : it was not sheer grief at his Emperor's death, not a desire to escape those sorrows which life might yet have in store for him, but a feeling that the sacrifice of himself might help to awaken the old idealism of Japan, which led the greatest of the latter-day Samurai—and perhaps the last of them—to commit suicide.

There is only one fault about this unusually good book—it is too short.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

## THE R. L. STEVENSON ORIGINALS.†

Those who eagerly look for any additional information about Robert Louis Stevenson, and their name is legion, will be glad of this book by Miss Simpson, the sister of Sir Walter Simpson, one of Stevenson's old and tried friends from his student days, and his comrade on the famous canoeing expedition where he figured as the "Cigarette." Miss Simpson's aim was to group together and indicate the circumstances, the places, the doings and the people who came into Stevenson's life and influenced or found a place in his books, or to whom can be traced characteristics appearing in the fictitious people of the Stevenson kingdom. An interesting subject, and one capable of most fruitful and instructive handling if dealt with exhaustively. There

\* "Nogi." By Stanley Washburn. 3s. 6d. net. (Andrew Melrose.)

† "The R. L. Stevenson Originals." By E. B. Simpson. 6s. net. (T. N. Foulis.)



is much in Miss Simpson's book that is already familiar—of Stevenson's remarkable father and mother, of the Manse at Colinton, of "Cummy," of the childish days and doings of aunts and illnesses, of boyhood and its literary ventures, of student life and the friends he made then, of his two earliest "originals," John Todd, the shepherd, and Robert Young, the gardener, both neighbours of his at Swanston, of Alan Breck and the Appin Murder, of a hundred and one things and folk that good Stevensonians know well by repute and hearsay. The most interesting chapters are those describing the close friends and comrades of Stevenson, his cousin R. A. M. Stevenson, Ferrier, Charles Baxter, Sir Walter Simpson, who was "Athelred" in *Talk and Talkers* and the "Cigarette" of the *Inland Voyage*, and W. E. Henley. It is good to read a word of defence for Henley with regard to the unfortunate essay on Stevenson that has called forth so much wrath and distress. Miss Simpson regrets that it should have been published after Stevenson's death, but insists that it contained nothing that Henley would not have said to his friend's face.

The book is printed noticeably well, in well-chosen type, and is prettily illustrated with portraits and pictures of places. Altogether it is an attractive and pleasant volume and will give pleasure to the adorers of Stevenson, for whom indeed it is intended. For the information is rather rambling and jumbled, and presupposes a very considerable knowledge of Stevenson's life and of his writings in the mind of the reader—otherwise it would be hard to comprehend and piece together. Is it permissible to enter a protest against the habit of referring to Stevenson as "R.L.S." ? It is a very common one and very disagreeable. To find these initials used everywhere, in season and out of season, as a substitute for the name is irritating and disfigures a page of print. This is not a complaint against Miss Simpson's book specially, but against this vexing trick, of which Mr. George Bernard Shaw also is a victim. One grows sick of seeing "G.B.S." and "R.L.S." quoted and referred to constantly in this curtailed and discourteous fashion. It is affectionate, and perhaps those who practise this way of writing think

"nothing is amiss  
When simple love and duty tender it."

But what may pass in speech and in familiar conversation is not always in place in writing, and in type it is an ugly thing. But with this grumble we return to Miss Simpson's book, which is *not* an ugly thing, either within or without, and will be added with gratitude to many a Stevenson shelf.

F. M. A.

## THE COMPLETE ENGLISH SOCIALIST.\*

Mr. H. M. Hyndman is not only in these pages the complete English Socialist—advocate, judge, and lord high executioner, so that without his certificate of good character not one of us ought properly to be counted of the Socialist faith—he is also the most amazing Mark Tapley of the movement in this country. Withal he proclaims, and boisterously enough, how much in common he has with the typical, genial, healthy-minded British Philistine of the nineteenth century. Friends and foes alike are brought up for judgment before "H. M. H.", and rarely do they leave the court with reputation unblemished. For censure, scorn, and utter condemnation are distributed without fear or favour. Even for persons of good repute, and counted as the author's friends, approval is generally tempered with some kindly disparagement. Michael Davitt, for instance, "at times manifested some little self-consciousness in regard to the important part he had played" (and this from Mr. Hyndman !)

Mr. Bernard Shaw "as a playwright and satirist is doing good work of the destructive kind. Shaw as a Fabian (with him, Webb and others) is an obstructionist and reactioner of the more conservative variety."

\*"Further Reminiscences." By Henry Mayers Hyndman. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

"Meredith also was never able to resist the temptation of straining for effect, when it was wholly unnecessary for him thus to impress his intellectual brilliancy upon the men around him."

"Whistler in society was chiefly remarkable for conceit and ill nature, and he was as sordid in his view of money in relation to his own art as Meissonier." To this summing up Mr. Hyndman adds: "I never had any but pleasant intercourse with him myself, so my judgment of him as an individual is quite unprejudiced."

Of a certain American—a Socialist and a friend—we are told that he "has since earned for himself a widespread unpopularity among American Socialists by inducing them to embark in unfortunate mines."

As for the Northampton Socialists of Mr. Hyndman's own party, "they have proved themselves to be the most incompetent and provoking lot of blunderers in politics to be found from one end of Great Britain to the other."

After that we are not surprised to hear that Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., is a "smart middle-class manipulator," and that the Labour Party in the House of Commons "has become a creature of compromise and intrigue—a medley of selling out and surrender."

The dead are not allowed to escape Mr. Hyndman's asseize. The late General Booth, in Mr. Hyndman's opinion, "was no more than a dexterous old charlatan, who had used religion to beguile people to their economic hurt."

W. T. Stead "was that not uncommon variety of self-conscious ascetic, a Puritan chock-full of guile, and in his way utterly unscrupulous." Only "Stead's fine end in the midst of all the muddle and mismanagement of the terrible disaster to the *Titanic* showed that below all his self-advertisement and charlatanry was a cool courage and self-sacrifice which all must admire."

Henry George is dismissed as "well-meaning but ignorant."

And so the tale of man's imperfection goes merrily on in these 500 odd pages. And Mr. Hyndman is quite cheerful and happy through it all, the incurable optimist that he is. Rejected many times for Parliament by the working-class electorate of Burnley he "ventures to predict that the day is not far distant when it will be considered rather odd" that the various gentlemen who defeated him—"not one of whom has ever said, or done, or written anything which anybody can remember, or would remember if he could—should all have been preferred to me as the Parliamentary representatives of a purely industrial constituency such as Burnley." Laying this flattering unction to his soul there is no repining over defeat.

Mr. Hyndman is now seventy-one. His seventieth birthday was celebrated with great goodwill by a large number of persons in London last year, and in spite of defections amongst his followers, and a general refusal in this country to take the British Socialist Party any more seriously than the old Social Democratic Federation was taken, the old veteran comes out as strong as ever, and has no notion of modifying or readjusting his principles to suit the times.

Whilst these "Reminiscences" are full of reproof, a few people come in for whole-hearted praise, notably Lady Warwick, Mr. Walter Crane, and Mr. Robert Blatchford.

And there are several good stories, too, told, as often as not, at the author's own expense.

Apart from economics and politics, Mr. Hyndman shares the average opinions in art and letters and diet, and expresses these opinions with characteristic heartiness. Ibsen is just "one of the most overrated men of our day," whose "plays bore me to death." Vegetarianism is the root of Mr. Bernard Shaw's failings in literature.

Mr. Hyndman has met a considerable number of people of importance, and has talked to them all for their good. Possibly his "Reminiscences" might have been more interesting had he occasionally listened. One thing, however, stands out clearly—a passionate insistence that the poor are robbed of the good things of life—and it is this insistence that redeems Mr. Hyndman's soliloquies from futility.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.



## VICTORIAN VERSE.\*

The splendid vista of modern English poetry afforded in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's volume reminds me of the naval pageant of 1889 following the scare of a few years earlier, and of Mr. Punch paddling his canoe down the serried ranks of warships with a complacent smile on his face, exclaiming: "Not so very bad after all." To turn the thousand pages of this admirable anthology—worthy companion of the "Oxford Book of Verse"—is both to learn and enjoy much. It bears somewhat the same relation to its fellow as the Tate Gallery does to the National, it is thoroughly representative, it is full of poignant contrasts, it aims at breadth rather than intensity, it is characteristic of a succession of poetic ideals superimposed, it is distinctive of its compiler, too, and no one but he could have so satisfactorily achieved it. Living poets are kittle folk to deal with, and it needed a Paladin of poetic nerve to assemble such a gathering under the dark blue gable. A book like this is creative, it will help to form the texture of the flag which "Victorian Verse" will fly as it drifts down the ages. It shows a remarkable contrast, too, between the Dii Majores, who exhausted all the poetic nutriment of the early period, and the dense cluster of small stars who, unabashed by the proximity of planets, illuminate the later years. In many respects of style and form it must, I think, be conceded that the 'star-matter' of the third generation greatly surpasses that of the first.

A collection which starts with "Rose Aylmer" and "Mine be a Cot," and ends with Ezra Pound and Lascelles Abercrombie, is beyond all things catholic, and catholicity is a supreme quality for such a work. Critics have said that for economy's sake the anthologist should have omitted the great gods altogether. A more ridiculous or parochial suggestion than this it seems to me impossible to conceive. The book is not for connoisseurs of minor poetry but for travellers and men of action, who come from far, or who cannot be bothered with a load of poetry, and want, in a rapid turn, to encounter the best. Sir Arthur has wisely given primacy to the primates, and has not hesitated to give "Crossing the Bar" a page to itself.

One rejoices to find not only "Tears, Idle Tears" but "Bury the Great Duke," the noblest of modern odes. Personally, I could have spared Dizzy's rival lucubration (p. 110), containing the notable line:

"In all thy actions I do find exact propriety."

There seems to me no objection to long poems by the greatest masters (another stock criticism), but the inclusion of long poems by such writers as Mangan and Ferguson seems certainly hazardous on the score of economy. "Eileen Aroon," "Dark Rosaleen," and the "Bells of Shandon" are very well, but there is much—some will assert rudely, far too much—of this tinkling guitar, Christy Minstrel type of ballad melody, recalling the sentimental ecstasies of "Wait for me at Heaven's Gate, Sweet Belle Mahone." Album-verse is pretty, and I am rather susceptible to "Funicoli Funicola," and the "ting-a-ling-a-ling" of banjo verse generally, but whether there is not rather too much of it (No 78, for instance) in the first half of this anthology, is the most serious question one has to propound to the compiler.

It is a sad pity, not attributable in any way to Sir Arthur, one feels sure, that the finest sequence of poems of his generation or mine should be totally unrepresented in this volume, noble as its proportions are. Forbidden fruit, I suppose, and, like all forbidden fruit, subacid, but delicious. One could easily sacrifice a good many of these rhymes about the Bosphorus, relevant though they may seem to the politics of the hours, for

"In summertime on Breydon  
The bells they sound so clear;"

for that is somehow the poetry of the native-born. Or, again—

"What thoughts at heart have you and I  
We cannot stop to tell;  
But dead or living, drunk or dry,  
Soldier, I wish you well."

\* "The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse." Chosen by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. 6s. net. (Clarendon Press.)

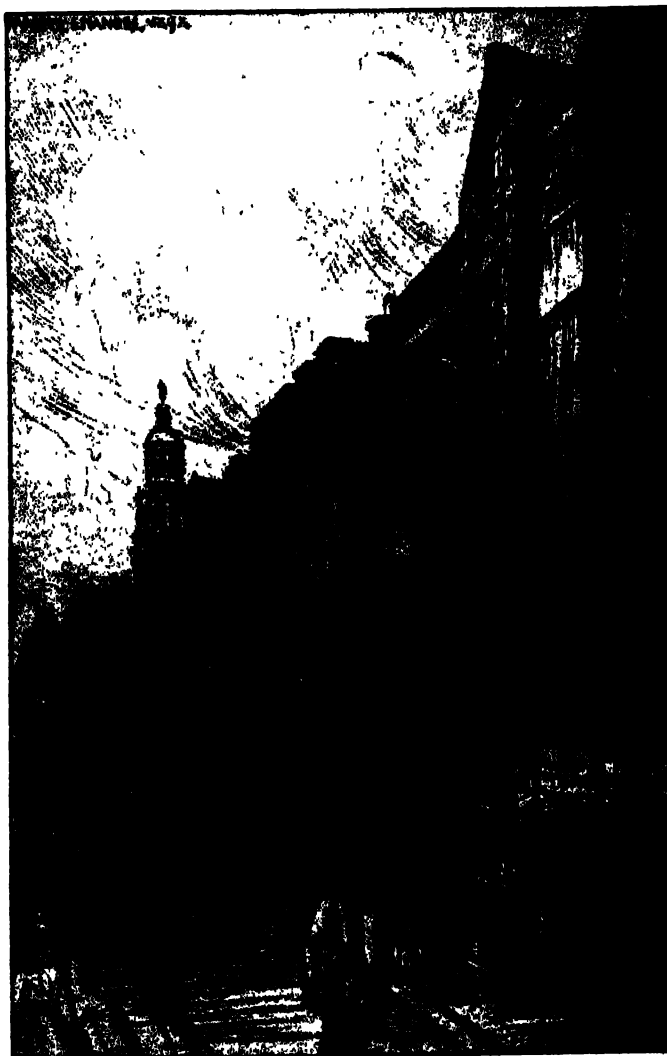
Social and other difficulties arise in a compilation of this sort; then there are the impossible loyalties to poems one has ranted in the long ago, and the like. These impede a free choice. Everyone has his idiosyncrasies and taboos—think of Jeffrey, the greatest critic of 1830, when these elegant extracts begin, compiling an anthology of the period 1780-1830! I have made incisive notes without number. Why so much female verse—Christina, Elizabeth Barrett, George Eliot, "Baby's Kiss!" Halleck, etc., etc.—Why? "The North Easter," "Wreck of the Hesperus," "Armada," Swinburne's "Hounds of Spring" chorus, Scawen Blunt's "Chanctonbury Ring," Collins's "Maidenhead Thicket," Trench's "Almond Tree"—Why for no? There is little point in dilating on this inevitable divergence of cupidities, though I hope someone will agree with me that Sir Arthur's selections in Kingsley and Longfellow are the reverse of happy!

But, to be short, it is the selection as a whole with which we are concerned, and of the opulence of that it is really hard to get an idea (imagine the whole of "The Forsaken Merman," "Thyrsis," "The Scholar Gypsy," "Love in the Valley," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," Swinburne's "Hymn to Proserpine," "The Blessed Damozel," together with sonnets hard to come at, such as "Letty," and the best ballads, lyrics and sonnets of Yeats, Belloc, Kipling, Davies, Cory, Newbolt, Lionel Johnson and fifty others!) without turning and tasting every page of this priceless six shillings-worth.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

## A CITY OF GHOSTS.\*

I have only one fault to find with Mr. Wilfred Whitten's book: it makes me feel so dreadfully old. For, though I am a younger man than Mr. Whitten, my memories of "A Londoner's London." By Wilfred Whitten. Illustrated by Frank L. Emanuel. 6s. (Methuen)



Bookellers' Row.

From "A Londoner's London," by Wilfred Whitten (Methuen).

London extend further back into the past. He can recall how, in 1886:

"Hampstead Heath was the beginning of the country, as it has now no claim to be the end of the town. Itself a 'garden city,' it is being encircled by jerry-built suburbs and planetary tram-cars. I knew Parliament Hill as a place of hedges and hay-making and trespass-boards. Now it is a park—an open one—but still a park, and the boys who play cricket on it were not born when I walked over its solitudes on moonlight nights, gazing at the far-off silvered dome of St. Paul's."

But I can recall an earlier Parliament Hill than that. I can remember when prize-fights and dog-fights and cock-mains were fought in a certain triangular meadow abutting on the deep cutting of the North London Railway, and sheltered from too familiar observation by thick hedges of wild rose and hawthorn. I can remember when the old wooden bar blocked the entrance to Fleet Road, and when all that region north of Mansfield Road—where now lives a population of a quarter of a million—was a tumbled wilderness of brickly fields, through which the old Fleet River meandered, and where on Sundays labouring men went to snare birds and to course their dogs. I can remember when there were rabbits in the sand-pits beyond the Spaniards Road, and primroses and bluebells were common as dandelions in Highgate Woods. Many other things do I remember which Mr. Whitten came too late to London to see for himself; for he came only just in the nick of time to see anything of that wild rusticity. A year or two later and he would have missed it all. For even at the time of the first Jubilee great changes had taken place in the aspect of these northern heights, and where I had once gone blackberrying as a boy the jerry-builder was beginning to lay waste the land.

Mr. Whitten seems to see London as a city of ghosts. And the thought occurs to me that very likely most men who beheld London for the first time with the eyes of visionary youth do see it in that dreamy half-light: its streets peopled with shades of the great departed, its dim nooks and corners haunted by the spirits of the mighty dead, its misty vistas faintly luminous with the light of other days, its dingy courts and shabby old houses made glorious by quaint or precious, noble or picturesque associations.

In this beautiful, wonderful book of Mr. Whitten's there is not one page that does not reveal some new phase of London to at least one Londoner. I know all the scenes our author describes, but now that I have read his description of them I realise that I have known only their outward seeming, after all, and that their inner meaning has somehow escaped me. Of course there are as many ways of looking at London as there are people to look at it. Moreover, there are so many different Londons, as Mr. Whitten is quick to perceive; for in his preface he says:

"I delay to begin only to explain that the London of these pages is not the measureless town of the guide-books; that London on which a hundred and fifty years ago Horace Walpole began a book, only to faint and fail; that London which, still earlier, had been called a county covered with houses, a description which has passed from metaphor to fact. The Londoner's true London is smaller. It is the sum of his own tracks in the maze, the town in which, by hap, he has most often eaten his bread and thought his thoughts. Samuel Butler remarks in his published note-books that he was more in Fetter Lane than in any other street of London, and that Lincoln's Inn Fields, the British Museum, the Strand, Fleet Street, and the Embankment came next. This is a very small London, to which my own adds the City, the northern suburbs, and those more national regions of Westminster and the Parks which may be called Everyman's. Although the reader's intimacies and my own will not be identical, they will generously overlap. . . . While my limiting clue has been some sort of preference or eager frequenting, I have not tried to exhaust the associations of any street or district, being satisfied to follow those great scribes who, when their subject overflowed, passed on with the useful remark that all the rest is in the book of Jasher, or in the book of Iddo the seer concerning genealogies."

This last is a cryptic saying, but if it means that Mr. Whitten knows as much more about his London as he tells us in this book then I sit dumbfounded, flabbergasted, at the immensity and profundity of his erudition, as I sit enraptured and charmed by the simple beauty of his English.

In a book of this kind it is particularly difficult to keep clear of the Charybdis of mere repetition whilst at the same time avoiding the Scylla of journalness. But Mr. Whitten rises superior to these difficulties. Indeed, he seems to exult in them. One could imagine—if the book were not something vastly better—that it had been written in order to show how such a book may be written by one who knows the right use of words, how to make them march and to sing as they march, how to make them dance and to glow as they dance, how to reflect in their stately cadences the tones and colours of great music and great painting. For, above all things, is Mr. Whitten a supreme literary artist.

Therefore I venture to commiserate with him on the sad bad error in grammar—which is obviously not his fault—on page 30; and, whilst I am in this carping vein, to question whether he is right in saying that Russell Square is the largest square in London. I think Vincent Square is larger.

EDWIN PUGH.

### MORE WAR BOOKS.\*

As long ago as the South African war it was clear to many people that the day of the war correspondent was over and his sun gone down amid the cloudy crowns of generals. It was even clearer in the Russo-Japanese campaign, and Tripoli was a mere emphasising of the fact. Yet when Bulgaria prepared in October last for her blow against Turkey there were over eighty special correspondents who secured passes at Sofia and submitted themselves to the censorship, besides those who accompanied the Servians, the Montenegrins, the Greeks and the Turks. Among those who took the field in Thrace with the Turks was Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, who represented the majesty and volume of the *Daily Telegraph*, and furnished in his methods and their results a sufficient rejoinder to those who would say that war-corresponding is no more, a trade trodden under in the progress of military science and organisation.

"With the Turks in Thrace" (Heinemann) is the record of his experiences and successes, beginning with the decisive battle of Lule Burgas and ending with certain of the operations before the Chatal'dja lines when the armistice was already imminent. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett is not one of those men who look upon copious equipment as an obstacle to efficiency. Before leaving Constantinople he had worked out the conditions under which he would have to campaign to the last foreseeable emergency, and in the end he took the field in a manner worthy of Mr. Kipling's Nilghai. He shared with Mr. Donohoe, of the *Daily Chronicle*, a motor car which cost them £700.

"I had two rides in it," he relates, "and Donohoe two also, and as the price paid for these rides was over £700, they were the most expensive journeys we had ever taken, or ever wish to take."

The car was eventually left at Rodosto, where it disappeared, never to be heard of again; but before it vanished it had made possible the great dispatches in which the story of Lule Burgas was told to the readers of the *Chronicle* and the *Telegraph*. Two months' provisions and various horses also went to complete Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's arrangements, and besides a chauffeur, a dragoman and others, he was accompanied and assisted by his brother, Mr. Seabury Ashmead-Bartlett, whose excellent photographs are a feature of the book.

There will always be a part in warfare for chroniclers of the calibre of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett. To great energy and a supreme knowledge of the needs and limitations of his newspaper he joins discretion and that honesty which is the first quality of a great correspondent. His story of

\* "With the Turks in Thrace." By Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)  
 "A War Photographer in Thrace." By Herbert E. Baldwin. 5s. net. (Unwin.)  
 "Letters from the Near East." By Maurice Baring. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

how the news of Lule Burgas was secured and sent away must ever rank high in the history of war-journalism. To get to the front was not easy: to get back to Constantinople was exceedingly difficult. Thence he had to smuggle himself away by steamer to Constanza, in Roumania, where there was no censorship and he was free to wire unvarnished truth and the whole of it. From midday on a Monday, through Tuesday, and for two further hours on the Wednesday he worked at his typewriter, pouring the sheets as they were finished through the cable to Fleet Street. How many words were there, and what did they cost? He does not say, and when a news cable of such worth is in question it does not matter. He shared with Mr. Donohoe the chief success of the campaign, and his book, in which Mr. Seabury Ashmead-Bartlett has collaborated, is a monument worthy of his labours.

Mr. H. F. Baldwin represented the Central News as a photographer, and it is natural that his book, "A War Photographer in Thrace" (Fisher Unwin), should be specially excellent in regard to its illustrations. His photographs have the brisk momentary quality which photographs must have if they are to express reality. His "Refugee Women," for example, are not lined up in face of the camera, but trudging wretchedly past through the Thracian mud; and his picture of the retreat from Lule Burgas, which furnishes the book with a frontispiece, is one of the finest war photographs I have seen. A really striking illustration is entitled "Beaten." It shows a Turkish infantryman labouring over an empty road, his rifle slung across his shoulders, his middle-aged, bowed and bewildered face expressing all the weariness and humiliation of defeat. It has that quality of a picture which photographers strive for and so rarely get, and is the more remarkable in a photograph taken and developed under difficulties such as Mr. Baldwin had to contend with.

In "Letters from the Near East" (Smith, Elder & Co.) Mr. Maurice Baring republishes nine articles from the *Morning Post* and *The Times*, of which five were written in 1909 and the remaining four in 1912, when the events of the earlier year were bearing their strange but inevitable proof. In a preface he explains that he first visited Constantinople in April, 1909, when the credit of the Young Turks was at its zenith. He came with a blank mind and was snared into enthusiasm over the new regime. It was then that he wrote of the Young Turks: "they are now the only hope of salvation for the country; the only element which deserves the encouragement and support of Europe." From that standpoint he declined along the slope of "a gradual disillusionment." On May 19th he is asking: "How can progress and Islam be combined?" On June 21st he says of certain Young Turk doings that "such acts savour more of despotism than of liberty." His disillusionment, therefore, was not so gradual after all. The four final letters are written in the light of the war, and the last is a vivid picture of the cholera at San Stefano.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

### THE DRAMATIC HOT-GOSPELLER.\*

Mr. H. A. Jones' latest jeremiad dealing with the current dramatic situation, quite unconsciously impels me to remember a little essay by Sarcey on "The Decadence of The Theatre." One day the French feuilletonist picked up in the Salle St. Sylvestre a series of brochures, all of which were devoted to this burning subject. They dated respectively, 1768, 1771, 1807, 1828, 1841, 1842, 1847, 1860, 1866, 1871, 1876 and 1880—so that evidently the French drama had been in a healthy state of decay for over one hundred years. The reflection is apropos because the title of the last-named brochure summarises the purpose of the present volume, which is "How to Save the Drama." Mr. Jones may fairly claim to be the only missionary who, for the past sixteen years, has consistently preached the way of

salvation to the dramatically moribund. I say so advisedly, because his practice has been otherwise—he is too good a man of business and too expert a dramatic technician to allow his theatrical Quixotism to deprive English and American audiences of his vastly entertaining plays. It is quite by the way that he seems unable to do the fullest justice to the manifestations of modern drama as exhibited, let us say, in the works of Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, Granville Barker, John Masefield, and the examples of the Irish Literary Theatre, which surely deserve greater recognition than they get. That omission may, of course, be necessary to the proper conduct of his arguments. Here and there one catches the rhetorical swing of the author who wrote one of the finest soliloquies ever presented on the stage—I refer to the hero's vision in that best of melodramas, "The Silver King"—and here and there, we recapture the rapture of the visionary as exhibited in the author's own masterpiece, "Michael and His Lost Angel." Indeed, the trouble that troubles Mr. Jones seems to be pretty well of the same nature that came to St. Paul (quoted on p. 183) "That which I do, I allow not: for what I would, I do not, but what I hate, that do I."

It is only fair to state that these pages comprise a collection of lectures, essays and speeches written during a period of sixteen years, and that will explain why a good many of the themes dealt with are repeated *ad tedum*. One of the objections of the author seems to be that none of our present plays possess merit enough to take a permanent place in English literature. I take leave to traverse that statement, and claim that going no further afield than among the work of the authors I have mentioned, we have a fair nucleus for a literary English drama, that is, if it be admitted that a literary drama is one of the essential equipments of a progressive nation. The initial mistake that most dramatic students make is in conceiving that what is really a closet play, or to give it its proper title, a non-commercial play, is necessarily a literary play. The supreme test of a play is public presentation—if a playwright succeeds in representing a given portion of human life to an audience, with all the illusions of truth, then conceivably the author has attained his purpose. The question whether it is literary drama may safely be left to posterity. Molière achieved that standard because he built his observation on the bedrock of human nature and, because the truths he exposed were universally applicable, his drama is literature. Where the literary man so frequently fails is in imagining that the presentation of acute psychology will ever appeal to the theatre crowd, who, precisely because they are a crowd, demand the broad basic human passions.

But what, one may well ask, are the foundation-stones upon which the author will lay his National Theatre? According to Mr. Jones there are nine points to be considered, if we are to have an English drama. We must distinguish and separate our drama from popular amusement. This might just as easily be said of English literature as distinguished from popular reading, so there is little to be looked forward to upon that plea. The second point is that we must institute a national or repertory theatre where high and severe literary and artistic standards must be set. Such a system takes no account of the failure of the *Comédie Française* as a National Theatre, nor does it make any theatrical provision for the thirty million provincials who presumably must trudge to London if they would be saved dramatically, least of all does it take account of the fact that no amount of recommendation from literary doctors will ever make an audience like a play they dislike. The third point is to insure that the dramatist shall be recognised and rewarded when and in so far as he has painted life and character, and not when he has so far merely tickled and bemused the populace. It is difficult to gauge what the public want, and such a reward might be useful; but if the dramatist is incapable of appealing to the public, is not this a method of raising false hopes and sowing keen disappointments? The fourth aim of the author is to bring our acted drama again into living relation with English literature, and to bring about a general habit of reading plays such as prevails in France. The only method

\* "The Foundations of a National Drama." By Henry Arthur Jones. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

of producing the first result is to produce dramatic literature, an aim which obsesses a good many of our dramatic authors, and which has already borne fruit, judging by the increasing output of printed dramas. A fifth exordium implores us to inform the drama with a broad, sane and profound morality—a purpose with which everyone will immediately agree. The vapid indecencies of popular farce and musical comedy are as much to be deprecated as the present craze for the apotheosis of the crook, as in "Raffles," "Ready Money," "Officer 666," and "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford." Exigencies of space do not permit of our dealing at length with the remaining four corner-stones of National Drama, such as adequate training of actors and actresses, the system of long runs, the saving of the artistic play and establishing the Drama as a fine art. Surely there is little need for Mr. Jones to leave it to the grave and solid judgment of England. Already something has been done and is being done towards the foundation of our much-abused Drama. In Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Birmingham and elsewhere, Repertory Theatres have sprung up. To-day, in London, the public refuse to bow any longer at the feet of the Star, and demand instead a play of real human interest, with the result that the actor manager has been driven occasionally, in his despair, to the music-hall stage. As for acting, the standard was never higher than it is at present. And I, for one, refuse to be depressed, Mr. Jones, with so many eager, promising dramatists about and the present rapidly advancing public taste in dramatic art.

ROBB LAWSON.

### KNOWLEDGE À LA CARTE.\*

For keeping one's humility in repair there is nothing more effective than to run through half a score of the "Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature." These dainty twelpennyworths of knowledge make one realise the vast range of things one does not know. At first sight it would appear rather a sensible thing to attack the realm of knowledge province by province. But in actual practice the process is found to be somewhat jolting. There are wiser ways of mastering a language than by learning the dictionary. Still only a reviewer is called upon to face the music of the whole sixty volumes of the series, and even he has them mercifully split up into doses of ten at a time. The ordinary reader will, of course, pick and choose. He will use the series as he uses the dictionary: he will select only one or two matters at a time, and will be grateful to discerning editors who arrange knowledge in such a form as to permit of perfect freedom of choice.

The purpose of the series is to supply information on particular subjects from the pens of reliable authorities on those subjects. The books aim at being at once popular and either scientific or scholarly according to the subject. The degree in which they combine the two aims is the measure of their success. They must be so written that the plain man who has no other qualification than a good general education may read them with both interest and profit. In most cases the writers must not expect a special background against which to project their material: they must supply their own background. In certain cases a more or less special previous knowledge may be legitimately assumed. Thus, in the volume on "The Physical Basis of Music" Mr. A. Wood obviously expects to be

backed up by a certain knowledge of and interest in music as such. Only readers who satisfy this condition can be reasonably supposed to desire to read the book. The work is mainly mathematical, no doubt, but the treatment has always a clear reference to things that concern music. The unmusical reader should be warned off this volume, just as the musical reader may be confidently recommended to master it.

The same cannot be said for the volume on "Ancient Babylonia." The student who knows enough about this subject to appreciate this book would probably desire something more technical, while the plain man who has only a general interest in the subject will find that the treatment is too technical to have much attraction for him. It is at least doubtful whether it is possible to treat such a subject popularly in a volume of 132 small pages. All that can be given is a summary, and even the learned author of this volume cannot make a summary live. "The Vikings" volume suffers to some extent in the same way, but since the field is narrower, and the matters dealt with are more within the range of the ordinary Englishman's experience, this book has been made much more attractive to the general reader. The same considerations apply to a still greater degree in the case of "The Icelandic Sagas," where Mr. Craigie has been able, without any loss of thoroughness, to present his matter in such a way as to attract as well as to instruct. An excellent subject for the style of treatment adopted in this series is "Ancient Stained and Painted Glass." In this volume Mr. Eden takes nothing for granted at the beginning beyond a knowledge of geography and a familiarity with the general appearance of churches and cathedrals. No doubt as he proceeds he has to assume a knowledge of certain details of architecture, but these details are introduced piecemeal, and are such as can be mastered by a reference to any good dictionary. A reader has no right to object to having to look up the meaning of a few terms: but he has a right to resent in a book an atmosphere so foreign to all his ordinary reading as to make it impossible for him to find his bearings at all.

When we come to the two volumes "The Earth" and "The Atmosphere" we again find an appeal to the plain man with no specialty. Both of these begin at the beginning. No doubt the volume on the Earth, since it concerns itself with its size, shape, weight and spin, has to demand some knowledge of mathematics, but the demand is not exorbitant, and the treatment is quite within the range of the ordinary intelligence. In dealing with the atmosphere Mr. Berry wisely adopts the historical method with the result that the plain man can follow the lines along which his predecessors passed in their pursuit of the knowledge we now possess. The last chapter in this volume is of special interest from the skill with which the present, the past and the future of the atmosphere are correlated.

"The Modern Warship" is treated in a way that tends rather to damp the impression of the man in the street that he could at a pinch take command of the Channel Fleet. Mr. Attwood tells us much that most of us can understand, and puts us right on a great many points on which we thought we knew the truth. The volume that most resembles the old-fashioned type of information book is Mr. T. B. Wood's "The Story of a Loaf of Bread." It recalls a kind of lesson that used to be popular in our elementary schools, and that in competent hands always greatly interested the youngsters. Those who feel attracted by this subject will find themselves excellently treated at the hands of Mr. Wood.

In Dr. Jevons' "Comparative Religion" we have an example of an excellent subject admirably treated from the point of view of this series. He carries his learning lightly, but is able to interest without the slightest loss of solidity. Only very rarely does he dally with philosophical refinements that no plain man can be expected to understand. For the rest he gives such a clear and convincing statement of matters in themselves obscure as cannot fail to win the gratitude of his readers.

JOHN ADAMS.

\* "Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature":—  
 "Ancient Babylonia," by C. H. W. Johns; "The Earth," by J. H. Poynting; "The Atmosphere," by A. J. Berry; "Icelandic Sagas," by W. A. Craigie; "Physical Basis of Music," by A. Wood; "The Modern Warship," by E. L. Attwood; "Comparative Religion," by F. B. Jevons; "The Story of a Loaf of Bread," by T. B. Wood; "Ancient Stained and Painted Glass," by F. S. Eden; "The Vikings," by A. Mawer. 1s. net each.

## THE WORLD OF LONDON.\*

If you want to form an accurate idea of the great changes that have come over London and its people in the last two hundred years or so you should go to the novelists—they have been, and are, London's truest and most fascinating historians. London and the Londoners as you find them in the pages of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Disraeli, are as unlike the London and Londoners that Fanny Burney, Fielding and Defoe knew as they are unlike the London, and the Londoners that live in the pages of H. G. Wells, Arthur Morrison, E. F. Benson, Pett Ridge, Edwin Pugh, and other of the numerous living novelists who find in London's motley world the scenes and characters of their stories. It is not only that sedan chairs, coaches, debtors' prisons, the pillory, public executions, and other such picturesque details have passed away; the topography of the town has altered almost beyond recognition, and the habits, manners, speech, the spiritual and material outlook of the Londoner have undergone such wonderful developments that he is as a new man living in a new London. The great novels of Gissing are the strongest links between Dickens and our own time. Something of the London that Dickens and Trollope knew and much of Gissing's London survives, of course, in the novels of to-day, but only as the superficial likeness of an ancestor may survive in a descendant.

Here are six new stories about London that will bring this home to you, if you are at all familiar with those novelists of the past: they deal mainly with the lives of the middle and lower classes; the only glimpses of upper-class life that are given to you are in Keble Howard's "London Voices," and in Morley Roberts's mingling of fantasy and realism, "Gloomy Fanny." Certain aspects of London's underworld, and of the lives and characters of its clerks, male and female, and its workmen and small shopkeepers, have never been more sympathetically or more faithfully presented than they are by Pett Ridge, and there are tales in "Mixed Grill" that for their humour and pathos and their insight into character will compare with the best of his work. Always his stories are coloured with his own temperament; like Whistler, he shows you London, not as you would see it in a photograph, but as he sees it himself, touches of kindness and humour lending a relief of light and laughter to its dark places, a glamour of romance making its misery and ugliness beautiful. He has never done anything finer than "The Wonderful Start," that compresses a life-history into a few poignant pages of "Mixed Grill" with the vividest and most exquisite art. In Marjory Hardcastle's "Halfpenny Alley" you have eighteen admirably realistic studies of life among the poorest of the poor in South London. Miss Hardcastle worked as a nurse for six years amidst the people she has pictured, and the women, and particularly the children, of her alley are as veritably human creatures as were ever clothed in printed words. They are quaint, they are now and then unpleasant, they are amusing, but they are drawn with such sympathy that even your laughter at their oddities is mingled with a sense of pity that the burdens they bear so cheerfully should be so heavy, the narrow lives in which they contrive to be happy so squalid. Miss Hardcastle's work is of more value to the social reformer than blue-books and statistics are, because it reveals the inner as well as the outer condition of the people, and makes you interested in them, not as economic problems but as human beings.

The same might be said of "Punch and Judy," but Edwin Pugh works on a larger scale and with a more cunning

artistry. The critics, I believe, did ample justice to "A Man of Straw," "Tony Drum," and other of his novels, but I doubt if even yet the general public has given him half the recognition that is certainly his due. A Londoner born, he writes of London from an intimate inside acquaintance with it, and if his sombrely powerful stories have hints of bitterness and cynicism in them, there is an abounding kindness, tolerance, charity, and a fund of sparkling humour in them too, a charming understanding of the nature of children, and an almost terribly sensitive feeling for the sadness and pathos underlying the happiness of the very poor. Soho is a natural home of romance, take it how you will, and into this shabby, squalid, glamorous Soho Mr. Pugh takes his hero, Crispin Pix, and settles him in two rooms on the second-floor of a house full of lodgers, there to work and win, if possible, wealth and fame as a composer of music. While Fame delays, Love comes to him there, and Life in various guises, and many adventures. The girl Una, with all her faults, is a fine character very finely drawn; one can realise the fascination she had for such a man as Crispin, and is disposed to regret that she loved him well enough to send him from her to the girl of his own class who loved him and could make his life better, where Una would have ruined it. The foreign element of Soho is reproduced with remarkable skill; the characters having parts in the story are numerous and varied, and each one is sharply defined and has his or her own marked individuality. A good many readers will suspect that the daringly paradoxical author, Bartholomew Dale, genial, shrewd, fantastic, hugely stout, is modelled on a famous living original, and that his conversation should glitter with epigrams and paradoxical utterances of which that original would have no need to be ashamed is one of Mr. Pugh's triumphs.

Only one of the three stories in Morley Roberts's "Gloomy Fanny" is a London story, but that is the one that fills more than half the book to which it gives its name. "Fanny" is a man; he is, moreover, a member of the peerage. A disappointment in love has thrown him into a melancholy, gloomy humour, and certain frivolous friends of his scheme to pique him into a wager that he dare not leave his club with only a shilling in his pocket and live by the work of his hands for one week in Whitechapel. "Fanny" resentfully takes up the challenge, and the resulting story is conceived and written in the lightest, most whimsical spirit of burlesque. The Whitechapel surroundings, the shop in which "Fanny" gets employment and the people he comes in contact with, are thoroughly realistic; but the tale is sheer farce, edged with romance. It is a capital extravaganza, broadly funny and delightfully amusing. "A Little World" is equally entertaining, though it is a slice of real life cut from the suburbs of London. Lime Tree Gardens is a row of small suburban houses, each of which has a high-sounding name instead of a number; it is a typical suburban street, and the people in it are the actors in Arnold Golsworthy's comedy. The pretentious ambitions and small snobberies of the place are revealed minutely, truthfully, with quiet irony and occasionally mordant sarcasm, and the effects of this snobbery on the character of pretty Mary Delland, who was so eager to get into the petty genteel circles that had looked down on her because her father was in trade, are traced unflinchingly, but sympathetically, to a conclusion that would have been entirely disastrous but for the chivalrous love of the crippled author, John Hacker, who brings a breath of idealism into Mary's broken romance and makes an idyllic close possible. Mary's father and mother, a simple, honestly vulgar pair, loving her, and keen on her social advancement, are drawn with no little insight. Everybody who has sojourned in the suburbs will recognize the truth of Mr. Golsworthy's pictures of certain types of suburban resident and the lives they live.

"London Voices" contains eight series of those crisp and airily witty dialogues in the writing of which Keble Howard is always peculiarly happy. He gives you, through this medium of flippant, easy, natural conversation, little sketches of how love is made in high life between Lord Bobby and a girl who is lunching with him at the Ritz; between an average suburban man and girl at Finchley;

\* "Mixed Grill." By W. Pett Ridge. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"Halfpenny Alley." By Marjory Hardcastle. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

"Punch and Judy." By Edwin Pugh. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

"Gloomy Fanny." By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"A Little World." By Arnold Golsworthy. 6s. (George Allen.)

"London Voices." By Keble Howard. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)



and a low-life Cockney and his "donah" in the East-End; between the same classes of lovers in a taxi, in a railway train, and on a bus. In like manner he presents you with all sorts and conditions of Londoners talking together under every variety of circumstance—about business, pleasure, domestic or public affairs, passing opinions on the hundred and one little current problems, incidents, events, ideas and experiences that make up the everyday lives of most of us. Here and there are touches of a pathos that is more suggested than spoken, and whose effect lies in its delicate elusiveness; but the keynote of the dialogues is humour—a gay, whimsical, irresistible humour—that is half cynical at times and at times wilfully irresponsible, but invariably good-humoured and delightfully entertaining. Moreover, there is a deeper knowledge of life and of human character behind Mr. Howard's light flippancies than you shall find in most work that makes serious pretence to those qualities. It is a brilliantly clever book, whose laughter, like Touchstone's, has a world of meaning in it.

D. F. R.

### \* A TALE OF TWO INTERESTS.\*

Considering the opportunities that actors have for giving us the sharp and vivid reflex of the lighter aspects of our age, it is singular how slender is the dramatic contribution to our shelves of memoirs, much less of permanent biography and history. Success in the higher walks of the stage connotes possession of certain obvious gifts of observation and presentiment that ought to be of the highest service in descriptive literature; and the acting profession shows

\* "From Studio to Stage." By Weedon Grossmith. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

in a thousand ways how steady a touch it keeps upon the pulse of society. Few men have had a closer association with many interests at once than Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and it is small wonder, therefore, that his recollections are well above the dramatic average.

His father was a well-known writer for the Press, his brother was a shining light at the Savoy and on the monologue platform, and our author himself has a marked proficiency with the brush. We get examples in this book of his powers of portraiture, and they compare well with Mr. Forbes Robertson's more famous paintings of Phelps and old Lyceum triumphs. These popular painter-players have another bond in common; they both came into fame as colleagues of Henry Irving, and many of the best of Mr. Grossmith's stories hang upon the great man's eccentricities. The chief of these anecdotes, however, show that he shrank from the criticism of mimicry, and when Mr. Grossmith caricatured Irving on his own stage, he earned a curt rebuke. It might have led to rupture if tact had not come to the rescue, and Mr. Grossmith had not put the rehearsal in the way of success. The success was that of "Robert Macaire," and since that rattling play made the Lyceum rafters ring, Mr. Grossmith has filled many parts. But the higher he mounted in popular favour as a character artist, the less material he seems to have found for giving character to this work. It is a tribute to the heyday of the old Lyceum, set in a framework of recollections of the double interest conveyed in the title. Here it rarely rises above the level of a "conversation" book, and while it gives us capital chapters on the Savage Club and other institutions, it hardly does justice to Mr. Grossmith's own sterling and salient individuality.

### PROBLEMS OF IMPERIALISM.\*

Of all the volumes in the All Red series this must have been by far the most difficult (as it was also, probably, the most interesting) to write. Sir Bampfylde Fuller's qualifications for the task which he has so ably carried out will be familiar to most people, and if, here and there, one seems to detect traces of the retired Indian Civilian, these traces are but few in number, and the book is written in a broad, generous and liberal spirit which goes far, in itself, towards explaining the general success of our administration in the Indian Empire. The range of subjects covered is extraordinarily wide. Part I., dealing with the country, gives a good survey of its physical aspects, of its natural history, of that agriculture which is the very life-blood of the Indian peoples, of the famines which periodically devastate the country and of the measures taken to combat them, as well as an account of Indian manufactures and commerce. To the general reader the Second Part, which describes the people, will undoubtedly be the more interesting. One does not readily tire of reading about the many races and castes by which the people as a whole are so sharply divided, of their manner of life, of their religious beliefs and observations and of the effect upon them of English education. To this vitally important question of education Sir Bampfylde Fuller pays considerable attention, and references to it are to be found in many places outside the excellent chapter specifically allotted to it. Nothing better shows how much remains to be done than his words: "When we come to enquire how far the new learning has generally modified Indian



Photo by Hoffmann, Calcutta.

Street Scene, Delhi, with view of the great Mosque.

From "The Empire of India" (Pitman).

\* "The Empire of India." By Sir Bampfylde Fuller. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman & Sons.)

views or conduct, we are surprised to find how small has been the change, compared with that which Western knowledge has brought about in Japan within the space of a generation, or has effected within the small Parsi community." Sir Bampfylde Fuller, however, appears to derive some hope from the recognition by the Government of the dangers of the grant-in-aid policy and from its determination to accept a larger responsibility in future for the direct provision of education in institutions of its own, and he points to the growing opinion that Universities should be more numerous, smaller in size, and concerned with teaching as well as with examining; that a higher standard should be set to provide institutions by the maintenance by Government of more colleges and schools; and that the habits of good conduct should be more effectually instilled by the students being removed from outside influences and being lodged under supervision in hostels or boarding-houses. The two concluding parts of the book are devoted to "The Government" and to "Future Prospects" respectively. The latter, in particular, is worth careful consideration, and, if his statement that the British rule "may, without exaggeration, be described as unpopular," his forecast of what would happen in India if that rule were withdrawn should spur on all those who are in any way actively concerned to even greater efforts than they have made in the past.

### "STELLA MARIS."\*

We all love fairy tales, provided they are adapted to our years. Whether it is more difficult to write them for a youthful or for a sophisticated audience is an arguable point. At any rate, the old are less easy to please, for they want to be made to forget their knowledge of life and yet to feel that they are not entirely out of touch with its grimmer realities. Fairy princes, sleeping beauties, witches with malevolent designs must adopt the masquerade of every day costume before they can win the suffrages of age. But in the guise of modern Quixotes, who love unselfishly, and child-women innocent of guile or reckless in devotion, heroes and heroines may still prove acceptable, especially if crime fills the rôle of bad fairy. Fantasy and sentiment can be as potent dealers in magic as youth's make-believe; chivalry can lead to as strange adventures as any enchanted robe, the ugly features of civilisation can be as effective a background for romance as any giant's castle that ever set the hair of a youngster on end with delighted terror. It is Mr. W. J. Locke's happy gift to be able to invent fairy tales which fascinate the grown-up reader. Graces of style, the adornments of scholarship, an allusiveness eloquent of wide acquaintance with the arts and good literature, irony which betrays the experienced and critical observer are, in this novelist's case, combined with a view of life that is consistently poetical. His eyes are fastened on the heroic aspects of humanity and refuse to allow more than a subordinate place to its views. His men are quixotic alike in love and friendship. Sentiment sways their actions and determines their resolves. Says one of the rival heroes of his newest story, "This affectation of despising sentiment makes me sick," and he sings loudly the virtues and the achievements of the condemned thing.

Walter Herold lives up to his profession of faith and, for the matter of that, so does John Risca, the journalist friend whom he rebukes. Both men let their lives be shaped by a little bed-ridden girl to whom they pay fervent homage. A David and a Jonathan such as they are, rivals in love and service to their invalid lady, and rivals also in all the generousities of friendship, would of themselves lend a romantic tenderness to the novel in which they figure. But the goddess of their cult, the titular character of "Stella Maris" is an even more attractive creation. Condemned throughout her girlhood to lie on her back watching sea and weather from her room, which has a Channel prospect, Stella Blount rules her tiny court with a sweetness of temper never marred by complaints of her imprisonment, and seemingly incurable state, and responds instinctively

to her atmosphere of affection. In her we have a veritable fairy princess, indeed, a sleeping beauty, for, doomed as she appears to be to lifelong exile from the life of actuality, John Risca and her housemates have encouraged her to believe that all the virtues reign triumphant over earth, and that sin is an anachronism. Hence the tragedy of her recovery. Mr. Locke, by the way, rather strains our willingness to be credulous when he asks us to suppose that a victim of spinal disease, such as is Stella, would, thanks to the sea-breezes which blow in through her windows, develop her so that she is as normal in physique as other women, and much more lovely and prettily shaped than most when she is cured. But his story would not be a fairy tale if she were fretful or deformed, or if John and Walter, the actor and the journalist, did not both fall captives of her beauty. As a princess, it is not wonderful that she grants her love almost unasked, and bestows it on that sturdy fighter against odds, John Risca, whom she has endowed with the title of "Lord High Belovedest." But Risca has a vulgar wife from whom he had parted long before she shames him by being concerned in a cruelty charge. The woman has maltreated a little orphan, Unity Blake, and when she is sent to prison, Risca, like more than one of Mr. Locke's heroes, takes on the duties of a guardian and adopts the child as his ward. His wife it is who puts the finishing touch to Stella Maris's disillusionments with the world. Stella has already made woeful discoveries as to the amount of sorrow and wrongdoing that prevail outside her paradise; but when this convict woman claims John as her husband and weaves a tissue of lies round him and his ward, her whole universe seems to come down with a crash. Nay, more, she is caught into a very riot of melodrama, and only after she has had time to forget scenes of murder and suicide is her faith in her kind restored. Then it is to the "Lord High Favourite," Walter Herold, her lifelong confidant, and the one man who can enter into her whimsies, that she gives her heart. Her change of allegiance is dexterously managed, and the novelist contrives to divide our affections pretty impartially between her suitors, both of them impulsive idealists, but differentiated with the nicest art. Unity, too, who tries to cut the knot of her guardian's troubles, is picturesquely if melodramatically conceived. But Stella's portrait is the triumph of the novel. It is an ideal or idealised portrait, but Mr. Locke has lavished upon it all the wealth of his charming fancy.

F. G. BETJANY.

### THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.\*

Of late years a good many writers have tried their hands at the Carol, not always with success. It is as difficult to recapture the heavenly simplicity of the ages of faith as it is to catch the spirit of one of the early Italian painters. Here is a poet who has succeeded. There is a beautiful simplicity, an adoring awe, in these little poems that make the book as precious as it is small. Purity, reverence, intimacy, join to make "Agnus Dei" a holy thing among the masses of books that come tumbling from the printing-presses. One sees the young mortal mother moving through these delights with veiled hair and hidden eyes, worshipping through her own baby the little Baby of Bethlehem. There is no *naïveté* here, no forced note of innocence, for there is perfect innocence. The great things of this world are often debased by the low-minded and the fool. In one of these exquisite things a poor woman meets a stranger on the road, who is the Angel Gabriel. He hails her as "Great Queen!" and she answers humbly that she is a poor woman. He tells her:

"Do you not know  
That all who carry what you bear  
Like great queens go,  
So proudly moving to and fro?  
And from where  
I come they mark the burden well,  
And say, 'Look there!  
Mary to Bethlehem doth fare.'"

\* "Stella Maris." By William J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

"Agnus Dei." By Nancy Campbell. 6d. (Maunsell.)



In another poem the son of Cytherea and the Son of Mary meet.

"I lie among soft roses all the day  
Or with my mother's milk-white doves I play,"

says the small Eros; and the little Jesus:

"Their thorns are sharp and heavy round my head,  
White souls like birds come to me to be fed."

Again, Mary and Joseph talk on the road to Bethlehem. Mary says:

"Already is the angelic crowd  
Awakening in the sky,  
But still on nothing fine and proud  
God's Son and mine shall lie.  
And though he comes a-conquering,  
Salvation to impart,  
First he will be a little thing  
That cries upon my heart"

It was Coventry Patmore who talked of:

"... the simple female sort  
Apt to see Him in husband and in son."

Through her own little son this youngest of the poets has  
seen Heaven and worshipped in the Stable.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

## Novel Notes.

**NEVERTHELESS.** By Isabel Smith. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

This is an ably written novel with a very natural present-day heroine and a problem of more than passing interest. It depicts a woman torn between conventional promptings and natural inclinations, between the call of conscience

wife in a mad-house beyond all hope of recovery. The law allows no escape for the young husband. "Here am I, a comparatively young man, with my life before me as you may say, and yet unless I go without the law, I am doomed to perpetual celibacy. Is that right or natural?" Sara agrees that the law is unjust, and the inevitable temptation follows. At first she shrinks from putting herself "beyond the pale," and clings desperately to convention; then she decides to yield. The powerful scene in which she offers herself to Hiram at the moment when, unknown to her, he has just heard of his wife's death, is an effective piece of work. "Nevertheless" contains a number of interesting minor characters, ranging from a conventionally smug and conventionally religious matron at one pole to a platform champion of woman's rights at the other.

**GROWING PAINS.** By Ivy Low. 6s. (Heinemann.)

While it is to be hoped that Gertrude is not a normal English girl, there can be little doubt that she is fairly representative of her type. The trouble with her was that when once she had left school there was nothing whatever for her to do. Hyper-sensitive and unpractical as she is, she does not get into serious difficulties. The book ends, in fact, about as happily as it could; but one cannot describe it as a cheerful novel, for Gertrude is unhealthy and unattractive (fascinating though she may have been in the flesh). Miss Low, who is blessed with a keen sense of humour and a power of maliciously amusing narrative which is decidedly fascinating, has, indeed, been almost too frank and too outspoken. Nobody can possibly like Gertrude, though most people will be grateful for this extraordinarily clever account of her girlhood. The only thing that bothers us is that we are uncertain whether or not to regard the book as a warning.

**WILLIE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.** By Arthur Fetterless. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Fetterless announces on the title page of his novel that the book is a summer tale, and if this be meant to convey that it is lightly and easily read we find ourselves in hearty agreement, but it possesses this excellent difference from most fiction written in an easy style, as it also supplies much food for thought. The scene runs on ordinary lines, merely consisting of the description of a young and inconsequent Scotchman, who spends a holiday in the Isle of Man and does all the things which one expects a member of the "purple-socked-brigade" to do: drinks a little; plays a little; and flirts a great deal. The gist of the story, of course, leads us through the great flirtation which ends his bachelor days, but it is all naturally told—no harrowing situations—no heroic or sentimental speeches—just commonplace episodes and the idle irresponsible chatter of youth. This makes up the charm of "Willie in the Isle of Man," in which is much that is exceptionally funny and many a laugh will the reader enjoy; yet behind all he will feel that Mr. Fetterless is recounting incidents from real life and not merely chronicling the imaginings of a clever brain. Smith, the funny man of the tale, is a delightful character and his final conversion to matrimony makes a delicious epilogue to a spirited and vivacious story.

**TREMENDAX.** An Optimistic Record. By Necrede Malo. 5s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

Here is an author who hates pathos and says so. "Blessed be the man who invented jokes," he exclaims with fervour, and sets himself to the task of writing a cheerful book. Into the pages of "Tremendax" he has filtered the sunny anecdotes, random jottings, impressions and observations of an adventurous life in all quarters of the globe. Spurning the fetish of "continuity of story," he chats leisurely on any topic which happens to spring to the surface, be it a London cheap-jack or a Barcelona



Photo by Gubell.

Mrs. Isabel Smith.

and the call of love. Sara Gale, poor and past her first youth, encounters the great adventure of love. But her new-found joy receives a rude blow when she learns that her lover, Hiram Martel, is a married man with a young

bullfight. Whatever the subject, he invariably has something to say, and say it he will. The book abounds in humorous anecdotes gleaned from the smoking-room, ashore and afloat, and from the author's own experience, and contains in addition a storehouse of informative gossip and downright opinions on debatable subjects. Thus, the reader may pass on from some provocative views on education and "the lower orders" to a detailed recipe for haggis (introduced à propos of a Court of Admiralty yarn) or to some remarks on the theory of aviation (suggested by the author's first glimpse of a flying fish from the deck of the brigantine on which he ran away to sea). A volume as companionable and versatile as "Tremendax" is just the thing for a man in search of a sociable evening.

**DAPHNE IN PARIS.** By the Author of "Daphne in the Fatherland." 6s. (Melrose)

Work like this calls for the immortal remark of a certain nurse at St. Bartholomew's that "there is no sich person." For Daphne is simply the author's mouthpiece for venting a knowledge of Paris and its less noxious gaieties, together with all those lights and aspects and impressions which the gayest of capitals touches off in a susceptible and highly modern feminine mind. Daphne finds an excellent companion in Betty, a kindred spirit; and a still better destination on the tolerant and manly bosom of Hugh, the appropriate fate that awaits her after a flirtation with her French adorer, Achille, and her persecution by a duke. It is all very volatile and good-humoured and conversational, but all rather obvious as well, and we hardly see how we are to face another volume of Daphne in Egypt unless Daphne is married, and Daphne in a matrimonial aspect will seem amazingly like someone else. But as "there is no sich person" in any case, perhaps this hardly matters.

**THE TEMPTATION OF TAVERNAKE.** By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Hodder & Stoughton)

Unlike most of the many alluring characters in Mr. Oppenheim's masterly new novel, there is no mystery about Leonard Tavernake. A clerk in an estate agent's office, he is a stolid, matter-of-fact young man whose one ambition is to make more and more money, not so much for the love of money itself, but for the power that goes with it. Consequently, when he takes upon himself the blame of a boarding-house theft in order to shield a shabbily dressed American girl, and further goes out of his way to rescue the same girl from a suicide's grave and to provide a home for her, it is only natural that Tavernake, who does not count benevolence among his good qualities, should be somewhat at a loss to explain his actions. "Your sex," he insists, "has nothing to do with it. As to your appearance, I have not even considered it. I could not tell you whether you are beautiful or ugly. . . . What I have done, I have done because it pleased me to do it." Whatever his motive may have been, Tavernake soon realises that he has placed himself on the threshold of a great mystery connected with his protégée's unscrupulous and amazingly beautiful sister, whose wealthy libertine of a husband has suddenly disappeared. The story is adroitly constructed, and the situations develop with hypnotic rapidity. The reader will find Mr. Oppenheim at his very best in "The Temptation of Tavernake."

**THE ARNOLD LIP.** By C. E. Lawrence. 6s. (Murray.)

Mr. C. E. Lawrence calls it a sort of a comedy: it strikes one as a philosophical farce with a good deal of sound sense behind the bustling amusement. In the drawing of the characters especially there is just that touch of exaggeration which makes for fun: it is a jolly book suggestive of thought. The Arnolds are a suburban pillar of the state, and the father, a man of pompous ability, has a peculiar sort of lip which his children inherit. They are prouder of this family trait than are probably the Hapsburgs of a similar characteristic feature. It makes them look interesting and distinctive, and above all it is the symbol of their worldly success. The fact is the Arnolds are a type of the



Photo by E. O. Hoppe

Mr. C. E. Lawrence.

successful family of the upper middle class. They have, as the Americans say, the art of getting there on both feet. Unhappily the eldest boy, Hugh, lacks the Arnold lip and the spiritual qualities of which it is the outward sign. He does not care for the comforts of life with which he is wrapped up; he wants elbow room and a taste of hardship by way of a change. In particular the atmosphere of ready-made success, in which he and his sister and brother are brought up, stifles him. He is the bad boy of the family, and comes to the worst of ends. An appearance in the Divorce Court or in the dock at the Old Bailey might perhaps have gradually been overlooked. But Hugh does the one unforgivable thing: he mixes with Radicals and Socialists, and begins to practise social reform by adopting an unfortunate hussy's neglected baby. All this is told in a very lively and humorous way. The scenes at the family gatherings at which Hugh's mad, scandalous conduct is discussed are joyfully satirical. Some of the figures are, it is true, caricatures; but there is a lifelikeness still about them that makes the story an actual as well as an amusing thing. It is a serious study of life done in a light, witty manner. Hugh revolts from the standard of the Arnolds just in time to save himself from moral disaster. His father and mother are killing him with kindness. In their desire to smooth and embellish his path, they are sheltering him from all that makes a young man's life interesting and real. When Hugh is disinherited by his angry father and left to fend for himself, he shows that the absence of the Arnold lip in his case does not signify that he cannot make his way in the world. At the close of the story, he is indeed able to come to the help of his family. The fact is that his parents—like many successful persons of the upper middle classes—cannot see that their wealth and position oblige them to alter the training of their children, instead of trying to extend to them through manhood the loving care lavished on them in childhood, for this merely deadens their sense of responsibility and hinders the development of their powers.

**A NECESSITY OF LIFE; And Other Stories.** By Betty van der Goes. 6s. (Macmillan)

One of these twelve stories describes the superstitious terror which came over a French Revolutionist who found himself alone one night in a desecrated church. But this does not show the authoress at her best. It is in the eleven other stories, describing phases of love between men and women before or after marriage, that her undoubted skill is seen. She has a crisp, near touch, rather a knack of dialogue, and some insight into feminine character. The stories with a dry note of humour are perhaps the happiest in the volume, particularly "Clever Theodora," which is a decidedly clever sketch of a man and two girls on a Sunday afternoon. The authoress has caught the French trick of ending a story with a sort of flick, and this suits her treatment of these light situations. But in a story like "A Man of Business" she proves that she can probe more deeply into character. There are also one or two tales of pathos, delicately managed, like "The Past is Past." Irony is one of the assets of the writer of short stories; it is safer than pathos, which is apt to run over even in careful hands. This again the authoress has used to some purpose, and, as in the story which gives the title to the volume, irony and humour hold pathos in a strong solution. Altogether, this is a book with variety enough to interest most readers, even those who have a stubborn objection to short stories. Miss van der Goes knows her craft evidently, and there is a literary quality about her stories which lifts them above the ordinary magazine tale. At least five of these twelve stories are enough to float the others.

**LADY OF THE NIGHT.** By Benjamin Swift 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)

An amusing couple of hours can be spent in the reading of this fantastic trifle. Vivian Darsay, a young man of great physical beauty and financial prospects, has been hit on the temple by a cricket ball, and the blow has caused temporary aphasia coupled with the inability to express himself in writing and to understand written, printed and spoken language. The situation is peculiarly distressing, because his mother and Lady Mawkes have virtually arranged an engagement between him and Evelina Mawkes, and the wretched youth is struggling to explain that he has no love for Evelina. The requisite emotion which restores his lost faculties is provided by the arrival in England of Ysmyn Veltry, whom he had met some years previously in France. Ysmyn is the daughter of a famous French *parfumeur*, who is induced to open the *Maison Merveille* in Bond Street, and complications arise because Evelina, who has been taken by her mother to undergo a thorough course at that Palace of Vanity, has her hair burnt off just at the moment when Vivian is able to announce to her that he does not love her. However, he has enough strength of character to marry the woman he wants, and so the tale ends happily enough. The most amusing passages in the book are those which describe the *Maison Merveille*. The pseudo scientific jargon with which the principal assistants in that establishment bewilder their clients is, we dare say, not greatly exaggerated, but it appears very unlikely that such charlatans would ever be allowed actually to practise their inexpert hands upon patients and to cause such damage as was done to the unfortunate Evelina. Mr. Swift has, in fact, been too lavish with his imagination. The course of the story is not materially affected by the burglarious part of the assistants aforesaid, and their attempts at smart and epigrammatic conversation are frankly exasperating.

**SANNA OF THE ISLAND TOWN.** By Mary E. Waller. 6s. (Melrose.)

"It's plain sailin' for her just as long as she ain't in love—but you mark my words, 'Ivvie Landers, there'll be rocks an' rips an' shoals a-plenty to steer clear of if ever she does fall in." Aunt Ploomie's forecast proves correct. The love story of Susanna Oceana Landers, one of the most captivating and cleverly-drawn of Miss Waller's delightful heroines, is strewn with "rocks an' rips an'

shoals." Sea-born, she lives on the sea-girt Island of Dukes and with her mother, grandmother, and great-aunt Ploomie occupies a small grey shingled cottage in a lane running down to the shore. Sanna, as her friends on the Island call her, is puzzled by the attention of no less than three aspirants for her hand. One of them is of lowly birth, a playmate of her childhood, and now the sturdy young keeper of the Great Cocheeset Light; another is high born, belonging to the oldest family on the Island; the third, Peter Franham, comes a stranger to the Island, and the mystery veiling his parentage provides the pivot of the story. "Sanna of the Island Town" is emphatically a fine novel; it contains, as do all Miss Waller's books, a host of lovable characters, each with a hidden patch of sentiment which peeps out sooner or later in the course of the story, and the workmanship throughout is distinctive and thorough. In a word, this novel is a worthy and brilliant companion to the author's "Flamsted Quarries," and "The Wood-carver of 'Lympos."

## The Bookman's Table.

**A LITTLE BOOK OF COURAGE.** Compiled by Annie Matheson. 2s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock)

Miss Matheson has compiled with great skill and nicest judgment a little book that should be sure of a wide welcome. She has aimed at supplying a kind of breviary or armoury of high and heartening thoughts for the lonely, the troubled, the sad, for any who in some hour of disappointment, depression or self-distrust may feel the need of strong and uplifting words of counsel and cheer; and she has fulfilled her aim most admirably. She has selected her poems and poetical and prose passages from a very wide variety of authors, ancient and modern. Her book, as she says, "is not meant to be read on end, nor to include only what is most perfect and unquestioned as literature. On the contrary, it contains names at which 'the superior person' will lift an eyebrow, and more than hint, perhaps, that their mere proximity is desecration to the classics of all ages with whom here they mingle." Well, even if we were half-tempted to raise an eyebrow at one, or possibly two, of her latter-day authors, we should thank her heartily for including so fine a poem as "The Jewish Soldier," by Alice Lucas, and we see without the smallest qualm that an extract from Epictetus immediately follows it, for of the two items we would sooner have written the poem. Miss Matheson has rightly drawn sparingly on the Bible and other familiar sources, and so has made room for inspiring and beautiful things from lesser-known writings. Vaughan, Traherne, Pater, Landor, Quarles, Robert Bridges, Whitman, William Watson, Tennyson, Browning, Bunyan, Keats, Shelley, Arnold, Carlyle—these and many another she has laid under contribution, to say nothing of certain thoughtful verses, initialled "A.M.," that are charming enough to grace any anthology. The book is tastefully produced, and the contents are conveniently and lucidly classified in an index at the end.

**LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY.** Edited by T. E. Page and W. H. D. Rouse. 5s. net each volume. (Heinemann.)

The five new volumes in the Loeb Library are the third and fourth instalments of "Euripides," the second of "Appian," the first of "Lucian," and the whole of "Catullus" and "Tibullus" printed with the "Pervigilium Veneris." Dr. Way's translations of "Euripides" are already well known. For this series they have been revised, for "closer fidelity to the original and a greater lucidity in expression." Dr. Way is not a poet, nor has he almost made himself one, like Professor Murray, by translating Euripides. A prose rendering like Mr. Ernest Myers' from Pindar, or Professor Kuno Meyer's from the ancient Irish poets, would perhaps have been more difficult, but certainly more pleasant to those who like poetry but not verse. Dr. Way's translation is very careful, and few could have kept

so near to the original words in an equal number of lines; but lovers of poetry cannot enjoy it, while the rest can only be confirmed in their condition by tolerance of what is so far astray. Mr. Cornish's "Catullus" was first published in 1904. The text has been revised, and Dr. Rouse has paraphrased a number of poems, which apparently Mr. Cornish preferred to leave alone. There are still some passages omitted in text and translation. The English is very good, poetical neither in vocabulary nor in rhythm, yet clearly indicating poetry. The same may be said of Professor Postgate's "Tibullus," which, however, is now for the first time published. Dr. Mackail's "Pervigilium Veneris" is also new and in prose. It is not equal to the others. The refrain, for example, is rendered by "To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love." It is not literal, yet is at best as far from poetry as a crib. Elsewhere terms like "wedlock-band," "make accord," "flowerage," and "bridegroom-shower," point to a poetic intention which is unfulfilled. Mr. Hermon's "Lucian" is on the whole easy, idiomatic, possible to read continuously with pleasure to anyone who does not object to a phrase like: "Alcidamas stayed *right there*." The version is new; nor can we forget that Messrs. Fowler's version for the Clarendon Press is only a few years old and can stand a rival. Dr. White's "Appian" is new, and also thoroughly readable. Here and there perfection might be served by reconsidering such a phrase as "At this juncture," where the Greek uses three letters instead of three words, but the Illyrian, Syrian and Mithridatic wars are matters that will perhaps drown such considerations. Each volume is about five hundred pages in length, and, as usual, the text and translation are on opposite pages.

**THE WOMAN MOVEMENT.** By Ellen Key. 6s. (Putnam.)

Whatever views we may have on the Woman Movement, there is no denying that it is one of the most significant and most momentous developments of our times. It is not a new movement, but it has entered on a new phase, and it is mainly with that new phase of it that Ellen Key deals thoughtfully and with remarkable ability in this important volume. She is unable to see, as Mr. Havelock Ellis puts it in his Introduction, "why a woman's hands need be more soiled by a ballot paper than by a cooking recipe. But she is far indeed from the well-intentioned but ignorant fanatics who fancy that a vote is the alpha and omega of Feminism; and still less is she in sympathy with those who consider that its importance is so supreme as to justify violence and robbery, a sort of sex war on mankind generally and the casting in the mud of all those things which it has been the gradual task of civilization to achieve, not for men only, but for women." The power of the book lies not in any charm of literary style, but in the breadth and reasonableness of its outlook, in its sound, logical common-sense argument. Ellen Key sees that what women need is increased opportunities of self-development; that "domesticity leaves many wishes unfulfilled," and that woman must have a life outside the home as well as within it, that one way or another she is bound to realise her righteous claim to share actively in shaping the destinies of the nation whose children she has borne. The claims of Feminism are fully and clearly set forth in Ellen Key's pages; those that are extravagant she dismisses forcibly, but those that are just and righteous she justifies vigorously and convincingly. This is the fairest, most judicial statement of the case for Women that we have yet read, and we strongly recommend the book alike to supporters of the movement and to its opponents.

**SIR KENELM DIGBY AND GEORGE DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL.** By H. M. Digby. 7s. 6d. net. (Digby, Long.)

From the great interest Mr. H. M. Digby takes in tracing the descent of the two brilliant men of the seventeenth century whose lives he relates, it seems as though he too belongs to the famous Digby family. But, in spite of the fame they won, neither Sir Kenelm nor Lord Digby are



**Sir Kenelm Digby.**

From "Sir Kenelm Digby and George Digby, Earl of Bristol" (Digby, Long).

ancestors that a man can be very proud of. They were cousins, tall, handsome, and admirable swordsmen, but neither was remarkable for moral courage. Sir Kenelm is the better known, for he handled a pen with the same *bravura* as he used a rapier, and he has celebrated his own virtues in his books. There were some of the merits of the Elizabethan gentlemen adventurers about him; but he was born somewhat late for the rôle, and he acted it rather than lived it. He certainly did not play the part of the perfect knight when, after the execution of King Charles, he submitted to Cromwell because he was weary of starving in exile in France. His kinsman, Lord Digby, a turncoat from the Parliamentary party, and the most mischievous of King Charles's advisers, managed to get a good living while exiled on the Continent. He was not a thrifty man, even in misfortune: a fierce, extravagant gambler and a man of vehement gallantry, he was constantly in need of large sums of money. And the amazing thing is that he usually got the money he wanted. Sometimes it was the French, sometimes it was the Spaniards upon whose treasury he made a subtle and sudden assault. He could capture a town for them, or conduct some political intrigue on their behalf. Selfishness was ever his sole motive in life, and he was one of those men who thirst for power without being able to use it in a masterly way. So his personal successes were disasters for his king and country. Mr. Digby describes him in a fresh and vivid way, neither hiding his faults nor exaggerating his merits. Both the great Digbys stand out as highly picturesque figures in an age that was not wanting in picturesqueness. They had that grand thing—personality.

**LACORDAIRE.** By Count d'Haussonville. Translated by A. W. Evans. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel)

In adding another to our monographs on the greatest of modern preachers, the Count d'Haussonville writes in the filial spirit of a co-religionist and a colleague (across half a century) in the French Academy. The book is the product of that spirit of renovation inside the Roman community which is always wrestling with authority, and at a time when Newman is being so freely discussed over here

it was inevitable that the liberal spirits in the orthodox French laity should give the same honour to Lacordaire which they have lately been giving to Montalembert and Chateaubriand. Lacordaire suffered the same ingratitude and repression from his official superiors which baffled Newman and his reforms, and though he had not a great and dramatic conversion to make him a romantic figure, he renounced with an equal picturesqueness his last worldly ambition when he took the cowl of a Dominican friar. This act was well in keeping with a man who constituted himself the antagonist of Erastianism, and though Lacordaire would have welcomed the repeal of the concordat, had he been living to-day, what thunders of eloquence we should have had from him over the recent dissolution of the religious associations!

The Count presents to us not merely a modern Athanasius, but a very human figure, with a true gift for friendship. We already have nine volumes of Lacordaire's correspondence with Mme. Swetchine and the Comtesse du Pin, and now the Count promises us shortly another windfall of epistolary piety and exhortation in the shape of the letters he wrote to Mme de B. All we can say is that we shall welcome them. No Christian can be proof against the appeal of the man who could write like this to cheer and admonish a decrepit old woman:

"It is remarkable in the lives of the saints, that almost all have felt that melancholy of which the ancients said that there was no genius without it. In truth, melancholy is inseparable from every far-reaching mind and from every heart that has depths. This is not to say that we ought to take pleasure in melancholy, for it is a malady that enervates us when we do not throw it off, and it has only two remedies—Death or God."

On the whole, Mr. Evans has given us the ease and temper of the original in a smooth and excellent translation, but we suspect words like "confession" for "confessional" on p. 41, "in its own designs" (p. 22) as meaning "for its own purposes," "frock" for "habit," and so on. In the imitation of St. Paul, on p. 88, it would have been well to use the accepted English "So am I . . . So am I . . . I am more," rather than a translation of the weak French version. One other point. The passage on contempt, which on p. 114 is attributed to the Psalmist, occurs of course in Proverbs xviii. 3; and though the slip may be due to the original French, and we have no copy by us at the moment, the translator might have put us on our guard. These are but suggestions for another edition, and other editions there are sure to be, for the work is an excellent performance, scholarly, discreet, and absorbing.

## Notes on New Books.

### MESSRS. HEATH, CRANTON & OUSELEY.

If a man settles down to tell his reminiscences, he can generally, if he has travelled and kept his eyes open, prove himself interesting to those who have done the same. Mr. Percy L. Nash has travelled, has hunted, has golfed, has motored; and in his book, *The Killings of a Mossless Stone* (5s. net), he reminds us amiably from his doings at the age of sixteen to his latest motor tour in France; after which he quotes Whyte Melville: "I have lived my life, I am nearly done." The book is a pleasant gossip of life in several countries, with a welcome interlarding of anecdote.

### MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO

This year sees the first issue of an exceptionally interesting book, *The Suffrage Annual and Woman's Who's Who* (6s. net), which will fill a long-felt want. It contains a deal of useful information concerning the numerous Suffrage Societies in Great Britain and Ireland; International Woman Suffrage Alliance, Men's International Alliance for Woman Suffrage; Where Women are Enfranchised, Dictionary of Dates, etc., etc., besides about a thousand biographies. The foreword states: "Many biographies—through difficulties experienced in getting into communication with their authors—having arrived too late for inclusion, a second edition may, therefore, be issued at an early date. For it, and for the 1914 enlarged production, we shall be pleased to receive communications as soon as convenient to contributors." The book is a significant sign of the times, and will prove invaluable to all Suffragists—to all Anti-Suffragists as well.

### MR. W. J. HAM-SMITH.

Heroes, pirates, paladins and lovely women are among the chief of the *dramatis personæ* in Captain Gambler's intensely dramatic story, *Gurth* (6s.). In fact, the dramatic element seems to us more apparent than the probability, for the author, like his own hero, displays a true nautical dexterity in the tying and untying of knots. The schooners with the requisite characters aboard keep arriving at the South Pacific Island of Vatu neither a moment before nor a moment after they are required by the necessities of the plot. In the end the valiant Gurth escapes, with his beautiful companion of the deserted island, while the iniquitous pirate, Black Dog Baker, is last seen "pirouetting and whirling through the air high above the rolling masses of smoke."

### MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

There are certain novelists who can always be depended on for a good, readable, interesting story, and one of this pleasant company is "Alien" (Mrs. L. "Alien" Baker). Her new novel, *A Maid of Mettle* (6s.), has those same qualities of readability and interest, and may be warmly recommended to her many admirers—it is a pleasant love tale, the heroine of which, Dijsa Danvers, is at the outset a piquant, strong-willed little maid of thirteen, bent on keeping the gentle, widowed mother from marrying again, and at the close you find her a few years older, mellowed by various experiences, on the verge of marriage herself, having come to that happy ending through much of suspense and uncertainty and exciting adventure. A book that girl readers in particular will greatly enjoy.

### MESSRS. HOLDEN & HARDINGHAM.

It is not the fault of our didactic novelists that there is still an Eurasian question. The subject is forcibly, if not very freshly, presented in the history of *The Nan Macdonald* by Kate Helen Weston (6s.). The main story is really that of John McGarvie, who from quixotry and pressure of circumstances is induced to marry a beautiful Eurasian Flora Macdonald, daughter of the man who had wrecked his own promising career in similar fashion. The moral, therefore, is twice enforced; but the author has not entirely had the courage of her opinions, inasmuch as she allows death in both cases to save the happiness of her heroes.

### MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO

In a series of chapters, each complete in itself, Mr. Justus Miles Forman tells the sensational history of *The Harvest Moon* (6s.). "The Harvest Moon" was "a great pink pearl, pear shaped, and it seemed to glow as if there were fires inside it. Its mother might have been a pearl and its father an opal." "It was like something alive, something with evil fires within; it seemed to breathe as it lay, to stir—palpitate gently upon its bed." No one will be surprised to know that there was a peck of trouble brought about by that pearl. "The Harvest Moon" was by no means the only thing that palpitated. Everyone palpitated who looked upon it, and a considerable percentage died violent, very violent, deaths. Mr. Forman has skilfully contrived that each of his eight chapters shall hold its own definite interest; and his final chapter, where Miss Linden, who had cruelly sent a love-sick boy in quest of the jewel, is tortured by remorse and plays the dignified part of a modern Cleopatra, is intensely dramatic. The happy ending is a boon.

### MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

An excellent story in the *Business Orczy* vein—with a dash of Seton Merriman—is *Shipper Ains* (6s.) by Marian Bower. The plot concerns itself principally with a projected invasion of England by Napoleon, but there is also a strong love interest. Miss Bower writes with much spirit, and by an unconventional ending proves also that there is a strong dash of originality in her literary make-up. It is a dramatic and exciting tale really well treated.

### MR. HENRY FROWDE.

Thorough knowledge, combined with an interesting and unpedantic style, marks the new book on bells which Mr. H. B. Walters, M.A., F.S.A., has produced, *Church Bells of England* (7s. 6d. net). The author knows his subject from top to bottom, from early to late; and he writes here of the history of bells, the casting of them, the ringing of them, the decoration of them, and many another point connected with them. This is a volume full of varied fascinations, not the least of these being the numerous illustrations, which appear in every chapter. This is certainly the Bell's Biography; a book for serious reference or pleasant recreation.

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## News Notes.

The portrait of Mr. Edmund Gosse on our cover is from a photograph taken by an American artist in August, 1904; and our plate portrait is from a drawing by Frank Dicksee, R.A., made for Grillon's Club in 1912.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing in the Autumn an edition de luxe of Mr. Edmund Gosse's powerfully realistic study in autobiography, "Father and Son." A number of hitherto unpublished portraits and photographs will be included among the illustrations.

The July BOOKMAN will be a Laurence Sterne Bi-Centenary Number, and will contain a special article on Sterne by Professor Saintsbury; "Goldwin Smith's Correspondence," by Alexander Mackintosh; "Our Village," by W. E. A. Axon; "The Woman of To-day and Yesterday," by M. P. Willcocks; "War or Peace," by J. E. Patterson; "Jane

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Mr. John Masfield has been revising and adding to his collection of sea-stories, "A Mainsail Haul," and the revised volume will be issued during June by Mr. Elkin Mathews, who is publishing, uniform with this book, a new edition of Mr. Masfield's delightful "Salt Water Ballads," which has for some time past been out of print.

A little while ago we made some reference to the clever continuation of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" that was written and published several years back by Mrs. Newton (Gillan Vase). Mrs. Newton has now carefully revised her novel, and a new edition of it, with a preface by Mr. Stanley Jevons, will be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., under the title of "The Great Mystery Solved."

Messrs. Whitcombe & Tombs have just published "The Collected Verses" of Mr. Arthur H. Adams. The book includes a large selection from Mr. Adams's

first volume and a number of poems that he has reprinted from various English and Australian magazines, but takes in nothing from his two books, "The Nazarene" and "London Streets," that were published over here a few years ago when he was trying his fortune as a London journalist. Mr. Adams is the most considerable of New Zealand's living poets; he is a *Sydney Bulletin* man, and has for some time past been editing the *Lone Hand*.

Another distinguished Australian author, Miss Edith Howes, has lately completed a new book of "Maoriland Fairy Tales," which Messrs. Ward, Lock are publishing shortly; she has collected the ancient Polynesian legends and written them up in it as stories for children. Miss Howes, who is best known in this country for her two charming volumes, "The Sun Babies," and "Rainbow Children," which are published by Messrs. Cassell, is one of the most popular writers of New Zealand, where she is a school teacher, and has done much admirable work, especially on natural history and educational subjects. She has, at present, escaped from schooling and is away on leave for a year, the first six months of which she is spending on Stewart Island, where she is studying shore life, with a view to a book on sea things, also to be written up in



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

**Lady Gregory.**

whose "New Irish Comedies" (Putnam) is reviewed on page 128.



**Miss Lind-af-Hageby.**

whose "Life of Strindberg" (Stanley Paul) is reviewed on page 135.

the "fairy tale" style for children.

Mr. W. H. Helm will, on the 5th of this month give a lecture recital on "Jane Austen and her Novels," at the Grafton Gallery. The lecture will be illustrated with some fifty portraits and pictures of places associated with the novelist and scenes from her stories that will be shown as lantern slides.

Mr. Herman Scheffauer's drama, "The New Shylock," has been translated into German by Leon Schalit and has just been published by Messrs. Oesterheld & Co., of Berlin, where the play is to be staged this autumn.

Mr. G. B. Burgin sails next month for Canada, on a visit to the old Happy Hunting Grounds whence, in other years, he has brought home material for some of his best stories.

Mr. W. Percival Westell is to be congratulated on the attainment of a sort of literary jubilee. This year alone he will have ten books published: six of them, his "Rambles in Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," "On the Seashore," and "Under the Stars," by Messrs. Nelson; and "The Seashore I Know," by Messrs. Dent. He will follow these with "The Oxford Nature Book," "The Wonders of Bird Life," and "Bird Studies,"

and with the latter completes a list of fifty volumes to his name. A critic on the *World* remarked a little while back that since the death of Frank Buckland "no one has done more to popularise Natural History than Percival Westell," and everyone who is acquainted with Mr. Westell's work knows that this tribute has been fully earned. As a Natural Science student, author and lecturer he has had a very distinguished career. Born at St. Albans in 1875, he was educated at King Edward VI.'s Grammar School there, and in 1900 was, on the introduction of the Hon. Walter Rothschild, elected a member of the British Ornithologists' Union, in recognition of his work as an Ornithologist; and in 1907, on the introduction of Lord Avebury, was admitted a Fellow of the Linnean Society of London. He was an active member of the Selborne Society for



**Mr. Percival Westell.** Lecturer

and Instructor in Nature Study to the Cambridgeshire County Council, having organised and carried out a term's course of Nature Study Classes numbering a hundred and fifty teachers; he is visiting Master in Botany, Zoology and Nature Study at a number of local schools; and for long past has lectured on Natural Science at many of our principal public schools and institutions.

But to cover the wide field of Mr. Westell's varied activities in a paragraph or two is out of the question. He was one of the founders and is still a patron of the School Nature Study Union; and nowadays he is well-known also as Editor and Honorary Secretary of the Young Naturalist's League, which has over six thousand members in all parts of the English speaking world. In 1909 and 1910 he was awarded Diplomas for Botany and Entomology

by the National Society of Acclimatization of France, only two other Englishmen having been thus honoured. In addition to his fifty books, he has contributed numerous articles on Natural Science to the Scientific Journals and to the more popular

magazines. Of late years, the value of a knowledge of natural science has become generally recognized as a potent force in our educational system, and in this direction perhaps no living teacher has rendered more valuable service than Mr. Percival Westell. His first volume, "British Breeding Birds," was issued in 1899, so he has rounded off his literary jubilee in rather less than a quarter of a century.

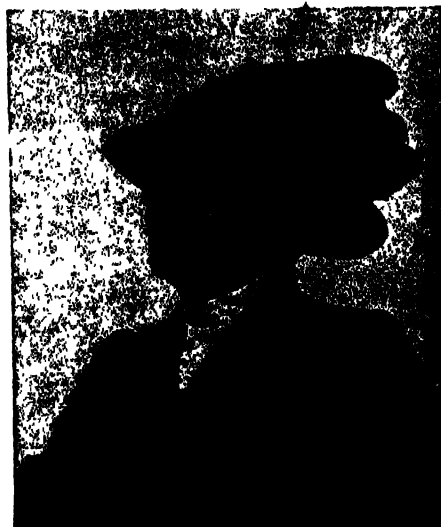


Photo by David Morris.

**Miss M. P. Willcocks,**

whose new novel, "The Power Behind," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing shortly.



**Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.**

From a drawing by Miss Dorothy Furniss.

Miss Kaye-Smith, already well known as the author of three admirable books, "The Tramping Methodist," "Sir Iren" and "Spell-Land," has written a new novel, "The Isle of Thorns" (Constable), which we review on page 127.



Photo by Rita Martin.

**Miss Meriel Buchanan,**

whose first novel, "White Witch," has just been published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins, is the daughter of Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

Mr. B. T. Batsford has commenced the publication of an attractive series of "Fellowship Books," that

**Mrs. Arthur Stratton.**

Editor of "The Fellowship Books" (Batsford).

are to form "a new contribution by various writers toward the expression of the Human Ideal and artistic Faith of our own day." The first six volumes are "The Quest of the Ideal," by Grace Rhys; "The Country" by Edward Thomas; "Friendship," by Clifford Bax; "Divine Discontent," by James Guthrie; "Springtime," by C. J. Tait; and "The Joy of the Theatre," by Gilbert Cannan. The books are beautifully produced; printed in clear type, on good paper, and in very dainty and artistic bindings. The general editor is Mrs. Arthur Stratton and we congratulate both editor and publisher on having made so excellent a beginning on what promises to be a charming and very interesting series.

"Austria, Her People and their Homeland," an admirable travel book by Mr. James Baker that was published from the Bodley Head last Autumn has met with considerable success, and the author is revising the proofs for a new edition.

**Mr. Rowland Hill,**

whose blank verse historical drama, "Christopher Columbus," is to be published this month by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Miss Ethel Carnie, who started her career as a half-timer in a Lancashire factory and published a striking little book of "Songs of a Factory Girl," has written a novel of Manchester industrial life which is to appear serially in the *Christian Commonwealth* before it makes its appearance between covers.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing a new novel, "Joyful Heatherby," by Mrs. Payne Erskine, whose earlier books "When the Gates Lift up their Heads," and "The Mountain Girl," have had an enormous vogue in America. The first of these, her first novel, dealt with the Southern race problem and brought a storm of criticism about her head, the book being banned in the South until the anger against it was somewhat abated. Mrs. Erskine was born near Racine, Wisconsin; her mother was an American descended from Puritan and French Huguenot ancestors, but her father was an English artist who went to America from Warwickshire. No violently controversial matters enter into her latest story, "Joyful Heatherby," which is the chequered but idyllic love story of a brilliant young artist and a girl who misunderstood and for a while distrusted him.

HALFOUR, ANDREW.—By Stroke of Sword 7d net  
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 WODEHOUSE. P. G.—The Little Nugget 6s



certain sinful pride in the fact. If a quite recent relative of his had been hanged for murdering an unimportant neighbour he would be ashamed to mention it; but he has not the least shame in being descended from the remote gentleman who took part in that sixteenth century crime at Saint Andrews Castle; partly because the victim was a great Cardinal, partly because he deserved his unpleasant fate, but mainly because the incident is long enough ago to have been so transmuted that it shines from far off with a natural glory of romance. You have no such help from the cunning years when your tale is one of your own day; and yet, for any man who has the temperament and the imaginative vision to see the flower in the seed the possibilities and suggestion of romance lie in every person we pass upon the street, in every incident that happens in the everyday life around us. It was the seeing a mild little city clerk leaning over London Bridge, watching with dreaming eyes a vessel making its way down stream towards the open sea and all the wonder of unknown lands, that gave Mr. Whitelaw the idea for his story of "Princess Galva." Walking one night, more recently, through Bloomsbury he crossed Bloomsbury Square; snow was falling; a thin powder of white covered the Square, and nobody else was abroad in it except a solitary turbaned Indian gentleman under an umbrella. The very sight of him there seemed to turn all Bloomsbury into a province of romance, and it supplied Mr. Whitelaw with a hint that he elaborated into his last year's novel, "The Girl from the East." One other such instance—some years back Mr. Whitelaw used to go occasionally to the Covent Garden balls; more than once he came from them and passed through Covent Garden about day-break, before the market had wakened into life, when the place to be soon so roaringly busy was silent, lonely, shadow-haunted. Remembering it lately as he had seen it on those mornings, and the sense of mystery and sleeping romance that brooded over it at such an hour, he felt it was the predestined scene of the picturesque events with which he opens his latest romance, "The Little Hour of Peter Wells." Peter is a clerk in the market; he used to ride to it every morning from Holloway on his bicycle, and one morning as he is riding early into its quiet and still lonely square he nearly runs over a strange foreigner, dressed as a buck of the Georgian period, and evidently coming from a Covent Garden ball. He apologises to the ungracious masquerader, passes on, lets himself in to the yet unopened warehouse, climbs to his small back office and proceeds to dust things. The back office overlooks a narrow *cul de sac* in which his employer stacks part of his stock, and presently, throwing up the window to shake his duster, Peter glances out and is shocked to see what looks like the dead body of a man who is dressed like a pierrot lying beside some small crates of oranges. Pulling himself together, he hurries down and out and finds that, though there is blood on the

man and his fantastic clothing is torn as if in a struggle, he is not dead. This is the glamorous beginning of the one great romance that broke upon Peter's otherwise drab existence; and before the end of it, he had been dispatched by this second masquerader, who died before he could give Peter his final instructions, on a secret mission overseas, and had taken a stirring and dazzling share in a gallant conspiracy to restore a king to his throne. Incidentally, whilst he is involved in these great happenings, Peter sees and loves a high-born lady, and this phase of the story is handled by the author with most delicate skill and tactfully shaped to its probable, most matter-of-fact conclusion. There is to be no aristocratic bride for Peter; that would have exaggerated the romance and spoilt it; he is back in England before she marries one in her own sphere, and the only sight he has of the wedding procession is when it appears on a cinematograph screen at a picture palace he is visiting in the Upper Street, Islington, and—a delightfully natural touch—he is so carried out of himself by his enthusiasm as he watches the movements of the familiar figures that he is ejected from the theatre for creating a disturbance. The whole story is steeped in sheer romance, and is the more romantic because it centres on the commonplace person of Peter Wells, and so much of actual present-day life enters into its composition. It is certainly the high-water mark of Mr. Whitelaw's achievement, and full of promise that it will not remain so.

Most of Mr. Whitelaw's novels have appeared serially in the *Morning Leader*, *Melbourne Argus*, *Sydney Times*, *Sydney Morning Herald*, and other papers in England and the Colonies; two were translated and appeared serially in the *Corriere della Sera*, and translations of all of them, in book form, have been published in France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Spain and Italy. He has written, too, a good many short stories for the *Story-Teller*, the *Red*, and other of the monthly magazines. He has travelled much on the Continent and as far afield as New York, but nowadays, though his business as a journalist brings him to London every day, he lives in a pleasant house on the cliff outside Brighton, where he has fixed up a big telescope and makes a hobby of Astronomy. He has made some progress with a new novel that begins and ends in modern Paris but draws its story out of the French Revolution; and his amateur stargazing has supplied him with a very remarkable idea, the nucleus of a story that when it is written and makes its appearance is likely to cause something of a sensation and raise a storm of controversy. Still a young man—I had almost said a very young man—with a real enthusiasm for his work and a surely growing skill in the doing of it, to say that Mr. Whitelaw has his world before him is to state a literal fact, and to add that he will go far in it is to venture upon a safe prophecy.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

# THE READER.

EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

A PART from the poet and "humanist" (as the subject of this brief appreciation likes at times to be called) the name of Gosse cannot have been wholly unfamiliar to many middle-class people who happened to be born in the sixties of the last century. The mezzotint engraver, Thomas Gosse, does not suggest anything very definite to my recollection; but the works of his son, Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., the naturalist of rotifers and sea anemones, were extremely favourite gift books and prize books in the early seventies. A bright red book by this sea-adept, entitled "The Ocean," was often visible in those days as a "table-book," and excited hopes which it failed to fulfil only because the work was pervaded by a breath of edification exceedingly repugnant to the youthful mind. The poet subsequently enshrined the memory of his father in a memoir which is a work of art and deserves a much higher place as a biographical record, and as a model of natural and unaffected English, than it has yet received. Mr. Gosse performed the same service on a much smaller scale for another member of his family who has contributed permanently to the annals of natural history. I refer of course to his aunt, Lizzie Brightwen, whose astonishing success in appealing to the friendly instincts of animals is responsible for a book, "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," so ingenuous and at the same time so fascinating that it has come to rank with "Black Beauty," "The Lives of the Hunted," and "Billy and Hans," among the "animal classics."

As an autobiographer of boyhood Mr. Gosse is as prolific as Mr. Henry James. He sits down to scribble a few jottings and before he has reached the age of fifteen discovers that he has filled a shapely octavo volume. It is doubtful to me whether since the days of Edward VI. any English boy has ever had such a thorough Protestant bringing-up as Mr. Gosse. If he had been educated in a spare corner of his pillar by St. Simeon Stylites he could not have been more effectually elevated and isolated above his species. It is this isolation which makes the unparalleled history of his youth so deeply interesting. At seventeen, however—happily for all concerned save one—the young Edmund declined from his high saint-

hood, studied successfully in London, passed the Civil Service examination and entered the Printed Books Department at the British Museum as an assistant. The British Museum was then and for some time after a nest of singing birds, including such songsters as Patmore, O'Shaughnessy, Garnett, and now Gosse. The bibliographers dissolved at four and reformed themselves into small committees for the reading and registration of poetry. Romantic poetry was a sweet intoxication to them. Dr. Garnett has told me how in these days he walked north or west with Coventry Patmore absorbed in Browning or it may be Shelley and, like them, confident of the imminent regeneration of mankind through the medium of immortal verse. Mr. Gosse may occasionally have been of the company. He has told us how often in these days he would bump up against Swinburne threading his way like a somnambulist amid the traffic of the Gray's Inn Road in which environment the poet's large brain seemed to weigh down and give solidity to a frame otherwise as light as thistledown, a body almost as immaterial as that of a fairy; but his beautifully elaborated and balanced delineation of the poet deserves exact transcription.

"He was short, with sloping shoulders, from which rose a long and slender neck, surmounted by a very large head. The cranium seemed to be out of all proportion to the rest of the structure. His spine was rigid, and though he often bowed the heaviness of his head, *lasso pupaverat collo*, he seemed never to bend his back. Except in consequence of a certain physical weakness, which probably may, in more philosophical days, come to be accounted for and palliated, he seemed immune from all the maladies that pursue mankind. He did not know fatigue, his agility and brightness were almost mechanical. I never heard him complain of a headache or of a toothache. He required very little sleep, and occasionally when I have parted from him in the evening after saying 'Good-night,' he has simply sat back in the deep sofa in his sitting-room, his little feet close together, his arms against his side, folded in his frock-coat, like a grass-hopper in its wing-covers, and fallen asleep, apparently for the night, before I could blow out the candles and steal forth from the door."

At the Museum, too, Gosse also saw, *vidit tantum*, the Golden Shepherd and God of the Golden Bow, then



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Edmund Gosse.

(Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.)

Poet Laureate. His ambition was aflame already to escape from the dead weight of prose and rotten morocco in the entrails of the Bloomsbury palace. He was always a scorner of prosaic fact, and by 1871 he seems to have formulated a plan of escape. A good linguist, he designed to take his holidays in Copenhagen and Christiania and with the aid of the knowledge thus acquired to make a strenuous bid for a Translatorship or Interpretership. In all this he was eminently successful. He reached Copenhagen in romantic mood in July, 1872, and soon found his way to the heart of the susceptible Danes. One of the generation of aunts in the society to which he had attached himself, described the newcomer as a very old-fashioned and poetic young man. Her souvenirs of the Denmark of a past age are thus entertainingly rendered.

"When my brothers and I were growing up, young people seemed to live for nothing but poetry, painting and music—yes, and, in Copenhagen, for the theatre. We used to long so for moonlit nights and walks in the beech-woods. There has been such a complete change in the mode of life in Denmark. My brother says we were all too sentimental in those days, but it was the fashion to be very quiet. People were poor, and there were few amusements, but everyone could afford to read poetry. I remember, when I was a girl of sixteen or seventeen, walking to and fro in the park at Frederiksberg, with my sister, for hours in the hope of seeing Oehlenschläger go by; and when he came, we did not see him, because we had involuntarily closed our eyes in reverence. That spirit is all gone—it is like a fairy-tale. But I think you are a very old-fashioned young man and a little sentimental, too; so here we sit and read Paludan-Müller's verses aloud! It seems as though it were forty years ago, and Paludan-Müller himself, who is now, so old and frail, was a handsome young man, just come back from Italy with the manuscript of *Adam Homo* in his valise."

In my opinion Mr. Gosse has written very little superior in charm and veracity to his "Two Visits to Denmark."\* By some intimate quality or magic the author manages always to convey and preserve the light and atmosphere which attaches somehow to all authentic work about the Scandinavian latitude. The two visits of '72 and '74 enabled him to obtain a valuable working synopsis of Northern letters. He became a frequenter of Gyldendal's bookshop, which was at Copenhagen what Allan Ramsey's was formerly at Edinburgh. He met veterans such as Grundtvig, Madvig, Hans Andersen, Paludan-Müller, Martensen and Munch, who dwelt with singular unction for their guest's benefit upon the grotesque blunders and inconsistencies of the English, and above all Georg Brandes whom Mr. Gosse tried in vain to convert to the

cult of *Laus Veneris*, *Dolores* and the *Fleurs du Mal*. Brandes in this instance was delightfully obstinate and refused to see in Beaudelaire anything but *un sale monsieur*. E.G. had to suffer vicariously for his country from some of these stark Northerners, such as the Norse novelist Camilla Collett, who (egged on by her host the remorseless Munch), observed aggressively to our humanist across a full table "You belong, young sir, to a nation of shopkeepers." Dauntless in his championship of our nationality Mr. Gosse sought in 1874 to naturalise the Plum Pudding in Scandinavia, this dainty being regarded by all Northern readers of Dickens as an almost sacred symbol and emblem of the great Yule festival. A feast was organised to celebrate its introduction. Unfortunately

Mr. Gosse when he handed the pudding to the cook had forgotten to mention that it must be boiled in the cloth. What happened was that, between the fish and the joint, a large tureen appeared in the doorway, and was handed to each person, who ladled out a small portion in the porcelain saucer in front of him. Having been taken out of the pudding-cloth to be boiled, it was now served as a *purée*, eaten in microscopic quantities, declared to be delicious, and pronounced by a gushing lady to "bring the dear English people so near to her."

The guest on this occasion repaid the generosity of his Danish friends by becoming, in season and out of season, an advocate of Northern Lights. Later on he became sponsor of Ibsen and Björnson, as at present he sang the praises of Tegner, Winther, Vigfusson, etc. He was justified in his enthusiasm for these Northern

languages by his appointment in 1875 as Translator to the Board of Trade. He now became not only a cultivator, but, to an increasing extent, a patron of poets. He discovered one, as is well known, in the precincts of Whitehall itself, and contributed in no small measure, by his sympathy and encouragement, to the unfolding of Mr. Austin Dobson's delicate poetic endowment. The Board was no grim task-master, and Mr. Gosse, the critic, was diligent at his desk from 8.30 to 10.30 before he had from 11 to 5 to translate himself into a Board of Trade official. He had already produced a slim volume in 1873, "On Viol and Flute," and these verses were followed in turn by "New Poems," 1879, "Firdausi in Exile," 1885, and "In Russet and Silver," 1894. In these volumes, as represented in his "Collected Poems" of 1911,† no great development is traceable, and indeed, it was the author's conviction that a verse-writer "learns his business suddenly at the dawn of manhood, and that he continues in a state of metrical equilibrium till his



Edmund Gosse and his Father (1857).

From "Father and Son," by Edmund Gosse, of which Mr. Heinemann is publishing an edition de luxe this Autumn.

\* Smith, Elder.

† Heinemann.



Photo by Francis R. Etwell,  
Weston-super-Mare.

May, 1873.



Photo by W. Widger,  
Torquay

1862.



Photo by Robert Faulkner & Co

Nov. 1877.

### Three early portraits of Mr. Edmund Gosse.

skill as a craftsman falls from him." Mr. Gosse was always an admirer of musical sound, colour and technique, and a keen discriminator of metrical forms. His own poetic inspiration, if dependent ultimately upon the initiative of the great masters, was none the less genuine. In such a title as "Firdausi in Exile" he seems to me to have out-Browninged Browning. The inspiration of such a stanza as the following again, is not particularly remote:

"My England, where the grass is deep,  
And burns with buttercups in May,  
Whose brookside violets nod in sleep  
Washed purer purple by the spray;  
My England of the August corn,  
The heavy-headed waving gold,  
Sweet blossoming land  
from bourne to bourne  
Whose name and  
speech I hold."

But his best work of all, perhaps, is done in the form of the sonnet of Historic Circumstance, which Hérédia later, in "Les Trophées," made peculiarly his own — good examples being "The Bath," with its very striking sestet, and the better known "On a Lute found in a Sarcophagus."

"What curled and scented  
sun-girls, almond-eyed,  
With lotus-blossoms in  
their hands and hair,  
Have made their swarthy  
lovers call them fair  
With these spent strings, when  
brutes were deified,  
And Mammon in the sunrise  
sprang and cried,  
And love-words smote  
Bubastis, and the bare  
Black breasts of carven  
Fasht received the prayer  
Of suppliant bearing gifts  
from far and wide!

This lute has out-sung Egypt; all the lives  
Of violent passion, and the vast calm art  
That lasts in granite only, all lie dead;  
This little bird of song alone survives,  
As fresh as when its fluting smote the heart,  
Last time the brown slave wore it garlanded."

As an essayist the taste and enthusiasm of Mr. Gosse have stood him in good stead, but always as a student of personalities, or at any rate on the borderland between literary history and biography, rather than as a pure scholar or thinker. Thus there is, in most of his best critical writing, a strong touch of modern irony, of sly malice, and of garrulous indiscretion, of course in the very best sense. In his exploration of dry-as-dust material or abstract subject-matter, he soon shows signs

of fatigue. When he is really observing the subject-matter, no critic can be more subtle or more adroit than he. As a *causeur* on literary topics he is full of humour, with very often a gleam of allusive pleasantry in the highest degree agreeable. Though not unconscious of these limitations, his knowledge has not precluded him from invading the often arid realms of research. Small discoveries have lured him into dangerous quagmires, and perhaps no commentator of recent days has been more severely taken to task than he, no bitter more savagely bitten. This was especially the case, of course, with his books on Seventeenth Century Studies, dealing with the transition "From Shakespeare to Pope," the "Jacobean Poets," and the compendious



Mr. Edmund Gosse.

From a photograph taken in New York, by G. C. Cox, in December, 1884.

"Life and Letters of Dr. Donne," 1899, based upon materials originally collected by Dr. Jessopp. All these have a value of their own, but none of them seem quite likely to be able to stand the wear and tear of rival research or close critical investigation. Geography, Mr. Gosse tells us, was always his strong subject as a boy. There is no doubt that chronology has always been his bane, and indeed it might almost be said of him, as Disraeli once said of his wife, that he was never quite certain which came first, the Greeks or the Romans. Despite his genius, therefore, in the matter of glosses and conjectures, his critical and historical work is always liable to deduction for minute errors in points of cold physical fact, and especially in some of his most suggestive work, dealing with the Jacobean poets, Waller, Gray, Thomson, the author of "John Bunce," and even Swinburne. His light-hearted indifference to the iron laws of time and circumstance has always hampered him. In some respects he bears a curious resemblance to Andrew Lang. Both of them are far better as chroniclers and contemporary biographers, than as serious philosophic critics or historians, both at their best when the vein of humour was most buoyant, light, gay, spontaneous, or mocking. But no, they were not content with this, and would never rest until they had set up as cyclopædists. It is as difficult at times to imagine why they should have done this, as to imagine a delicate barb endeavouring to adapt itself to the burden of a camel, or if we may for a moment adopt a simile derived from the categories of the prize ring, the incongruity would be no less than that of a featherweight setting himself up to figure as a "light-heavy." But let us by no means incur the imputation of seeking to bards witty remarks with Mr. Gosse, a writer of persiflage and ridicule, who has no living rival. What we are seeking to emphasise is that his best work is not to be found amid the ponderosities of literary history, or full-length biography, but among the lighter literary vignettes scattered among his Critical Essays, collected under such titles as "Gossip in a Library," "Questions at Issue," "Critical Kit-Kats," and "Portraits and Sketches." Some of his contemporary portraits are quite inimitable, such as this wonderful little miniature of Andrew Lang, the more felicitous because, like most good descriptions, it contains a good deal of the describer:

"The charm of Andrew Lang's person and company was founded upon a certain lightness, an essential gentleness and elegance which were relieved by a sharp touch; just as a very dainty fruit may be preserved from mawkishness by something delicately acid in the rind of it. His nature was

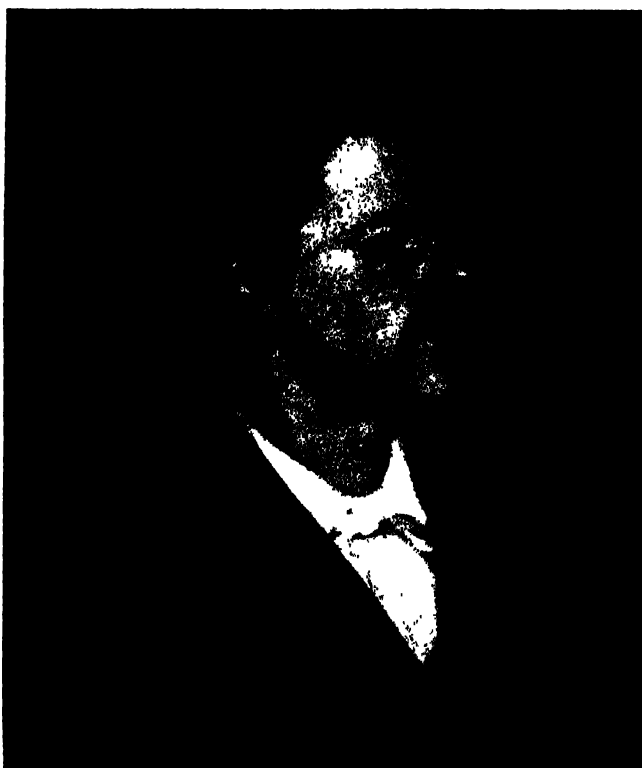
slightly inhuman; it was unwise to count upon its sympathy beyond a point which was very easily reached in social intercourse. If any simple soul showed an inclination, in eighteenth-century phrase, to 'repose on the bosom' of Lang, that support was immediately withdrawn, and the confiding one fell among thorns. Lang was like an Angora cat, whose gentleness and soft fur, and general aspect of pure amenity, invite to caresses, which are suddenly met by the outspread paw with claws awake. This uncertain and freakish humour was the embarrassment of his friends, who, however, were preserved from despair by the fact that no malice was meant, and that the weapons were instantly sheathed again in velvet. Only, the instinct to give a sudden slap, half in play, half in fretful caprice, was incorrigible."

Now, all Mr. Gosse's best critical work is done when it is affiliated to live portraits of this kind. He attaches himself as gossip and interpreter to authors of, for preference, a rather precious idiosyncrasy of their own,

such as Pater, Rossetti, Patmore, Ibsen, Swinburne, Browning, FitzGerald or Stevenson, and then, with the minuteness of an Aubrey, he furnishes a mental, moral, and physical *résumé*, the nicety and subtlety of which are bound to astonish the most incredulous person. His work on the literary personalities of the past is at its best when it approximates most to this method, as in the cases of Donne, Browne, Taylor, Congreve, Gray and Keats. But the fullest scope of all for his powers is seen in the different varieties of autobiography, and if he publishes "A Diary," it will not only be the crown of his work, but the one live commentary for all time of the critical era of the transit of Victoria.

An extremely literary person seldom leaves much

permanent fruit behind him. Take Leigh Hunt, for instance; for all the literary instruction he gave to his age, he has left nothing fine enough in quality to be reverently preserved to-day. Mr. Gosse has been a great virtuoso of polite Letters, and a volatile Mercury from one literary nation to another—interpreter to degenerate descendants of the Songs and Sagas of the Vikings of to-day. But it may well be doubted whether as a literary critic pure and simple, he has enough weight and metal to stand pre-eminent. Like Spence, he has known poets, and has collected many anecdotes about them; some at first hand are exquisite, others, perhaps, are rather too good to be true, like the story of the man at the opening of the Marlowe Memorial at Canterbury, who went about anxiously enquiring what had been done for the widow, and when it was gently conveyed to him that there was no widow, avowed that he had made a mistake, having imagined that the monument erected was in honour of Marwood, inventor of the long drop!



Mr. Edmund Gosse.

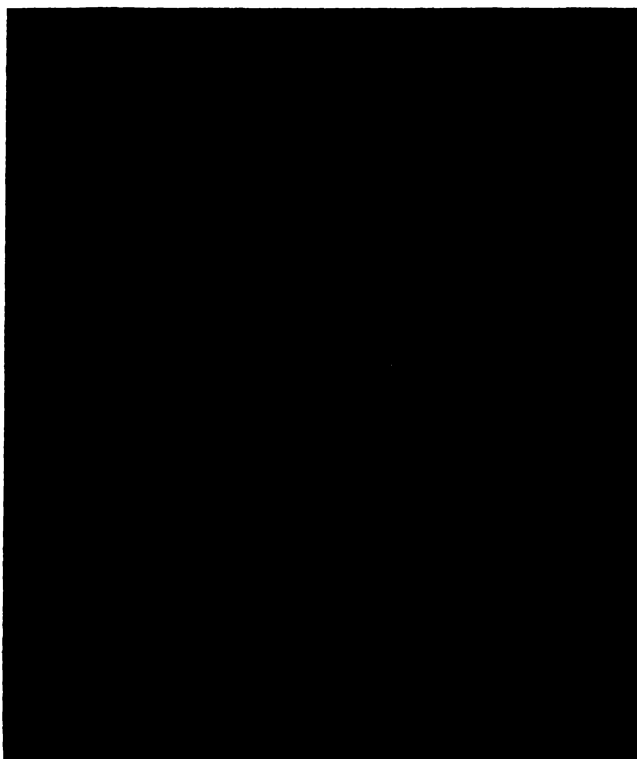
From a portrait by John S. Sargent, R. A., printed in February, 1896.

The literary life of our Atticus was in certain respects one of inevitable unrealities. But there was, as it proved, a background to it, a background of strong and absolute sincerity, engendered by a growing and progressive dislike of the dogmatic religion in which he had been nurtured. His good genius directed him at all hazards to exploit this living stream, which gushed up from the bottom of the well, and the result was, as is widely recognised, one of the unmistakable masterpieces of Letters. Masters of fiction, from Charles Dickens to H. G. Wells, have written autobiographically about their own childhood, but not one of them had the advantage of having being reared in a Calvinist cloister, and venerated at the age of ten as "an infant Samuel." Mr. Gosse has a small plot of ground all to himself. A critic, it must be seen, is a superior person who gains a hearing by selecting, interpreting, and judging other writers. He cannot be expected to outlive the authors he seeks to justify. Unless indeed his criticism be a model for all successive ages, such as the volume of badinage which Anatole France directs with such pitiless force against the "Volonté" of Mons. Georges Ohnet. But in "Father and Son,"\* we have the revelation, not of a superior being, but of an absolutely normally human boy. The conflict of creeds between the two generations is an experience which literally thousands now living have traversed. But in this case the conflict assumed from the first an acute form. The dawning of the realisation by the son that his father is not omniscient, and the mixture of slyness, discretion, and boyish innocence give an opportunity for a nuanced, but candid and most delicately humorous narration of which the author takes the fullest possible advantage. Of living writers, there are only two or three at most (e.g. Laurence Housman) who would be capable of anything of this kind, and not one of them has ever had such an unrivalled opportunity as that afforded to Mr. Gosse by his unique upbringing.

Since 1904, to the elegant regret of some of his

admirers, Mr. Gosse has been caught up into a world of light, having ascended into the upper sphere; he has become what Dr. Johnson called "a wit among lords"; he mingles easily with the supernal beings who are authors without toil, and prose-writers without tears. No more does he organise victory for young poets; no longer is the mirth of his "Twelfth Night parties" heard in Kensington; he is still, no doubt, a beacon of light to foreign artists and bookmen of distinction. To some extent, however, he is withdrawn from the conflicts of taste and the conceits of opinion, in which he once took such unequivocal delight, and now watches the efforts of the double-flute players of the Poetry Shop in a more detached manner, from a serener air. By these young singers he is no longer regarded with quite the same intimacy of affection as one of the shepherds on Parnassus. One feels, in a moment of sympathetic illumination,

that here should have been found the President of an English Academy. The De Goncourts would have found in Mr. Gosse a President after their own heart. In the department of "The Graces," to which Lord Chesterfield did so much homage, he stands pre-eminent. His English prose, suave, caressing and bland gives him a strong claim to act as president and chief spokesman, wherever *prose de circonstance* is in request. As a delineator and designer of character, amid a long succession of illustrious draughtsmen and pastellists since the days of Earle, Overbury and Clarendon, he stands to-day probably without a rival, and, where necessary, he is quite capable of blending some of the acid of Hervey or Pope, should the pigment on his palette require any qualification of that kind. His graceful criticism is keenly appreciated in France. Mr. Davray, the well known Anglo-French critic of the *Mercur* and translator of *Père et Fils*, has recently held a brilliant reception in Mr. Gosse's honour in his fine old house in the Rue Servandoni. Mr. Gosse almost literally exhales tact on an occasion like this. As an ambassador of English Language and Literature abroad he is absolutely *Premier Choix*.



Mrs. Edmund Gosse.

From a painting by T. Blake Wirgman.

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## SWINBURNE.†

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IT so happened that after the present reviewer had read Mr. Drinkwater's book with considerable, if not unmixed, satisfaction, and in the interval which it is always desirable to interpose between reading

and reviewing (in order that things may have time to "cook" in the mind), he came across the judgment of a brother of the craft on the book. In it there occurred, after a citation, the words "He means" - with a para-

Heinemann.

† "Swinburne." By John Drinkwater. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

phrase following. The expression was quite evidently not "meant sarcastic," for it appeared that this critic also was satisfied with the book; nor did it perhaps bear the same interpretation as that which, here at least, will be put on it. But it is certain and it is about the only fault, or the only serious one, which will be found with the book here—that Mr. Drinkwater is by no means seldom in need of an interpreter; and that not merely to dull or prejudiced understandings. The mere fact, indeed, that without either biographical detail (not that we desiderate that) or elaborate account of the contents of the various books (which also may quite well be wanting) he has devoted two hundred pages to a critical study of one who, both as poet and as prose writer, is so much "of a piece" as Swinburne, will almost speak for itself. One cannot but think that an essay of twenty or thirty pages—of forty or fifty at most—would not only have been sufficient for the purpose, but would have caught up that purpose and driven it home with infinitely greater alacrity, vigour and effect than a book, even if not a very large book, of two hundred. But as it used to be a complaint years ago that people boiled down folios into duodecimos, so it seems now to be the hour of watering out articles into duodecimos themselves, if not into something bigger.

That it would be quite possible to write two hundred well-filled pages about the almost always delightful and often glorious work of the poet's half century of composition in both harmonies, no one could admit or assert more cheerfully than the present writer.

But can this sort of thing be said to be good "filling"?

"Words, when the poets are writing thus, stand tiptoe with all kinds of strange adventure calling on them. They may at any time be put to some unaccustomed yet perfect use. The words themselves, separate and not yet quickened, the poet holds in his deliberations; but their flowering into language is a ritual of which the poet himself can tell nothing until its consummation. And the divine visitation that invests the veriest drudge among words with something more than royalty, will as readily use one true poet to its purpose as another."

Now what "he means" here need not task even the plain man much. His meaning is identical with, and, of course, quite legitimately derived from, Tennyson's "flowering in a lonely word," and he has worked up this poetic thought into Paterio-Meredith-esque expression in a dozen lines (a dozen inoriginal) of prose. But would it not have been quite as effective if it had been put at a quarter the length? and if we had been spared this curious pot-pourri of things which "stand tiptoe" apparently before they are quickened; which—unquickened but tiptoe and listening to adventure—are somehow "held" by the poet; which then (but we suppose by this time quickened) tiptoe, listening, and held, "flower," so that having been previously "drudges" they are "invested with royalty" while the whole proceeding is "a ritual," of which the said poet can (and no shame to him!) "tell nothing until its consummation?" We may put aside the point that the position which this language is intended to support—that the most extraordinarily beautiful passages of the greatest poets are *not* specially characteristic of them—is a very doubtful one. But is not the language itself perilously near *galimatias*? And if this be thought too harsh, is it not at least evident that the force and drive of what is, after all, a piece of something like polemic, must be to no small extent slackened and blunted by this wrapping of the meaning in swathes of even pleasantly coloured cotton wool? If one did not agree with Mr. Drinkwater's general purpose one might be thankful for the handles he has thus given to criticism; but when one does agree with him in the main, it is annoying.

His chief thesis, though a fanciful and even a whimsical one, is ingenious, and there is a certain amount of truth in it, though it requires, in his hands, postulates and axioms which one may be loth to grant. The common charge of the enemy against the author of *Poems and Ballads* is, of course, always has been, and probably always will be, that he is a poet of words, not of thought. Now, Mr. Drinkwater either fears or refuses to swing himself up into the high and impregnable places, which neither the waves of such attack nor even the foam of them can reach—the position that poetry is a matter of the Word. He is very anxious to prove, and he accumulates fair arguments to prove, that Swinburne has plenty of thought, plenty of life, plenty of other things. But he admits, or rather advances, a theory that the poet having, by divine assistance, discovered a marvellous form of words, of which he was master, proceeded to use it, generally in accordance with a worthy mood or meaning, but sometimes without "a high agreement between the life which is in the imagination and the life which is in the language." This is ingenious—very ingenious—but we rather fear that if the Accuser (as he



By kind permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

Mr. Edmund Gosse  
(1899).



generally does) exercises his right of reply, he will simply observe "Thou sayest it." "There is no trace," says Mr. Drinkwater elsewhere, "of imaginative fusion behind the marvellous felicity of phrasing." "Translated into plain English," the Devil's Advocate, we fear, will reply: "that means there is no thought behind the words."

\* The real point is, however, that Mr. Drinkwater is on the side of the defence and the angels, even if his manner of conducting the case sometimes resembles that of Mr. Phunky rather than that of Sergeant Snubbin. One may think indeed that—especially towards the end of the book—he takes the attack itself far too seriously. Somebody, it seems, has said that Swinburne is "of quite minor importance as a poet." Now, before taking any count of this opinion it is desirable to know what is the importance of the person himself as a critic. There seems to be "a new generation of critical opinion which protests against Swinburne." But we have seen so many new generations of critics; and their protests have so often had so very little importance in them! So many dogs have barked; and what has become of the barkings? That Swinburne, with very definite faults and flaws such as most, if not all, the great poets have had, is of those poets, no one who has a catholic knowledge of poetry is at all likely to deny, though one judge may put him higher and another lower. What the other people say simply does not matter. It tells one something about them; nothing about their subject. "They say. . . . Let them say"—the intermediate position "What say they?" being really superfluous.

In the estimation of his faults and his views, how-

ever, there may be endless and profitable difference of opinion. That Mr. Drinkwater, while admitting that Swinburne never wrote a good drama, and while criticising his plays at rather surprising length, credits him with actual dramatic faculty to no small extent, may seem strange. The explanation is probably that, having a great admiration for his author, and (as is evident) a great liking for the drama, he thinks that Swinburne ought to have been a great dramatist. Indeed, one of

the most curious passages of his book upbraids not merely his actual hero, but Tennyson, Browning and Morris, because while they "have moments of dramatic poetry that might have made a new golden age" they did not make it. It is true that he sets down the main fault to the unfortunate "Victorian" theatre. "Shakespeare's theatre contributed largely to the formative excellence of his plays." Did it? One would rather say that the poets from Peele and Lyly, through Marlowe and Shakespeare himself and Jonson onwards, made



Mr. Edmund Gosse in his Library at Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park.

From an etching by Miss Sylvia Gosse, an exhibition of whose drawings was recently held at the Catfax Gallery.

the Elizabethan theatre; that the Georgian theatre, admirably as it was manned from Garrick to Charles Lamb's days, failed to make dramatic poets; and that putting these two facts together, and adding the actual practice of Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne (it is surely impossible that Morris could ever have been a dramatist), the conclusion at which arrival seems most reasonable is—well, not Mr. Drinkwater's.

His book, however, so often excites sympathy and even applause, that one is unwilling to cavil at it. Even the singular prudery (Victorian, surely, quite Victorian) with which he deplors Swinburne's prolonged dallying with that Circe or Calypso the anapaest, shall not provoke us much. It is true, of course, that the anapaest

is *the* wand (to change the metaphor but little) of which Mr. Swinburne is *the* magician; that he has got such effects out of it as never were dreamt of in English poetry before, and have not been approached in fifty years, nor are likely to be improved upon in five hundred. But let that pass—Mr. Drinkwater is not only a generous praiser of Swinburne, but he is a generous admirer of Morris too; and there is hardly a possibility of a man admiring both, from the poetical side unless he has the root of the poetical matter in him. He seems, indeed, altogether inclined to praise rather than to blame;

and that, unless it be done with a "foolish face" which is not his, is, after all, the best test of a critic. Any fool can find fault, not merely with another fool but with a wise man; it is only some fools, and those seldom of the worst kind, who can admire with anything like a genuine admiration. Neither let us end this review with any talk of fools at all, for Mr. Drinkwater is certainly not one; he is a critic and writer of worth and promise who has only the usual measles of fashionable jargon to recover from and out-grow.

## THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1913.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

*The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competitions Nos. 1 and 3; answers from Foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 2, 4 and 5 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

*Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original sonnet.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best twelve lines of verse giving advice to young poets against the use of false rhymes, such as *dawn, scorn, joy, sky*, etc.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

*A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original lyric.*

*A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Keats, Shelley, Burns, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Wellington, Nelson, Gladstone, Disraeli, Darwin, or any other famous Englishman.*

*A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.*

*All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 1st July from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. (The time for receipt of poems from residents in the British Isles expired on 2nd June.) Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.*

*The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize.*

*The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for August next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.*

### RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Ballad is awarded to Mr. Cyril G. Taylor, of Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire, for the following:

#### BALLAD OF THE WINDING ROAD..

I am the Road, the Winding Road,  
And this is the song of me:  
In rain or shine, I twist and twine  
As far as the eye can see.  
And though men may rest on my cold, white breast,  
I stretch to Eternity!



Edmund Gosse.

From a water-colour sketch made early in 1850, when he was only a few months old.

I am the Road, the Silent Road,  
The symbol of Right and Wrong!  
I'm old and hard, and my face is scarred  
By the feet of the ceaseless throng;  
By the winds that lust for my wanton dust:  
By the skies which have proved me strong!

I am the Road, the Gleaming Road,  
That calls to the sons of men  
To quit the toil of their native soil  
For the cities beyond their ken.  
And I lure the pride of the countryside  
From mountain and moor and fen!

I am the Road, the Gay Young Road,  
That leads to the haunts of Fame!  
My hedgerows ring with the songs of Spring,  
And the west wind breathes my name!  
And the sun's warm glance sets my pools a-dance  
Till my heart is a big, white flame!

I am the Road, the Sorrowing Road,  
That lies at the feet of night!  
I hide my hurts in her trailing skirts,  
And I shrink from the fierce moonlight  
That makes gaunt ghosts of my finger-posts,  
And powders my milestones white!

I am the Road, the Old, Old Road,  
And nobody holds me wise!  
But a man has debts—and a man forgets  
When the road behind him lies.  
Oh I've seen disgrace on a woman's face,  
And death in her staring eyes!

I am the Road, the Winding Road,  
And this is the song of me:  
In rain or shine, I twist and twine  
As far as the eye can see.  
For a man must play, and a woman pay,  
And a road wind eternally!

CYRIL G. TAYLOR.

We also select for printing:

## NERINA.

How sweet she was when the June light was gleaming  
On the rich masses of her raven hair.  
A shadow deep in her dark eyes lay dreaming,  
Telling my heart love waited prison'd there  
How sweet she was, so thoughtful, true, and tender,  
With crimson velvet roses on her breast  
I painted her amid the summer splendour,  
My beautiful Nerina, purest, best!

Dear were those hours beside the golden river,  
Till one gay laugh my pulses set on flame  
In the warm light I saw Nerina shiver,  
And then her pale face flush'd with sudden shame—  
When Melra came

How pale she seem'd when the June light was waning:  
The shadow in her eyes had deeper grown  
I painted her the while my heart was paining:  
Did she still dream my love was all her own?  
Then Melra's laugh I heard it softly ringing,  
Somehow my brush fell at Nerina's feet  
I saw two tears on her black lashes clinging,  
My beautiful Nerina, pale and sweet!

Dear were those hours beside the golden river,  
Till one gay laugh my pulses set on flame  
In the warm light I saw Nerina shiver,  
And then her pale face flush'd with sudden shame—  
When Melra came.

How sweet she look'd when from the water chilly,  
They laid her down beneath the moonlit skies  
As lovely as a fragile water lily,  
Her long black lashes veil'd her lustrous eyes.  
I call'd her name, and dried her raven tresses,  
I kiss'd her smiling lips and cold white brow,  
And cried: "In death thy gentle spirit guesses  
Nerina! thou hast learnt I lov'd thee now."

\* \* \* \* \*

I have her picture Till my life's day closes,  
Her face alone will seem most fair to me.  
Upon her breast are crimson velvet roses,  
And in her eyes a shadow dark I see  
Yet, now I hear a gay laugh softly pealing,  
Melra is with me. Ah! I love her too.  
And yet for thee I held the deeper feeling,  
My beautiful Nerina, proud and true.

Can I forget her by the golden river,  
That sets my pulses wildly yet on flame.  
In the warm light I feel my heart-strings quiver—  
I see Nerina near me just the same—  
Ere Melra came.

(Marjorie W. Crossbie, "Earlswood," Avondale Road,  
Wolverhampton, Staffs.).

## THE YOUNGEST DRUMMER.

Tantarara, Tantarara,  
On the heights above Assaye,  
Left to wait the picket's coming,  
Sat the youngest drummer drumming,  
Tantarara, Tantarara,  
Just before the day.



Mr. Edmund Gosse, with his  
favourite cat "Mopsiman."

From a photograph taken about 1908.

Tantarara; Tantarara;  
Propped against a stone he lay,  
Chilled with mist and slowly bleeding,  
Numb with pain, yet all unheeding,  
Tantarara; Tantarara;  
Ere the dawn was grey.

Tantarara; Tantarara;  
Far away and far away,  
Stood the selfsame call repeating  
Rang the vibrant, steady beating,  
Tantarara; Tantarara;  
Beating without stay.

Tantarara; Tantarara,  
Drowning in its swell dismay,  
Full and rich and grown consoling  
Went the stately music rolling,  
Tantarara, Tantarara,  
Down to hid Assaye

Tantarara; Tantarara,  
When the picket came that way,  
Where he sat a grave they made him,  
By his silent drum they laid him,  
Tantarara, Tantarara,  
In the sodden clay.

Tantarara; Tantarara;  
Haply still at times you may  
Hear a ghostly echo coming,  
Hear the youngest drummer drumming,  
Tantarara; Tantarara;  
Just before the day.

(B. R. M. Hetherington, Wide-open-Dykes, Carlisle.)

Very good ballads, several of equal merit with the two we have selected for printing, have been sent in by Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), John D. Smith (Milngavie), S. M. Northcott (West Kirby), M. A. N. Marshall (Oxford), H. A. Wood (Aberdeen), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead), Sybil Waller (Boscombe), M. D. Baynes (Teignmouth), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), W. Morris (Bodmin), Mrs. C. P. F. F.; Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Elija Summers (Dukinfield), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), R. F. Reynolds (Llanbedr), B. M. Morris (Bath), B. Vickery (Bradford), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Miss Tootal (Kensington), J. D. Martin (Leeds), E. Irene Seaton (Boxmoor), M. St. Clare Byrne (Hoylake), Maud Marion Burnell (Ashford), Miss E. Bourne (Seaford), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Ernest A. Kersten (Thornton Heath), A. J. Killoran (Balham Hill), William Kerr (Fraserburgh), Bernard McEvoy (Ilfracombe), Winifred A. Cook (Birkenhead), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Eveline H. Swanson (East Finchley), Alex. Tealby (London, W.C.), Frank Brebner, Jun. (Aberdeen), R. W. Fenton (Birstall), Gwendoline D. Harold (High Barnet), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), Rev. J. Wesley Houchin (Shenfield), H. Douglas Hamilton (Bristol), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Emily Cornell (Norwood), G. M. Faulding (Bayswater), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), W. S. Chesterfield (London, W.), A. J. Brooks (S. Mersham), Doris Smith (Burton-on-Trent), M. McDonnell (Glasgow), Frank Dale (Saxmundham), Alexander R. C. Eaton (Forest Gate), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), M. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Irene Rathbone (Wootton), Marjorie Christmas (Sevenoaks), Frank L. Jellicoe (Stockwell), Doris Dean (Bromley), Claude W. Cundy (Nottingham), Austen H. Pennington (Oldbury), Miss Stockton (Leamington Spa), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), G. von Tunzelmann (New Zealand), T. Scharf (London, E.).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. A. S. Barnard, of 5, Victoria Terrace, Walsall, for the following:

THE COMPLETE ENGLISH SOCIALIST  
Review by JOSEPH CLAYTON

"He seized his *clarion* straight."

W. S. GILBERT—*The Troubadour*

We also select for printing:

A MAID OF METTLE. By MRS. L. "ALIEN" BAKER.  
(Digby, Long.)

"She was gold, all gold, from her little gold toe,  
To her organ of Veneration!"

T. HOOD—*Miss Kilmansegg*.

(Maud Marion Burnell, 6, Wellesley Villas,  
Ashford, Kent.)

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By ARNOLD BENNETT.  
(Methuen.)

"An'—wal, he up and kist her."

LOWELL—*The Courtin'*.

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

SURVEY OF THE WOMAN PROBLEM.  
By MAYREDER AND HERMAN. (Heinemann)

"I give it up"

LEWIS CARROLL.

(C. A. Bayley, 120, Main Street, Bangor, Down.)

A NECESSITY OF LIFE. By BETTY VAN DER GOES.

"... his pocket-handkerchief."

LEWIS CARROLL—*The Walrus and the Carpenter*.

(Elsie Bradfield, Oaklands, Warminster.)

WAGNER WITHOUT TEARS. REVIEW BY  
GEORGE SAMPSON.

"An onion will do well for such a shift"

SHAKESPEARE—*The Taming of the Shrew*.

(Doris Dean, 55, College Road, Bromley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best original epigram on any current literary topic or recent literary development is awarded to Miss E. M. Cooke, of The Poetry Bookshop, 35, Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., for the following:

EPIGRAM ON A RECENT LITERARY DEVELOPMENT.

ON THE REDUCTION OF THE PRICE OF "THE TIMES"  
TO TWOPENCE.

Cheap things, 'tis said, are in the end most dear.  
That they are "cheap" at all events is clear!  
*The Times*, it seems, was dear and cheap as well—  
'Twas cheap to buy, and yet too dear to sell:  
(Though most men grant there's nothing "cheap" about it  
And hold it far too dear to do without it),  
And, now, to make the matter still more queer,  
Its cost is nearly halved, and it is doubly dear

Good epigrams have also been sent in by Headley V. Storey (Brighton), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), M. McDonnell (Glasgow), Frank Dale (Saxmundham), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), E. S. Heron (Chester), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Annie Jones (London, W.C.), Mrs. C. P. F. F. (Glasgow), A. Lee, Jun. (Southport), Miss A. M. Strickland (Farnham), Winifred M. Rich (Battersea), J. Drummond C. Monfries (London, S.W.), Vernon H. Porter (Clapton.)

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. G. E. Wakerley, of 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts, for the following:

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FREDERIC SHIELDS.  
Edited by ERNESTINE MILLS (Longmans)

Mrs. Mills has made a contribution of real value to the history of British Art. The life-story of Frederic Shields, from the poverty of his youth, through the drudgery and striving of early manhood—dominated by a passion for Art—to the culmination of his work in the Chapel of the Ascension in Bayswater Road, makes a fascinating record. A character of strange moods and austeries, and great devoutness; a Puritan in life and outlook; his friendships were catholic in the extreme, including intimate relations with Rossetti and Madox Brown, and Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester.

We also select for printing:

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE KING.  
By SIDNEY DARK. (Lane)

Slavingtonville is a "model" town where Peptonized Soup has been manufactured by generations of puritanical Slavingtons. On to the throne of this unimaginative kingdom is pitchforked the unworthy Fenimore, the last of the male Slavingtons, and, incidentally, the first really human one. Slavingtonville irritates him. It is too perfect to be genuine. He knows his subjects for humbugs and machines. It is a "servile city" over which he rules. Laudably, though unwisely, he seeks to alter it. Disaster follows; and the King, to save his kingdom, cheerfully abdicates. An original, wittily-told story, written with a purpose, notwithstanding its author's disclaimer.

(Cyril G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

STELLA MARIS. By W. J. LOCKE. (Lane.)

Believed to be suffering from an incurable illness, Stella Maris lies, overlooking the sea, in a room which, by tacit consent is regarded as a sanctuary into which none of life's evils may penetrate. Her friends build for her an imaginary world where goodness holds undisputed sway, but an unexpected cure causes this dream world to fall at her feet in ruins, and she sees things as they really are. Mr. Locke treats the situation with consummate art, and if the charge of sentimentalism is brought against him, it should add to, rather than detract from, the laurels he has already won.

(Dorothy M. Horne, 29, Great James Street,  
Bedford Row, W.C.).

THE WEAKER VESSEL. By E. F. BENSON.  
(Heinemann.)

"The Weaker Vessel" is one of Mr. Benson's best novels. The character-drawing is good, and the interest well-sustained. Harry Whittaker, though a slave to self-indulgence, holds our sympathy, while his artistic, strong-willed and loyal wife fascinates us. Louis Grey, the unselfish and high-souled actor-manager, is an ideal creation. We recognise the commonplace, Mrs. Ramsden with her faculty for making people uncomfortable; but Mr. Benson exaggerates the commonness of the simple, kindly, albeit shrewdly "climbing" Wilkins family, as is his custom in portraying the *nouveau-riche*. The proof-reading might have been more careful, and there are examples of loose and unidiomatic English.

(M. H. Menzies, Hackney College, Hampstead, N.W.).

THE INN OF TRANQUILITY By JOHN GALSWORTHY.  
(Heinemann.)

The appeal of these essays, allegories and sketches is very various, yet strangely identical. Discursive as they are, and sometimes slight of theme, a single steadfast interest underlies them all, growing, as we read, until it becomes absorbing. This interest resides in the disclosure of the author's personality—subtle, tender, sympathetic, impassioned yet controlled; an idealist subduing revolt into luminous irony but never stooping to acquiescence. The influence of a singularly lovable temperament is impressed on every page, and remains with us long after the book is closed and its incidents have grown misty in the mind.

(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge, Kent.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Margaret J. Laird (Belfast), M. M. M. (Glasgow, W.), Alan C. Fraser (Bridgwater), Miss B. Kirby (Hoylake), A. W. Jennings (Devonport), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Rev. A. Brewin (Loughborough), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow, W.), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), Miss V. Huish (Derby), Sybil Waller (Boscombe, Hants.), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Beatrice McC. Smith (Acton, W.), James A. Richards (Tenby), Frances A. S. Holbrow (Harrietsham, Kent), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), F. J. Overton (Sutton Coldfield), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), H. Elrington (Monkstown, Co. Dublin), Robert Bruce (Giggleswick), Hannah Shaw (Toledo, Ohio), D. Pratt (Chatteris), Joseph Hanton (Arbroath), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton, Bristol), M. Nicklin (Winscombe, Somerset), Lottie Hoskins (Moseley, Birmingham), Mary Kingdom (Leamington Spa), S. A. Doody (Boscombe, Hants.), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), William F. Spalding (Palmer's Green, N.), Ernest S.



Photo by Ernest H. Mills

Mr. Edmund Gosse.

From a photograph taken in the Library of the House of Lords (1909).

Heron (Chester), Leonard Blake (West Ealing), Mary J. F. Bittleston (Tilford, Surrey), Mrs. Hooper (Wanstead, Essex), G. M. Fenwick (Hampstead, N.W.), K. I. Kyle (Belfast), M. St. Clare Byrne (Hoylake), J. Drummond C. Monfries (London, S.W.), Lucy C. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Charles Powell (Manchester), Donald M. (Antigua).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. Conway Hastings, of 10, Sandwell Mansions, West Hampstead, N.W.

## DICKENS IN AMERICA.

BY W. ROBERTS

DICKENS'S hold on American collectors has never been more strikingly demonstrated than at the exhibition of his works and of Dickensiana, opened at the Grolier Club, New York, on January 23rd, which I was privileged to visit through the kindness of my friend, Mr. A. F. Jaccaci. Apart from the Victoria and Albert Museum, this Grolier Club exhibition is one of the most interesting displays of its kind ever got together, its special strength being, not unnaturally, in American editions of Dickens's works and *ana* generally.

John Forster's forethought has preserved to the English nation most of the MSS. of Dickens's novels. There is, therefore, no possibility of any one person forming a large collection of such things. Yet the

committee of the Grolier Club has had the good fortune to bring together for a few weeks the manuscripts, either entire or in part, of "The Pickwick Papers," "Sketches of Young Gentlemen," "Nicholas Nickleby," "A Christmas Carol," "The Battle of Life," "Out of Town," "The Best Authority," "His Brown Paper Parcel," "Hunted Down" and "A Holiday Romance," besides outline drafts of several short stories and so forth, apart from a number of autograph letters. Perhaps the earliest and the least known of these MSS. is the original petty cash book kept by Dickens when employed as a lawyer's clerk in the office of Edward Blackmore, Gray's Inn, with entries dating from January 5th to March 16th, 1828.

The portraits of Dickens range over a period of forty

years. The earliest is a miniature on ivory by Mrs. Janet Barrow (the novelist's aunt) and is claimed to be the earliest known portrait, having been painted in 1830. The two latest, both in oils, are dated 1869 and 1870 respectively, the earlier being by William B. Myers, who was the young son-in-law of a Virginia friend of Dickens;



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Mr. Edmund Gosse.

the artist's widow is still living and remembers that her husband made *ad vivum* sketches of Dickens from which this portrait was done. The later portraits, signed "E. P." and dated 1870, came from J. L. Toole's collection. In addition to various pencil sketches by H. K. Browne, 1836, by Maclise, 1840, and Charles Martin, 1843, there are seven by Pierre Morand, 1842, a fellow passenger of Dickens during his first voyage to America; these sketches show Dickens in various attitudes on the deck of the *Britannia*, and at the Tremont House, Boston, whilst the interest of the whole is greatly heightened by the fact that on the back of each is written an account of the circumstances under which it was made.

Practically every edition of Dickens is represented in this exhibition by the earliest, and in every "collectable" sense, the most desirable form; the monthly parts of such as were issued in that form including the original wrappers with the old advertisements. It is not necessary to specify any of the English editions of these exhibits. One of the earliest American editions of Dickens is the copy, in original brown boards, of "The Tuggs's at Ramsgate and other Sketches," issued at Philadelphia in 1837; the volume includes "The Pantomime of Life" which first appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany* of March the same year. It will be seen that Dickens's popularity in England found an almost immediate echo in the United States; so that in 1839 when Chapman & Hall issued the first complete edition of the two series of the "Sketches by Boz" in twenty monthly numbers, the Philadelphia firm brought out one in ten numbers in quarto with the twenty Cruikshank plates redrawn by Yeager; all the wrappers are dated 1838, and the edition contains two stories not in the English edition.

"The Pickwick Papers" (1836-7) had two rival American editions, one in Philadelphia in five small volumes and the other in New York in twenty-six monthly numbers in octavo, and both editions are here. The same may be

said, indeed, of all the subsequent works of Dickens, several of which are also represented by early French, Dutch and German editions. To the English collector of Dickens the most attractive feature of the exhibition will be its extraordinary wealth, not merely of early American editions of Dickens, pirated and

otherwise, but the wealth of publications of all descriptions called into existence by the novelist's visits to the United States. These things are very rarely seen in England: all are important to a complete collection of Dickens. For instance we have here a copy of "The Josephine Gallery," edited by Alice and Phoebe Cary and published in New York in 1859, to which Dickens contributed a story of seventeen pages entitled "Suburban Romance," which does not seem to have been printed separately. Much more interesting and important is the set of *The New York Ledger* of August 20th and 27th, and September 3rd, 1859, in which the story "Hunted Down" first appeared, and for which *The Ledger* paid \$5,000; the story was not reprinted in England until August, 1860, when it came out in *All the Year Round*. The original MS., also here on loan, extends to fifteen pages quarto and is written in blue ink. Another story which Dickens wrote for an American magazine—*The Atlantic Monthly*—"George Silverman's Explanation" is here in its first printed form; whilst yet another story "A Holiday Romance," is likewise here, not only in the original MS. (with the original envelope, addressed to Ticknor & Fields, in which it was transmitted) but also *Our Young Folks*, January to May 1868, in which it first appeared. For each of those stories Dickens received £1,000 for the American rights.

Personal relics form another feature of the Exhibition. There are several books from Dickens's library with his book-plate and label, his seal, his ivory paper-knife, a chair from his dining-room at Gad's Hill Place, and the calendar which stood upon his desk at the time of his death. In contrast to the English custom of loan exhibitions, the names of the various owners are not given, but it is known that those who have contributed much to the success of the exhibition include Mrs. George D. Widener, the late Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon and Mr. F. R. Kaldenberg.

The admirable catalogue forms a record of permanent and scholarly value.

## EDWARD DOWDEN.

BY THOMAS SELCOMBE.

ENGLISH literature has sustained a sensible loss by the death of Edward Dowden, a professor, scholar and critic, who possessed what may be deemed special claims upon the affectionate remembrance of readers of *THE BOOKMAN*. He was point-device the *litterateur* of a past age. He looked the part thoroughly, and his conversation, though not scintillating, was saturated with literary allusion and reminiscence. He was a great collector of books, and was never in a state of more obvious elation than when he had just made a find upon the parapets of Seine or Liffey; and his books, in a sense, kept open house. No connoisseur who was also a professorial authority was more accessible than he—community of interest in literary themes was quite sufficient to enlist his enthusiasm. He seldom failed to answer literary enquiries and curiosities, sometimes of a nature bordering upon the impertinent, and no one was more generous in his acknowledgment of assistance. His introductions for this reason are valuable as anatomies, showing the extraordinarily varied and circuitous manner in which literary history has often to be built up by a sort of coral-insect industry of queries and annotations. This friendliness, accessibility, and profound belief in the need for good fellowship in the republic of letters, certainly rendered him one of the best beloved *litterati* of our time. A bookman himself, he contributed the best account we have of the *Primus* of the Species, the bookman *par excellence* of another age, in his beautifully finished and sympathetic, though necessarily far from exhaustive, contribution on Southey to the "English Men of Letters." He was a great idealist in literature; he believed in elevating the subject to a lofty plane and in imputing nobility of purpose, wherever possible, to the noble army of authors. He seemed like a survival of the pre-mercantile era in letters, and he was undoubtedly one of the last of the Romanticists, to whom the summits were always aglow with the exquisite tints of sunset. Books were his passion, and literature his romance, full of those "sensations sweet, felt in the blood and felt along the heart." The morbid, cynical, mediocre and microscopic aspect of personalities and things appealed to him but faintly. He was always on the side of the angels. In literature his approach was essentially æsthetic and always æsthetic, generally optimistic. And he was a stylist by natural and elective affinity. To him it was always imperative to write about beautiful things beautifully, and, when his spirit was aflame with the emotion of fine poetry, to write finely and poetically. Some consider that in his essayistic work he carried this to preciosity; but the failing was not common with him, and no deduction whatever has to be made for it in estimating his two principal works. In these Dowden has another claim upon our gratitude, by grappling greatly—not with the peripheries and tenebrosities of English literature—but with two of the greatest, most central and most difficult of men of genius, Shakespeare and Shelley. Nor must it be inferred from what has been said that Dowden was in any sense precious or effeminate in his personality. Far from it, his pro-

clivities were in some respects strongly athletic. He was himself a fine swimmer, was interested in athletic skill, himself a fine, well-proportioned figure and a strong upholder of the Hellenic ideal of balance between the physical and intellectual development. His gentleness of temper, it is thought, caused him to be preyed upon to a certain extent by the small fry of dilettante and literary quidnuncs. His affability gave a welcome for all who frequented the Sunday *salon* in his house in South Dublin, within three miles from "The Pillar." His discursive talk among people who sympathised with his enthusiasms was extremely delightful, and nearly always literary. But his interests, of course, were by no means exclusively "belle-lettristic." He was a strong advocate of Trinity College's attitude of aloofness from the scheme of a national university, and, on the larger issue, he was a convinced and almost bigoted anti-Nationalist. He was a dexterous and at times very effective public speaker. For many years his eloquence and persuasive charm were constantly at the disposal of the platforms of the Irish Unionist Alliance. He worked for the association from its formation in 1896 until his death, and occasionally acted as president. He was himself in the nineties asked to become a nominee for the representation of Dublin University, but stood aside to make way for Sir Edward Carson. Strong pecuniary temptations were held out to him to desert Dublin, and it was politics always that proved the determining factor in resolving him not to abandon his post. Perhaps he took his political influence a little too seriously. However that may be, Dublin was distinctly the gainer. His roots had sunk deep there. His European reputation and proficiency in the difficult science of comparative literature served as a magnet to many students; and there was surely never a professor of such world-wide standing who did more by the attraction of his character and the homely ease of his manner to remove the diffidence of the modest student. He would correct the mistakes of an undergraduate with the same courtesy that he would use towards an eminent opponent, and his intimate conversational manner showed no consciousness of the weight of his judgment.

"It must be admitted that his lectures were delivered in circumstances unworthy of a European reputation. In a small book-lumbered room just inside the gates of Trinity College the Professor of English Literature addressed each term a very small class of undergraduates and an old Roman Catholic priest: a privileged and regular attendant. He talked rather than lectured . . . and would turn aside from his subject to paint, with an odd mixture of official caution and Celtic temerity, a spirited portrait of some *enfant perdu* of literature or politics. Such digressions revealed the breadth of his humanity, the wide sweep of his sympathies, and the delicacy of his imagination."

He was the confessor and counsellor of many of his pupils and post graduates, who came to him for sympathy and advice in all matters concerned with literary history and criticism. He generally told them not to take the new Irish School and its reticent Theatre too seriously. But for Irish historical, literary and local studies of the



old school he was a generous sponsor, as may be seen in his very appreciative introduction to his friend "Cæsar L. Falkiner's Essays relating to Ireland."

Edward Dowden's external history was exceptionally uneventful, even for a scholar, the stages of whose earthly progress have often enough to be traced exclusively in his successive publications and appointments. But Dowden never migrated at all. His translations were never of the kind which Swift described as the best. He came up to the Irish capital from Cork, where he was born on May 3rd, 1843, at the age of eighteen, won numerous prizes for English prose and English verse, and at the extraordinary age of twenty-four was appointed Professor of English Literature in his university—a chair which he held for over forty-six years, and from which he was removed only by sudden death.

Within ten years of his appointment Dowden had published the first of the two books by which he was to become best known—"Shakspeare: His Mind and Art," a book which had so much fine appreciation, originality and strength in it that it marked Dowden out at once as one of the half-dozen serious critics of his day. Carlyle himself thought well of the book, which was soon translated, and obtained the usual compliments of literary success, copious imitation and quotation. John Richard Green, who was then editing Macmillan's primers, at once secured Dowden to do the "Shakespeare Primer," and for twenty years at least this little book had an enormous vogue. "Shakspeare: His Mind and Art" thoroughly deserved its fame; it blew away the yeasty clouds of German symbolism and Dutch allegory which had collected round the great summit, discerned the superiority of Coleridge as an interpreter, and endeavoured to work out an intelligible evolution of Shakespeare's mentality as reflected in his dramas. The book created a school which, in the hands of such artists as Brandes and Stopford Brooke, has done really constructive work, and it was for a time regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of Shakespeare criticism. I find my copy, untouched, I am afraid, for well-nigh a score of years, deeply scored and underscored. And many of these passages are quite admirable—indeed, one might say much more—from the pen of a young man of thirty or thereabouts. Sometimes the author writes as though he were perorating, or as is now irreverently said, "talking through his hat," as where he remarks that:

"Shakspeare reaches the ultimate truths of human life and character through a supreme and indivisible energy of love, imagination and thought"

But he cordially recognises the rich feeling of the Elizabethans for concrete facts if he does not quite appreciate their tendency to rhetoric.

"Poetry in this period," he writes, "is put upon a purely human basis. No fate broods over the actions of men and the history of families; the only fatality is the fatality of character. Luck, an outstanding element helping to determine the lives of mortals, and not reducible to known law, luck good and bad, Shakspeare readily admits; but luck is strictly a thing in the course of nature. The divinity which shapes our ends works efficiently but secretly. Men's lives in the drama of Shakspeare are not disorganised and denaturalised by irruptions of the miraculous. The one standing miracle is the world itself. A vigorous and mundane vitality—this constitutes the basis."

Now this is well said, and throughout the book I find things to match it which convince me that Dowden's book, in spite of its faults, its preconceived notions of Shakespeare's personality, its over-solemnity of tone—as if criticism of Shakespeare were a religious rite—and its relative neglect of Shakespeare as a maker of light comedies—in spite of these things I predict that Dowden's book will live, and outlive most of its acclaimed successors and pretenders to sovereignty in this particular dominion. At the present moment, it is true, Dowden's rockets no longer startle us, and most of his stars have been stolen by subsequent commentators. At the end of the 'nineties Sidney Lee came along with his theory of the impersonality of Shakespeare's art—the antithesis of Dowden's theory, the antidote to his prescription. Dowden, however, took the matter in very good part, and wrote a generous and quaint tribute to his successor (and in a sense superseder) in the form of a sonnet, which does more credit on the whole, I think you will agree, to his heart than to his head. By the kindness of Sir Sidney Lee I am enabled to quote the apocalyptic poem:

TO MR. SIDNEY LEE,

*that bestowed upon me a coppie of his "Life of Shake-speare."*

"Swete Boye, whose name revives dead Astrophell,  
Fame through her goolden trumpe now blows it wide  
With his who, gazing in Conceit's deepe well,  
Saw Life and Death, and Love yew-crown'd, star-eyed.  
O be thou too a wrestler with old Time,  
Blunt his dread sickle, scatter his red sand!  
Let men of Inde in their outlandish ryme  
Rename thee queinte to men of Samarcand!  
One globe brawn-shouldher'd, broad-hipp'd Herc'les bore!  
Lightly thou liftest two of dreame and deed:  
Is't not enough, but thou wilt venter more.  
And roll reverting stones that ditches breed?  
Leave II and W., Hall and Thorpe for me,  
Who love them not, yet love this fruitfull Lea.

"EDWARD DOWDEN.

"[November, 1898]"

In the "Shakespeare Primer," Dowden, as it seems to me, in simplifying carries his theory as to the possibility of reading a man's history in the sequence of his published works almost to the verge of caricature. He had by this time, too, I imagine, been enmeshed in the ideas of another Shakespeare theorist, Dr. Furnivall; and although for the moment the world was fascinated by the novelty of the metrical tests and the symmetry of the 'schoolroom,' 'playtime,' 'in the depths,' and 'on the heights' categories, Shakespeare criticism proceeded, thenceforward on different and perhaps rather saner lines.

Of the interstitial work between his two main edifices, though much of it was good, there is not room to say much here. Dowden did two highly agreeable books on Browning and Montaigne, the last a labour of love into which he concentrated much reading and much of himself. He edited "Hamlet," "Cymbeline," "Romeo and Juliet," Shakespeare's sonnets, Southey's "Correspondence with Caroline Bowles," "The Lyrical Ballads of 1798" and Browning's "The Ring and the Book," but he was possibly rather too anxious and indecisive to make a heaven-sent editor. He was, however, a delightful essayist. In "Transcripts and Studies" and "The French Revolution and English Literature" (the

substance of lectures given originally to Princeton University) he is perhaps a trifle academic, but in "Puritan and Anglican" (studies of Browne, Hooker, Vaughan, Hilton, Taylor, Baxter and Bunyan), and in the recent "Essays Modern and Elizabethan" (including Pater, Ibsen, Heine, Goethe, Cowper and Hayley, De Marsay, Shakespeare, "The Masque," "Elizabethan Romance," Lady Winchilsea, Dr. Farmer and other old Shakespeareans), his vintage is seen at its best. His short "History of French Literature" is thoroughly readable, essayistic, in fact, rather than compendious.

In his *magnum opus*, "The Life of P. B. Shelley" (2 vols., Kegan Paul, 1886) Dowden had to swim in a difficult medium. The life of Shelley is very controversial; no life during its brief period of activity has been so intensively studied or worked at by so many strong competitive biographers. The contemporary lives are ample and brilliantly written by such performers as Hogg, Peacock, Trelawny, Medwin, Leigh Hunt. Dowden was to write the official "Life" from copious material which had been accumulating for more than a generation, and as the mouthpiece of the Shelley family. To some extent it may be admitted that he suffers under the disabilities of all official biographers. He has to pay the price of exclusive information, and he cannot wholly evade the imputation of writing as a partisan. Shelley believed that if certain external tyrannies could

be removed the life of human beings might straightway be made perfect, or all but perfect. Not selfishly, but with blind wilfulness and utter lack of experience, he took upon himself to believe that the institution of marriage was wholly superfluous and an obstacle to human progress. Acting upon this, for he was never afraid to act upon his theories, he married a girl of sixteen, when he himself was nineteen, without any conception whatever of the primary responsibilities thus incurred. Three years after marriage he had a misunderstanding with his girl wife—the misunderstanding, which was mainly upon his side and complicated by hallucina-

tions to which he was prone, would have yielded to sane handling with time and a little experience of life. Shelley, however, without giving it a chance, yielded to the first prompting of the polygamous instinct implanted in most men and ran off with another girl of sixteen, treating the injury to his lawful spouse as little more than a harmless joke. Shelley atoned for this fatal error by bitter suffering. Henceforth the story of his life and art is one of advance—his character improving almost as much as his art, and the excellences of both far outweighing the defects. Now it is the *plaidoyer* of the

Shelley family and its literary advocates to endeavour to condone this fatal flaw in Shelley's life, and it is a flaw which never ought to be and never can be condoned. Dowden tries to be fair, but he is subtly undermined by influences inimical to absolute veracity of statement. In this one point he errs, as it seems to me, by a *suppressio veri*. In other respects his book is well within the range of being pronounced a masterpiece—one of the very few masterpieces of English biography. It is already a rarity in its original form. The abridged and revised issue of eleven years later is in some ways a more perfect and a fairer performance. As a literary and critical biography it is almost beyond criticism, and my conviction is that it will carry Dowden's name along with Shelley's down the broken, changing, much tormented stream of literary fame.

Matthew Arnold in a

famous article in the *Nineteenth Century*, dated January 1888, complained of Dowden's "Life" as a disservice to Shelley. The Professor, he maintained, held a brief for the Shelleys, his pleading for the poet is constant, and he does more harm than good to Shelley by it. On the other hand, says Arnold, Dowden's treatment of Harriet is not worthy of either his taste or his judgment. Shelley's misconduct to Harriet, his want of humour, his self-deception, stand out and are revealed in Dowden's biography for the first time. It is harder after this "Life" than it was before it to win back to the ideal Shelley of the lovely lyrics and



Professor Dowden

From a pencil drawing kindly lent by Miss Emily C. Devine.

the radiant soul,—the beautiful, if ineffectual angel. Arnold's "What a Set!" article struck a note which was followed in the main by Stephen, Traill, Churton Collins, Andrew Lang, and Professor Freeman, who coined the phrase: "chatter about Harriet." Impassioned and even bitter as he often was on the political platform, Dowden was ordinarily serene and suave in literary controversy. He replied with becoming gravity to Arnold in the *Athenaeum*, with more warmth (in the same weekly) to the aspersions of Churton Collins in the *Quarterly Review*. Dowden was at times, without doubt, needlessly stilted, sophistical, homiletic, and sentimental, but he always endeavoured to be absolutely fair. The

retrenched version of the book is the truer and the saner. A better response to Arnold than the biographer himself could formulate was made in the able article on "*Shelley contra mundum*," contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* of May, 1908, by Mr. Arthur P. Nicholson, in which the difference between poet and critic is summed as that between the man with ichor in his veins and the man with ice. Allowing a little for bias, Dowden's judgment of Shelley the poet stands the test of time better than Arnold's. Dowden first treated the Shelley records with the pious solemnity of a gospel narrator, and he will probably go down to posterity as the foremost of the Shelley synoptists.

## New Books.

### MR. MASEFIELD'S "DAUBER."

The clearest distinction of Mr. Masefield's art is its intense and eager perception of tragic idea. Pity, as contrasted with curiosity, presides over his temper, and he is far more deeply moved by the struggle of man with external circumstance and his own primal passions than by subtleties of character, which means that his instinct is for tragedy rather than for comedy. And whilst comedy, the analysis of character in conflict, may find complete expression in prose, whilst indeed prose may often be its aptest medium, since it enables the artist to heighten his delineation by means of a familiar flavour of speech, tragedy, the analysis of passion or emotion in conflict, aiming not at all at external distinctions but intent only on elemental idea, needs the more urgent and stricter convention of verse for its fulfilment in art. It is a very significant fact that the greatest of our modern prose dramatists, Mr. Galsworthy, with his admirable precision, calls "*The Silver Box*," in spite of its relentless severity, "a comedy," whilst he calls "*Justice*," which is not a whit more uncompromising in its austerity of temper, "a tragedy." The distinction is perfectly just. In "*The Silver Box*" the central interest is not in the opposition of a malign social machinery to Mrs. Jones and her husband, but in the operation of Mrs. Jones's clearly defined character in the catastrophe brought about by this opposition, whilst in "*Justice*" the central interest is in a tragic idea, for the expression of which Falder is merely a symbol. In the one case character is everything, in the other it is of relative unimportance; and a subtle artistic principle is illustrated in the fact that Mr. Galsworthy's comedy is a perfectly achieved work of art, because we feel that he has found an exact medium for its expression and that no revision of the artist's method could intensify the final result, whilst his tragedy leaves us feeling that the motive has not been exhausted, and that it needed a greater imaginative pressure and consequently a more pregnant utterance wholly to liberate it. In other words, prose satisfies us in the comedy of character, however fierce the comedy may be, but it fails us in the tragedy of idea.

Every artist has his own special difficulties to overcome, and some lack of clearness in Mr. Masefield's perception of this principle would seem to be the particular defect which he has yet to discipline. "*The Tragedy of Nan*," is one of the great achievements of contemporary literature, one of the half-dozen things that warrant some renewal of our pride in our theatre, but it ought to have been greater. Nan herself is not a character, but the central symbol of a noble tragic idea, and she called earnestly for the high rhythmic expression which Mr. Masefield could certainly have given her. The speech of the play is lovely as it is, the witness of a new imagination, but it should have been the highest kind of speech, the incontestably supreme medium for poetry, verse. And the reverse side of Mr. Masefield's yet unsolved problem as an artist is discovered

in "*Dauber*" and the other poems which have deservedly been so much discussed and praised during the last two years. Reading through this poem again on its publication in book form, we are more than ever grateful for an intensity of tragic vision such as has very rarely been excelled in our poetry. That is an emphatic thing to say, but it is said with the most careful deliberation. The young painter seeking so earnestly to find expression for himself, without guide and in the midst of an indifference that is terrible in its self-certainty; the savagery and beauty of the sea in all its moods; the strange impersonal courage of ships and the almost brutal heroism of the shipmen—these are changeless things seen anew by this poet, and transfigured by him into the symbols found by a new temperament for as changeless a tragic idea. And Mr. Masefield's utterance, while it is concerned with this its chief and what should be its only purpose, is here magnificent:

"And then one day I had a job to do  
Down below bridge, by where the docks begin.  
And there I saw a clipper towing through,  
Up from the sea that morning, entering in  
Raked to the nines she was, lofty and thin,  
Her ensigns ruffling red, her bunts in pile,  
Beauty and strength together, wonder, style.

"So the night past, but then no morning broke—  
Only a something showed that night was dead.  
A sea-bird, cackling like a devil, spoke,  
And the fog drew away and hung like lead.  
Like mighty cliffs it shaped, sullen and red;  
Like glowering gods at watch it did appear,  
And sometimes drew away, and then drew near.

"They smeared the paint with turpentine until  
They could remove with mess-clouts every trace  
Of quick perception caught by patient skill  
And lines that had brought blood into his face.

"And then the night fell dark, and all night long  
The pointed mountain pointed at the stars,  
Frozen, alert, austere; the eagle's song  
Screamed from her desolate screes and splintered scars."

Writing like this is not flawless, the strain imposed by the chosen stanzaic form shows itself here and there. But that we are in the presence of poetry of a rare and vivid kind there can be no doubt. And these passages are not of outstanding excellence. They represent the normal level on which the poem moves whenever its purpose is towards the expression of tragic idea, which it habitually is. Artistic cause and effect are marked throughout "*Dauber*" with astonishing intensity. As long as the impulse is strictly and essentially poetic, poetic expression comes to Mr. Masefield with unerring certainty; his profound sense of pity always brings with it a high passion of speech surely compelled into the strict beauty of verse. But running parenthetically through the sustained pity of "*Dauber*" there is a curiosity as to subtleties of character, which is not an impulse essentially poetic, and whenever this is allowed to assert itself the sinews of the work are relaxed and we get something which is not poetry at all. It may

not be without admirable qualities in other directions, but in art an admirable thing in the wrong place violates form and loses all its virtue. A striking example of this weakness is the passage in which Dauber, after the fierce long struggle with the storm, "torn by his frozen body's lust for heat," is offered his mug of grog with his mates, and remembers:

"A promise long since made at home  
Never to taste strong liquor. Now he knew  
The worth of liquor; now he wanted some.

'Please, sir, I'm temperance.'

The moment jerks us rudely to a readjustment of our imaginative perception, and our first instinct is to say that here is false sentiment, a wilful transition from poetic splendour to a rather weakly pathos. But this is not the real explanation. The passage shows a quite acute perception of an interesting subtlety of character. By itself it is a piece of external realism as justly realised as Mrs. Jones's plea to the magistrate:

"And of course, your worship, he had had very little to eat all day, and the drink does go to the head when you have not had enough to eat. Your Worship may not know, but it is the truth."

But whilst Mrs. Jones moves us in her curiously poignant revelation of character, Dauber merely irritates us in his equally poignant revelation, and the reason is that the one comes in its right artistic context and the other does not. Shakespeare's distribution of prose and verse is directed almost entirely by this artistic necessity. Analysis of the externals of character as distinguished from fundamental passion and idea is not a thing poetic in itself, and to impose a poetic expression upon it is both to destroy the value of the analysis and to rob rhythmic speech of its right significance. Mr. Masfield has written a poem full of memorable beauty, exercising a vision for which we cannot be too grateful, but he has not achieved a perfect whole, because he has attempted at intervals to set down without modification of form things which, whatever their values may be, do not belong to poetry. To say that all things are in the province of poetry is to speak a dangerous half-truth. There is nothing but may be distilled into poetry, but there is much which in its particularised form is too local and too dependent on accidental instead of common factors to be transposed directly into poetry. The emotion behind Dauber's "Please, sir, I'm temperance," might justly be subdued by the poet to his purpose, but when it is particularized in this way its poetic value is lost in the dust of external association. Poetry should concern itself as little with the accidental as with the abstract, and it is as dangerous to confuse the one of these as the other with the concrete.

To philosophy the abstract, the accidental to the comedy of character, and to poetry passion and idea, man's tragic or delighted perceptions of the world. Mr. Masfield's faculty as a poet is not easily to be measured. It has already brought him wide recognition, and the affection of all who care for poetry and are eager for its health and sanity. When he purges it of this one uncertainty of instinct which, as it seems, at present hinders its complete fulfilment, he will do yet greater things for the art he serves. To so fine an instrument nothing is impossible.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

### MICHAEL FAIRLESS.\*

In a little prefatory note to this volume, Mrs. A. H. Haggard, the eldest sister of "Michael Fairless," remarks that it has always been a matter of wonder to her "that the affection of the public for a favourite author should stop short of observing his wishes. Michael Fairless most straitly charged those who would represent her to abstain from the publication of her identity;" but the public has

been so insistent in its demand for knowledge of her that it has, at length, become necessary to disregard her sincere desire and publish the simple truth in order to put an end to the dissemination of false, and half-true and wholly imaginary accounts of her. Now, I cannot see that there is anything to wonder at at all in this curiosity of the public; it is so far from being a blameworthy curiosity that I think there is something fine in it, it is a sign of grace, and I should have thought the less of a public that had never manifested it. To have read "The Roadmender," to have felt the charm of its writing, the spiritual beauty of its quiet philosophy, and to have laid it down and gone on knowing and caring nothing about the personality of the thinker and writer of so unique a book, would have argued just that shallow carelessness, that selfish indifference in the public which I, for one, should have felt was ungrateful and unworthy in them and to be condemned. It is difficult to be grateful to an abstraction, it is impossible to be subdued by the spell of "The Roadmender" without feeling something of gratitude and affection for the exquisite, gently wise spirit that lives in its pages, and if the public had exhibited no desire to come somehow into some sort of personal touch with the very human author of it, then you might have been sure the book had taken no deep hold on them and its life could not have been long. The public shows little enough interest in the average author, even when it is buying his books by thousands; there is no demand for his biography, and it would not sell if it were published. Their interest and their curiosity concerning Michael Fairless is every way a good sign. I am glad it has compelled the publication of this brief record of her, and having read it, I realise that the public was doubly right, and the book was a necessity. It is written with such complete and sympathetic understanding and so reticently that Michael Fairless herself could scarcely, in the circumstances, have wished a word of it had been left unsaid, moreover, it throws light on her own work and helps to a fuller comprehension of it.

Knowing now the conditions under which "The Roadmender" was written you find new and more poignant meanings in much of it, you realise the whole significance, especially, of the second and third parts, "Out of the Shadow," and "At the White Gate." Perhaps it would be better if we remained in ignorance of the lives of some authors—they square so little with their works; but in this case it is far otherwise. Nearly two thirds of the book are devoted to an intimate and admirable critical study of the writings of Margaret Fairless Barber by her friend and literary executor, Mrs. Haggard, in the other third her sister, Mrs. Scott Palmer, tells the story of her life, and it is all that a reading of her three volumes, "The Roadmender," "The Gathering of Brother Hilarus" and "The Grey Brethren," might have led you to anticipate—the story of a shy, sensitive, beautifully human and indomitably brave personality. She only turned to writing when her health was so broken that she could no longer follow more active pursuits: "When she became too ill to go on with her modelling, she began to write, when her writing could not be done in a sitting position, she propped the paper on her chest and wrote lying down; by and by the right hand could no longer be used, so she wrote with her left, a beautiful legible script. When increased physical weakness made writing in every way impossible, she dictated." She had already entered the Valley of the Shadow when she commenced "The Roadmender"; it was written in suffering and difficulties that could never shake her courage or ruffle her patience; it was finished only a day or two before the end, and published after her death. Brief as the biography is, it is sufficient; it is a delicate sketch, with enough of detail filled in to make it a necessary and illuminating commentary on the author's work. It tells you what "The Roadmender" omits; and with this small addition "The Roadmender" becomes her best and fullest biography. Which is as it should be; the public, I repeat, was right to want that, and it was right that so much should be given to us.

A.

\* Michael Fairless: Her life and Writings. By W. Scott Palmer (M. E. Dowson) and A. M. Haggard. With two portraits by Elinor Dowson. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth).

### FORGOTTEN PATHS.\*

Until the nineteenth century hemmed large numbers of people out of sight of green fields and flowing rivers, nobody bothered very much about scenery. The grandeur of the Highlands appalled Dr. Johnson as every other visitor, and it is safe to say that few travellers, until the nineteenth century, mused over the silver lochs. There was more musing in Fleet Street taverns in the good old times.

And then came what intelligent persons refer to as "the industrial revolution," and long, low streets of dingy, red-brick houses, crushing in their dead monotony. The countryside was eaten up by these miserable legions of dwellings. Smoke began to hang in foul clouds over miles of drab squalor. Tall, hideous chimneys erected their heads like veritable steeples of commerce.

And so people took to the road again. But not as the Briton, running bare-foot along the Icknield Way—nor the Anglo-Saxon herding his droves, nor yet, to take a stride, as the rumbling coach flinging the white dust heavenwards. For none of these had learned the secret of the road. It came rather as a grand discovery by those who had eyes to see that Nature held the true beauty of life, and contrast found its greatest treasure-trove on the broad highway.

Borrow, Wordsworth, Burroughs, Whitman, Stevenson, Jeffries and many others set the fashion of wandering.

And so, too, Mr. Belloc, and Mr. Edward Thomas.

We do not propose to discuss whether Mr. Thomas is in the right when he states that Icknield was the generic name for a road.

"The Icknield Way," he says, "is sufficiently explained as the chief surviving road connecting East Anglia and the whole eastern half of the regions north of the Thames with the west and western half of the south of England."

We are mildly interested but we do not care. What this very pleasant book has done for us is to picture in our minds the romance that even the most ordinary lane may possess to recall for a moment or two the travelling steps that have been gathered into silence over the hill. Each road has individuality—

"Some roads creep," says Mr. Thomas, "some continue merely; some advance with majesty, some mount a hill on curves like a soaring sea-gull."

Mr. Thomas (despite the heat of it) loves the road, as we all do, and when he can put his catalogue of facts in his

\* "The Icknield Way." By Edward Thomas. 7s 6d net (Constable & Co.)



Grand Junction Canal.

From "The Icknield Way," by Edward Thomas. (Constable.)

pocket, is as charming and pensive and rollicking a companion all in the proper place as any one could want. Read his racy description of the man he chats with in the train, the fellow who knew "men's rouls, and what each farm cost when it changed hands last. He knew also the men living and dead, and the lives they lived, what they were worth, and whose bed they died in."

But Mr. Thomas is, above all, a stylist. He can write in the reflective vein of Mr. A. C. Benson, just as he can write with the sort of dry humour of Mr. William Caine in the "Angler at Large."

The following, in reference to the desolate home of a dead villager, is charged with atmosphere:

"The silence of the house and road was like a sea suddenly expanding infinitely about me. As I turned away the child's sob, the song of the robin, the scream of the swifts fell into that black silence without breaking it, like tears into a deep sea."

Grave and gay Mr. Thomas takes us by the hand along the Icknield Way. May it not be long before we set out with him again.

### SIR HERBERT TAYLOR.\*

General Sir Herbert Taylor is to-day nothing more than a name to most people. Yet in his life he was a person of very considerable importance, albeit, like the permanent officials of the great Government departments whose decisions to a great extent control the country, he never bulked largely in the public eye. His influence was that of the power behind the throne, and while he sowed wise advice, others reaped the benefit and the credit. Born in 1775, he entered the Foreign Office at the age of seventeen, and at the end of the year was appointed secretary to Sir James Murray, whom he served on the Continent until the close of the campaign of 1793. Always inclining to a military career, he became a cornet in the 2nd Dragoon Guards in the spring of 1794, and in fourteen months was promoted captain in the same regiment. His talents were so remarkable, and he had so thoroughly taken advantage of the opportunities of acquiring information offered while he was with Sir James Murray, that he was singled out for special duties; and acted during 1794-5 as assistant-secretary to the commanders-in-chief in the Netherlands, the incapable Duke of York and his successor, Sir David Dundas. After the close of the campaign, the Duke of York, who had a great admiration and liking for him, made him his assistant secretary at the Horse Guards, and later his private secretary. In this latter capacity he was brought into touch with other members of the Royal Family, and in 1805 he became private secretary to George III.—a position he occupied for five years, when the King became mad. The Regency being established, he filled a similar post under Queen Charlotte until her death in 1818. He was an executor of the Queen's will, and later of the King's will. He represented Windsor in Parliament from 1820, and was military secretary to the Duke of York from that year until 1827, when for a short time he held the same post under Wellington, who had succeeded the Duke as Commander-in-Chief. For a short time in 1828 he was Surveyor-General of the Ordnance and then Adjutant-General to the Forces; and on the accession of William IV. became the private secretary of that monarch, a position he retained throughout the reign.

A man who had held so many and such varied positions in the Army and at Court, and especially one who had been private secretary to three monarchs, must have seen much that was interesting. Sir Herbert, however, was a man of great discretion, and he carried his cautiousness to the extent of ordering his official memoranda to be destroyed after his death, thereby, no doubt, consigning to eternal silence many curious phases of unwritten history.

"Other papers and letters of interest were, however, put aside—and a selection of these, together with his reminiscences, are introduced in the following pages," the able and careful editor, Mr. Ernest Taylor, states. "They range from the close of the eighteenth century to 1838 [the year preceding Sir Herbert's

\* "The Taylor Papers: being a record of certain reminiscences, letters, and journals in the life of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Herbert Taylor, G.C.B., G.C.H." 15s. net. (Longmans).

death], many of them portraying, I think, to a considerable extent, the personality of the man who found himself constantly centred near the throne, and typifying certain social and military aspects of the period in which he played his part."

The editor does not put the value of the book too high, and, though it makes its principal appeal to those well versed in the history of the period, the general reader will find it interesting, albeit the absence of explanatory footnotes will sometimes hamper him. Did space permit, many extracts could be made from these pages. For example, there is a brief account of the King of Naples:

"General Murat was also at Cannes previous to embarking in the attempt which cost his life. He was for a fortnight at Pimichinat's, his chief attendant being General Pignatelli. During this period he mixed readily with the natives, talked freely, chiefly in abuse of Buonaparte, and appeared cheerful and unconcerned, though his pecuniary resources were small. There is a small grass plot below the road, near the inn where the natives assembled in the evening to dance. Here he would be on the grass, looking on and smoking, and occasionally singing Barcarolles."

We also get a glimpse of Napoleon at Cannes, shortly after he landed in France after his escape from Elba.

"During this period the troops he had brought with him—remarkably fine men of soldier-like appearance—formed three sides of a square, in which he and his officers stood, the fourth side being open and accessible to the people of the town and country who crowded to see him from curiosity rather than from any interest in his undertaking. Some of these told me the weather was cold, and that they kept their hats and cloaks on, and were amused at seeing the Prince of Monaco, whom Buonaparte had summoned from the neighbourhood, standing in the square in grande costume, silk stockings, *chapeau bras*, bowing and shivering. At length Buonaparte dismissed him with a sneer, saying, 'Mon Prince, votre Altesse peut retourner dans ses états.'"

LEWIS MELVILLE

## CHANCE AND THE NOVELIST.\*

"The tune of chance," according to Mr. and Mrs. Castle, in the preface to a new volume of short stories, "subdued or assertive, can be heard through every story that pretends to portray human life." In the sense, of course, that every story has to deal with a series of events or happenings, this is undeniable, for a story, however psychological or philosophical may be its ground-work, is the merest dead machine if nothing ever happens in it. And every happening is by way of being a matter of fortune, good or ill, to the persons who for the moment are presented to the reader. So it seems to me that Mr. and Mrs. Castle were enunciating a wise truism, of which we may sometimes, in our preoccupation with other things, lose sight, rather than revealing a particularly subtle truth. But in the sense that chance, in a romance, is some swift adventure, their preface is singularly appropriate to their own work. Here are gay and sometimes tragic adventures, to the number of nine, the first a characteristic and well-handled story of a past time, in which the turns are rung upon French wit and English courage, vengeance and constancy, concluding with an astonishing but (in view of the preface) entirely credible interposition of the elements to prevent fratricide. The other stories are military, historical, and modern Irish, all good and competent, and just what we expect from such accomplished practitioners as Mr. and Mrs. Castle—some long enough to have the swagger almost of full-dress novels, others for the delight of a few moments only.

Mr. Ernest Mansfield takes Chance very seriously indeed, for his story is a heaped-up treasure of surprising incidents, from ruby- and gold-mines in India to jealous murder, wrongful accusation, flight from prison, and the final

\* "Chance the Piper." By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Smith, Elder.)—"Ralph Raymond." By Ernest Mansfield. (Stanley Paul.)—"Patchwork Comedy." By Humfrey Jordan. (Putnam.)—"Pebble." By R. G. Behrens. (Duckworth.)—"Isle of Thorns." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Constable.)—"White Witch." By Meriel Buchanan. (Jenkins.)—"The Ambassador." By William Wriothlesley. (Heinemann.)—"Mr. Flight." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Howard Latimer.)—"Father Ralph." By Gerald O'Donovan. (Macmillan.)—"Succession." By Ethel Sidgwick. (Sidgwick & Jackson.) 6s. each.

rectification of all misunderstandings. One may question the accuracy of Mr Mansfield's accounts of legal processes, but his story is exciting, and he has a genuine knowledge of prospecting and loyalty to prospectors which does not fail to interest.

Both Mr Humfrey Jordan (in "Patchwork Comedy") and Mr R. G. Behrens (in "Pebble") deal with women whose unconventionality sometimes arouses our sus-

picious, and they both deal in rather ingenuous style with dissolute husbands who have wrecked or almost wrecked the lives of their young and attractive wives. Whereas Mr. Jordan boldly makes his heroine a sparkling young woman of spirit, Mr. Behrens is—as a note to the book implies—more considerably occupied with events which have their root in facts. But the element of chance is very strong in both books, or they would never have ended as pleasantly as they do. Neither book impresses by its literary quality.

It was a remarkable chance indeed that sent Miss Kaye-Smith's heroine tramping on her own account in Sussex, that made her further the innocent mistress of a rather promiscuous Scotsman, and that introduced her to Raphael Moore. But Miss Kaye-Smith is a romantic artist, and she deals with somewhat *outré* and startling events. It is unusual for heroines to stab men, but it is still more unusual for them to have as much debate about going to prison for the crime as Sally had with her lover. The artificial conclusion of the story gives its remissent glow a disappointing quality, because Miss Kaye-Smith is so obviously able to create in the easiest imaginable style a picture of natural beauty hard to forget. All the more pity, therefore, that with so much talent she should have wasted it upon an unconvincing theme, and upon a heroine of whose vulgarity she seems hardly to be aware. This all arises from a fear of being feminine and ramby-pamby, a fear which carries Miss Kaye-Smith into an exaggerated unconventionality of situation and language. But of the beauty of much of the book there can be no two opinions; it would be remarkable for that alone.

"White Witch" is a story of titled Germans, who seem a little obsessed by sentiment. It is terribly hard that two sisters should both engage themselves to the wrong men, when a little bluntness at a crucial moment might have saved them the inconvenience. As it is, the one manages to marry the man of her heart, while the other only achieves happiness in her marriage to an Englishman after some harassing experiences. More convincing, perhaps, in its handling of foreign notabilities, is Mr. Wriothlesley's "The Ambassador." Mr. Wriothlesley seems to know a great deal about the way conversation is sustained in diplomatic circles, and gives a very realistic (and not too dazzling) picture of an interesting kind of society. Here again there is a matrimonial misunderstanding—the over-zealous lovemaking of a spendthrift who discovers in time that his divinity has no money. It is, perhaps, hard to feel convinced that the two women



Mr. Humfrey Jordan,

whose new novel, "Patchwork Comedy" is published by Messrs. Putnam.



(both coolly and strongly drawn) could have been deceived by a man in whom the author never for one moment allows us to believe; but, on the other hand, the love-making has an air of truth, and the background of society has all the conviction that arises from a hard adherence to observed fact. Chance, in the shape of the sudden accident to an amusing little boy, an accident which allows the heroine self-respectingly to remain unmarried, is worked rather obviously, which is a pity, considering that the quality of the book is high enough to stand above mere device.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's latest novel is a cynical romance of a Jewish soap-maker, blessed with millions, who aspires to political and social eminence. Mr. Hueffer handles "Mr. Fleight" (with his friends Mr. Blood and Miss McPhail) as though it were the easiest matter in the world to write an extravaganza. And it is remarkable that the fun, although not always in the best of taste, never flags. From the moment when Mr. Fleight correctly guesses Mr. Blood to be calculating the proportion of motor- to horse-vehicles passing his club on Derby day, to the moment of Mr. Fleight's achievement of the first great triumph of his progressive career, there is no doubt that Mr. Blood is an extraordinarily original character. He and his motley gang of beneficiaries are, without doubt, the most delightful persons in a book which is truly amusing.

Very different from "Mr. Fleight" is "Father Ralph," a sober and dignified study of the childhood, youth, and manhood of a young Irish priest who has in the end to forsake his calling. The book is written with intense sympathy which never seems to degenerate into prejudice. It contains a series of portraits—of priests and laymen alike—which, however slight, are all recognizable for those of persons who are more than shadows. And it gives, very simply, an appalling picture of the young priest's growth to detestation of the forces which combine to shatter his dream of "vocation." The book is hardly a story; it is a serious human narrative, depending upon no chance, but upon the honesty and virtue of its own conviction.

The present reviewer is not one of those who were so fortunate as to read Miss Ethel Sidgwick's "Promise"; but the further growth of Antoine Edgell, as described in Miss Sidgwick's new novel, "Succession," has an engrossing power of unusual quality. It is the story of a young musical genius, studied, as it were, with conscientious moderation. Miss Sidgwick's work is tremendously expert—so expert that the conversations, of which there are many, seem almost overpoweringly competent. They have a compression and a dove-tailing that is Meredithian, allied with an air of naturalness that might almost deceive an unsuspecting reader into supposing them exact. Somehow one carries from the book a sense of expertness rather than of vivid life; but it seems ungrateful to insist upon this aspect when the book as it stands, whatever the shortcomings produced by its competence, is so decided an achievement. For Chance has no hand here, so cunningly is Chance handled. All Chance is made so veracious and so apparently not Chance at all, but mere recital of essential action and reaction, that Chance seems to have lost its occupation, until we gloss it as Nature.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

### FOLK-DRAMA.\*

The portrait which prefaces Lady Gregory's new volume comes as an illumination, because it helps one to understand the author's outlook. The uplift in the eyes portends the acute vision of the confirmed idealist, while the soft kindly humorous mould of the lips gives a look of tender worldly wisdom to the face. The Celt is the spoilt darling of the human race—he, alone, can play pranks with the serious things of life—he alone can approach the holy things of the spirit with a levity that soils no halo—he also can make merry with the things of the soul. Upon that attitude towards reality rests the fact that the Irish

\* "New Irish Comedies." By Lady Gregory. 3s. net. (Putnam.)

school of dramatists have succeeded in raising the common-places of life into the realms of poetry. Thus, it happens that out of the most banal materials, the Celt, with child-like freshness, will evoke a soul that will blossom into poetry as easily as though it were common speech. Here is Cracked Mary, a "natural," speaking:

"All bad things quieten in the night time, and the ugly thing itself will put on some sort of a decent face."

And all through these five plays, you will find the common folks saying the grand things, with a sanctified simplicity that might easily be the despair of a minor poet. Through each play the shapes change, and I confess I find myself wondering sometimes whether they do take on the form of reality. It may be that I have seen too many examples of the Irish National Theatre—and somehow have learnt the trick of them—but occasionally, in this volume, the usually pure sense of abandon—the joy of life—becomes astonishingly infrequent, as though the inspiration had halted on the way. Perhaps it is that the material of Irish drama is confined to a range of self-conscious individualists who seem always to act "in the limes." "The Bogie Man," a duologue between two chimney sweeps, is delicious in its humour, always provided you allow the possibility of the situation. Two "harmless driftly lads" meet and discuss an expected meeting with their well-doing cousins, Dermot and Timothy, whose names have been dinned into them as models of virtue—only to discover that they are themselves respectively the cousins referred to.

"The Full Moon" is welcome, because it re-introduces us to that delightful rascal, Hyacinth Halvey, and shows how he managed to clear out of Cloon and of the excellent character he had been trying to lose, under the pretence that he had been bitten by a mad dog. The humour here is unforced, and like all the best humour, the characters are unconscious of it.

"Damer's Gold" has a half revealed vein of tragedy in it that lends a special savour to its dialogue. But for sheer throbbing beauty, a beauty that hurts just as it heartens, I like most of all "McDonough's Wife." The famous wandering piper came home from a carousal, in which he had spent all his earnings, to find the dead body of his wife. Neither in house nor pocket is there a penny left to save her from a pauper's grave. The artist in him calls out—his art will call the people to his side and he will conquer.

"And as to the rich of this world, I would not humble my head to them. Let them have their serving men and their labourers and messengers will do their bidding. But the servant I myself command is the pipes that draws its breath from the four winds, and from a wind that is beyond them again, and at the back of the winds of the air. She was a wedded woman and a woman having my own gold ring on her hand, and my own name put down with hers in the book. But she to have been a shameless woman as ye make her out to be, and sold from tinker to tinker on the road, it is all one! I will show Galway and the world that it does signify; that it is not fitting McDonough's wife to travel without company and good hands under her, and good following on the road. Play now, pipes, if you never played before! Call to the keeners to follow her with screams and beating of the hands, and calling out! Set them crying now with your sound and with your notes, as it is often you brought them to the dance-house."

The moral that art conquers all at the last is eminently satisfying to the artist. Lady Gregory's New Comedies are certainly a notable contribution to the Irish Folk History plays.

R. L.

### INDIA AND THE INDIANS.\*

Books about India are almost invariably interesting, and this book is no exception to the rule. It was written after many years spent at missionary work in the vicinity of Poona; it gives evidence of close and careful observation. But I think the title is somewhat a misnomer; Poona and its environs may be representative of the Deccan, but one could hardly generalize about Sind from experience gained.

\* "India and the Indians." By Edward F. Elwin. 10s. 6d. (John Murray.)



exclusively in Bengal, or draw conclusions regarding Rajputana from a study of the ethnology of Madras. And it is just this sort of thing which Mr. Elwin does. Had he restricted the application of his theories to the central Deccan and given the book an appropriate name, it would have been far better. "India is really waking up, but she is doing it in her own way." Is this really the case, or is Mr. Elwin unconsciously misled by the immediate local (and possibly impermanent) results of his missionary labours? Have we indeed reached the end of the period during which the myriads between Cape Comorin and "The Abode of Snow" have been content to "let the legions thunder past"—to regard material things as less important than the things of the spirit? According to the author the sea of thought to which the Indian mind was wont to plunge, no longer exists, but this view seems to do but scant justice to the Indian intellect. Surely that mind-plasm of which the Vedic Hymns are perhaps the noblest result, cannot have become absolutely sterile. Can India wake up effectively? Because the Baboo furnishes his house with cheap European furniture, because the pilgrim uses the railway, and the gramophone squeals at the village feast, are there not abundant evidences that those strange, unmoral cults, so incomprehensible to the Western mind, are held to by the mass of the people as tenaciously as ever. Can the bonds of caste be thrown off? We have seen Japan break the chain of the Shogunate and arise like a freed giant, but the Shogunate was like a single chain, whereas caste might be compared to a multitude of tiny fibres, strangling every blood-vessel and compressing every nerve. But whatever may be thought of his conclusions, everyone must admire the painstaking and conscientious observation which Mr. Elwin has spent on the people to whose welfare he has apparently devoted his life.

W.C.S.

### A SUBURB IN BOHEMIA.\*

This is the best way to go to work in writing about London—to devote a separate volume to each district of it. So vast a place, so rich in every variety of interests, cannot be adequately dealt with in any other fashion. Mr. Eyre has found more than enough material in St. John's Wood alone to fill a large and well produced volume, he has the advantage of coming of a notable family that has been intimately connected with the neighbourhood for more than two centuries past, and he has the right historian's interest in everything concerning its origins, its growth, its famous houses and the haunts of its celebrities. He frankly admits that its reputation has not always been so respectable as it might have been, and gives entertaining accounts of some of the "fair dwellers in the Wood," who were responsible for that reputation, the most important of which is the record of the beautiful Miss Howard, who played such a prominent part in the career of Napoleon III., both during his exile in England and after he had made himself Empe or of the French.

But St. John's Wood has a multitude of better memories, all of which Mr. Eyre recalls for you. Hood lived there, and Mary Lamb, the Howitts, Shelley's Jane Williams, Jefferson Hogg, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Shirley Brooks, George Eliot, Mrs. Henry Wood, Douglas Jerrold, and many another; above all it was and is the home of great artists. Some of Mr. Eyre's most delightful anecdotes are about Landseer, Leslie, Alma Tadema, Phil May, Frith, Sidney Cooper, and the members of the St. John's Wood Arts Club. Lord's Cricket Ground is duly honoured, nor is the strange story of Joanna Southcott forgotten. The "Eyre Arms" has a chapter to itself, and an excellent chapter, too. The whole subject is literally alive with interest, and Mr. Eyre has done amplest justice to it; he has a pleasantly gossiping, anecdotal style, and is at the same time a careful

\* "St. John's Wood." By Alan Montgomery Eyre. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

and thoroughly reliable chronicler. The numerous illustrations from old prints, sketches and photographs, complete the interest and usefulness of his book.

### A POET, A PLAYWRIGHT, AND OTHERS.\*

Mr. Mackereith is always worth listening to. He has a fine classical manner, a warm and rich vocabulary, some passion, and a fine sense of colour. Amid a batch of miscellaneous poetry his work stands out. One always feels that here is a poet with an artistic conscience. He has written all through the dark days for poetry when the poet was unwanted, and he brings to "Ioläus" the same high heart and courage, the old fire. One always feels that to him the making of poetry is well worth while. There are some very beautiful descriptive passages in "Ioläus," and the imagination is of a high order.

Mr. Darrell Figgis has taken the tragedy of Queen Draga for his play, finding "a subject made to his hand." The play has rapid movement and its moments of tense dramatic feeling. Though it is not great drama it is good picturesque moving drama, not without its purple patches. One would like to see it staged. Mr. Figgis wisely takes the great craftsmen for his models, and his work rises to that degree of dignity that one is not repelled by the Shakespearean manner. Queen Tara is no Lady Macbeth; but in the school of drama which Mr. Stephen Phillips adorns Mr. Figgis is a worthy worker. If Tara has no passages of great insight, yet there is poetry which increases with the movement of the play. The scene of the murder of the Queen, or rather the scene preceding it, has some very fine poetic moments and passages.

\* "Ioläus" By J. W. Mackereith (Longmans).—"Queen Tara" By Darrell Figgis (Dent).—"A Boy's Will" By Robert Frost (Nutt).—"First Poems" By Max Hlowman. (Sidgwick & Jackson).—"Poems" By A. Hugh Fisher (Elkan Mathews).



First meeting of "The Club":  
Alma Tadema posing for his silhouette.  
From "St. John's Wood," by Alan Montgomery Eyre (Chapman & Hall).

The young poets who begin to spring up now that poetry is once again in favour are very like the host of young ones in the great little Renaissance of the 'eighties and 'nineties. They have all poetical ideas, poetic diction, the manner—if not the matter—of the poet, and there is life in what they have to say. If it will come to anything one knows not. Very often the young poet evolves quickly out of shapelessness. On the other hand, he may have to learn his art patiently. None of these three young poets is without promise. One may even have hopes of them as the poets of to-morrow, although they are not the poets but the disciples of to-day. Mr. Robert Frost is apparently an American, so one would like to be kind to him as a stranger. So far his achievement is no great matter: but he has a way of keeping one expectant, as though something good were sure to come. We shall look for it in another volume. "A Boy's Will" suggests young work. We shall hope to meet Mr. Frost another day.

"First Poems," by Max Plowman, is another volume which wakes the unreasonable hope. There is some magic of a long-lost Spring about it, some radiance from eyes of youth. He does not attain, but he seems always on the edge of attaining. Here, in a poem of Sussex, is a charming fancy, although the whole poem falls short of the magic poetry which has been written about this beloved county.

"Not in the mazes of her hair,  
Thick wools that hide the open sky,  
Nor where the lonely mountains dare  
To lift their thought-wreathed foreheads high,  
But where her bosom falls and swells,  
To moulded downs and dimpled dells  
Does she invite me  
And delight me"

Almost beautiful. But "Thought-wreathed foreheads!"—unless, indeed, Mr. Plowman thinks on the men who have preceded him with praises of Sussex. And—are there mountains in Sussex?

Mr. Fisher is the best of the bunch of these three young poets. His work is indeed far more arresting than anything in the other two books. He is in a sense arrived. There is ease and accomplishment in his poetry, and a certain quaintness which is very pleasant. Here is a specimen of his work which has a classical touch.

"Time tames the beast and ripens  
The fruit upon the bough,  
Time wears the flint and lessens  
The sharpness of the plough  
Time mitigates men's anger,  
They say, and conquers woe,  
But I two years am exiled  
And still my torments grow  
Bulls bow their necks to labour,  
And lions lose their ire;  
And Indian monsters bend the knee,  
And coursers ply for hire.  
Big grapes break from their bunches,  
Juice runs to purple waste:  
And ears of corn grow ruddy  
And apples sweet to taste.  
Far distant is the city,  
Home, wife and friends are far  
I hear the Scythian rabble  
And watch an unknown star."

There is atmosphere in this simple thing.

KATHARINI TYNAN.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.\*

The history of the Rothschilds is the history of the vast credit system upon which our modern civilization is built up. Before the days of the great Frankfort family the credit system had a purely local and individual significance. It was the action of Maier Amschel Rothschild in sending

\* "The Romance of the Rothschilds" By Ignatius Balla. 20s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

his five sons to open banks in five great capital cities of Europe which spread the network of the system over a continent. The third son of Maier Amschel, the poor Jew from the Frankfort ghetto who founded the house, was Nathan Rothschild, who captured London and England, while his younger brother James ruled at Paris. The fourth son became the financial prince of Naples and Italy; the eldest controlled the situation throughout Germany from the original office of Frankfort; and the second son, Solomon, lived at Vienna as the Cæsar of the dual monarchy. In the first decade of the nineteenth century the Rothschilds were established in every financial centre of Europe. By their father's dying wishes they discussed every operation in concert. They were the precursors of an era of financial operations which could fully liberate the vast access of potentiality for wealth called the Industrial Revolution.

The power and the system of the Rothschilds were unprecedented. Their contemporaries did not understand their power, and perhaps they themselves were hardly conscious of its extent. More than British arms it was the Rothschilds' money which gave Napoleon his *coup de grâce*; and, although the credit system of to-day is vaster than the early Rothschilds dreamed of, even men of to-day can hardly understand the power that the Frankfort family possessed. There is no financial power to-day which can compare for unity and disciplined administration with the Rothschilds of three-quarters of a century ago. To-day the great financiers combine. They work by arrangement and agreement to eliminate competition. They form the most gigantic of all modern trusts (and on the smooth working of that trust our modern civilization entirely depends), but yet they are in competition. At the moment at which fear of the consequences of competition yields to a feeling of confidence of victory the weaker member is crushed. The Rothschilds were held together by other ties than those of momentary interest; they were united by the bonds of fraternal and filial affection, and together they wrought a miracle. It will never be seen again. It was because the Rothschild intelligence was so much in advance of the material civilization of their day that they became all-powerful. Their organisation was such that they possessed more information and more speedily than the most secret of secret services. The death-blow to their monopoly in information was the death-blow to their monopoly in financial power. The railways, which they did so much to develop on the Continent, and, above all, the electric telegraph, spelt the end of their power to "corner civilization." The debt that modern civilization owes to the Rothschilds is enormous, obscured though it be by the inevitable hatred of the wealthy monopolist. Their gift to the world was mobility of capital; to their efforts and their system modern States owe it that they were able to abandon the petty and wasteful methods of pre-French Revolution government, and modern commercial enterprise owes it that modern communications are excellent and improving, and that commercial enterprise itself in the elastic form of the joint-stock company is really existent.

In some such manner should the House of Rothschild be judged *sub specie æternitatis*, in the phrase of Spinoza. The "Romance of the Rothschilds" rather leaves the real romance for the small-talk. The author's advantage is that small-talk concerning great men possesses always an individual fascination. The quixotic generosity of the founder of the house, Maier Amschel, is as pleasant to read about as the callous liberality of Nathan, the greatest Rothschild, is distasteful. It is difficult to feel oneself wholly in sympathy with the man who could say, as he did to his friend Buxton:

"Sometimes, to amuse myself, I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks I have made a mistake, and, for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes. It is very amusing."

For all his magnificence of intellect and determination of character, there was something terribly hard in Nathan Rothschild. If he gave, it was like a blow in the face.

Mr. Balla gives us some interesting particulars of the relations between Heinrich Heine and Baron James, the Rothschild of Paris. Heine seems always to have preserved his financial independence, and some of his replies to what he considered the Baron's presumption must have been salutary in their effect.

"Baron James was conducting a large financial transaction, and he gave a very choice dinner in honour of the bankers who were staying in Paris. Heine was not invited to the dinner, but, when one of the guests at table expressed a wish to meet the poet, Rothschild replied that it could easily be managed. He wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, asking Heine to come and take coffee with him. A footman took the note to Heine's house and returned with this reply to the Baron's invitation:—  
"Monsieur le Baron, I usually take my coffee where I have had my dinner."

A book of anecdotes can hardly give the measure of the Rothschilds. "The Romance of the Rothschilds" certainly does not. It is, however, all that such a book would claim to be—a compilation of absorbing interest.

J. MIDDLETON MURRAY.

### A VALIANT WOMAN.\*

Mr. Edmund Maurice has chosen his own method for telling the life of Octavia Hill, and it is, perhaps, useless to complain that the plan adopted, the publication of letters written by Octavia Hill or sent to her, with a slender explanatory narrative linking up the correspondence, does not give us the full and complete biography we naturally desire. In fact, we want to know a great deal more about this gifted and remarkable woman than the letters reveal. We learn practically nothing of her attitude to the many social movements of the last fifty years of the nineteenth century, with the exception of Housing, Open Spaces, Organized Philanthropy, and Women's Suffrage. And yet Miss Hill must have had definite and well-grounded opinions on a number of topics.

However, there it is, and we must take the book as it stands, and with hearty acknowledgment of gratitude to Mr. Maurice for bringing us into the company of Octavia Hill. What a life of high-minded industry it is that is set out in these pages! A long life, too; responsibility accepted and well shouldered in girlhood, and no laying down of the burden till death came calling at the age of seventy-three. If responsibility is the test of courage, Octavia Hill was surely a valiant woman! Her impatience of committees was entirely natural. Her reliance on God and her own right arm was justified. How deeply she was indebted to her mother, and how bravely helped by her sisters is well brought out. And then the friends she had! There is a good deal about F. D. Maurice, Miss Emma Cons, Mr. Cockerell, and Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, and we have glimpses of Kingsley, the Brownings, Miss Davenport Hill, Dr. Furnivall, J. M. Ludlow, Vansittart Neale, Tennyson, and other famous persons. Above all there is John Ruskin looming large in the earlier years of Octavia Hill's public activity. The story of the unhappy separation has been told elsewhere, and is not recounted. Mr. Cockerell's efforts at reconciliation were evidently quite futile, and in Octavia Hill's view not to be encouraged. An evening in December, 1858, when Ruskin paid a visit to the Hills, is described by Emily Hill, and is one of the best things in the book. Ruskin on that occasion said of F. D. Maurice (championed by Octavia), "he could not follow him. He seemed like a man who did not see clearly, and was always stretching out, moving on in the right direction but in a fog." But Ruskin promised to try and understand Maurice. More personally on that memorable occasion:

\* "Life of Octavia Hill, as told in Her Letters." Edited by C. Edmund Maurice. 16s. net. (Macmillan.)

"Ruskin said for his part he was never happy except when he was selfish, when he shut himself up, and read only the books he liked, or enjoyed the sunshine and nature." Eighteen years later Ruskin wrote to Octavia Hill: "My question, a very vital one, is, whether it really never enters your mind at all that all measures of amelioration in great cities, such as your sister pleads for, and as you rejoice in having effected, may in reality be only encouragements to the great Evil Doers in their daily accumulating Sin?"

But Ruskin did well in committing his house property to Octavia Hill's charge—there can be no doubt about that.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

### IN LANDS AFAR.\*

In these latter days when, practically speaking, the whole world has been explored, when the telegraph wire runs across what but a couple of decades ago were the waste spaces of the map, when it is almost impossible to get out of reach of the law of one of the great civilized nations, the writing of a really good travel book has become infinitely difficult. There is no longer the likelihood of fresh discoveries wherewith to thrill the reader. Literary merit must, of necessity, be the main factor, and the highest form of literary merit in a volume of this class is the power to interest the reader in your own personality.

\* "Adventures Beyond the Zambesi" By Mrs. Fred Maturin. 10s. 6d. net. (Nash).—"Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer" By W. C. Scully. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin).—"Confessions of a Tenderfoot" By Ralph Stock. 10s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards).—"Mozambique" By R. N. Lane. 12s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)



Mrs. Fred Maturin.

Frontispiece portrait from "Adventures beyond the Zambesi." (Evelyn Nash.)



Mr. W. C. Scully.

Reproduced from "M.A.B." by courtesy of Mr. Fisher Unwin

to force him to go on with the book, not for the sake of the knowledge he will gain, but because he is anxious to discover how you, yourself, came out of it in the end.

Judged by this standard and I am certain it is the correct one—Mrs. Fred Maturin has written an exceedingly good book. From the geographer's point of view it is almost negligible, from the company promoter's point of view it is quite so, but as a vivid piece of writing, as a revelation of what must be a delightful personality, and as an absolutely faithful picture of life on the veld beyond Railhead, it deserves a wide popularity.

"Adventures beyond the Zambesi" comes as a welcome surprise. Several other women writers have produced expensive volumes on their travels in Rhodesia, as well as novels of Rhodesian life, but it has remained for Mrs. Fred Maturin to produce one which was worth buying—and keeping. The other Rhodesian books by women have been so obviously and blatantly written to order—written to please a Government which gave travelling facilities, and also supplied many official pamphlets as the basis for copy. In Mrs. Fred Maturin's case it is self-evident that she has no axe to grind. No one else has ever described a hunting trip so vividly, so delightfully, so truthfully. As an old resident in Rhodesia in the early days, an old transport-rider, trader, and hunter, I can appreciate it all, but I believe that those who have never set foot in the Land of Unfulfilled Promises will derive just as keen enjoyment from it.

It is the personal note which tells, even more than the accuracy of detail, great though the latter is. The author is a living entity, not merely someone who has set down the record of certain happenings. She enjoyed it, despite the dangers and discomforts, despite the financial anxieties of which, here and there, she gives us a glimpse, and we enjoy it with her; but, perhaps, the best thing is really the simply-told love-story at the back of it all, a story which, apparently, she could not keep out, because it became such an essential part of it all.

A good many people may wish that she had put in a little less concerning the question of female suffrage, arguing rightly that we get more than enough of that subject in the daily papers; but those dull pages are easily skipped. A more serious offence really is that she allows her printers to spell "veld" in the German way, with a final t. This is, as a rule, done only by the veriest amateurs amongst writers on South Africa, and she, as everyone knows, is not an amateur.

If Mrs. Fred Maturin has struck the right note in travel books—and I hold that she has done so—it is impossible to say that any of my other three authors has been wholly successful, although it is only fair to add that Mr. Lyne did not set out to produce a volume of this kind, his work being essentially of the informative type, almost of the technical type.

In a way, Mr. Scully had a far better chance than Mrs. Fred Maturin, because his subject matter is so far more important. The things he has to tell us have, or should have, a distinct historical value. But he has not written them as history—the history of the early days of the diamond and gold-mining industries in South Africa—and as reminiscences they leave one a little cold. The man himself is not in them. Certain things happened to him. Obviously, he had both personal courage and ability, and yet, as you read the book, you never seem actually to see the author, or to care about his fate. He is someone telling you—and telling you well, in excellent English—of things which happened in the sixties, of the making of the history of South Africa; and yet, as you close the book, you still feel that you do not know him. To use a detestable, though convenient, phrase, there is not the "human touch."

The book is good, and deserves to be widely read, but one cannot help hoping that in the continuation which Mr. Scully promises—this is but the first instalment, and might have well been longer—the author will remember that he himself is of far more interest to the reader than are the other folk of whom he tells us.

The "Confessions of a Tenderfoot" has some of the same failings as Mr. Scully's Reminiscences, and it has many of the same good points. It is written in nice, clean, lucid English; it has some thoughtful, even valuable, passages on problems, such as the coolie-labour question in Fiji, and yet, save in the first few pages, the writer does not succeed in making himself an actual personage to us. We know little more about him at the end than we did at the beginning, except that he possessed unlimited grit and resource, that nothing seemed to daunt him, and—that he must have any amount of splendid copy, which we hope he will use by-and-bye.

I do not want to infer that the book is a failure. Far from that. It is an excellently-told narrative of a man's wanderings in Canada, the Pacific, and Australasia. True, it has not the historical value of Mr. Scully's work, because it tells of things as they are to-day, but every page in it is of interest. My only criticism of it is that it, too, lacks the intimate personal touch which makes Mrs. Fred Maturin's story so fascinating.

"Mozambique" is of another order altogether. It is the work of an official, and an expert, writing of the things he has seen and learnt in his official capacity. It is a book for students and possible investors, rather than for the general public. Personally, it interested me, because some ten years ago I explored a large portion of the Mozambique territory for the Government, being the first white man to go through the rubber-producing districts, which the author calls Mandanda, though I knew them as the N'Dandine.

There was certainly a need for a volume dealing with this subject, and, to a certain extent, Mr. Lyne has supplied that need. On the other hand, it is a pity that he did not go more fully into his subject—obviously he knows it thoroughly—give more details, more figures, and produce a real book of reference. Some of his statements, especially those relating to rubber, will come as a surprise to many people. I, for one, was under the impression that, in consequence of an international agreement, the destructive boiled-rubber industry had long since been rendered impossible. Certainly, ten years ago, the Germans would allow no boiled rubber to pass out through any of their ports. I am sure, too, that some of his remarks on the Landolphia rubber creeper will arouse controversy. Still, though it may be lacking in one or two respects, "Mozambique" is quite worthy to be classed with the other three volumes as being worth reading.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

## MODERN GRUB STREET.\*

In his new book of essays, Mr. A. St. John Adcock takes a refreshingly cheerful view of the general prospects of life on the sunnier side of Grub Street. Most writers on the topic—successful or fairly successful men themselves—always seem to me to discourage the young literary adventurer for some secret purpose. Sometimes I suspect they are trying to prevent the most open of professions from becoming too overcrowded; but on the whole, I take it, they cry down their own way of life with an ironical smile, well knowing that if a man has it in him to write for a living, nothing they say will make him change his mind. Mr. Adcock is more honest and franker. He says:

"If you have a reasonable aptitude for literary pursuits, and are content to accept the pleasure of indulging it in part payment for your labours, you may have to face lean years of hardship, impecuniosity, disappointment, but eventually, so that you are sufficiently energetic and adaptable, you can earn a comfortable and congenial income with your pen."

That is about the truth of the matter. In a very interesting and illuminating bit of autobiography he goes on to tell the story of his own struggles. He started at the bottom rung of the ladder of literature, and for some years everything was against him. Ill luck and ill health beat him down, and he learnt to know Modern Grub Street on its gloomy side better than Gissing did. In Gissing's well-known novel of literary life in London, the native pessimism and idiosyncracies of the author rather obscure the picture of the real misery and squalor of the misadventurers in letters and journalism. Mr. Adcock gives an intimate and striking sketch of some of the sad, strange figures he has met in the slum of the republic of literature, and concludes that "Grub Street as a phase of life is very much what it has been since literature has been a profession." Men of talent, and sometimes of genius, live and die in it as Otway, Savage and Chatterton died. And helpless incompetence and drunken thriftlessness have increased the number of its inhabitants. Johnson and Goldsmith fought their way through it from starvation to fame. Bohemia, as we know, has a sea coast, and many are the wrecks that occur on it. Waifs of all the arts drift there—singers of every sort from the music hall and the grand opera, painters who perhaps exhibited once at the Academy and barely exist on the poor hackwork they occasionally sell to dealers, and flotsam from the theatres is heaped up on the Bohemian shore now that the picture palaces are spreading to the hurt of the stage.

By entering it young, getting out of it quickly, and looking back at it over a cigar, in the days of hard work and comparative comfort, there is an atmosphere of romance to be found in the retrospect. But Mr. Adcock will not take this easy view. His Grub Street is the real thing of to-day—a heart-breaking place. There are both humour and tragedy of a curious sort in the story he tells, in another essay, of one of the small potentates of Modern Grub Street. This man was a sort of literary company promoter—a humble Machiavelli of the lower world of journalism. He had the knack of getting money to start new ventures, and the still rarer art of keeping a crowd of creditors in subjection. He was a master of resource and a monument of selfishness. So at least Mr. Adcock, who worked some years on and off for him, thought. Yet he gave his life to save a girl, unknown to him, when the *Stella* went down, getting out of a boat and returning to the wreck, when the girl's father appealed to a boatload of passengers to find a seat for his daughter.

There are many fine human touches in Mr. Adcock's essays. For he writes on literature with his eyes on life. Readers of "From a London Garden" know him for a true poet with an original vision and a happy power of expression. Yet in an article on "Poetry and the Public" he confesses that his sympathies are with the large number of people who do not read modern poems. And he will not agree that the workaday millions are not open to influences of the highest poetic sort. "There is finer poetry in

life and nature, he argues, than there is in books; and most men and women go direct to the sources of inspiration when they need uplifting above their daily cares. It is a remarkably unusual point of view, and Mr. Adcock develops it with eloquence and impassioned sincerity. In another series of articles he continues his curious, picturesque series of "London Etchings," one of his most charming works in prose. Then, by way of variety, he mingles with his memories, sketches and character studies, some keen and humorous satires on modern society. But through all the delightful variety of "Modern Grub Street" runs the personality of the writer—friendly, original, whimsical and winning, and richly experienced in life.

E. W.

## W. E. HENLEY.\*

Mr. Cope Cornford knew Henley, and it is the personal touch about it that adds wonderfully to the charm of this admirable little biography. The very first lines capture your interest: "The door opened, and a big man was suddenly framed in the opening. He supported himself with one hand pressed against the woodwork, the other bearing upon an ivory-handled stick. His great head was poised a little backward upon broad shoulders; his upstanding hair and fine-spun beard were of a tawny hue; the eyes of a clear blue, their gaze direct and yet as though dwelling upon far things; the mouth was full lippled, the face large and square of jaw. So entered into the dark little room in College Street, Westminster, where he was editing the *National Observer*, and into the life of the present writer, one of the greatest forces in English letters of the later Victorian age, William Ernest Henley." From such a beginning one anticipates a more than ordinarily intimate study, and the anticipation is fulfilled. From an interesting and acute consideration of the era into which Henley was born, Mr. Cornford passes to a concise but full enough story of "the abundant and gallant life" of the poet whose best work, he believes, will yet come to rank "with the best in literature." The chapters devoted to Henley's criticism and journalism and to his poetry, though they are charged

\* "W. E. Henley." By L. Cope Cornford. 1s net. (Constable.)



W. E. Henley.

From a photograph taken at Worthing, in 1889, by Mr. W. B. Blake, from "William Ernest Henley," by L. Cope Cornford (Constable.)

\* "Modern Grub Street and Other Essays." By A. St. John Adcock. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

with the enthusiasm of one who knew and loved the man, are marked by a scholarly and critical discernment. Its vivid drawing of Henley's strong personality and its careful estimate of his work give this little book a real and permanent value. It is much the best essay on Henley that has yet been written.

### A HISTORY OF EUROPE.\*

He is a bold man who sits down to write a historical text-book on Europe from classical times to the present age, and designedly omits to narrate the story of our own Islands and the British Empire. Mr. Grant has not acted without much deliberation, the upshot of which has convinced him that such a sketch as might be included would be so meagre as not to deserve the space which it would occupy. Hence the schools that adopt Mr. Grant's book (and we anticipate that there will be many) must employ an equally good English text-book.

When Dr. Johnson observed what a paucity of really authentic history there was, and that the only facts we possessed related to the reigns of certain kings and the fighting of certain battles, Boswell spiritedly replied: "Then, sir, you would reduce all history to no better than an almanack, a mere chronological series of remarkable events." The remark was made in the presence of Gibbon, who was then at work upon his history. The revolution that has taken place of late in the writing of historical text-books has fortunately affected Mr. Grant. To his great credit the author has eschewed presenting us with a bewildering number of dates and battles and statesmen, and has confined himself to essentials. It is a good index to the author's treatment of his subject when we find that the book opens with a poem of Sophocles and closes with a sonnet of Wordsworth's, a welcome innovation which Mr. Grant defends in his preface. The schools are beginning to realise that they have not discharged their obligations to history when they have rushed boys through an examination text-book, and hitherto only scholarship boys have been encouraged to tackle European history. We welcome, therefore, the timely appearance of this new book. It is well printed, has ten capital maps, a satisfactory index, and its bibliography alone would entitle it to a place on the bookshelf of every intelligent man. The author has a gift for condensation, as is evidenced in the last chapter, entitled "The Present Age," a period presenting many pitfalls to historians. He surveys Europe to-day and notes the existence of the "national omniscient" State. Contrasting the past and present functions of the State, he comments on the tremendous influence of Germany, and concludes by observing that, although literature and newspapers and religion are as yet outside the sphere of its activities, there are not lacking indications that to these also its control may extend. Why does Mr. Grant include "religion" in this category? Further features of modern Europe are Internationalism and Socialism, and the awakening of the social conscience of Europe. In reviewing the prospect for the continuance of peace the author sanely remarks that:

"Peace breeds peace, as war breeds war, and it may without optimism be anticipated that the practice of arbitration will grow and that, if the European Powers are restrained from actual conflict for some time, they will become more and more unwilling to plunge into war, and more and more ready to adopt a more excellent way . . . The history of man shows us the evolution of peace."

### A HUMAN BOY AND ANOTHER †

These two books have for central figure a boy verging on manhood; and in the one the boy is the public's beloved friend, Wee Macgregor, now sixteen years of age, while in the other the youth is the son of Eliza, a delightful London woman invented by Mr. Barry Pain, who has made more

\* "A History of Europe." By A. J. Grant. 7s. 6d. net (Longmans.)

† "Eliza's Son." By Barry Pain. 1s. net. (Cassell.)—"Courtin' Christina" By J. J. Bell. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

than one volume about the lady, her husband, and her household. The sixteen-year-old Macgregor is a very human boy; Eliza's son a baleful abstraction. Macgregor is a sincere attempt to depict a Glasgow halfin; Eliza's son an equally sincere attempt to provide farce of a thoroughly 1913 and knowing order. Both attempts are successful.

Mr. Barry Pain is a skilful and experienced craftsman and humorist; and in "Eliza's Son" he does not seek to portray even a type of boy. Mr. Pain's aim is amusement; and owl-like indeed must be the reader who is not amused by the diary of the spectacled, precocious, and unpleasant youth. His unpleasantness is unquestionable; he is a prig, a snob, and a money-grabber; and the curious thing is that, even with all these characteristics, he supplies material for laughter. He takes a detached stand. He has something akin to contempt for his father, a very indefinite something in the City, and he writes of him:

"Pa does up parcels just a bit too well. He must have had a lot of practice at one time. He blows to any extent about the importance of 'my firm' as he calls it, but he tells me precious little about his early days before he became a partner. . . . Putting these and other things together, I have come to the conclusion that Pa never had any proper education, and was, at one time, in a very lowly position—probably an errand boy."

Nice lad, Eliza's son! Light is shed on himself by himself in this entry:

"I always keep a stock of pens at school, and less careful boys who find themselves without a pen come to me for one. I sell them at a fair profit, and thus, helping others, I help myself."

A fine personality is Eliza herself, of whom we have too little. That she is the old Eliza, however, is suggested. "Pa" presided at a presentation to a clerk. Pa forgot his carefully-prepared speech, but very late at night made an impromptu speech that "lasted for fourteen minutes, which, Pa said, showed the irony of fate. Ma said it showed something or other, anyhow."

Eliza's son is going to Oxford or Cambridge—which ever will pay him most in the shape of a scholarship. It is to be trusted his University career makes as comic a book as "Eliza's Son."

In sharp contrast with the little Cockney marionette is Big Macgregor, "in the pentin' trade," and it is affectionately he is shown forth by his creator. The Robinson family—as kindly, agreeable, and natural as ever—are presented much as they were before; save, of course, for such changes as were inevitable in the passing of the years; but Jimmie is now a schoolboy, and Jimmie is in himself a Wee Macgregor—a frank, animated query, with many "Whit weys?"

As in the book that made the name and fame of Mr. J. J. Bell, so in "Courtin' Christina" we have a real Glasgow atmosphere and sentiment of a working-class home-circle. It is a book precisely to the liking of those who liked "Wee Macgregor"; and it is highly charged with this kind of passage, in which is Mr. Bell's chief strength:

The kitchen door opened. "Whaur are ye gaun, Macgregor?" asked his mother.

"Oot," he replied briefly, and went. Going down the stairs he felt sorry somehow. Sons often feel sorry somehow, but mothers may never know it.

When Lizzie, hiding her hurt, had shut the kitchen door, Mr. Purdie said softly: "That question an' that answer, ma dear, are as auld as human nature."

Macgregor was a precocious youngster. He is precocious in love. We are introduced to three of his girls; but the real affection is for Christina, the bright and very Glasgow shop-assistant, whose masterful ways and pert tongue and good heart are a ready well known to Mr. Bell's public. The courtship runs with a fair degree of smoothness, and Macgregor disregards the advice of feckless, blasé Willie Thomson (another familiar figure), who says:

"An' if I was you, I wud let girls alane. They're nae fun, an' they're awfu' expensive."

"Courtin' Christina" is a worthy little work, likely to cheer the hundreds of thousands who found delight in "Wee Macgregor." In particular will it cheer and solace Scots beyond the seas.

DAVID HODGE.



## \* STRINDBERG AGAIN. \*

The sudden interest in Strindberg that has sprung up in England since his so recent death is uncommonly odd. But, as a matter of fact, it very largely centres in one book, the powerful "Confession of a Fool," and it is not at all likely that the two before us will add much to his reputation. "The Confession of a Fool" was certainly a remarkable document, intimate, pathetic, and written with great artistic power, but it has been followed unfortunately by a host of translations of inferior work. The truth is that Strindberg at his worst is simply an unspeakable bore, of a quite intolerably self-centred and morbid kind. On the other hand, in spite of his having written far too much, he always maintains that clarity and force of language which marks his work as highly distinguished.

The first of these volumes "The Son of a Servant," belongs to his series of autobiographical books and deals, under a thin disguise with Strindberg's own youth. It is not a particularly interesting work, and one cannot help feeling that Strindberg must have been rather an unhealthy and irritating child. He was unhappy certainly, but then he was one of these children that seem born to be unhappy. The book is valuable in its acute analysis of emotions; but in such things it is no deeper than is Tolstoy's "Childhood," and it has not one tithe of its beauty. Now and then there are striking descriptions in it such as this.

"One night his father's voice woke him from sleep. He started up, and found it dark in the room. Through the darkness he heard a deep, trembling voice 'Come to mother's death-bed.' It went through him like a flash of lightning. He froze and shivered while he dressed, the skin of his head felt ice-cold, his eyes were wide-open and streaming with tears, so that the flame of the lamp looked like a red bladder!"

"In Midsummer Days" is a very different sort of work. It is a volume of stories which are either fairy stories or stories with such a marked didactic tendency that they are really fables. In all there are thirteen of them, and the whole volume is quite a short one. They are written, no doubt, for children, and with all the particular kind of simplicity and moral intention which children are supposed to appreciate. They remind one of Hans Andersen, but they have not Hans Andersen's glamour. Yet they are full of delightful touches and their very baldness has a certain charm. Decidedly the author of "Miss Julia" was a versatile man to have produced also "In Midsummer Days."

The best of these tales is, perhaps, "Half a Sheet of Foolscap," a very short but really moving description of a young widower's memories. Here are the last paragraphs of this beautiful little story or fable:

"He could not read what followed, for it grew dark before his eyes; he might have been a drowning man trying to see through salt water. And yet, there it was written, plainly enough, 'undertaker—a large coffin and a small one.' And the word 'dust' was added in parenthesis."

"It was the last word of the whole record. It ended with 'dust!' and that is exactly what happens in life."

"He took the yellow paper, kissed it, folded it carefully, and put it in his pocket."

"In two minutes he had lived again through two years of his life."

"But he was not bowed down as he left the house. On the contrary, he carried his head high, like a happy and proud man, for he knew that the best things life has to bestow had been given to him. And he pitied all those from whom they are withheld . . ."

No, these two books will not and, indeed, should not add to Strindberg's reputation over here.

And now we come to a book about Strindberg by a lady who has lately been achieving fame in another direction. Miss Lind-af-Hageby is herself a Swede and is herself strongly imbued with the spirit of revolt, so she has a double claim to present Strindberg to English readers. She writes, perhaps, with more ardour than critical acumen, but then her book on Strindberg is hardly meant for other than a

\* "The Son of a Servant" By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. Introduction by Henry Vacher-Burch. 3s. 6d. net. (Rider.)—"In Midsummer Days." By August Strindberg. Translated by Ellie Schleussner. 5s. net. (Howard Latimer.)—"August Strindberg." By L. Lind-af-Hageby. With 28 Illustrations. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

very personal opinion. Largely through his own autobiographical writings she follows this singular and tortured man through the various phases of his life. One gathers a fair but not too attractive picture of Strindberg from her book. He was one of these men who simply could not be happy for long, although no one ever desired happiness more profoundly. The fact is he was a rebel, and to rebels the present is invariably depressing. This acute misery and dissatisfaction tinges his work in too personal a sense. It may well make him doubly exciting at the moment but it is bound to militate against him in the long run. As soon as posterity ceases to be interested in Strindberg (and he is a man of whom they will soon weary) they will cease to be interested in his work. He has little of that severe artistic aloofness which has the golden quality of agelessness; and, moreover, he dissipated his strength in far too many experiments. He was always seeking fresh fields to conquer, and thus he seldom achieved the highest rank in any one field. His writings seem almost dated with an invisible ink that will grow clearer and clearer as the years pass away and show the just perspective. So Strindberg, with all his passionate intensity and startling ability, has himself made the rope that will hang him. At any rate, that's how it strikes me. Perhaps I am wrong.

RICHARD CURLE.

## A LYRIC LOVE. \*

Once upon a time there was a perfect music-teacher who greatly desired a perfect pupil. In the fulness of time his longing was marvellously gratified, for the ironic gods, who love nothing so much as giving man unhappiness in the form of his desired felicity, bestowed upon the perfect music-teacher a daughter who so responded to his fierce tuition that she could play before she could talk, and read musical scores before she could stumble through a child's primer. The perfect teacher essayed to make her such a pianist as never before had been. She was a daughter, but she was even more in his eyes: she was the embodiment of a System, and as time rolled on, the System so far justified itself that the little girl's reputation grew even more rapidly than her body. Now of systems one of our own poets hath said:

"Our little systems have their day,  
They have their day, and cease to be;"

an observation that is singularly just, though, in its present application, a little short of the truth, for it is a tragic fact that, long before a system has ceased to be, a great many of its victims have also ceased to be, some painfully and bitterly, and some joyfully as if they were glad to go away and repose in the earth where systems have no power. Sir Austin Abbotworthy Bearne Feverel, Baronet, had a system and a son. His system had only one fault: it had systematically overlooked woman, and the issue of that omission was tragedy. So in our present case Friedrich Wieck, the perfect music-teacher, had a system and a daughter. It provided for everything except the coming of man; and the arrival of a lover in the shape of another pupil, named Robert Schumann, began what might have been a tragedy, and what, at its best, was a time of bitter suffering for all concerned.

There are none so blind as those who see by system. That Clara, worse than motherless, defrauded of a child's natural joy in life, and drilled into something like a perfect pianola, should grow up to adore the vivacious and tenderly playful young man who shared the house and lessons was something that Wieck had made no allowance for. "I have not enjoyed my youth at all," she wrote to Robert, "you will make up to me for it." The only love Wieck thought necessary in the case was the love a father had a right to exact from his daughter, and, in asserting his claim, he did what ill inspired lovers always do, he made himself entirely hateful. He employed against Schumann

\* "Clara Schumann: An Artist's Life." By Berthold Litzmann. Translated and abridged by Grace F. Hadow, with a Preface by W. H. Hadow. 2 Vols. 24s. net. (Macmillan.)



any ugly, dirty weapon he could find, with the inevitable result that he injured himself more than his victim. He tried to make the poor girl feel the need of his strong guidance and support by driving her off to undertake a concert tour alone in distant Paris; and so drove her, as any human and unsystematic person could have foreseen, straight out of his life and into her lover's arms.

The union that followed is one of the poems in the history of music. Its general likeness to the story of the Brownings is very remarkable; yet the differences are also noteworthy. Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were both poets; but though Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck were both musicians, one was essentially a creator and the other an interpreter. To put it baldly, one was a rather unpopular composer who needed quiet in the house, and the other was a very famous pianist who needed noise. Indeed, she was now specially anxious to keep up her practice so that her concert earnings might leave the composer-husband unharassed by material cares. That the difficulties were all surmounted is testimony not only to their great love, but also to something else that does not always co-exist with great love, namely, their great goodwill. In one short poem an inspired singer tells us "Love seeketh not itself to please" and "Love seeketh only self to please." It is hard to recognize the truth of both these opposites. Between them lies the narrow and difficult path of happiness in love, and few there be that find it—among artists fewest of all, art being a kind of third self, insistent upon sole service.

There was yet another difference. The two Brownings pursued their separate courses and, as far as the public is concerned, neither owed anything to the other. But the loveliest fact in the union of Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck is the eager devotion with which the artist wife became the prophet and interpreter of her husband's message. When the great blow fell, and Robert passed to something worse than death, it became the mission of this dear, heroic woman to give the world, through herself, all that was good of the man upon whom the darkness of imbecility had descended for ever. So well did she do it, that, to a forgetful generation, the end has almost eclipsed the means. Schumann's greatness as a lyric poet in music is so secure that we have almost come, nowadays, to take him for granted; but we must not forget to whom we owe not only that very familiarity, but often the inspiration and spirit of the music itself.

Such a book as this is worthy of the beautiful story that it tells. It is long, but there is not a word too much, for the biographer has reduced himself to the happy minimum and left the carefully chosen passages from diaries and letters to make their own intimate revelation. The book is highly valuable, too, as a piece of history. In 1819 when Clara was born at Leipzig, in the household of a musician and in one of the greatest centres of music, Beethoven had still eight more years to live and Schubert nine. Mendelssohn was ten, Chopin nine, Liszt eight, and Wagner six. Brahms, Tchaikovsky and the other great moderns were still to come. When she was born the Choral Symphony and the Mass in D were barely sketched; and in the year when she died, Strauss's "Zarathustra" received its first performance. This is a lengthy, but perhaps rather graphic, way of saying that her life covers almost the whole nineteenth century from the end of the great classical period to the dawn of the most uncompromisingly modern music. Her life and work as a great pianist brought her into contact with almost every musician of note, and her views, pure and honest even when they seem to us a little angular and restricted, are invariably suggestive and vivid. To English readers in particular some pages will have a special interest. Whether looked at through the eyes of Clara Schumann or the very different eyes of Richard Wagner, musical England in the mid-nineteenth century hardly presents an attractive appearance. At least we have improved upon Dr. Wyld of the Philharmonic Society and John Ella of the Musical Union. "They call it a rehearsal here," she writes, "if a piece is played through once." She noticed that, at a concert where the Queen was present,

everybody paid attention to the sovereign and gave none to the music. She was scornful of the poor stuff that was played, and especially of the taste that could endure Robert's "Geburtstagsmarsch" played upon the organ. Well! our audiences not only endure, but even admire, Chopin's Funeral March (expressly written for an instrument of one colour) decked out with variegated tints by organ or orchestra. Vulgarity of taste can hardly go further than that, so let us be careful how we condemn our forefathers. It is characteristic of the English that they never cease to love an artist who has once broken into their affections. Madame Schumann gratefully acknowledged that. Self-revealed as she is in such a book as this, her audience must grow ever wider. Those who heard her, loved her; and we who can only read of her, love her too.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

### FROM BOTH SIDES.\*

Nothing is more interesting than to bracket together two books on the same subject written from entirely different points of view. No contrast could possibly be greater than that afforded by "Two Years under the Crescent" and "With the Bulgarian Staff." After reading them one inevitably feels a little uneasy concerning ancient history, compiled in the days when there was, perhaps, but one historian to a century. Was that historian not, in all probability, as prejudiced as his modern successor? Not only is there a strong contrast in the views expressed in these two books, but there is an equally great difference in the personalities of the authors. Mr. Seppings Wright is a brilliant artist and journalist, a man whose task it is to collect the truth—as picturesquely as possible, of course—for the public, a trained observer; Mr. Noel Buxton is a politician, chairman of the Balkan Committee, a specialist on the wrongs of the Balkan peoples and the wickedness of the Sick Man. Mr. Seppings Wright went, first to Tripoli, then to Turkey, to get copy; Mr. Buxton went, with the Bulgarian staff, to obtain confirmation of his own views. In their way both succeeded, but it would be a great mistake to read "With the Bulgarian Staff" and not to read "Two Years under the Crescent."

Candidly I consider the latter to be by far the best book on the war which I have seen so far. Every line in it is interesting, despite the fact that it is distinctly long. The author has, very wisely, not attempted to produce anything in the nature of a history of either the Italian or the Balkan campaigns, but has simply written a clear, straightforward account of his own experiences during those wars.

The history of a modern war will always be written—copiously, severely, dispassionately—by military experts, and practically no one, save other experts, will ever attempt to read it; but the human side of a war—and Mr. Seppings Wright is essentially human—must always be fascinating, despite the inevitable horrors.

Mr. Seppings Wright went out to Tripoli, for the Central News, knowing nothing of the Turk save, of course, the ordinary vague, and more or less fanatical, charges brought against him; yet, at the end of two years he is able to say: "He (the Turk) may be described as brave, unselfish, hospitable, generous, as well as pious, gentle, and charitable; he is, at the same time, a gentleman in every sense of the word. . . . It is with great regret that I have been compelled to record the reverses sustained by a really noble and generously disposed nation."

These words, coming from a man of the author's experience and standing, coupled with the evidence afforded by his own clear and simple narrative, are not to be lightly set aside.

So far as the purely topical side of "Two Years under the Crescent" is concerned, the portions relating to the work of dirigible balloons and airships in warfare is the

\* "Two Years Under the Crescent." By H. C. Seppings Wright. 10s. 6d. net. (James Nisbet & Co.)—"With the Bulgarian Staff." By Noel Buxton, M.P. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

most interesting portion. The author has himself had some exciting experiences of bomb-dropping, and his views on the subject are distinctly valuable. For the rest, he never strains things, never tries to overdo the agony; but, through the whole of his story you see the long-drawn-out misery of the brave, patient Turks, badly-equipped, badly-led, badly-fed, toiling through the mud of Thrace, or across the sand of the desert, to fight a hopeless battle, and then retreating doggedly, to make a fresh stand, and suffer a fresh defeat.

Mr. Noel Buxton's book has one outstanding merit—it is undisguisedly partial. To him the Turk is anathema. He can see only one side—the Bulgarian. He writes, all the time, as the chairman of the Balkan Committee, whose existence was justified only by the sins of the Sick Man of Europe. One cannot help admiring his frankness, even though it may not always be possible to accept all his statements. The pity of it is that he did accept all the statements of his hosts, the Bulgarian General Staff. Many of the charges he makes are so grave that they should not have been set down unless he was prepared to vouch for them from his own personal experience.

In view of what Mr. Seppings Wright, and a host of other journalists of world-wide repute, have told us, it is difficult to believe that Mr. Buxton expects us to take the following passage literally:

"On the battlefield, he (the Turk) with personal and national safety depending on his alert attention, spends his time in mutilating a wounded enemy. He wastes cartridges, before the fight, in shooting women and children. Sometimes, when succoured by the enemy's doctor, the wounded Turk turns and kills him."

Is such a sweeping indictment of a defeated nation quite fair, unless a hundred duly authenticated instances can be quoted? The soldiers who defended Plevna and Adrianople, the men who died in the Shipka Pass, were surely not of that type.

The account which Mr. Buxton gives of the Bulgarian hospital arrangements does, however, ring true, though his hosts may not thank him for having given it. The "amateur dressers," of whom he was one, seem to have had very little previous experience. He speaks of "lumps of cotton wool which lay in a dish of 'sublimate' (a transparent fluid of whose exact chemistry we were all ignorant)." In this case a little knowledge would not have been dangerous. After the "sublimate" the raw flesh was "scrubbed as with a scrubbing-brush" and iodine rubbed on, "digging it in with a small stick." One is not surprised to learn that, after seeing surgery of this kind, "I was able to work as brutally as the rest." It is hard to believe that the author is always serious; nor can one think that, as a member of the House of Commons, he really grasps the inner meaning of the slighting references to his own nation which he makes on pages 151 and 164. In many ways the book is not a pleasant one, and Mr. Buxton would do well to revise it carefully in the event of a second edition being required. He has written it too hurriedly, without due reflection.

S.P.H.

### THE POSITIVE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.\*

"The Positivists have had their own share of gibes and jests from the outside, since Mortimer Collins wrote his witty lines:

"There was an ape in the days that were earlier;  
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier,  
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,—  
Then he was Man—and a Positivist."

"If you are pious (mild form of insanity)  
Bow down and worship the mass of humanity.  
Other religions are buried in mists;  
We're our own gods, say the Positivists."

Mr. Harrison patiently refutes these sallies of the profane, and endeavours, in this volume of lectures and essays, to

\* "The Positive Evolution of Religion." By Frederic Harrison, D.C.L. 8s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

remove the popular misconceptions of Positivism as well as to compare it with the various forms of contemporary theism, much to their disadvantage. The title is far too large for the contents. There is a valedictory air about the book. It is dedicated to Mr. Swinny, his successor at Newton Hall, and it really sums up Mr. Harrison's views upon what is understood by religion from the standpoint of Positivism. He candidly admits the slow growth of Positivism. "The numbers of Comte's adherents are few, scattered, and slowly increasing in comparison with many religious movements round us." As a set-off to this, he reflects that the spirit of Comte's tenets is much more widely diffused than the number of professing Positivists would suggest. The book ends in an optimistic key. "As Comte did not discover the religion of Humanity, but only put into organic shape the floating aspirations of his century, so there are millions who confess Humanity in ways, it may be, different from ours, not openly with their lips, but visibly in their lives and passionately in their hearts, and who may be far nearer, it may be, to the real Humanity than those who have seen Comte with their eyes, and who yearly or weekly appeal to Humanity in their services." This is a catholic and generous sentiment, but the preceding pages help to explain why Positivism has failed to satisfy the religious instincts of the modern world. For example, religion is defined as a result rather than a cause. It is, we read, "the state of harmony that results when man's entire life, both as an individual and as a member of society, corresponds with the real conditions—first of human nature, and, secondly, of the world around us." An uninspiring definition! Then Positivism is represented as mainly education. Not many wise are called, and no one else is called; such seems to be the Positivist creed. And further, "Humanity" is never defined; it is assumed. If capital letters were only arguments, how much more simple the world would be for some theorists! Besides, Mr. Harrison's book does not meet the stringent philosophical criticisms passed on Positivism, any more than the objections to it from the general religious side, and his estimates of the theistic and Christian schemes are, to put it quite frankly, retrograde and even superficial. No one who knows the inside of the subject will learn much from these pages. No one who is unacquainted with Positivism will probably be attracted very strongly by this statement of its claims. The standpoint of the book, as regards Biblical criticism, for example, is antiquated, and Mr. Harrison's general comments upon English Christianity are neither better nor worse than what an ordinary pamphleteer might have been expected to produce thirty or forty years ago. There are only two adjectives which can be applied to the volume. It is pathetic and it is disappointing. One might add, "readable," but that would be superfluous. Mr. Harrison is always readable, even when he has least to say.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.LITT.

### LATIN AMERICA.\*

This account of the states of South America and Central America by a young Peruvian diplomat is of extreme interest. He writes with a mind well-equipped in knowledge of history, of political and economic theories, he is decided in his views, enthusiastic in his hopes and his foretellings. State by state he gives a brief *resumé* of their story, their origin and growth until there came the great moment of revolution in 1810, when they began to throw off the domination of Spain. During the last hundred years they have been rent by conflicts within themselves, and among each other, problems have been presented whose solution affected their very existence. Through it all they survived, and continued to work towards an understanding of their individual nationalities, and to a perception of their collective ties and the tremendous future that may be in store for a Latin America, conscious of

\* "Latin America. Its Rise and Progress." By F. Garcia-Calderon. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

itself and banded together against the aggression, in war or by peaceful methods of commerce and immigration, of Germany, Japan and the United States. M. Garcia-Calderon discusses temperately and gravely the dangers from these countries, but his conclusions are hopeful, provided the Latin States unite in developing their resources and fostering a federal idea.

There are innumerable points of interest lightly touched upon in this volume, but the space into which the immense subject is compressed forbids the author to give much detail. Our scanty knowledge of a mighty continent is usefully refreshed and increased by every page. One does not at all moments realise that the overwhelming majority of the population are either pure Indians or *mestizos*, the descendants of Indians and whites, while mulattos sprung from whites and negroes, and *zambos*, the children of Indians and negroes also form a considerable proportion of the population. In Peru and Ecuador the white element is only 6 per cent., and in the whole country "the pure European element does not amount to 10 per cent. of the total population."

The book has an appreciative Preface by M. Poincaré, who has lately been made President of the French Republic. It is an excellent introduction to the study of the South American States, whose vexed and turbulent history is so little known. We remember the sentence that found a place in Balmaceda's political testament written immediately before his suicide. "All the founders of South American independence have died in dungeons, in prison cells, or have been assassinated, or have perished in proscription and exile." M. Garcia-Calderon promises a happier future, though he strangely enough seems to fail to take into account the labour problems which will make themselves deeply felt in South America, and that soon.

### OF HONEST REPORT.\*

It is a vicious, though not unusual, method of reviewing that picks out all the bad points in a book (or selects a good sample of them), and passes the rest with an easy sentence of commendation. Yet, as one who has had an opportunity of expressing under his own signature his indebtedness to this striking and thought-provoking book by Miss Underhill, I would like to take this opportunity of dealing with its one outstanding misapprehension. There are passages in her interpretation of the hidden passionate life of Christ (notably in her account of the events attending the Crucifixion) where she seems quaintly to boggle at the supernatural, which is the more strange as the virtue of her whole interpretation is nothing if it is not based on the supernatural. But that is an incidental disagreement, such as the encounter of two minds must always provoke. Her chapter on "St. Paul and the Mystic Way," especially the first portion of it, is a wonderful piece of orderly elucidation. It is when she comes to "The Johannine Mystic" that one is set aback. Her interpretation here is just of the sort most inclined to throw the mystical apprehension of a World beyond worlds into the very disrepute it should be ambitious to avoid.

I am not concerned with critical considerations. In the present instance they seem to be based chiefly on the naïve assumption that the writer himself was not an original thinker; and that therefore he must have been indebted to Alexandrian idealism for much of his outlook. Which seems to be a neat instance of the first logical fallacy. Miss Underhill, however, accepts this temporary outpost of German theological criticism (which is abandoning most of the outposts it took so sturdily some twenty years ago); and she is therefore faced with the problem of the events recorded by John that are not to be found in the "Synoptic Record," in the first half of his Gospel, and all the lengthy speeches in the second half. Her solution is without doubt as ingenious as it is sincere. Briefly it is this: that John in states of religious trance

\* "The Mystic Way." By Evelyn Underhill. 12s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

saw visions and heard voices, which visions and voices become so real to him that he set them down in a consecutive account, declaring them to be an authentic life of his Master. Faced bravely, the situation comes to this: that John has practised on us a colossal piece of fraud, a piece of fraud hardly conceivable of a man who displays so exquisitely pure a spirit as pervades the whole of his book, but which he makes the worse by declaring in the very head and front of his account that "we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." Miss Underhill quotes some instances of those who have seen, in such states of vision, episodes of the life of Christ with extraordinarily intimate and precise detail, as though they had lived in the very air and space of the things they saw—such as the visions experienced by John of the Cross and Julian of Norwich. But Julian related her experiences as personal visions. she did not try to tumble-rig them into actual events as treasured in her memory of them. That is the difference. It is the difference between an honest report and one that is not honest. Because, assuming Miss Underhill's interpretation, John in his waking consciousness must have known the difference between the two things.

There are some who accept the truth of John's report; there are some who do not. Both are conceivable attitudes of mind. Miss Underhill, in her reverence for a passing phase of German theology (with its typical Saxon heaviness), both does and does not; with the result that her mysticism, in this one instance, changes its "y" for an "i." To support her interpretation she quotes four sayings put by John into the mouth of Christ as having an obvious reference to events that occurred long after his life on earth: and each of them fails her. They are worth examination—on purely rational, exegetical grounds.

(1) "Thus, 'Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours'. true enough of those who followed St. Paul, not of those who preceded him." But why not? Was not Christ always referring to the labours and persecutions of the Hebrew prophets who preceded Him? (2) "'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you'—incredible upon the lips of the human Jesus." And yet it was the human Jesus who established the strange ritual of the Bread and Wine! (3) "'If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you': a direct reference to the first persecutions of the Church." Why not a direct reference to the hatred of the Sanhedrim against this new following, that, with the entrance into Jerusalem, they had all encountered in full? (4) "'I am in My Father, and ye in Me and I in you': the deeply mystical formula of John's own experience and belief." But why should it be any the less odd as a formula of John's experience and belief than of Christ's?

Authentic or not, John's account is at least a logical entity, and deserves to be treated as such. And it is a pity that Miss Underhill has not done so, because the other parts of her book are as subtle in their sympathy as they are striking in their exegesis.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

### Novel Notes.

**RISING DAWN.** By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Simple in design and quiet in style is Mr. Harold Begbie's new novel of English life in the fourteenth century. But the picture gains in clarity and charm by the selection the author has made from all the rich and varied material relating to the most picturesque age in our history. Froissart and Chaucer, Langland and Wycliffe, with Wat Tyler in the background, lived in the days when Andrew Mallet set out from his father's manor house near Pevensey, on a ride to the palace of John of Gaunt in London. With all that Froissart stands for Mr. Begbie has no concern. The Flemish chronicler paints the sunset of feudal chivalry in

glowing colours, but he is blind to the hues of the new dawn, which, as in Arctic skies at summer, mingle with the iridescence of a decaying order of things. It was one of the great moments in the life of the English nation—one of the great moments indeed in the life of mankind. For the birth of the spirit of modern liberty was then taking place. It is this birth of liberty that Mr. Begbie clearly, simply, and finely describes through the frank, honest eyes of his young country hero. The Sussex squire starts on his journey with the Froissart view of life, trained by his warlike father for war, he regards the world as a picturesque and exciting tournament, in which he intends to win knight-hood and fortune by strength and skill of hand. He is the gallant and honourable young squire that Chaucer has painted for us in the "Canterbury Tales"—rather as an exemplar, I am afraid, than as a study from daily life. And Chaucer in person intervenes in his career, and helps him to enter the service of John of Gaunt. Attached to the train of the Royal Duke is a little, thin, elderly Oxford man, Doctor Wycliffe. So Andrew's ride to London with news of some political importance, with which his father has entrusted him, leads him into the chief centre of the new forces in English life. For the action of his story, Mr. Begbie has gone to a curious law case mentioned in the "Calendar of Patent Rolls," in which it is recorded that John of Gaunt heard the appeal of John Shakyl in a suit brought by the sister of Robert Hauley. It is a strange, picturesque, dramatic affair, well known to every close student of the troublous period between the death of Edward III. and the temporary disgrace of John of Gaunt. But no historical novelist, whom I know of, has seen its high value, as Mr. Begbie has done. It reveals in a most vivid way the fading ideals of chivalry and the sordid cunning that worked beneath the trappings of honourable warfare. The matter is too intricate for explanation in a review. It is a story with some quick turns and sudden surprises, and Mr. Begbie tells it admirably. His hero plays a small part in it, his position being a very dubious one. He is used as a dull, honest tool by John of Gaunt for a mean, disgraceful purpose. Disillusioned at last, he gives up all hope of worldly success, loses the woman he loves, and becomes one of Doctor Wycliffe's Russet Priests. The gradual awakening of his mind and soul, under the stress of circumstances, is traced in a natural and very moving manner.

**THE DANCING CHILD** By Brenda Girvin and Monica Cosens 6s (Chapman & Hall)

"The Dancing Child" is a novel with a purpose.



Miss Brenda Girvin,

Joint-Author of "The Dancing Child" (Chapman & Hall).

"If anywhere in these realms of stage romances and realities there be need for the plea of this tale, and if that plea be heard, then let it not pass unheeded," urge the authors in their short foreword. The business end of the story—for it has its playful end as well—is directed against those unscrupulous persons who adopt clever children with the sole idea

of exploiting them on the stage and living on their earnings. To this type belongs Ethel Paton, a heartless, mercenary woman, who seeing monetary possibilities in the exquisite dancing of a charming little Irish girl, adopts the child and brings her to London. Soon, under the name of Berry Traill, the ten-year-old dancer wins fame in the principal



Miss Monica Cosens,

Joint-Author of "The Dancing Child" (Chapman & Hall).

part of a children's play at a West End theatre, and the far-seeing "mother" is living a life of ease and luxury, while the child has to work hard, not only on the stage, but also in the schoolroom. Berry is treated with the utmost meanness by her parasitic "mother," who cleverly trades upon the child's belief in Pauden, the King of the Fairies, to induce her to become a willing slave, and to forego most of the pleasures which children love. The authors trace Berry's career through the "leggy" stage when, in spite of the cruel efforts made to check her growth, she persists in adding to her poor little stature, and finally on to the music-halls where, as Sweet Kit, she has her train of fast followers, and is knocked down by her "mother" to the highest bidder. A pleasant love story is intertwined with the main plot of "The Dancing Child," which is coloured throughout with a genuine affection for children and concern for their welfare.

**AN INN UPON THE ROAD.** By Janet Dodge 6s (Sidgwick & Jackson)

It is certainly an interesting speculation to imagine that Love is merely "An Inn upon the Road" of Life, where woman may rest a night or two and then continue her journey along the highway. This is apparently Miss Dodge's philosophy, and her latest work endeavours to show the possibility of such a dogma in the persons of Natalie Herbert and Conrad Mark. She hastens to assure her readers that woman is the better for Love, but that the mistake she often makes, is in thinking that Love fulfilled is the ultimate end, instead of the threshold, of a new life. And from this point of view the book is well worth studying, but as a novel, it can hardly be deemed a success as the absence of a legitimate plot might weary its readers unless they were interested in the author's premises. The principal characters in this story are types sometimes met with, but seldom appreciated, such as the masculine Helen and Natalie's frivolous mother, who represent some of the influences which contribute to the final separation of Natalie and her lovers, although the climax is precipitated by the girl herself who cannot assimilate the idea of self sacrifice to true Love. The book involves a somewhat new departure in ethics and as such is worth reading.

**THE HOUSE OF SPIES.** By Warwick Deeping 6s (Cassell)

"Ten yards away Jasper Benham lay flat on his back, one arm flung out, the other twisted as though it were broken. The lantern swayed uncertainly at the gate, and then came down into the road. It showed the white face

and the slight figure of a girl, a red cloak flung over her shoulders, her dress open at the throat." This was the first meeting of the hero and the heroine. The novel closes with Nance Durrell wounded but safe in Jasper's arms, while the villain of the piece, a French spy, is shot in a duel on the shore. Mr. Deeping has gone back to the period when Napoleon's threatened invasion set the South of England astir, but the interest of the story lies in the adventures of Jasper and Nance, the latter a girl who was mixed up, thanks to her fanatical father, with the intrigues of a French count on behalf of Napoleon. There is plenty of fighting, or rather of rough play, in the book, and Mr. Warwick Deeping as usual has succeeded in making a series of exciting situations hold the reader's interest to the end. De Rothan is a full-blooded blackguard of the aristocratic type. His exploits strain the probabilities a little, but that is a detail. The story in the main is alive with romance, and it runs briskly from start to finish.

**INEFFECTUAL FIRES.** By E. M. Smith-Dampier. 6s. (Andrew Melrose)

We have to congratulate Mr. Smith-Dampier on a finely conceived novel. The two central figures are an artist, or rather a would-be artist, who mistakes cleverness for genius, and an elderly countrywoman with a strong maternal instinct. The artist is hampered by a father who has no sympathy with the artistic tastes which his son has inherited from an Italian mother, and the woman has to overcome, by the sheer devotion of her nature to the boy, the Puritan prejudices of her environment. Sabina Blanchflower behaves nobly. She gives up her home to let her protégé have his chance of Italy, and while the sacrifice is in vain, as far as the lad's success goes, she returns a richer woman. There are bits of by-play in the novel, love-making and a description of Sir Joshua Reynolds's household, but the dominating interest of the story lies in the interaction of the two main characters, and Mr. Smith-Dampier has contrived to work this out with admirable skill. The Italian scenes are vivid, in spite of the tragedy which looms over them from the first. But we should like to know how Sabina's Bible, "opened at random for consolation, gave the words to her pointing finger: 'Let Satan stand at his right hand.'" The devil did tempt poor Shaw in his hour of collapse and failure, but in what Bible did Sabina discover this gloomy prophecy?

**THE SILENCE OF MEN.** By H. F. Prevost Battersby. 6s. (John Lane.)

On the voyage to India John March is laid captive by the fascinations of Lynne Ashburton, whom he marries—on the quiet—after a decent interval to prove the permanency of his love. He is, unfortunately, rather too conscientious an official, and his duties compel him to be away from home very often. So the marriage, of which very few people know, is not a success. Lynne ends it by committing bigamy and leaving India with a very unattractive "husband." Years pass, and March continues to keep silence. He returns to England and falls seriously in love with an innocent girl. Meanwhile, Lynne is not happy as a leader of society, and gives indications that she is anxious to return to March. She threatens him with exposure. And there are other elements in the situation to complicate the tangle. It is solved by the discovery that she had married yet another man before she met March, and that this gentleman died before she married her third "husband." So March is free to go his own way, and everything ends happily. Mr. Prevost Battersby uses every possible art to make this unlikely story attractive and credible, and, while he fails utterly where the second point is concerned, he achieves some considerable success in the first. "The Silence of Men" is not at all a great book, but it is very well written, and the Indian scenes—of which there are too few—are genuinely illuminating.

**A BALKAN PRINCE.** By Charles G. D. Roberts. 2s. net. (Everett.)

A surprise awaits the admirers of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's delightful studies of animal life. The author's

latest book is upon totally different lines; it constitutes, we believe, its writer's first regular novel. It is something more than passable and readable; it is quite an excellent story in its way, in spite of the fact that, after a pleasantly intriguing beginning, there is an interpolation of a lengthy and unnecessary railway journey and a great deal of "improving" conversation upon the merits of various aeroplanes, all of which are now out of date. However, once the reader has skipped that, he will find a good deal to interest him. The plot is decidedly strong, and clever use has been made of recent events in the Balkans, involving an original and fairly plausible explanation of the motives underlying the declaration of war on the part of the allied states. The characters also—a Servian Prince, an English army officer, an American adventurer, and a French lady-spy—are pleasant and fairly human. Still, though we are glad of anything Mr. Roberts cares to give us, we must confess that we prefer him in his earlier vein. So many people might have written "A Balkan Prince," so few can write the animal stories.

**IFS AND ANS.** By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Marriott Watson can tell a good story. In this volume he has told fourteen, and the first four are dominated by the same hero, Richard Derrick, who faces death in several forms, and chiefly by reason of his chivalry towards beautiful Spanish ladies. This is more than the book for an idle hour, for the work is careful and worth attention. In another sense it is *par excellence* the book for an idle hour, for the stories are arresting, dramatic, vivid and well varied. Just once or twice their author plays Providence in a fashion which is almost too childlike; but even then we are glad that a comfortable tidying up in the final paragraphs leaves no pang to mar a story which has given pleasure.

**THE FRINGE OF THE DESERT.** By Rachel Swete Macnamara. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins)

We had not thought to chance so soon on an antithesis to "Hella Donna" and Miss Macnamara will not take the reference amiss, for the resemblance and the contrast may be purely unintentional. Mr. Hichens gave us an adventuress removing one husband for the sake of another; Miss Macnamara gives us a fascinating artist committing bigamy through egotism and weakness. But in the case of "Hella Donna" the environment was essential to the story, seeing that nowhere in the fashionable world could slow murder be so safely compassed as in a private *dahabeah* upon the Nile. Miss Macnamara's hero on the other hand, could have committed bigamy pretty nearly anywhere. Her excuse is that she paints the splendours of Egyptian scenery with a pen that makes us grateful, and though her paragraphs now and then seem to say "Let us be descriptive," they beguile us none the less. Where she gains on Mr. Hichens is that she does not try to rival his sultriness of passion, and she keeps her characters intensely human. She gives us in Mildred Ivors and Hesper Marlowe two delightful women, modern in the best sense, and full of perfect feeling, and their coming together in a tragic climax strains no probabilities.

**MINNA.** From the Danish of Karl Gjellerup. 6s. (William Heinemann.)

Strindberg and the other great outstanding figures of the Scandinavian invasion of English literature have very little to fear from this excellent translation by C. L. Nielsen of Karl Gjellerup's "Minna." This story of a young Dane's infatuation for a governess is a very simple and artless affair, and it depends less on skill of construction and depth of psychological analysis than it does on its naturalness and obviousness—and on the power of kind-hearted people to feel "Poor things, how they must suffer! How bitter and cruel are the disillusiones that attend a nice young man's love!" As a matter of fact, however, hardened novel readers will be warned off this book by the preface—by the reference to the death of the hero which "I am half happy, half sorry, to say," observes Gjellerup, "took place not many



years after he had lost his beloved Minna. Indeed, the fear which she mentioned in her letter to Stephenson that Fenger's chest was not strong, proved to be less unfounded than he himself supposed. It was also thought probable by his doctor that the heart-wound of which these pages tell added fuel to the complaint from which he was already suffering." The experienced in fiction know full well the different types of these emotional but consumptive North-erners, and, as the truth must be told, Karl Gjellerup does not, in "Minna," make us like them any better than we did when we met them years and years ago, in the pages of stories written by young English ladies of quality, and wished them an early and happy decease.

**THE OUTLAW.** By David Hennessey. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The award of the second prize of £400 in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's recent novel competition to "The Outlaw" in some respects must have been an action requiring considerable pluck on the part of Miss Harraden, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, and Mr. Shorter, the adjudicators. For "The Outlaw," is not at all the sort of book that one would expect to win such a prize. It is sensational—parts of it, indeed, come perilously near to melodrama—the style in which it is written is not particularly literary, and a number of its characters are conventional and ineffectual. Yet it is quite a fine book in its way. Defects such as those mentioned are almost inherent in its scheme; and it possesses virtues which tip the scale heavily in its favour. To begin with, it is an excellent story, genuinely interesting and good to read and essentially unusual. Hitherto the bushranger of fiction has been either a totally impossible blend of Robin Hood, D'Artagnan, and Don Quixote, or a sinister scoundrel before whom the woolliest villains of the Wild West pale into insignificance. Salathiel, Mr. Hennessey's Outlaw, is neither. He is, in his way, a creation—certainly an arresting figure. Life has treated him hardly and unfairly, and although his resentment and revenge may not be pretty, they are at least consistent with his character. Salathiel is a human being; one can believe in him. This is the crux of the whole book, for it stands or falls by this one character. In other respects "The Outlaw" is a well-handled, capable piece of work. It is written in a style that at worst is businesslike and at best is remarkably well suited to the subject-matter of the story; it is crowded with incident; and it presents a fresh and vigorous—though one-sided—picture of a period of Australian history which is little known or studied in this country. In fact, "The Outlaw," may not be a great novel, but at least it is a very good one.

**THE CURSE OF THE NILE** By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Stanley Paul)

"The Curse of the Nile" is a powerfully dramatic story inspired by the tragedy of Gordon. It presents a striking and realistic picture of life in the Sudan from the siege of Khartoum to the battle of Omdurman—covering a period of more than fourteen years. There is a glittering thread of romance winding its way through the woeful tales of suffering and terror, like a silver stream that at last out-distances the bloodshed and misery and glides on its way peacefully after they are all over. The dreadful scenes in the prison of the Khalifa are true and taken from the actual experience of three men—which fact makes them only the more horrible and unforgettable. The hero of the story is a young English officer, the heroine a beautiful Sicilian girl with wonderful eyes which serve a strange, peculiarly useful purpose when the owner of them is placed in critical and dangerous positions. Both these young people are doomed to endure all manner of peril and hardship, including a long separation, before Fate relents and, lifting them out of harm's way, gives them to each other. Mr. Sladen is obviously at home with his subject, and the story carries with it from beginning to end the atmosphere of place and period which the author has realized so successfully, and which makes the book as real on its sunnier as on its darker side. It is a stirring novel; fact and

fiction are very skilfully woven together, and the whole story is one of absorbing interest.

**CANDLELIGHT DAYS.** By Adeline M. Teskey. 6s. (Cassell.)

Miss Teskey's latest book is a little difficult to classify. It is not a novel, and we suspect that large parts of it are not even fiction. At the same time it is not a book of genuine reminiscence, for the author has obviously allowed her imagination to colour a good many of the scenes she describes. And—if we may say so without offence—Miss Teskey herself is quite wrong in describing it as a story, as she does in her "note" at the beginning. There is no story about it. The boy who is supposed to be the narrator grows up—that is all. We can only describe it—rather clumsily—as a fairly detailed picture of the life of old-time pioneers in Canada—to be more exact, in the State of Ontario. We admit that we have gone into this point at too great length for the purposes of a short notice, but we think it our duty to warn off those readers who ask nothing more from a novel than an exciting plot. They are bound to be disappointed. However, there must be a large number of people to whom Miss Teskey's delicately vivid methods of narration and genial sympathy with a large number of strongly contrasted characters, are bound to appeal. They will find that "Candlelight Days," takes a high place among the most delightful Canadian books that have ever been written.

**THE LIFE MASK.** By the Author of "He Who Passed." 6s. (Heinemann.)

"He Who Passed," one of the most remarkable of last year's novels, was put forward as an actual biography—a strange life-story that was entirely true. In "The Life Mask" the anonymous author confesses that she has tried a 'prentice hand at fiction, but her fiction is so vividly and powerfully realistic that it reads almost as if it were as true as the true story. Written in the first person, it is the record of a woman, still young, who had been sentenced to imprisonment for life for the murder of her husband. After nearly ten years in prison she was set at liberty, so ill that she was believed to be dying; but an old nurse mothered her and brought her back to health, and so she came to face life shrinkingly again, always in fear of her dreadful secret being discovered. Through the earlier half of the book the reader is aware of this black shadow that is over her, but the secret is as cunningly kept from him as she was keeping it from the world at large. For sufficiently convincing reasons, she has no doubt of her guilt. She meets and loves a man who falls passionately in love with her, but because she loves him she is desperately determined not to marry him and risk bringing any shadow of her dreadful shame over his career. It is a poignantly dramatic situation, she is on the verge of self-destruction, as the only way out of it, since he resolutely refuses to be sent away, when circumstances force her to a confession of the truth, and, following this, comes a revelation of her innocence that is only less surprising than the identity of the real criminal. It is a well imagined, distinctly clever story; the characters are alive and human, and the interest is thoroughly sustained from the opening sentence to the finish.

**THE HONEY-STAR.** By Tickner Edwardes. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The hero has two obstacles to encounter. Elisabeth March, his pretty neighbour, is the daughter of a rival bee-keeper, and there had been an old feud between the two families. But love triumphs, and the pair fall in love. The second obstacle to their happiness lies in the jealousy of another woman. Rose Petherway, a rather sensuous creature, sets herself to break her old lover's peace by raking up a scandal in his past life, and this plot occupies the second half of the story. The first is more idyllic. Still, by a rather conventional device, the scandal is exposed and cleared up, so that the idyllic atmosphere pervades the close of the romance. There is a capital description of a horse-fair. Mr. Edwardes has drenched his pages with the

slumber on undisturbed. The factions and disputes of religious persons have ever been the Church's most insidious foes, and wordlings have often quoted in derision Tertullian's observation: "See how these Christians love one another." But St. Alban's is something infinitely greater than the cause of a contest where the combatants joined in "pelting each other for the public good." It is a monument of unselfish devotion rendered by most saintly and talented men to the greatest of all causes. "The Church which is to win England for Christ must go into the highways and hedges, into the slums, and the cellars and the reeking garrets of a population which lives twelve in a room, and there proclaim the Acceptable Year of the Lord—the simultaneous deliverance from moral and from physical degradation," writes Mr. Russell, and this has been for fifty years the object, end, and law and purpose of St. Alban's existence.

**PEERESSES OF THE STAGE.** By Cranstoun Metcalfe. 10s 6d. net. (Melrose)

This is a book about actresses who have married Peers of the Realm, and it is written from a point of view that recalls the history of gentle Jane. "She was good as gold, and when she grew up she was given in marriage to a first-class Earl who kept his carriage." Indeed, writing the life of Maria Foote who became Countess of Harrington, after a somewhat adventurous career, the author says: "On the principle that in this world we get pretty much what we deserve, we accept this marriage to the Earl of Harrington as good evidence that Maria Foote was a sound little woman at heart." The author is determined to set down naught in malice, and this is of course praiseworthy; yet perhaps a trifling hint of malice might have made the book a little more piquant. If we must carp we may object that sugar and spice and all things nice, after all, may be rather cloying, (specially when the author treats of the best of all possible worlds wherein pretty musical comedy actresses attain to a terrestrial paradise of motor-cars, and, we are instructed, "expense is no object." Undoubtedly, humdrum folk like to have glimpses vouchsafed to them of so brilliant an existence; we all hunger for romance, and although there may be very little real romance in these lives, yet there is a colourable imitation of the romantic; and Mr. Metcalfe uses it to excellent purpose in this ably written and entertaining volume. Photographs of many pretty musical comedy actresses embellish the letterpress.

## Notes on New Books.

**MESSRS. WARD LOCK & CO.**

The subject matter of Miss Lindsay Russell's *Souls in Pawn* (6s), is somewhat scandalous but dramatic in quality. She deals with the ways of life of the Roman Catholic priesthood of Irish race in Australia, and, if she may be believed, chastity and sobriety are not among their ruling virtues. However this may be, Miss Russell has got hold of a sombre, unusual, tragical theme; but shows little power in the handling and development of it. She inclines to use the methods of a serial writer of the mystifying sort, instead of boldly stating at once her main situation, and then working with strength and directness through some great scenes to the grand conclusion. We are afraid that if the book attracts any considerable attention, it will be more by reason of its savage attack upon the character of the Roman Catholic clergy in Australia, than because of its qualities as a piece of literature. The characters are indicated rather than drawn. There is no insight, no intensity of vision into the workings of human nature under strange and terrible conditions. In short, Miss Russell is hardly equal to carrying out so amazingly painful a study of modern life as she has conceived.

**MESSRS. EVERETT & CO.**

On opening Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's latest novel—*The Mystery of Mere Hall* (6s.)—one finds oneself immediately in the very depths of a grim mystery. In the spacious grounds surrounding a decayed and isolated old mansion known as Mere Hall, a coffin-shaped box is being buried by lantern light, and two young girls are the unseen witnesses. Suddenly there

is the sharp crack of a revolver, and the terrified girls hurry away from the uncanny scene—but the reader's interest is fully awakened by then, and does not abate until the end. The plot, complicated though it is, entangling many lives in its tragic skein, is well constructed and bristling with dramatic incidents. Mrs. Coulson Kernahan has got a good story to tell, and knows how to tell it. Her heroine, a pretty girl of seventeen, fresh from a convent school, lives with her weird grandfather at Mere Hall. The great gloomy house is too oppressive for her rebellious nature and she runs away from its shadows, only to be submerged in other troubles and difficulties. It is a good sensational tale with a strong love interest running through it, and several thrilling "curtains."

**MESSRS. RELFE BROTHERS.**

At all seasons of the year there are young ears open for a good fairy-tale, and for such there comes Miss K. E. Cogswell's pretty volume, *The Three Black Stones, and Other Stories*, (2s net). Its themes are fresh and its style lucid, and it is brightened by clever illustrations.

**MESSRS. HEATH, CRANTON & OUSELEY.**

We confess we are puzzled by *The Poetical Compendium*, compiled by Mr. D. R. Broadbent (6s net). Mr. Broadbent terms his volume "Three Centuries of the Best English Verse." The period is from 1608 to 1870, and he begins with Milton and ends with Adam Lindsay Gordon; yet he includes no word from Keats, Shelley and Byron. He goes to America for "the best English verse" of Whittier and Lowell; he gives us many poems by Southey and by Kingsley, yet not a single line from the pen of Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning. Is this a "Compendium" of what Mr. Broadbent likes best, or what?

**MR. FRANCIS GRIFFITHS**

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*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.*

*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.*

## News Notes.

The contents of the August BOOKMAN will include a special and fully illustrated article on Baroness Orczy. Other important articles will be "The Poetry of Francis Thompson," by Katharine Tynan; "The Young Goethe," by Walter Sichel; "Quack Painting," by G. S. Layard; "Adventures among Birds," by Richard Curle; "Victor Hugo," by George Sampson; "Horace Walpole's World," by F. G. Bettany; "More People's Books," by Arthur Burrell; "An Eighteenth Century Egoist," by Walter Jerrold; "The Last Frontier," by W. C. Scully; "Mexico," by Perceval Gibbon; "The Renaissance and its Makers," by Haldane Macfall; "Borrow's Romantic Ballads," by Thomas Seccombe, etc.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just published four new novels that were sent in for their recent Thousand Pounds Prize Novel Competition, and that,

though they missed the prize, were strongly recommended by the adjudicators for publication. These are: "My Father's Son," by John Harvey; "The Sin of Eve," by May Edginton; "The Wilderness Lovers," by E. R. Punshon; and "A Garden of Spices," by A. Keith Fraser. The several judges through whose hands they passed differed so much as to the order of merit in which these four should be placed that the publishers have resolved to take the opinions of the general reader, and are offering a first prize of Ten Guineas, a second of Five Guineas, a third of Two Guineas, and five Prizes of One Guinea each for the best review which shall deal with all four of the books and place them in what the reader considers is their proper order of merit. The review may take the form of a letter, which must give the competitor's reasons for his preferences, and it may be either typed or in manuscript. The Competition will close on August 1st, and the result will be announced in THE BOOKMAN. Competitors must address their envelopes: Review Competition. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Messrs. Nisbet are publishing a new edition of Ballantyne's greatest story for boys, "Coral Island,"

with a preface by Sir J. M. Barrie, and illustrations in colour by Mr. Septimus E. Scott. "To be born is to be wrecked on an island; and this, no doubt, is why the male child's first instinct is to acquire a knife and secrete pieces of string," says Sir James in his delightfully whimsical foreword, and he goes on to a characteristically droll account of the influence that "Coral Island" had upon himself, and how, in his boyhood, he used to look upon Ballantyne "as the author of the Hundred Best Books, and wondered why that list ever needed to be a subject of controversy." Hapless boys who do not yet know Ballantyne could not do better than make his acquaintance in "Coral Island."

"The Second-Class Passenger" is the title Mr. Perceval Gibbon has given to a new book of short stories that Messrs. Methuen are publishing this month. Mr. Gibbon is at present engaged on a novel of Welsh life, which will not be ready for publication until next year.

Mrs. Florence Barclay's new novel, "The Broken Halo," will be published by Messrs. Putnam in September.

Mr. Joseph Clayton has written a Life of the late Father Stanton, which Messrs. Wells Gardner & Co. are publishing this month.

On the 5th of this month there is to be a great gathering in Norwich in honour of George Borrow. Those taking part in the celebration—and it is open to every good Borrowian who will undertake the journey—will be conducted to Borrow's house, and to various places associated with him in and about Norwich; there will afterwards be a reception by the Lord Mayor of Norwich, at which Mr. Birrell will deliver an address, and the title deeds of the Borrow house, the freehold of which has been purchased by the Lord Mayor, will be presented to the Corporation. A Gipsy Band will play during the reception, and songs and dances will be

given under the auspices of the Gipsy and Folk Lore Club, of London. In the evening there is to be a dinner at the Maid's Head Hotel, Norwich, with the Lord Mayor of Norwich in the Chair. For a full programme and all other particulars application should be made to Mr. Frank J. Farrell, Guilderooy, Great Yarmouth. A movement is afoot for turning the house, which the Lord Mayor, Mr. Arthur Michael Samuel is generously presenting to the City, into a Borrow Museum, and a Memorial

Fund Committee is appealing for subscriptions to enable them to restore the house to its original condition and to acquire, by purchase or loan, books, manuscripts, letters, portraits, drawings and other objects of Borrowian interest for exhibition.

A very interesting feature of the Borrow celebrations is the *matinée* to be given at the Little Theatre on July 1st, by Miss Winifride Borrow, a kinswoman of the author of "The Romany Rye." The programme will include a dramatic adaptation from "Lavengro"; Dowson's "Pierrot of the Minute"; and "The Vultures," by Charles Van

Lerberghe. Miss Borrow will be supported by a brilliant cast, including Mr. Wilfrid Fletcher, whose playing in "Typhoon" is attracting such wide notice.

"Some Recollections of an Old Landscape Painter," by an anonymous author, will be published by Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Ouseley in September. The anonymous writer is said to be well-known, and it is anticipated that his reminiscences will arouse something of a sensation in society and in artistic circles.

Professor Kastner, of the Manchester University, has edited a new edition of the Poetical Works of Drummond of Hawthornden, which the Manchester University Press is publishing. The book is in two



Photo by H. Walter Barnett  
Knightsbridge

Mr. G. M. Trevelyan,

whose "Life of John Bright" (Constable) is reviewed on page 150

volumes, and contains twenty-seven facsimile reproductions of original title pages, and seven portraits of Drummond, one of which is now for the first time reproduced.

Madame Betty van der Goes, whose delightful volume of short stories "A Necessity of Life," we reviewed in a recent Number, is the daughter of Sir Frederick Macmillan, the distinguished publisher. It is not often that a book of short stories finds the reviewers so unanimous in their appreciation of it; but, then, it is not often that the reviewers are given



**Madame Betty van der Goes.**

Author of "A Necessity of Life, and other Stories" (Macmillan).

a book in which the stories are so fresh in idea and so full of charm as these. Madame Betty van der Goes has been a frequent contributor to the magazines in this country and in America, but this we believe is the first collection she has made of her stories, and its reception should certainly induce her to make a second as soon as may be.

Miss Evangeline Ryves, whose new book of poems, "The Red Horizon," has just been issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews, numbers in her ancestry that seventeenth-century Sir Thomas Ryves, the famous jurist to whom Fuller refers in his "Worthies" as 'Advocate to the King of Heaven,' and the loyal divine, Bruno Ryves, who wrote and suffered during the Great Rebellion. Another memorable member of

her family was the eighteenth-century dramatist, Elizabeth Ryves, whose poignant struggle against the neglect of her generation is related in D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors." Simultaneously with the publication of Miss



**Miss Evangeline Ryves.**

Ryves's new book Mr. Elkin Mathews issues a new edition of her earlier volume of verse, "Erebus," and both are reviewed on another page of this Number.

An essayist, a poet, and a painter have united to do something in the way of reviving the old Chapbooks and Broad-sides that were so popular with



**Mr. H. S. Harrison,**

whose new novel, "V.V.'s Eyes" (Constable), is reviewed on page 182.

our forefathers. Their first booklets are: "The Town," an essay by Holbrook Jackson; "Six Essays in the Eighteenth Century," by Richard Honeywood (each essay being no more than an epigrammatic utterance characterising such men as Sterne, Steele, Goldsmith, Fielding, Congreve and Johnson); "The Two Wizards and Other Songs," by Richard Honeywood; and "Eve," by Ralph Hodgson. They have issued also, as Broad-sides, twopence plain and fourpence coloured, a poem by Richard Honeywood, and two by Ralph Hodgson; a drawing of Captain Macheath, and a Parable by Lovat Fraser. It is an interesting experiment that aims at catching something of the old Chap-book and Broad-side traditions, and adding to them such flavour as modernity can give. All the publications are decorated throughout by Lovat Fraser with delightfully quaint woodcuts, and they are sold at the Sign of the Flying Fame in Roland Gardens.

M. Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, a photograph of whose striking bust of Mr. Frank Harris we reproduce on this page, is a young sculptor of remarkable gifts who was born in France twenty-two years ago. Since he was twelve years of age he has led a Bohemian life, roaming about Europe, but nowadays he is settled in London. With the high ambitions he has also the independent spirit of youth, and prefers to work here in a city office in order that he may be free to devote himself to his art undisturbed by commercial considerations.

"The Court Masques of James I.," which Dr. Mary Sullivan has written for Messrs. Putnam, deals with the influence of the Court Masques on the theatres of the time, and incidentally refutes the picturesque old tradition that Shakespeare and his

fellow actors were counted among rogues and vagabonds. The volume will be fully illustrated.

An Anthology of "Cambridge Poets: 1900-1913," is to be published in October by Messrs. W. Heffer & Sons. The selections for the volume have been made by Aelfide Tillyard (Mrs. Constance Graham) and Sir A. T. Quiller Couch will contribute an introduction. Cambridge claims to possess a distinct school of Poets, one at least of whom has produced work of high and enduring value. Some thirty of these are to be represented in the volume, and many of them now appear in print for the first time.

A centenary that has been allowed to pass with little recognition is that of the birth of William Edmonstone Aytoun who as part-author of the "Don Gaultier Ballads" delighted folk in the mid-part of the nineteenth century, and as author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" is sure of lasting fame. It was on June 21st, 1813, that Aytoun was born, the son of a Writer to the Signet and friend of Francis Jeffrey and others of the early *Edinburgh Review* circle. Though circumstances and the wish

of his father drove young Aytoun into the study of the law—so that he himself at length became a Writer to the Signet—from his mother the poet received the heritage of a delight in the old ballad literature of Scotland that no doubt largely influenced the bent of his genius. After starting life in a London lawyer's office—he declared that "though he followed the law he never could overtake it"—Aytoun went to Germany to study its language and literature and returned to Scotland with a translation of the first part of "Faust," only to find that there were four other versions which had just been published or were about to appear. Though he



Photo by Walter Benington,  
11, Conduit Street, W.

Mr. Frank Harris.

From bust by Henri Gaudier-Brzeska

allowed himself to become tied to the law when his ambition led him to hanker after a literary professorship, Aytoun did not stifle his taste, and the habit of verse-writing in which he had indulged as a boy led him on to notable literary achievement. He became a frequent contributor to *Maga*, and in 1832 published his first volume of poems. In the same year, too, he first met Theodore Martin, with whose name his own was to be twinned in collaboration.



Mr. J. A. Moroso.

It has been said that if a man wishes a thing strongly enough he may attain to it, and Aytoun might be cited in proof of the contention, for in 1845 he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the University of Edinburgh—to the very professorship which years earlier he had named to his father as the goal of his ambition. Not, however, as lawyer or professor is he best remembered. His highest title to fame is perhaps to be found in the slender volume of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," a volume which stamps him as the most notable of the immediate successors of Sir Walter Scott. Such splendid rhetorical poetry as "Edinburgh After Flodden" is likely to last as long as the patriotic feeling to which it gives expression, for it grew out of the writer's inmost emotions. Another side of Aytoun's work was seen

in his satire-parody of the "spasmodic school," as he termed it, in "Firmilian," wherein he made happy fun of the work of "Festus" Bailey, Sydney Dobell and Alexander Smith. It was the wit and fun which found expression in "Firmilian" that had earlier drawn Aytoun and Theodore Martin together and led to their joining in the writing of those farcical ballads for the magazines which were later collected under the name of "Bon Gaultier." Not all critics

will agree with Henry Morley in saying that "the whimsical imitations in these ballads of the manner of many poets was far in advance of the mere fun of the 'Rejected Addresses,'" while recognising that many of them possess in an eminent degree that combination of a feeling for fun with a sense of criticism which is essential to good parody.

Mr. John A. Moroso, whose first novel, "The Quarry," Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing, is a well-known American journalist. He has written many stories for the magazines, and has had a strenuous career first as police reporter and, latterly, as a writer of special articles for the New York Press. He has fashioned "The Quarry" largely out of his journalistic experiences, and brings in it, incidentally, a vigorous and dramatic indictment against certain practices of the American police.

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# THE READER.

LAURENCE STERNE.

1713-1768.

By PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

**N**OT one of the very idlest dream-problems that one may let wave themselves before the half-shut eye of the mind is, whether Sterne would or would not have liked the idea of his life being written? He had, of course, vanity in plenty; and liked few things (except philandering) better than keeping his name and himself before the public. But he was an exceedingly shrewd person: and knew very well indeed that this particular way of keeping him before the public would have its dangers. Whether there was anything really "flagitious," and therefore to be hidden, in his actual conduct may be disputed by persons who do not allow mere charity to blind or distort judgment. But he was in the habit of keeping exceedingly doubtful (or not-doubtful) company; and he was in the habit of saying, and still more writing, equally doubtful or not doubtful things. "Why will fellows write such letters?" said a good-natured critic some years ago, after a scandal of the kind. The question may be difficult to answer, save by the ancient proverb about "Needs must—". But it is certain that not a few fellows (and those not always bad fellows) seem not to be able to help it, or not to try to help it, and that this particular fellow with whom we deal was most conspicuously of their number. I have always thought that it was much to the credit of two persons who rather require additions to the credit side of their account—Hall-Stevenson and Wilkes—that they both refused the solicitations of Lydia Sterne de Medalle, to act as biographers. For they knew, better than anybody, the matter with which they would have to deal; and they knew, as well as anybody, that their hands would scarcely be likely to make any handling of it the better for his memory in the public eye. As for the wretched girl or woman herself, she has long since found her way to the particular *bolgia* of which Ham was the first recorded inhabitant, but which has received some denizens since—the abode of those who expose the weaknesses of their parents. But of late years—indeed for a very considerable time past—large new rummaging have been made into Sterniana; not, it is true, always without furnishing

his defenders with some new materials for defence, but hardly ever without increasing the extent of the points where defence is necessary. Besides those who have dealt with such matter as was before them critically, without searching for new—from Thackeray downwards through Mr. Traill and Mr. Henley to the present writer—Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Sir Sidney Lee, Mr. Sichel, one or two American investigators, and most recently, Mr. Lewis Melville have added to the material itself. And considering the letter-and-diary-writing and generally gossiping character of the time at which Sterne lived; the nature, manners, and relations in society of the man himself, the various atmospheres in which he lived and the extent to which he was in the French sense "spread" in this world—one could never feel the least surprise at fresh accessions, if not of knowledge, at any rate of tittle-tattle in the future. Whether the ghastly story of the recognition of his body on the dissecting-table be fact or fable, whether the gossip of the footman (not an ordinary footman either) about his last moments be genuine or "faked"—it is equally clear that here is a memory of a peculiar character, a person and personality to which things happen that do not happen to others. Sterne cultivated the bizarre, during at any rate the latter part of his life, with rather excessive devotion; but this devotion was at least returned, for the bizarre itself attached itself to him, and some of the forms which it

took were certainly "not convenient." Now these inconvenient things have, in his case, had a nasty habit of reversing the great old dial motto—"impulsi et non perirent." So that one always has an uneasy feeling that, when anything fresh about Sterne leaps to light, he is only too likely to be shamed.

On the other hand, though nothing of any importance has been added, or seems in the least likely to be added, to the "Works," they require less and less defence as time goes on. It was once, no doubt, a legitimate and to a certain extent useful business to point out the so-called plagiarisms in them, because in not a few cases the books borrowed from were very little known and in some deserved to be made known, because in all



Laurence Sterne.

From the painting by Gainsborough.

Reproduced by permission of the Salford Corporation Art Gallery.



**Laurence Sterne.**

From a drawing by Francis Cotes,  
in the possession of the Rev. G. W. Blenkin, and reproduced by his  
kind permission.

generally. Something like an agreement that it is *chose jugée* ought to have been reached by this time. That it is not a beauty-spot by any means, there can be no question; his own particular defence of it is perfectly worthless, and indeed worse than worthless, for his own words can be turned against him. But, out of Doncaster or of Duncerania generally, the thing needs little specification, less discussion, and no floodgates or fireworks of rhetoric at all. Here



**Laurence Sterne's Wife.**

From a drawing by Francis Cotes,  
in the possession of the Rev. G. W. Blenkin and reproduced by his  
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cases the filiation of literary matters, if inoffensively dealt with, is of interest. But one of the consolations for pessimists at the present moment is that the dunce's employment of the word "plagiarism," as a terrible and final sentence of condemnation, has gone a good deal out of use. Some people, at any rate, have come to recognize that most things have been said, and that practically everything has been thought, before in substance; and that the only question is whether the present sayer and thinker has shown due skill and due individuality in his manner of thought and expression. There can be little dispute as to Sterne's having passed this latter test. Moreover, some of the queer authors whom the industry of Dr. Ferriar and others has ferreted out, would not do anybody much good if he read them at first hand. Of others, such as Rabelais, even second-hand knowledge is better than none.

So, too, of the famous black (or "blue-black") spot on Sterne's work

again Sterne is frequently "not convenient," and he is inconvenient in a manner rather specially disreputable. If we may judge from her short but entertaining history, so was Dr. Johnson's remarkable

favourite, Bet Flint. Nevertheless, that great moralist "loved Bet Flint," and said so. It is true that he did not love Sterne, and might justly find the merriment of this parson not a little offensive. But he knew that "the man" was not "a dull fellow," and said so too.



**The Old Vicarage, Coxwold,**  
as it is to-day.

This was Sterne's favourite living, and whilst here he wrote "The Sentimental Journey."

We, more fortunate than Johnson, are far removed from any living scandal that Sterne may have given personally, and in an even better position to appreciate his work, disinfected as it is by Time, if we choose. There is indeed a good deal in those last three words, for how few people do really choose to appreciate work as work, without dragging in all sorts of irrelevant considerations! Sterne's work is very small in bulk. The whole of the "profane"—sometimes decidedly profane—part of it will go into one volume the size of

an ordinary six-shilling novel, though of course with rather thinner paper and with closer and smaller print. The "Sermons" themselves do not add much, while the "Sentimental Journey," which practically gives the whole Sterne (except the upper-shelf frippery) in little, does not by itself fill a hundred and fifty by no means crowded pages. Yet, outside of the "Sermons," there is scarcely a page that is not full, and inside them there are not many pages that are empty, of such an idiosyncrasy of genius as is hard to beat, as idiosyncrasy, anywhere. In a certain dubious sense there is no more artificial writer than Sterne in the whole of literature. To some

only partially critical temperaments it may seem as if there were no end to the successive strippings off of what Shakespeare calls "lendings," as if one would never come to the real unadulterated and undisguised quiddity. Perhaps in a certain sense you never do so come. But in the process, if you are a real critic, you discover that there has been a quiddity, nay, a quintessence, saturating all these lendings, and making them, not themselves or their original author's, but Sterne's. Goethe's extraordinarily high praise of Sterne is, as it states itself, taken from such an entirely false point of view, that it has sometimes been merely dis-

missed as of no value, except as a curiosity, to-day. Sterne might be important to a German of Goethe's earlier time as an enemy of "the heresy of instruction" and so forth, but he certainly has never, either in his own time or since, showed himself in that light, or performed that function, to Englishmen. Yet his uniqueness exists, and it has, as a rule, been insufficiently recognised. With him, as has been said, the curtain too often is the picture: you will get at little or nothing behind it. At least for those people who know criticism from both sides—

who have conjugated the verb "to criticise" in its active, passive, and middle voices—the famous "stop-watch" passage is only a superlatively clever rhetorical display, not even enshrining any genuine smart of Sterne himself at criticisms. For some who have not hard hearts, who have felt "the pity of it" in life and literature keenly and often enough, the Marias and the Lefevres, and even my Uncle Toby himself, though more and more worthy of admiration in the order named, arouse, except in the last case, very little genuine sympathy, and even in that case sympathy which is dangerously mingled with amusement of a slightly satiric kind.



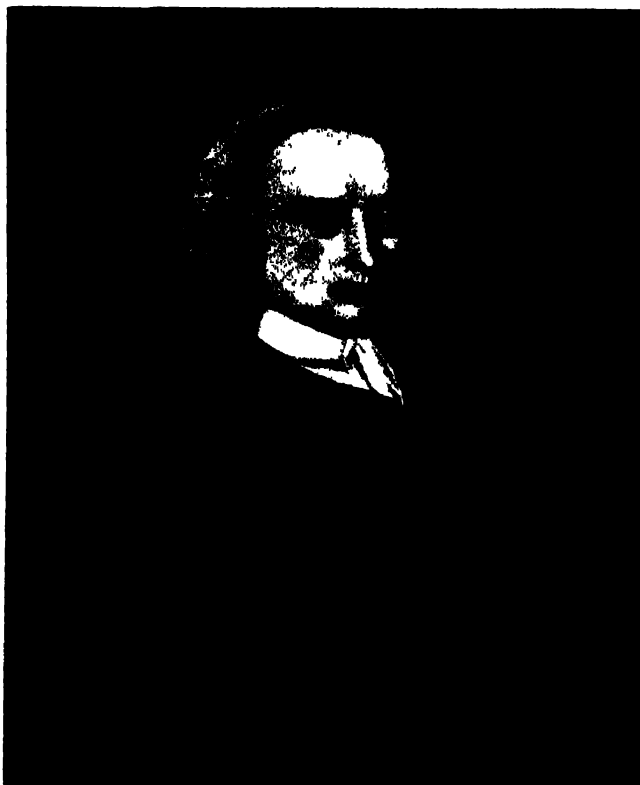
Yorick and the Grisette.

From a painting by G. S. Newte  
National Gallery of British Art

But how superlative the art of it all is! and how extraordinary is the admixture of *some* nature with that art! It may almost be said, and that without in the slightest degree contradicting what has been said already, that Sterne never fails to produce the effect at which he aims. He does not so fail with the stop-watch, or with Maria, or even with the lines of points and the marbled pages. The effect produced may not be wholly pleasing to people to-day, but it is the effect which Sterne meant to produce, and did produce, on the people of *his* day, and which soon will, or certainly in the usual evolution of things will some day, please again.

Elsewhere—in what we, perhaps presumptuously, call his "greater" efforts because they still please us without allowance—his artistic triumph is not in reality greater. We happen to be at the door when the clock-lock opens it, that is all. And elsewhere, again, he is certainly perennial; no coincidence of hour and audience is necessary.

If we had no tittle-tattle about Sterne; if he had left no letters; if we knew nothing about Kitty Fourmentelle and the "Bramine"; if he were unsmirched by the society of Wilkes and Stevenson and "Panty" Lascelles; if we had not that dreadful portrait, with its Asmodean suggestion—how different would the general estimate of him be! There would remain the fie-fie passages in the books; and one might say "something too much of this," going on to remark that even the something less might have been done in a healthier fashion. But no one except a fanatic of prudery and pudibundity would regard the fault as utterly damning in fact; and no



Laurence Sterne.

From an original oil painting, in the possession of Mr. Theodore Blake Wirgman.

one who knew his Voltaire would fail to detect at least an excuse of pattern in form. The mechanical oddities of typography and general make-up are, after all, but as the farcical or low-comedy element in other compositions; indeed, they are hardly more than properties and costume—the external presentation in which the author chooses to set forth his work, after all, very easily tolerated, and not unsuitable. The very sentimentality—rancid as it is to the novice—readily loses its evil savour when a sufficiently historic sense is brought to bear on it; and indeed can, by anyone who has acquired the most valuable of all critical faculties, be simply neglected and shut out. What remains? Why, such a microcosm of quaint humour; of refreshing con-

trast to reality where yet the artistically improbable is kept aloof with the cunningest super-realism; of comically presented humanity—as it will be very hard to find in the same compass anywhere else. In this preposterous extravaganza, with all its burlesque, all its horse-

Dear Parsonage London  
Sept. 24

I paid yesterday (by  
Becket) a hundred Guineas (or  
pounds) I forget well. — Post  
You must remit to Mr. Sterne  
at Merselles in hundred Louis.  
— she will reach before she leaves  
that place will be in 3 weeks —  
— however let her know she  
may have the Cash upon she  
draws for it.

Have you got the 3<sup>rd</sup> V. of  
Shandy? — his liked the best  
of all here

I am going to publish a  
Sentimental Journey through  
France & Italy — the under-  
taking is professed & highly  
encouraged by all our Nobles.

& at the rate his subscription  
for will bring me a thousand  
guineas (an engine) — I will  
be an Original — in large  
Quarto — the Subscription  
half a Guinea — if you can  
do one process, one the honour  
of a few games of men of Science  
or Fashion — I shall thank you  
— but they will appear in good  
Company & get all the Nobles there  
almost having honoured one  
with their names. my kind  
— Remembrance to Foley  
— & to Mrs. Parsonage —

My daughter has an affair —  
Tavernier offer just now at Merselles —  
he has 2000 livres — a young —  
much at his age — so I suppose  
Mrs. with Madame de la Fayette  
will negotiate the affair

con Effecto.

L. Sterne

A. Maffey  
Messrs. Foley & Parsonage  
Bancroft  
Rue St. Jacques  
Paris.

Reduced facsimile of a letter from Sterne.

From the collection of Mr. William Upcott.

(or at least pony-) play ; all its doubtful taste ; all its not at all doubtful licence ; with its shadows and uncompleted characters ; its non-existent, or at least, hopelessly flawed and broken stories—there is, somehow or other, something of the Universal. It was this, no doubt, that Goethe saw, though he mistook both its character and its causes when he showered on "Tristram" the, at first sight, rather amazing epithets and phrases—

"finest spirit that ever worked."

"full of freedom and beauty";

"benefactor of the nineteenth century," "able to distinguish truth from falsehood," "possessed of boundless sagacity and penetration."

When one has gasped a little ; shaken oneself ; got breath, and, so to speak, run under shelter from this storm of panegyric, one sees that what struck Goethe (what, to do him justice, generally did strike him, and made his own greatness by so doing) was the very touch of the Universal which has been mentioned. To use the word "transcendental" in connection with Sterne may seem outrageously absurd, and yet Sterne does "transcend"—

by the queerest of stairs, no doubt. He is never commonplace, and he is never merely trivial in his attempts to escape commonplaceness. Almost as outrageous may it seem to mention his name in the same sentence with Shakespeare's. Yet, if you take the four great eighteenth-century novelists, though Fielding is of course, the only one who is actually in touch with Shakespeare, Sterne is nearer to the great exemplar of all human "imitations" than either Richardson or Smollett.

Nor does it require charity pushed to the point of imbecility, or the forcible suppression of our too abundant

information about him, or an addiction\* to the idle art of whitewashing, to improve the conception of Sterne, even as a man, very considerably. If we know too much about him on one side we know, in all fair probability, a good deal too little on the other. There seems to have been no really bad blood about him. *Fatigatus et aegrotus* as he was of his unlucky wife, he seems to have been very liberal to her out of no great means. Except

in so far as it furnished him with reading for his miscellany, there could, perhaps, hardly have been a worse life, for such a man as Sterne, than the twenty years of sojourning in a remote country district, with alternation only to the cabals and gossip of a provincial capital and cathedral city. A larger air, a more varied society, the rubbing of shoulders with his equals in intellect, were the very things that Sterne never had till too late, and after the meaner parts of his nature had been fostered and developed, alike by solitude, by "Crazy Castle" *cochonneries*, and by the most undivine atmosphere of an assembly of average mid-Georgian divines.

An early acquaintance with

Johnson and a series of the more good-natured bear's hugs (which might quite conceivably have been administered to him by one who tolerated, not only Boswell, but Savage and the Herveys, Cornelius Ford, and Miss Bet Flint herself) would have been a godsend to Sterne, whose faults were after all almost wholly those of a dirty little boy, and for whom, as in the case of other dirty little boys, there could have been no such thoroughly salutary discipline as a good drubbing. The treatment must have been all the more effective inasmuch as Sterne, unlike Goldsmith, had, at least when



**My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.**

in the painting by C. R. Leslie.  
South Kensington Museum

women were not concerned and he had not a pen in his hand, nearly as much common sense as he had genius, and would have been able to make full profit of this discipline without its making him intolerably uncomfortable at the time. Even short of such a drastic cure as this, larger, healthier, and more varied society could hardly have failed to produce at least a very considerable amendment in the general wholesomeness of his tone.

But we have to take things as we find them: and heaven knows, we might find things and persons much

worse than Sterne the man, while Sterne the writer has the one condition of indispensableness—that he is practically unique. Methods so ostentatiously artificial as his may appear to be easily imitable, but who has ever imitated Sterne, not only with the least success, but without the most ghastly and preposterous failure? Now inimitableness is not quite an absolute and exclusive test of genius, for some geniuses have been imitable. But there never has been a not-imitable person who has not also been a genius, greater or less.

## JOHN BRIGHT.\*

BY RICHARD WHITEING.

IN this substantial volume illustrated and well indexed—Mr Trevelyan has done his work with fairness and care. If we were not fresh from the impression of John Bright's objection to adjectives, we should say with "great" fairness and as much care. He is impartial, yet he leaves us in no doubt as to where his own sympathies lie. An honest partiality is the salt of the subject: a biography without love on the part of the author is but the dinner of the stalled ox in the same predicament. The work bids fair to take standard rank.

The writer is fortunate in his theme. John Bright stands quite apart, in his mind and in his upbringing, from most of the great Parliamentarians of his time. He was primarily a Quaker, a man with his Bible in every fibre of his being, and with the rest of his equipment, even the genius, thrown in as a free gift of bountiful Nature. The foundation of the character was sheer common sense—things seen, even the most spiritual, as nearly as possible "just as they are," and free from all bias of self-interest or of authority. The mother dedicates him in her prayers over his cradle to "uprightness and integrity," no more: "I have no wish to see my children great or noted characters." He was drawn into public life, like most of his sect, by the sense of danger alike to the public welfare and to the peace that passeth understanding. But while, with the others, it was mostly peace for themselves, his was peace for all the nations of men. The platform was the lesser of two evils, and in the nature of a compromise, free, however, from the qualms of one of the classic cases in Quaker history. It must have been a sad dilemma when a whole company of Friends putting to sea in waters infested by privateers, had to paint port-holes for cannon on the sides of their ship, to induce the belief that there were ugly customers aboard. Yet, in the more colloquial sense of the term, Bright was capable of being a Shaker among the Quakers, a shaker-up of his own people into a more frank acceptance of the conditions of the life of their time. They needed it. They voted his sister out of their communion for her marriage out of their sect, although Duncan McLaren was her happy choice. They subsequently profited so far by her brother's teaching as to rescind the vote. Not only that: a dwindling membership has led them to repent of their isolation, if not in sackcloth and ashes, at least in reasonable hats for both sexes, and even, we believe, in occasional brass bands for devotional use.

\* "The Life of John Bright." By George Macaulay Trevelyan. 15s net. (Constable).

His pet aversions were church establishments, aristocracies, and superfluous adjectives. Truth and simplicity, "few words, but the best," were all he sought in oratory; and he seems to have discovered eloquence as a personal possession pretty much as M Jourdain discovered prose. He solemnly warned his sister against irony, though, as a man of genius, he was destined to fall into its snare in many a masterpiece of public declamation.

In him, in Cobden, and in William Fox, political economy found just what it most wanted—eloquence as a driving force. Cobden, as Mr Trevelyan tells us, was argument, Bright passion, Fox rhetoric, a power never to be despised, or Shakespeare and the Bible would not be half full of it. Adam Smith and Malthus and Ricardo were not enough: their rigorous logic of doctrine still required the charm of personality. Cobden supplied this in his really Demosthenian power of hammering away at his thesis, Bright in his fine prophetic rages against all that he held wrong, Fox, not less in his own way, though, as it has proved, with less chance of reaching posterity. Bright's denunciation of the Corn Laws was but common sense in the highest. Parsons, tenant farmers and landlords had for twenty years of war enjoyed an artificial prosperity at the expense of the nation, and when peace came they clamoured for special laws to save their monopoly. The orators converted the people to the common sense of its own interests. Such errors and such conversions are the stuff of history; they change only in their forms; the arguments of Bright's finest speeches would bear close application to the political circumstances of our own time, with little but a change of name. In his opposition to the Crimean war he thunders against entangling alliances in lieu of friendship with all nations: "We are building up our Eastern policy on a false foundation—namely, on the perpetual maintenance of the most immoral and filthy of all despotisms over one of the fairest portions of the earth which it has desolated, and over a population it has degraded but has not been able to destroy." Who was right? and what was this, at the heart of it, but common sense touched by fire? We know what he had to suffer for it—the apostasy of Manchester, the insults of Tennyson:

"This broad-brimmed hawker of holy things,  
Whose ear is cramm'd with his cotton, and rings  
Even in dreams to the chink of his pence.

What a contrast, in the majesty of its homely truth,

is one of that "hawker's" speeches delivered to a spell-bound House that meant to vote against him, but could not find the courage for a reply:

"When I look at gentlemen on that Bench, and consider all their policy has brought about within the last twelve months, I scarcely dare trust myself to speak of them, either in or out of their presence. We all know what we have lost in this House. Here, sitting near me, very often sat the member for Frome (Colonel Boyle). I met him, a short time before he went out, at Mr. Westerton's, the bookseller, near Hyde Park Corner. I asked him whether he was going out. He answered he was afraid he was; not afraid in the sense of personal fear—he knew not that, but he said, with a look and a tone I shall never forget, "It is no light matter for a man who has a wife and five little children." The stormy Luxine is his grave, his wife is a widow, his children fatherless. On the other side of the House sat a member, with whom I was not acquainted, who has lost his life, and another of whom I knew something (Colonel Blair). Who is there that does not recollect his frank, amiable and manly countenance? I doubt whether there were any men on either side of the House who were more capable of fixing the good-will and affection of those with whom they were associated. Well, but the place that knew them shall know them no more for ever."

His American policy was of the same cast. See where the justice of the quarrel lies; and if you must have a counsel of prudence, beware of making an enemy of the side that has the justice, and is sure to mature into one of the most powerful nations in the world. It is the pivot of our American policy now. So, too, in Indian affairs: Give the natives a chance. Govern wholly for their good. Treat them with personal respect and sympathy. The appeal rings clear through all the Indian speeches, and especially through one which an acute contemporary observer, Mr. Whitty, has described as one of the most eloquent of his day. "After Mr. Gladstone," he added, "Mr. Bright and Mr. Disraeli are now the two greatest personages with the two greatest futures of any men of their time." Oddly enough, the personal relations of Disraeli and Bright, men so sharply contrasted in ambition and character, were for a long time remarkably cordial. Mr. Bright seems to have sorrowed over the other as a fallen angel with "points," while Disraeli felt unbounded admiration for his oppo-



**Shandy Hall, Coxwold, Yorkshire.**

Here Sterne was living

nent's wisdom and honesty. The account of a sort of midnight meeting between them, in which the arch contriver of conversions tried to gammon him into joining a Conservative ministry, is one of the most piquant things in the volume.

Bright's principles triumphed even in the final settlement of the Franchise; and here he carried his point even against his lifelong friend. Cobden was for the exclusive support of his own middle class, and he mistrusted the popular appeal. It is curious to note that, Quaker as he was, Bright once came perilously near a suggestion of civil war. "It would be easy to induce many scores of thousands of men to provide themselves with arms—to form something like a great national volunteer force, which, without breaking the law, would place the peace of the country on a soil hot with volcanic fire."

He was right as to the main remedy for Irish discontent— "security of improvements in the land"; and if he failed to keep touch with his Party on Home Rule, it was mainly owing to his dread of the unknown. He had no light to walk by. "so great a question has not in my time been before us." In his heart of hearts he was a statesman ever busied with the question how is the Queen's Government to be carried on? His "Manchester School" was really a school of the philosophy of high politics far more than of mere economics; and in its leading principles he rules our spirits from his urn to this day.



# THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1913.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Sonnet.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best Poetical Epistle, in not more than twenty-four lines, offering advice, congratulations, or sympathy to the new Poet Laureate, whoever he may be.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Sonnet is divided, and we award HALF A GUINEA each to Miss May Jenkinson, of 122, Palace Road, Tulse Hill, S.W., and to Miss E. M. Cooke, of the Poetry Bookshop, 35, Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, W.C., for the following:

### IN A BOOK-BINDING FACTORY.

Amid the throb of vast machinery  
I seem to hear the throb of human thought,  
The life and passion that the author wrought  
Into his words of prose or poetry;  
His inmost thoughts! Methinks if he could see  
The whole prosaic process that is brought  
To bear upon his words, he had not sought  
To give them to the world so lavishly.

Nav, but the poet, were he standing near,  
Would scorn the narrow thought our soul contrives  
And bid us stoop, and 'neath the surface look:  
Prosaic? See, there is a poem here  
With pulsing beats; ah, God, how many lives  
Go to the making of one perfect book!

MAY JENKINSON.

### THE WHISTLER.

Beside the doorway of a country inn  
One stood and whistled right melodiously:  
He whistled as the birds, scarce dreaming why,  
Save that with all fair things his heart was kin  
And as he stood a-whistling, from within  
The hostel, oft broke in upon the song  
The uncouth voices of a rustic throng  
Who marked the tale a wanton churl did spin.  
The discord hushed, the melody would merge  
Triumphant, clearer—sweeter than before,  
Until a very rapture smote the ear  
Of one who trod the long lane's dust-strewn verge:  
So Love stands, making music at the door.  
One lists perchance—the rest nor heed nor hear.

E. M. COOKE

We also select for printing:

### REQUITAL.

"Make recompense"? And how shall that be done?  
What canst thou pay in blood, or breath or tears?  
Canst thou release this spirit, many years  
Crucified to the Past, and slain thereon?  
Give me to think clean thoughts to injure none—  
Give me again my old faith, that reveres  
The highest—re-instate among my peers,  
Call the old dark hours, set them in the sun—

Re-build the honey in the broken comb,  
And fill again with myrrh the shattered cup,  
To the rough sea restore the ragged foam?—  
Yea, these shall first be done, ere thou requite  
A body spurned, and a soul withered up—  
Art thou a God, to raise what thou didst smite?

("Silverpen," Ealing, W.)

### NIGHT.

The night is very holy! Mystic-wise  
She rears her altar in a secret place  
Occult from wanton noon's abashless face  
And the unwinking stare of vulgar eyes.  
Ministrant stars about the hushful skies  
As acolytes await the hour of grace;  
While o'er the sleep-endrenched populace  
Uplifted like the Host the moon doth rise.  
All nature lends her worship to the rite,  
The earth her incense, and the sounding sea  
Makes music on her shores incessantly  
To tuneful winds on every soaring height:  
Each dewy blade bends low, and every tree  
Is murmurous in prayer at midmost night!  
(Fred Reynolds, St. Francis', Walmer, Kent.)

### THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

AFTER A LECTURE IN OXFORD ON EMPIRE DAY, 1910, BY MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON OF CANADA.

Oxford for England gives you thanks and praise,  
Brave traveller through the spacious New North-West.  
Your golden picture will severely test  
The dull indifference that sadly plays  
Too great a part in these commercial days.  
Yet we in this old cloistered sphere compressed  
Delight in high heroic venture best,  
And smile when Youth seeks out Imperial ways.

Young States united by that love of yours  
May stand, a sturdy help to all mankind,  
Against a world of ancient misery:  
Then open wide the crowded ocean doors,  
Let driven men at last victorious find  
An Empire's flag to-day means liberty!

(Hedley V. Storey, 21, St. James' Avenue, Brighton.)

Dear Garrick.

Upon reviewing my papers,  
this morning, with some unforeseen  
inconveniences—I find I should set out  
with 20 p. & left—than a prudent  
man ought—will you lend me  
twenty pounds.  
Yrs L. Sterne

Facsimile of a characteristic  
note from Sterne to Garrick.

## RHODOPIS.

"Rhodopis was . . . very lovely."  
Herodotus 2 135.

For she was very lovely: in such wise  
Rhodopis walks before us still to-day  
As once through Memphis' market folk away  
She hurried and in every place were cries  
Of insolent amaze and bold surprise:  
Aside she flung them all in fond dismay  
For one who laboured, old and bent and gray,  
'Twas Æsop saw the sunlight in her eyes

Her kings have gone down nameless to the earth:  
Dumb monuments are o'er the silent bed  
Of the unknown great Shepherds of the hosts:  
And she, an alien maid of little worth,  
Still lives to-day because one old man said:  
"The maid was very lovely." So Love boasts.

(E. J. Martin, Church Hill, Penistone, Sheffield.)

An almost bewilderingly large number of sonnets have been sent in of very varying merit, and we specially commend those received from Margaret McEvoy (Cricklewood), Ada Stow (Finchley), Harry R. King (Rathgar), Frank Dale (Saxmundham), R. B. (London, S.W.), Norman Davidge Gullick (Clifton), Elsie Mead (Burnley), Douglas C. Pearce (Red Hill), Vernon H. Porter (London, E. C.), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), M. Bach (Seaford), David S. Wadsdon (Gorleston-on-Sea), Frank Brebner, jun. (Aberdeen), Grace Ashby (Torrington), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), H. Young (Leeds), Anna K. Barlow (Blackheath), B. Solomon (London, N.W.), Edward S. Nightingale (Edinburgh), Amy J. Brooks (S. Merstham), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), F. Noel Bursill (Battersea Rise), Mrs. Cater (Torrington), Doris Dean (Bromley), H. McQ. Thomson (Pateley Bridge), "Green Cross" (Harrogate), G. W. T. McGown (Corstorphine), D. M. Kemode (Kenilworth), Moisey Law (Bristol), S. Urquhart (Ponders End), E. F. Parr (Clifton), Lily E. Lord (Amersham Common), Gwendolen D. Harold (High Barnet), B. M. Skeat (Sedburgh), F. O. Call (Quebec), P. M. Jones (Aberystwyth), Nona Parsons (Hull), Mrs. Ormsby (Pontypridd), G. M. Fauldring (Baywater), G. M. Mackinlay (Glasgow), Florence Bagster (Kendal), A. R. C. Eaton (Forest Gate), "Tristram" (Aberdeen), Miss M. E. Norry (Putney), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), E. Rinnon (Hull), M. B. M. (Glasgow), Noel D. Braithwaite (Ashton-under-Lyne), H. Gallon (Upper Holloway), W. K. Fleming (Seaford), "Iris" (Stoke Newington), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), G. J. Holme (Gt. Malvern), Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), Robert Mackay (Edinburgh), Robert W. Fenton (Birstall), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), Gerald Venning (London, S.W.), W. A. Lambie (Brighton), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Ernest S. Heron (Chester), "East Wind" (Co. Antrim), Eleanor Bull (Ludlow), Robert Everall (Plaistow), Margaret E. Painter (Wimbledon), Mrs. Stephen Parker (Poole), E. Irene Seaton (Boxmoor), Margaret Dunn (Hammersmith), W. Stanley Anderton (Wigan), C. R. Price (Wellington), Miss V. Gillespie (Forest Hill), "Issor" (St. John's Wood), Violet Pascoe Williams (Blackheath), Agnes E. M. Baker (W. Hampstead), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Ethel M. Dale (Crouch Hill), Margaret Rey (Bournemouth), R. A. Caswall (Forest Hill), R. W. King (Catford), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Marcella Whittaker (Dewsbury), William Kerr (Stirling), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead Common), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), B. Mulne (London-bridge), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), H. Wakeford (Cardiff), Hubert A. Harris (Birmingham), Miss C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), Miss E. M. Herring (Weston-super-Mare), Alba Longa (Upper Norwood), Dudley Stow (Finchley), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), M. M. Burnell (Ashford), J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), J. R. A. Nicoll (Glasgow), Chas. Parkin (Felling-on-Tyne), Will Loudon (Dunfermline), H. B. Dawes (Southport), F. A. Pearson (Fleet), G. G. Jackson (Northampton), Bernard McEvoy (Ilfracombe), Henry C. Suter (S. Tottenham), Grace M. Measham (Newcastle-on-Tyne), G. Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Marjorie W. Crosbie (Wolverhampton),

C. H. K. Kibblethwaite (Nottingham), Percy Haselden (New Brighton), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Ontario), Agnes R. Deans (Edinburgh), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), W. H. Colman (West Malling), Margaret Corry (Enniskillen), Chas. Stuart (Sheffield), David Stothart (Edinburgh), Norman Boothroyd (Batley), Mark Bowman (Kingston), Harry B. King (Rathgar), W. Kitley (Derby), A. C. Loughton (Wakefield), E. J. Martin (Sheffield), Agnes Lack (Margate), B. Vickery (Bradford), Alex. R. Horne (Peterhead), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), E. Percy Schofield (Hull), James Mitchell (Edinburgh), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), W. H. Colman (West Malling), Elizabeth Healy (Chapelized)

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Irene Pollock Lalonde, of 14, Forester Road, Bath, for the following:

BECAUSE OF THE CHILD. BY CURTIS YORKE.  
(Jarrold.)

" 'Bother it!' I may  
Occasionally say." . .

W. S. GILBERT, *HMS Pinafore*.

We also select for printing: "

GOSSIP IN A LIBRARY. BY E. GOSSE (Heinemann)

" . . SILENCE . . . "

HOOD, last line of *Sonnet*.

(Rev. Arthur Golland, 4, Kedan Street, Ipswich.)

THE SECRET OF NARCISSE BY EDMUND GOSSE.

"The colour of her hair"

SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*.

(Miss S. M. Isaacson, 14, Gordon Place, Campden Hill.)

FIRST STEPS TO GOLF BY G. S. BROWN (Mills & Boon.)

"Give thy thoughts no tongue"

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet* I, 3.

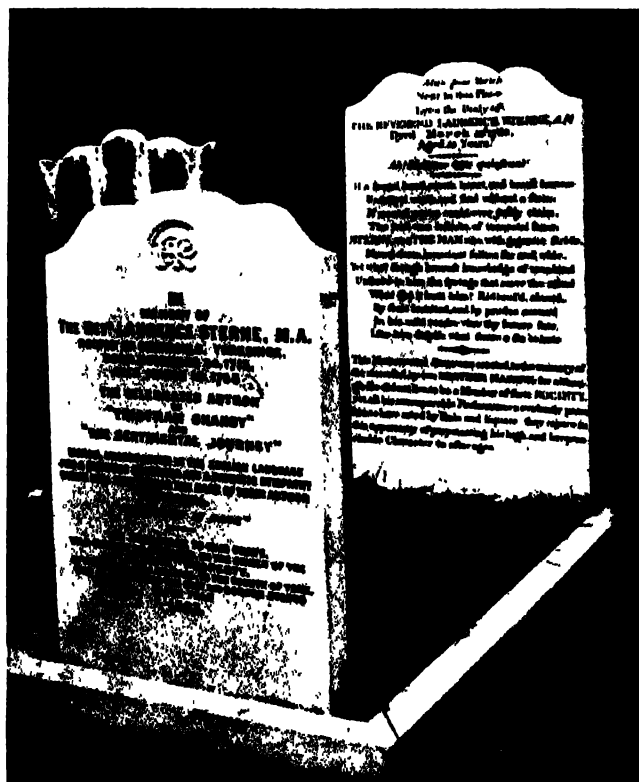
(E. F. Thomas, 3, Rangemore, Prestwich, Manchester.)

THE SILENCE OF MEN. BY H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY.  
(Lane)

"Why don't the men propose, mamma?"

T. H. BAYLY.

(S. G. Harrison, 4, Broomgrove Road, Sheffield.)



Sterne's Grave in St. George's Burial Ground, Baywater Road.

FIRST STEPS TO GOLF. By G. S. BROWN.

"I swore."

*Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám.*

(D. H. Badland, Myrtle Place, Bingley.)

SOULS IN PAWN. By LINDSEY RUSSELL.  
(Ward, Lock & Co.)

"O my prophetic soul!

My uncle!"

SHAKE-PEARE, *Hamlet.*

(John A. Walker, 60, Grosvenor Avenue, East Sheen,  
S.W.)

STEPS TO PARNASSUS By J. C. SQUIRE  
(Howard Latimer.)

"It's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road"

RUDYARD KIPPLING. *Oonts*

(G. J. Baldock, "Lyeway," Ropley, Hants.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best twelve lines of verse giving advice to young poets against the use of false rhymes is divided, and we are sending Two NEW BOOKS to Mr. J. J. Geake, of St. Bernard's, York Road, Guildford, Surrey; Two to Mr. Hadly Ford, of 12, Priory Road, Clifton, Bristol; and Two to Miss S. M. Isaacson, of 14, Gordon Place, Campden Hill, London, for the following:

#### ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS AGAINST THE USE OF FALSE RHYMES.

Let those, who think the poet's song  
inspired,  
And dream of radiant Muses sweetly  
'tired,  
Know that his art is not an airy thing,  
Many have voices—few, indeed, can  
sing  
And ye, who seek to climb Parnassus'  
height,  
Think ere ye speak,—still more think  
ere ye write,  
Guard well your words, and ponder  
long on each,  
The imperfect pen is born of careless  
speech.  
Who thinks great thoughts, must noble  
language use,—  
The poet's mind is still his truest  
Muse  
Thus shall ye play more fair your  
minstrel part—  
Build as a Science, finish as an Art  
J J GEAKE.

#### ADVICE TO POETASTERS.

Lads, let me tell you, he who woos  
That coy, capricious maid, the Muse,  
Should be most careful lest he wound  
Her ears with inharmonious sound  
His vowels must be round and full  
And for her pleasure he must cull  
Chaste verses since her soul abhors  
Cacophony and cockney flaws.  
So I've committed every crime  
To show him how he must *not* rhyme,  
And should he heed this sound advice  
He yet may win a Bookman Prize!

HADLY FORD.

#### ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS AGAINST THE USE OF FALSE RHYMES

Oh Youth, beware the Poet's snare so  
temptingly displayed,  
A language so replete with rhymes  
needs not fictitious aid  
There is no tongue by poets sung  
that wider scope affords,  
Than this of ours, which oft in Verse a  
grateful writer lauds.

Then why should you, as now you do,  
in alien pastures stray,  
When every help is yours the Poet's  
canons to obey?

Why grieve the Miews—who holds strict views upon the point of  
Rhyme,  
And whom you seek to glorify in rhapsodies subhyme!

Henceforth Her law transgress no maw, but strive with all your  
might  
Her smallest rules to keep when next a Masterpiece you write.  
Of faulty stuff we have enuff—pray do not swell the liased!  
Or else, should your career be short, I fear you'll not be misseed.

MISS S. M. ISAACSON.

We also select for printing:

To pen a rhyme from mark of falseness free,  
Its vowel sound should perfectly agree;  
And differing euphony be heard to float  
From its preceding consonantal note.  
Succeeding consonants—if these appear—  
Should with the self-same tone enchant the ear,  
In emphasis the rhyme identic too  
Should echoing fall, to be exact and true.  
Then wed not joy with sky, nor dawn with morn,  
From all such unions discord sure is born;  
For while in accent showing no mistake,  
All other canons 'twill be seen they break.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road,  
South Woodford, N.E.)

#### ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS AGAINST FALSE RHYMES

"Spring is the season of Poetic License,"  
Dear Peter, 'tis agreed, but I opine  
You might have found a better word than "hy'emths"  
To finish your next line



"More a humble curtsy than a low one."

Reproduced from one of Everard Hopkins's colour pictures illustrating "A Sentimental Journey."  
(Williams & Norgate.)

And when you hail that maiden  
Aphroditic  
"Child of the Zephyrs," "Off-  
spring of the Dawn,"  
'Cold in the head, I fear'—is  
what a critic  
Concludes from rhymes like  
"sc. n."

Or when you tell how "many  
a mile I plodded"  
To see the Sun rise, I am lost  
to view  
In Admiration; but to say you  
"added  
Labour to Labour"—Phew!

Dear Peter, if another Spring  
you tarry  
"On this terrestrial ball," go  
drink your fill  
Where, by the kerb, "Penny  
a Dishon—arry"  
Echoes on Ludgate Hill.

(John D. Westwood, King's  
Terrace, Braehead, Bo'ness,  
N.B.)

Good replies have also  
been received from Mrs. A.  
E. Wise (Leicester), Frances  
A. Manks (Halifax), Miss M.  
C. Barnard (London, S.W.),  
Nelly Burdett (Norwich),  
F. Noel Bursill (Battersea Rise), Edith M. Evans (Not-  
tingham), W. S. A. M. M. (Liverpool), M. A. Newman  
(Framlingham), C. W. Rodwell (Sutton-on-Hull), Jas.  
Kennedy (Belfast), R. B. Boswell (Bassett), Rev. J. A.  
Stokes Little (Fraserburgh), G. J. Baldock (Ropley),  
John Adair (Rathmues), Ada E. Mann (St. Anne's-on-  
Sea), E. Sumners (Dukinfield), Constance Goodwin (Clap-  
ham), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Ernest F.  
Seymour (Kilburn), R. F. Reynolds (Llanbedr), A. S.  
Barnard (Walsall), Lily E. Lord (Amersham Common),  
Richard H. Tripp (Liverpool), H. McDonnell (Glasgow),  
P. J. Frawley (Coventry), M. C. Haythorne (Liverpool).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review  
in not more than a hundred words is awarded to  
Mr Cyril G. Taylor, of Farr Hall, Heswall,  
Cheshire, for the following:

THE OPEN WINDOW. BY F. TEMPLE THURSTON.  
(Chapman & Hall)

Of the making of books there is no end, but not often, unfor-  
tunately, do we come across a book of such fragrant thought  
as "The Open Window." It is the veriest trifle, yet how  
precious a trifle may be gauged from the knowledge that as the  
jaded town-dweller reads these leisurely entries in the Vicar of  
Framlingham's diary, the songs of birds will sound in his ears,  
and the scents of the flower-starred countryside come sweetly  
stealing to his nostrils. Mr Thurston has woven no daintier  
work: the illustrations of Charles Robinson admirably emphasise  
the delicacy of its texture.

We also select for printing:

THE INFERNO. BY AUGUST STRINDBERG.  
Translated by CLAUD FIFID (Rider)

Strindberg believes he escaped madness and shows he did not  
escape even mania. For mental specialists let everyone else  
toss it on the fire—this book "realistically" pictures a sensual  
decadent's wearisome suspicions, Alchemy-dabbings, misokyny,  
omen-mongering. Finally, in a lucid interval, he sees himself  
truly, an example of how *not* to live, no prophet, but mere  
braggart, stripped before "the God who punishes."

De Quincey's record of self-indulgence is immortal because  
compact of genius; there is no genius here. Why translate such  
moribidity when Sweden has her Selma Lagerlöf, still far too little  
known to English readers?

(Rev. J. A. Stokes Little, The West Manse, Fraserburgh.)

THE CROCK OF GOLD. BY JAMES STEPHENS. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Stephens, in creating this amazing kaleidoscope of Philo-  
sophers, Wives, Children, Leprecauns, Policemen, Peasants,



Laurence Sterne.

From a painting in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Thieves and Gods, has achieved  
an imaginative triumph. He is  
by turns ancient and modern,  
poetic and prosaic, fantastic  
and sensible, joyful and sorrow-  
ful, gives us pathos and bathos,  
is a realist, an idealist, and—  
superlatively—an Irishman!

The stealing of the Lepre-  
caun's Crock of Gold; the  
troubles that resulted to a  
Philosopher and his wife; the  
annihilation of time and space,  
from Pan and Angus Og in their  
caves to the modern gaol, all  
help to link the twentieth cen-  
tury with the beginning of  
things.

(M. B. M., Glasgow.)

OSCAR WILDE

BY ARTHUR RANSOME  
(Methuen)

Mr Ransome's finely-wrought  
critical study of Oscar Wilde,  
will, in its cheaper re-issue, gain  
the wider popularity it deserves.  
Within its small compass the  
author first compactly sum-  
marizes Wilde's sadly-marred  
life-story, then brings a fine  
critical faculty to bear on the  
careful analysis of his work.

The book claims the attention  
of all who would gain, by the light of clear, well-balanced  
criticism, an intimate picture of the brilliant, bizarre per-  
sonality whose work has enriched our drama and found a  
permanent niche in literature.

(Alan C. Fraser, Dodington, Bridgwater.)

LESS THAN THE DUST BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON.  
(Heinemann)

It is ignoble to run down one's country, stupid to misstate  
facts, unimaginative to dwell only on the faults of people or things.  
Miss Hamilton, a Canadian born and bred, commits all these  
crimes in her crude, naively-constructed novel "Less than the  
Dust." Calèches are unknown in Montreal. Calèches with  
"luggage on top" are non-existent, there being no top. Brass  
spittoons are not "characteristically Canadian." There are  
Canadians who dress and speak like civilized beings. "Bush  
fires," do not rage in Quebec all Autumn, and she who ignor-  
antly decries our splendid river and the beauty of September trees  
deserves to have her opinions considered "Less than the Dust."

(M. G. Cook, 49, The Ramparts, Quebec, Canada.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Edna  
Smallwood (London, N.), Leo Delicati (Cotham, Bristol),  
Mary A. Wallis (Purley), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood,  
S.E.), M. C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Lucy G. Chamber-  
lain (Llandudno), Mary Kingdom (Leamington Spa),  
A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Horace W. Walker (Beeston,  
Notts), Frank Dale (Saxmundham), J. F. Parr (Clifton,  
Bristol), Miss H. Whiting (Littlehampton), J. B. Boulkes  
(Mellor, Derbyshire), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool),  
Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), Irene Harrison  
(Redland, Bristol), Margaret Rey (Bournemouth), Mary  
Gillott (Eastwood, Notts.), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn,  
N.W.), H. Rhoda Butt (Littlehampton), W. F. Spalding  
(Palmer's Green, N.), R. F. Reynolds (Llanbedr, Merion-  
eth), Marcella Whitaker (Earlsheaton, Dewsbury), Miss  
E. Rippon (Hull), Ivyllis Ema (Harrow-on-the-Hill), Miss  
E. T. Wright (Tunbridge Wells), Miss M. E. Bradshaw-  
Isherwood (Colchester), Florence G. Fidler (London,  
N.W.), Robert Brewin (Loughborough), Muriel M. P.  
Aikman (Glasgow, W.), Dorothy M. Horne (London,  
W.C.), Margaret J. Laird (Belfast), John MacLaggart  
(Dollar, Scotland), and Bernard Gregory (Bristol).

V.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE  
BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Winifred Rich,  
of 55, Wonfield Street, Albert Bridge, Battersea  
Park, S.W., and to Horace W. Walker, of 64,  
High Street, Beeston, Notts.

## "THE BEST OF ALL GOOD LITTLE BOYS."\*

BY WALTER SICHEL.

THIS is the book of the early letters of Lord John Russell, who wrote so many letters on so much that guided or affected affairs. A Whig of the Whigs, he proved typical of a period which bridges over the gulf between the late Georgian eddies and the mid-Victorian backwater. Nor was he least Whiggish when on his majority he entered Parliament, through his father's interest.

When he was barely nine his charming mother (and he was blest also in a fascinating stepmother) penned a beautiful letter to him. It was addressed "To the best of all good little boys." And the best of all good little boys Lord John remained through a life exceptionally long, strenuous, and useful. He was not perhaps gifted (though so he may have fancied) with any very strong force of imagination. And he was certainly no poet, though "poetry" he published, cultivated Moore, dreaded Byron, and condemned Shelley. Perhaps, too, vision—that sign-manual of genius—not infrequently failed him, nor did he discern the strange issues to which a logic of retail reason and what may almost be styled his fanatical latitudinarianism would ultimately lead. Moreover, indecision often gave a semblance of obstinacy, or obstinacy a show of indecision, so that of many Cabinets he was the *enfant terrible*—threatening to resign—and then not resigning. But no doubt can ever exist as to his single-mindedness or distinction. If he was not big enough to be great in the sense of leadership, if sometimes theory overmastered life and his sphere was larger than his scale, in the sense of championship great he certainly was. He initiated or forwarded most of the emancipating and educational movements that grew out of his time. He deserved every prize—though never for a full year was he Prime Minister—that the Whig Academy could bestow.

The truth is that with all his endowments he was a product of that school—he tended to be didactic. Abhorring cant, politically he liked preaching. As a youth under Playfair at Edinburgh he had joined the "Speculative Society," and the habit gained on him. For him England was to prove the moraliser of the Continent—a missioner of the Whig word. The Continent never quite relishes this attitude.

What, however, makes Lord John so interesting a representative of the Russells is his comprehensiveness. Otherwise he might have been, with all his virtues, a prig. But even as the pioneer of great movements or the starter of great cries—from Repeal to Reform, from Reform to the Edinburgh Letter (outside these volumes), from that manifesto to his denunciation of Cardinal Wiseman—he combined keen contrasts. Intensely English, he was also a bit of a cosmopolitan, as befitted the brother of a diplomatist, with whom he stayed at Torres Vedras while still aide-de-camp of Wellington in the Peninsular, and one who had conversed with Napoleon at an age when most were "coaching" for

a degree. Yet philanthropy never extirpated patriotism, nor did the abstract humanitarian lose his love of sport. His Puritanism was not anti-Bohemian, and directly he got out of the Parliamentary pulpit he could romp like a boy. All this belongs to the eighteenth century. Intensely Whiggish, he yet adored the great Duke, nor would he go far enough to satisfy the extreme Radicals who came to dub him "Finality Jack." On the other hand, and especially concerning Ireland and Canada, he went too far and fast for Melbourne, or even for Lord Grey. But after his militant introduction of Reform in the spring of 1831 he wished to stride no further in the direction of votes. He was firmly opposed to the ballot, to triennial Parliaments, to most of the ready-made remedies afterwards demanded by the Chartists in which perhaps Macaulay alone among the Whigs foresaw the march of anti-national Socialism. Russell always upheld a real House of Lords. "To the Constitution in all its branches," he exclaimed in 1836, "I stand pledged by feeling, by opinion, and by duty." What would he have said now, he who in 1816 regarded a high income tax as a "dreadful calamity"? By the "People" Russell clearly meant the nation at large as opposed to engrossing sections. If he could not see that the "People" meant and means different things in different mouths, if his watchwords did not always stand for ideas, they did always and admirably stand for principles. He trimmed to no popular breeze.

These pages afford many and striking sidelights on the network of intrigue that hemmed in politics from the death of George the Fourth to the close of the second Melbourne ministry. It was a strange scene with the *débris* of Canning alternately intermixed or parting with uncongenial surroundings. Gradually both Stanley and, later, Palmerston quitted the Whig ranks, and through all the kaleidoscope Brougham is descried dictating, hectoring, embarrassing. "I am quite vexed," he writes in the September of 1831 to Lord John, "at the lingering pace of our bill. But if the anti-reformers do stop you, at all events be loud on the grievance—that puts the saddle on the right horse. Instead of doing so, what are you all about? You praise the enemy for his candour and fairness! . . ."

I have mentioned Lord John's frequent threats of resignation. These happened in 1832 on Irish Education, in 1834 when Stanley declared that he had "upset the coach," in the November of 1837 as "Finality Jack," and twice in 1839 respecting the Colonies. ". . . be it as you please," he then wrote to Lord Melbourne, "I shall give in my resignation next week and state that I thought the destinies of our Colonial Empire could no longer be continued in their present hands without imminent peril, that nothing but the utmost energy and activity are equal to the present emergency, and that not finding them to exist where they ought to be found I am compelled to leave office." And students of his career beyond the confines of these volumes will remember how, in 1855, after the Vienna Conference, he actually scuttled out of the Cabinet.

\* "Early Correspondence of Lord John Russell, 1805-1810" Edited by his Son, Kollo Russell. In 2 Vols. 21s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

All these are registers of a self-willed conscience, but of a conscience that does him honour.

He lived in the full swing and splendour of the world, but was never for a moment corrupted by it. Brilliant personages defile before us, and Lord John always wins and keeps their respect. He was not a wit, but wit and wits attracted him, nor was the least strange of his likings his *penchant* for Tom Moore. His delightful brother Lord William, a sparkling diplomatist, writes some of the best letters in these pages, and Rogers, too, and Sydney Smith show to advantage, but there are greater names than these in missives which Tom Moore must have handed on to his admiring friend. Among these is one of intense interest from Shelley about the changes that he

was constrained to make in the text of "Laon and Cynthia," and there is also an important one from Lord John to Moore (who was then writing "Byron's Life") respecting his recollections of the "Memoirs." This confirms the story of Miss Chaworth wounding him when only twelve years old by exclaiming, "What do you



**Lord John Russell.**

Painted by Sir George Hayter; engraved by James Bromley, published 1836.  
From "Early correspondence of Lord John Russell." Edited by his son, Rollo Russell.  
(Fisher Unwin.)

think I can care about that lame boy?" while it pictures him sitting naked on a rock, "looking on the port of Athens," and records that the "Giaour" was written after his return from dances in the small hours of the morning. It is odd (in a previous letter) to find Lord John deeming "Childe Harold" more "dangerous" than Cain.

Lord John's home affections were tender and unselfish, as his attached and beloved stepdaughter,— only lately vanished from our midst—rejoiced to remember. Intellectually he had the quick clearness of a Frenchman. But he lacked the power of divination. He was unintuitive. "He has not comprehended," well wrote Disraeli in 1853, "that in the last twenty years the choice is between the maintenance of those institu-

tions and habits of thought which preserve monarchy and that gradual change into an absolute democracy towards which the tendencies of the age seemed to impel Europe." Such an "absolute democracy" Lord John Russell would have detested. Yet to it, despite himself, he was to prove an unconscious contributor.

## MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT:

## A Letter and some Notes.\*

BY ROGER INGPEN.

THE last literary work that engaged the attention of Mary Wollstonecraft was her novel entitled "The Wrongs of Woman, or Maria," the composition of which is said to have been in progress for a period of twelve months, and although it is very short, as we reckon the length of novels nowadays, she never lived to finish it. The story, which was given the place of honour in the collection of her posthumous works published by William Godwin in 1798, is a sordid one, based on the actual facts of her sister, Mrs. Bishop's, unhappy married life, and contains not a little of her own experiences with Imlay.

Allowing for the fact that the book might have been much improved had its author survived to prepare it for the press, it is interesting as showing Mary Wollstonecraft's solicitude to the last in the cause of suffering womanhood. As a realistic, revolting record of crime and shame, it is hardly less outspoken than Defoe. The story however has had an ardent advocate in the late Miss Mathilde Blind, whose opinion is certainly worthy of consideration, she, although not insensible to the book's defects, pays a high tribute to its merits, and says: "For originality of invention, tragic incident, and a certain fiery eloquence of style, this is certainly the most remarkable and mature of her works."

Godwin tells us, in his preface to the story, that its "purpose and structure had long formed a favourite subject of meditation with its author, and she judged them capable of producing an important effect. She was anxious to do justice to her conception and recommenced and revised the MS. several times." The story, so far as she had written it, was shown only to two persons, namely, to Godwin and to George Dyson, and on receiving Dyson's opinion she wrote to him the following letter which it is believed is now printed for the first time in its entirety, although portions were quoted in the prefaces by Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft that accompany the "Wrongs of Women" in the Posthumous Works.

From MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.

Monday Morning,  
No. 29, Polygon,  
Somerset Town.

[Written probably during the summer of 1797.]

I have been reading your remarks and I find them a little discouraging. I mean I am not satisfied with the feelings

\* (Copyright.)

which seem to be the result of the perusal. I was perfectly aware that some of the incidents ought to be transposed and heightened by more harmonious shading; and I wished to avail myself of yours and Mr. G.'s criticism before I began to adjust my events into a story, the outline of which I had sketched in my mind at the commencement; yet I am vexed and surprised at your not thinking the situation of Maria sufficiently important, and can only account for this want of—shall I say it? delicacy of feeling by recollecting that you are a man—For my part I cannot suppose any situation more distressing than for a woman of sensibility with an improving mind to be bound, to such a man as I

have described, for life—obliged to renounce all the humanizing affections, and to avoid cultivating her taste lest her perception of grace, and refinement of sentiment should sharpen to agony the pangs of disappointment. Love, in which the imagination mingles its bewitching colouring must be fostered by delicacy—I should despise, or rather call her an ordinary woman, who could endure such a husband as I have sketched—yet you do not seem to be disgusted with him!!!

These appear to me (matrimonial despotism of heart and conduct) to be the peculiar wrongs of woman, because they degrade the mind. What are termed great misfortunes may more forcibly impress the mind of common readers, they have more of what might justly be termed *stage effect*; but it is the delicacy of finer sensations, which in my opinion constitutes the merit of our best novels, this is

what I have in view; and to show the wrongs of different classes of women equally oppressive, though from the difference of education, necessarily various.

I write in haste, and, therefore, can only add that if you will drink tea with me Wednesday or Thursday, I should prefer Wednesday, I would converse with you on the subject. I am engaged to-morrow and Friday.

I am not convinced that your remarks respecting the style of *Jemima's* story is just; but will reconsider it. You seem to me to confound simplicity and vulgarity. Persons who have received a miscellaneous education, that is one educated by chance, and the energy of their own faculties, commonly display the mixture of refined and common language I have endeavoured to imitate. Besides I do not like *stalking horse* sentences.

One word more strong Indignation in youth at injustice &c appears to me the constant attendant of superiority of understanding.

[To] MR. GEORGE DYSON,  
Ironmongers' Hall,  
Fenchurch Street.

[Postmark illegible.]

We do not know what Dyson had to say of the story, but Mary's little burst of displeasure is characteristic, and, as may be judged from the book, she was unlikely



Mary Wollstonecraft.

From a painting by John Opie, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.



to receive an adverse opinion without expostulation on her part. An example of Mary's passionate temper is to be seen in a letter which she wrote to Godwin during their short married life, when he was absent from her on a short holiday in the Midlands.\* Of George Dyson, to whom Mary addressed this letter, we know little, but that little leads us to think he must have been a remarkable man. Godwin says he was translator of the "Sorcerer," and mentions him among the four principal oral instructors to whom he felt his mind indebted for improvement, the others being Joseph Fawcett, Thomas Holcroft and S. T. Coleridge. Mr. Kegan Paul describes him as "a young man whose abilities promised much, and whose ardour for literature, and whose desire to do right seemed to give assurance that such promise would be realised. Unfortunately, violent passions and a vehement temper ruined these hopes." Godwin seems to have done what



**Mary Wollstonecraft.**

From a painting by John Opie, R.A., in the National Gallery

he could to keep him straight, but neither remonstrance nor expostulation availed, and gradually their intimacy grew cold. Dyson, however, could not have been entirely estranged from his old friend, as can be seen by the fact that Mary consulted him in regard to her story, and we read that when she lay dying he was "one of the four friends who sat up nearly the whole of the last week of her existence in the house, to be dispatched on any errand, to any part of the metropolis, at a moment's warning."†

It is added that "a few of the persons she most esteemed attended the ceremony" of her burial in the Parish Churchyard of St. Pancras, and that the monument to her memory was "erected by some of her friends"; we may be sure that George Dyson was one

\* "William Godwin and His Friends and Contemporaries" By C. Kegan Paul. Vol. I, p. 267. 1876

† "Godwin's Memoirs of the Author of 'A Vindication of the Rights of Women,'" 1798.



**Mary Wollstonecraft.**

From an engraving by Ridley after the picture by J. Opie in the National Gallery.

of those to whom allusion is here made The inscription to Mary on the tomb is as follows

TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN

AUTHOR OF

A VINDICATION  
OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN

Born 27 April 1759

Died 10 September 1797

When the Midland Railway was constructed, it involved the removal of the graves of Mary Wollstonecraft, and of Godwin, who had been laid by her side, their grandson,



**Mary Wollstonecraft's Tombstone.**

Formerly placed over her grave in Old St. Pancras Churchyard, now in the Public Garden.

From a drawing by Dorothy Collins.

Sir Percy Florence Shelley, caused their remains to be conveyed to their present resting place at Bournemouth. The old tombstone, however, with the inscriptions to Mary, William Godwin and his second wife, was re-stated, where it may still be seen, in the public garden into which the old churchyard of St. Pancras has

been converted. Another interest is attached to this old gravestone. On an eventful day in the spring of 1814 Shelley met Mary Godwin, then a girl between sixteen and seventeen, "in St. Pancras Churchyard by her mother's grave, and he, in burning words, poured forth the tale of his wild past—how he had suffered, how he had been misled, and how, if supported by her love, he hoped in the future years to enrol his name with the wise and good who had done battle for their fellow-men, and been true through all adverse storms to the cause of humanity. Unhesitatingly she placed her hand in his, and linked her fortune with his own."\*

There are two portraits extant of Mary Wollstonecraft, both by John Opie, and both of them are national property. The painting in the National Portrait Gallery is probably the earlier, and it is certainly the more attractive picture. It is well known that Opie, unlike his great contemporaries Reynolds and Gainsborough, was not sophisticated enough to flatter his sitters, and therefore we probably have, in this painting, a very good likeness of the author of "A Vindication of the Rights of Women." In connection with her picture one is reminded of an interesting word-portrait in a letter of Southey to Cottle, of March 13th, 1797, in which he says:

"Of all the lions or literati I have seen here, Mary Imlay's countenance is the best, infinitely the best:

\* "Shelley Memorials,"

Love, in which the imagination mingles its  
witching colouring must be fostered by delirium - I  
should despise, or rather call her an ordinary  
woman, who could endure such a husband  
as I have sketched - yet you do not seem  
to disquiet him!!!  
(matrimonial disposition of head & conduct)  
This appears to me to be the peculiar mark  
woman, because they deprave the mind, the  
termed great misfortunes may forcibly  
impress the mind of com. readers, they have

Facsimile of Mary Wollstonecraft's handwriting;  
a portion of her letter to George Dyson.

the only fault in it is an expression somewhat similar to what the prints of Horne Tooke display— an expression indicating superiority; not haughtiness, not sarcasm, in Mary Imlay, but still it is unpleasant. Her eyes are light brown, and although the lid of one of them is affected by a little paralysis, they are the most meaning I ever saw."

This picture was formerly in the possession of William Godwin, who hung it over the fireplace in his parlour at Skinner Street, where it was seen by Robert Lloyd in 1800. It was engraved for the frontispiece to Godwin's memoir of his wife, published in 1798, and it has since many times been reproduced. From Godwin the portrait passed to his daughter, Mary Shelley; and it was bequeathed in July, 1899, to the National Portrait Gallery by her daughter-in-law Jane, Lady Shelley.

The authenticity of the National Gallery portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft has been questioned, and little appears to be known of its history. Her hair, which is represented as grey or powdered, makes her look somewhat more than thirty-seven: for she could not have been older when it was painted.

It is reasonable to assume that this is a genuine portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft, as a reversed engraving of the picture (which we reproduce) was published in 1796, during her lifetime, in the *Monthly Mirror*, and neither Mary nor Opie (to whom the picture is attributed) appear to have raised any protest or objection to the print. The picture was at one time owned by Mr. William Russell, who in 1867 contributed it to the exhibition of national portraits at South Kensington. It was subsequently purchased from Mr. Russell's collection by the Trustees of the National Gallery.

## MRS. MEYNELL'S COLLECTED POEMS.\*

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THERE could be nothing more expressive, more explanatory of Mrs. Meynell's unique personality in the literature of our day than the fact that her *Collected Poems* fill one slender volume of 117 pages, of which 65 are taken up by those precious early poems, "Preludes," which were published in the author's young girlhood. Her additional output here covers in all forty-one poems since "Preludes." While we wonder at the fertility of other writers in our days, we offer her the greater distinction of our wonder at her reticence. Who shall say if we ought to grieve or rejoice at this reticence? Whether we should grieve for the noble numbers she has not given us, or rejoice at the perfect fruition of her genius which the *Collected Poems* offer us, hailing it as the fruit of abstinence and self-denial? One thing is certain with "To the Body," "Two Boyhoods," "The Modern Mother," "The Two Poets," Mrs. Meynell moves on to take her place in the starry line—not among the minor lights, but the major—a fixed star.

One might say of her as she said of her father, whose silence she has almost emulated, that from her rejections, her reticences, many poets might have been equipped. So delicate, so austere, so choice is this Muse that one has a feeling, reading her poems, as though one had stepped from the roar of London into a sunny, deserted cloister of her own Italy. Not that she is not concerned with vital topics: she is of her time, of her womanhood, of her maternity. The modern problems are looked upon by her grave eyes. But she is as still, as withdrawn, as the Muse. In a somewhat vulgar age I can imagine no more complete antidote and remedy for vulgarity than this modern Muse.

In a little prefatory note to the *Poems*, the later poems are spoken of as being "composed." The word is most aptly and most happily chosen. Very few things are "composed" in this age. They are made violently, whether well or ill. Composition, composure—the two words of different meaning meet in one's mind. There is

composure in these poems—the composure of an ancient marble, a head of Minerva, sightless and beautiful.

"Preludes" are here almost as they were published in the poet's girlhood. The few slight alterations hardly count. I do not know any poet whose work can stand without revision as hers can. There was no immaturity in "Preludes," though there was the wistfulness of youth, of Spring looking towards the fields of corn and the Autumn and Winter she cannot discern. "Preludes" gave Mrs. Meynell her place as an exquisite poet. The later poems confirm the early verdict and enhance it. Some of the delicate lyrical quality of "Preludes"—Mrs. Meynell's poetry has never been obviously lyrical—has gone with the Spring. I think of strains of music like—

"And when some Midsummer shall be  
Hither will come some little one,  
Dusty with bloom of flowers is he,  
Sit on a ruin in the tall long sun  
And flunk, one foot upon his knee.

"And where they wrought, these lives of ours,  
So many-worded, many-souled,  
A north-west wind will take the towers,  
And dark with colour, sunny and cold,  
Will range along among the flowers.

"And here or there, at our desire,  
The little clamorous owl shall sit,  
Through her still time; and we aspire  
To make a law (and know not it)  
Unto the life of a wild briar."

In this poem—"Builders of Ruins" in "Sœur Monique," in "San Lorenzo's Mother," we know this music and magic. In the later poems—not that her poems ever dance and sing, as some lyrics do—the music is more difficult. The thought is more difficult. It exacts at least a temporary exaltation in the reader towards the mind of the writer. If her kingdom is not for the violent it is still less for the sloven and the careless. It lifts one to something of its own heights or it is out of reach altogether. It takes something of discipleship to follow poetry like "To the Body," "The Two



Photo by Mr. Sherril Schell.

Mrs. Meynell.

\* *Poems*. By Alice Meynell. The *Collected Edition*. 5s. net. (Burns & Oates.)

Poets" and "Two Boyhoods." In these the music is fused—beats through the great poetry. One feels one's responsibility in making that epithet. The noble pleasure of praising is so apt to carry one away when one is under delight as under spells. There is a strange music as of an Æolian harp as wistful, but stronger, in "The Two Poets."

"Whose is the speech  
That moves the voices of this lonely beech  
Out of the long west did this wild wind come?  
Oh, strong and silent! and the tide was dumb,  
Ready and dumb until  
The dumb gale struck it on the darkened hill

"Two memories,  
Two powers, two promises, two silences,  
Closed in this cry, closed in these thousand leaves,  
Articulate This sudden hour retrieves  
The purpose of the past,  
Separate, apart, embraced, embraced at last.

"Whose is the word?  
Is it I that speak? Is it thou? Is it I that heard?  
'Thine earth was solitary, yet I found thee,  
Thy sky was pathless, but I caught, I bound thee'  
Thou Visitant Divine,  
O thou, my Voice, the word was thine, was thine."

Side by side with this beauty, that soars almost out of sight, there are simplicities. There are modernities as well as the eternal verities. This is a modern muse, for the poet is of her moment and her day. She is not lost, not out of sight in the ether in which she sings. She has the modern responsibilities which in the old

days were for the priest and the poet. She has the "great grave grievful air" of Pompalia, as she is like her—

"Careful for a whole world of sin and pain."

These Collected Poems have finality. One imagines Mrs. Meynell will not collect her poems five years hence, nor ten years hence, like the too-fluent of these days. Before this time she has come to be judged by her peers. Perhaps Francis Thompson used the final and fitting phrase for her—which lovers of poetry will know for themselves. But those who delight in derivations may turn to that portrait of Mrs. Meynell's father in "The Rhythm of Life," recalling as they read Francis Thompson's

"Memnonian lips  
Smitten with singing from thy mother's East."

If great men have had great mothers is it not equally true—may it not be equally true—that great women have had great fathers? Might not this which she wrote of her father be written of her with inessential alterations?

"It was a common reproach against him that he never acknowledged the obligation to any kind of restlessness. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, but as he did none there was nothing for it but that the kingdom of heaven should yield to his leisure. The delicate, the abstinent, the reticent graces were his in the heroic degree . . . He was not inarticulate: he was only silent. He had an exquisite style from which to refrain. The things he abstained from were all exquisite."

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## New Books.

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### THE GODS ARE ATHIRST.\*

In this brilliant and remarkable book Anatole France creates for us the atmosphere of the Revolution. It is a story of Paris in '93, that climax year of the Terror, and it impresses us so strongly because the author makes us see how it was that ordinary and high-minded men drifted little by little into the wildest orgies. The hero is one, Gamelin, a young painter of austere moral character, who, with the most exemplary intentions, develops into an atrocious and bloody-minded fanatic. In his personality one feels that Anatole France has given one the key to the mad suspicions of the Terror. These lovers of the State, of abstract justice, and of fraternal love, could never believe that others were as disinterested as themselves, and could never believe, moreover, that the universal peace and goodwill so desired by all could come upon earth until the last "traitor" had been sent to the guillotine. Here, in the contrast between Gamelin's private and public life, and in the clear picture we have of the progressive stages of his fanaticism, we grasp the strange and contorted reasons of the Terror. Anatole France has lifted a corner of that veil just as Dickens lifted a corner of it in "A Tale of Two Cities." For the atmosphere of both books is

\* "The Gods are Athirst." By Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. 6s. (John Lane.)

curiously similar to a point—and, because of that, all the more convincing.

I have called Gamelin the "hero" of the book, for the story pivots round him, but perhaps the real hero is the old doll-maker (ex-millionaire) Brotteaux. He is the sort of man very dear to the heart of Anatole France—a kindly, sceptical, voluptuous cynic, who enjoys and despises life, and whose chief remaining pleasure is reading Lucretius. Anatole France has drawn the type in various books. Brotteaux ends as, indeed, Gamelin ends, in the usual way—under the knife of the guillotine. It is a fate very apt to overtake the characters of this work, although a fair sprinkling are left alive at the close. For it is a crowded canvas and many, many people slip across its polished surface. They all help towards the general impression and some of them are in themselves full of interest. There is, for instance, Elodie, Gamelin's lover, a soft, sensuous, agreeable girl, who is both attracted and repulsed by the revolutionist; and there is Madame Rochemaure, a schemer and a profligate; and there is the old Barnabite priest Père Longuemare, a saintly old man who dies bravely and is more annoyed at being mistaken for a Capuchin than at his sentence of death; and, indeed, there are a host of others I have not space to mention.

Here, as elsewhere, Anatole France displays a wealth of minute learning. He is a master of unobtrusive detail.

It is not necessary, at this time of day, to speak of the exquisite preciseness and finish of his style. In fact, in a translation, however distinguished, it would be hardly fair to do so. But what may puzzle some English readers is his ironic attitude towards life, out of which peeps, ever and anon, a glimpse of the cloven hoof. It may puzzle them, and it may displease them, but to students of Anatole France it is a delight for ever.

RICHARD CURIE.

### WILLIAM MORRIS.\*

Much has been written about William Morris, but he was a man whose personality was so clearly more than any one of his activities, that a book such as Mr. Compton Rickett's is by no means a superfluous. For it is neither biography nor pure criticism, but an attempt to give what the author calls "the personal equation of Morris."

For this purpose he has divided his book into five sections, dealing respectively with "The Manner of Man," "The Poet," "The Craftsman," "The Prose Romancer," and "The Social Reformer." The first is, of course, in a manner preliminary to the others, and, with Mr. Cunningham-Graham's very characteristic introduction, forms the most interesting part of the book. It contains stories, certainly, which one has heard before, but they were worth repeating, and the effect of the whole is to confirm the impression given by Mr. Mackail and, perhaps more vividly, by Lady Burne-Jones in her life of her husband. Morris, apart from what he did, was one of the most striking of the nineteenth century personalities. More than any of them, he overtopped his achievement. It is for this reason that he has become something of a legend, and we turn to information about himself with greater zest than to his writings.

One wonders, indeed, how long Morris will outlive the personal tradition. The inevitable reaction, which will come some day, towards romance will probably lift him to a high pinnacle of fame, but it is curious that he is read as much as he appears to be by a generation which loves realism and psychological analysis. For Morris eschewed these things with a thoroughness almost unparalleled. Mr. Compton Rickett says that he took little interest in the individual, which is a remarkable characteristic for a modern artist. It was not one which he shared with Rossetti, who, for all his remoteness and the dreamlike quality of much of his poetry, could, when he chose, portray human character with relentless truth. Nor would it seem to have been innate in the author of that fine piece of analysis, "The Defence of Guenevere." It cannot be said of so sincere a worker as Morris that his work was produced on a theory, but he certainly arrived at a slightly artificial attitude towards life which affected all his activities. For Mr. Compton Rickett's book is only divided into sections for the sake of convenience. Though his work was so varied in kind, it was practically homogeneous. Primarily he was a designer, and he applied his sense of design not only to wallpapers but to poetry, and ultimately to life. The result was a certain flatness in his conception of both "The Life and Death of Jason," and "The Earthly Paradise" have often been compared to tapestries, and even "Sigurd the Volsung" is only pattern of a more vigorous rhythm. But we cannot regard wallpapers and poetry in the same way. A wallpaper or any other work of pure design is successful not when it attracts our attention, but when it becomes an enhancement, only subconsciously apprehended, of our well-being. Poetry requires not only our full attention, but also time, and when it is as voluminous as "The Earthly Paradise" a great deal of time. If one had to look at a wallpaper for as long as it takes to read "The Earthly Paradise" one would become a lifelong devotee of distemper. This, of course, is an inaccurate comparison, but it does indicate a real weakness in Morris's literary work, whether prose or

poetry. The charge, admitted but justified by Mr. Compton Rickett, that there are no mountain-peaks in his poetry, cannot be lightly put aside. We require mountain-peaks in poetry.

Morris seems to have believed that by making his art impersonal he would socialise it. But the only poetry that lives is the intense expression or else the vivid portrayal of individual life. The mistake was akin to his mistake about life, which he embodied in "News from Nowhere," that charming idyll of unutterable boredom.

Nevertheless, Morris was a great man because he was a great idealist. His ideals may not be ours, but we must acknowledge their fineness. His poetry, his social theories, even his craftsmanship may grow out of date, but so long as there are men alive who knew him in the flesh, and are capable of transmitting some of their enthusiasm to the world at large, his personality will be remembered and revered. Mr. Compton Rickett's book, cavil as we may



Mr. A. Compton Rickett.

at some of the criticisms in it, contains delightful pages of personal reminiscence.

Not its least valuable part for the student of the Victorian age, is the "Analytical Biography." Divided into four columns, headed "Events in Morris's Life," "Social Political, Religious," "Literature and Art"; "Comments", it forms a skeleton, which it requires only a moderate degree of imagination to clothe with flesh, of the intellectual activities of a great epoch and their effect on a mind at once receptive and creative. Some of the details given, if considered by themselves, are trivial, but they all have their significance in the scheme. It was a great age, and Morris, if not one of its greatest figures, was at any rate worthy to stand in their august assembly.

FRANCIS BICKLEY

### GOLDWIN SMITH'S CORRESPONDENCE.\*

Mr. Goldwin Smith was fortunate in his friends. They included many of the eminent men of his time, and with

\* "Goldwin Smith's Correspondence." Edited by Arnold Haultain. 18s. (T. Werner Laurie)

\* "William Morris: A Study in Personality." By Arthur Compton Rickett. 7s. 6d. net (Herbert Jenkins)

those in England—as the selection of letters collected by his literary executor shows—he maintained assiduous correspondence after he went to Toronto and settled down at The Grange. From his Canadian retreat he pronounced judgment on the affairs of the world, holding his opinions strongly and expressing them with unbounded confidence. Although the collected letters do not arouse affection for the writer, it is evident that he had the power of grappling friends. This is shown by the cordial and admiring address signed by some old Oxford friends and others, including the Duchess of Albany, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. Most of the letters in the volume are from Goldwin Smith himself. There are only a few from the distinguished persons to whom he writes. The reason for this is obvious, and while the interest in a sense is lessened by the one-sidedness of the correspondence, it brings into unrelieved prominence the opinions of a man who had certainly great energy of mind. According to Mr. Frederic Harrison, "anything Goldwin Smith wrote for publication or of serious purpose is worth careful consideration—and that whether one agrees with his conclusion or not." This is the justification for the volume.

"Assuredly," says Goldwin Smith's literary executor, "he was really a great man." Yet he was deficient in charity. It is also claimed that he was "a most far-seeing man"; yet he made confident predictions which were completely falsified. Writing in 1881 with reference to the Liberal succession he says that when Mr. Gladstone goes "it is likely that there will be a Whig Ministry in which Lord Derby, the arch bell-weather of all safe men, will be a leading personage." The description of Lord Derby is good, but the prediction was short-sighted. Goldwin Smith was mistaken also as to the fate of Canada. "Within ten years," he wrote in 1878, "unless some strange turn of the tide takes place, Canada will be where she ought to be—in the Union." "The certain end is annexation," he said in 1880; and again in 1883 he wrote of that "which must come or ought to come, and which the true interest of the English people would lead everyone to wish should come—the union of Canada with the continent of which Nature has made her a part." Thirty years have passed since then and Canada remains a loyal portion of the British Empire.

Contempt was excited in Goldwin Smith by the flunkeydom (to use his own word) which was prepared to throw itself at the feet of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise when they went to Canada. He wrote to Mr. Gladstone and others in disgust at sickening scenes of flunkeyism "Toronto," as he informed a friend in 1879, "is just now in a paroxysm of vulgar flunkeyism, called forth by the visit of the Princess and her husband. My wife proposed to me at once to fly and I readily consented, though I should rather have preferred to stay and stand aloof. We left all our neighbours (literally) practising presentation bows and curtsies for a monkeyish imitation of a 'drawing-room' which the Princess was to have." But in 1881 there is a letter from the Marquis of Lorne, thanking "Dear Professor Goldwin Smith," for "your most pleasant and interesting gift. Some of the Essays are old friends of mine and others will be companions in my mind now that you have allowed me to make their acquaintance."

Almost all our leading statesmen for two generations excited Goldwin Smith's spleen. Disraeli was "thoroughly vile," "a political sharper," "an unscrupulous trickster and liar." "You are an incorrigible Coriolanus," wrote Goldwin Smith to Lord Salisbury in 1870, and more seriously in 1881 he accused him of intemperate vituperation. Lord Randolph Churchill was "the spawn and ape of Dizzy." Goldwin Smith corresponded with Mr. Gladstone and visited him at Hawarden, but lost sympathy with him on account of his Irish policy, and exchanged sympathetic letters with his old friend, Lord Selborne, concerning the Liberal leader's loss of conscience and "senile craving for power." "Gladstone is unspeakable," he wrote in 1890. Mr. Chamberlain as a Radical seemed to him very mischievous. He saw England in 1885 "put up to Dutch

auction by Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain," and he deplored the "demagogic falsities which Chamberlain, Morley and Co. pour out." There is a letter from Mr. Chamberlain in 1887, saying that if he went to Canada he would look forward with pleasure to the opportunity of seeing Goldwin Smith. Subsequent events, however, led to a renewal of the censor's severe strictures. During the Boer War Goldwin Smith, in denouncing it, described Mr. Chamberlain as "an amazingly clever but a shallow and vulgar politician," and he derided "Kipling and his crew" as well as Mr. Chamberlain's "pack." Mr. Chamberlain was an "arch-intriguer," and his whole career, according to a letter to Lord Rosebery, written at the outset of the Tariff Reform Campaign, had been that of a plunger, while the writer commented to another correspondent on "the imbecility of Balfour, the weakest Prime Minister that England ever had, at all events since the Duke of Newcastle, in the time of George II." Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman for a season enjoyed his favour, but he told Lord Mount Stephen, in 1906, that though a skilful party manager "C. B." was not a statesman.

Even about contemporary authors and their books Goldwin Smith had usually something severe to say. He thought that Froude's imagination, "which particularly loves to play with matrimonial infelicities," had greatly exaggerated the Carlyle-Ashburton scandal. When Matthew Arnold wrote to him about "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" Goldwin Smith read Drummond again, "and for the second time I laid him down with the reflection that he was most ingenious, but too good to be true." Nine years later, writing to a lady who had brought Drummond's "Ascent of Man" to his notice, he said it seemed to him like Mr. Kidd's theory, to be a crude fancy which dazzled and would pass away. There are several letters from Matthew Arnold. In one, written on the eve of his resignation of school inspectorship, he said: "One or two things in verse which all my life I have wished to do, I am now probably too old to do well; but on this point I hope the inward monitor will inform me rightly if I make the attempt to do them. One of them is a Roman play, with Clodius, Milo, Lucretius, Cicero, Cæsar, in it; Arthur Stanley was always interested, dear soul, in this project."

While Goldwin Smith's letters do not lead us to love the writer or to credit him with generous mindedness, the frank comments on the events of forty years, written by one in communication with eminent contemporaries, have naturally much piquancy and some value. The date, "January 11th, 1868," at the head of the letter (on p. 11) to William Rivièrè, is evidently wrong, as it contains a reference to the election which did not take place till the end of that year, but, on the whole, the work of the editor has been done carefully. He has refrained from making too many notes. The letters as a rule, explain themselves.

A. MACKINTOSH.

## OUR VILLAGE.\*

Mr. W. J. Roberts has written a fresh biography of Mary Russell Mitford, because "her name is not a familiar one to this generation." There is not very much fresh material in the book, but there is some, and it is welcome. He has produced a good workmanlike biography. The illustrations are good and the book is handsomely produced. It is instructive to compare the ten portraits of the author of "Our Village." Mr. Roberts calls her life "The Tragedy of a Blue Stocking." The worthless father was the black shadow that filled the great part of her years with care and trouble. He was a handsome, kindly, selfish gambler, who skulked through life sponging on wife and daughter for a home, for the payment of the cost of his extravagant habits and for the liquidation of his gambling debts.

When she was ten years of age her father decided to buy her a lottery ticket and she selected 2224 because the

\* "Mary Russell Mitford: The Tragedy of a Blue Stocking." By W. J. Roberts. 10s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)



Miss Mitford's Cottage at Three Mile Cross, as it is to-day (1913), with the sign of The Swan Inn on the one hand and Brownlow's shop on the other.

From "Life and Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford," by W. J. Roberts (Melrose).

separate figures when added together made up the number of her years. Strange to say, this ticket was drawn for the prize of £20,000. But worthy Dr. Mitford appropriated to his own uses this sum which would have secured his daughter's comfortable independence for life. She was a precocious child and read the "Théâtre de Voltaire" when she should have been engaged in harp practice. There was no real harm done, for Mary and her father both suffered from a complete incapacity for music. Her reading was as extensive as it was varied, if we may judge by the fact that in one month she drew from a circulating library fifty-five volumes of fiction, belles-lettres, travel and biography. She was then a young woman in her twenties. Like most young authors Mary Mitford began with verse. Her second book, based on the history of the mutineers of the *Bounty* was submitted to Coleridge whose alterations were not accepted without hesitation on the part of Mary, whilst they excited the indignation of her mother. The father's imprisonment for debt in 1811 made it increasingly important that literature should yield money. The one book that securely remains of her work is "Our Village," and yet when some of the sketches of which it is made up were submitted to Thomas Campbell for the *New Monthly Magazine*, he unhesitatingly rejected them! When they appeared in the *Lady's Magazine*, they at once sent up the circulation in a most gratifying manner. Her excursions into the drama were less successful; her "Foscari" involved much labour and repeated revision, and was rejected unconditionally by Macready's manager. Yet when, later, it was produced it was successful. "Julian" brought her £200 from an eight-days' run. Her "Rienzi" led to an attack on Macready in *Blackwood*, and to a serious breach with that sensitive and easily offended actor. Her "Charles I" was subnitted by the licenser of plays to the Lord Chamberlain for his judgment, and as Cromwell was not represented as merely a vulgar hypocrite, the Duke of Montrose had no hesitation in prohibiting its performance. And his successor the Duke of Devonshire felt bound by the action of his predecessor not to remove the ban! But he accepted the dedication when, after its success at the Victoria, it was printed. In 1837 she received a State pension of £100. Her father died in December, 1842, and his debts were paid by a public subscription. His wife had predeceased him and Mary was now alone. It is pleasant to think that after so many years of worry and anxiety, due, it has to be remembered, to the

than of most, it may be said that her very failings endeared her, so that even the scorn for such a worthless character as her father is turned away by the warmth—the extravagance—of his daughter's filial affection.

Mr. Roberts' book is destitute of an index. Why will authors and publishers present to the reader nearly four hundred pages bristling with the names of persons, places and books, without the slightest clue to their whereabouts? It has been proposed to make an indexless book a penal offence, it is certainly an outrage on the amenities of literature. It is a melancholy fact that her biographers, Lestrangle and Chorley and J. T. Fields (who as a model publisher ought to have known better) also refrained from indexes. It is surely an elementary fact in the art of sane book production that a volume dealing with a multitude of facts should have an index, and a good one. They are blind to their real interests who neglect this duty.

Mr. Roberts refers to Miss Mitford's great "and deep-seated objection to Mrs. Beecher Stowe:

"It arose principally from disapproval of certain derogatory statements about Lord Byron and his matrimonial relations which Mrs. Stowe had expressed to friends of Miss Mitford's, and which, after Miss Mitford's death, were published in the work entitled 'Lady Byron's Vindication.' . . . Thus, when 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was published in this country, Miss Mitford refused to give any credence to the revelations it contained."

This theory will not hold water. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published in book form at Boston in March, 1852, and was immediately reprinted in this country and was bought by the public as fast as the publishers could produce copies. In 1854 appeared the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" which furnishes circumstantial evidence for the truth of every statement as to the horror and villainy of American slavery. Mrs. Stowe met Lady Byron in 1853, and later had an authorised communication, but it was not until 1856 that she received from her the full statement which was published in 1860. Nor was Mrs. Stowe uncharitably disposed to Byron before she heard his widow's narrative. That she did not condone his vices because of his genius is quite true, and is certainly not discreditable. It will be an evil day when it is held that obedience to the moral law is only for the stupid. "The ten commandments will not budge" even for the brightest heaven-born genius. Let us be charitable, and make every allowance for temptation, but we have no right to blur the distinction between

complete selfishness of her father, whom she idolized, the latter years of her life were peaceful and happy. After more than three-score years mainly spent in strenuous toil, but sweetened by many gracious friendships, and lightened by an inveterate optimism, Mary Russell Mitford, fittingly known in her own locality as the "Kind Lady," entered into rest, leaving behind a fragrant memory. Of her, more



Right and Wrong. Miss Mitford speaks disparagingly of Mrs. Stowe from the first, could not read her book, but—condemned it. She was badly informed as to the politics of slavery in the American nation and spoke of it as "a point which all the world knows to be its chief difficulty" at a moment when the slave-holders gloried in the "peculiar institution" and defended it by the foulest methods. A price was set on the head of Garrison and "abolitionists" went in daily danger of lynching. Miss Mitford speaks of Webster's defence of slavery and of his refusal of the Presidency, when he died, as most people think, mainly of the chagrin caused by the refusal of his Party to nominate him, and of the moral indignation aroused by his attitude, an indignation that found expression in Whittier's poem of "Ichabod." Did Mary Mitford ever read those famous lines in which he laments Webster's downfall?—

"Of all we loved and honoured, naught  
Save power remains, —  
A fallen angel's pride of thought  
Still strong in chains  
All else is gone; from those great eyes  
The soul has fled.  
When faith is lost, when honour dies,  
The man is dead!  
Then pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame;  
Walk backward with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame!"

Why Miss Mitford judged Mrs. Stowe adversely without reading her book is a mystery and so is her dictum that "Cranford" is a caricature. Such perversities show that even the sweetest temperaments may have their lapses into detraction.

The British Museum Catalogue records seventeen different books from the pen of Mary Mitford, not counting works of which she was the editor. There must also be many contributions to periodicals which have never been collected in book form. Her biographers do not seem to know that an early "Ode to Consumption" by her appeared in the *European Magazine*. The winnow of Time has scattered most of her writings into oblivion. Even "Belford Regis" is not kept in print. But one bright jewel remains, and "Our Village" endears to this generation as to its predecessors the gentle spirit of Mary Russell Mitford.

WILLIAM F. A. AXON.

## NOVELISTS OF PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.\*

It is said that conscience makes cowards of us all; but I venture the proposition that there is more than one kind of conscience. There is, for instance, the literary conscience: that inward monitor which resides in the mind of the critic and forces him to express his honest opinion even in the teeth of his own former prejudices and prepossessions. And speaking only for myself, of course, such literary conscience as I possess, instead of making me a coward is more inclined to make me over-bold.

Thus I am irresistibly impelled to say that that book on my list which is the worst from one point of view is the best from another point of view.

In "The Gay Adventure" and "In Old Madras" we have the sort of typical yarn which our present-day novelists of every grade and order are turning out at the rate (I think) of dozens a week. They mostly attain a certain rather high level of workmanlike excellence. They are all worth reading—if you have nothing better to do, and the hammock in the garden, the deck-chair on the beach, or the boat on the river, call to you to bask in the sunshine and to read so long as you can keep your eyes open.

Mrs. B. M. Croker is, of course, an old hand of established

\* "The Drummer of the Dawn." By Raymond Paton. (Chapman & Hall).—"In Old Madras." By Mrs. B. M. Croker. (Hutchinson & Co.).—"The Gay Adventure." By Richard Bird. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons.).—"Lu of the Ranges." By Eleanor Mordaunt. (Heinemann).—"The Heart of the Hills." By John Fox. (Constable.) 6s. each.

reputation, from whom one always expects and as invariably gets a good story, well-told, of a kindly turn of humour, shrewd yet tender, and alive with bright dialogue. In this, her latest novel, she has to tell of a modern Quixote who went out to India on an obviously impossible quest. The book moves briskly and easily from incident to incident, always maintaining its interest, but chiefly notable—as all Mrs. Croker's stories are—for its vivid and diverting pictures of Indian life, and for its faithful presentment of the various phases and types of Anglo-Indian society. Incidentally she gets in plenty of dramatic action and one real thrill of horror toward the end. Indeed, the only thing I don't like about her book is its eccentric punctuation, which is sometimes so very eccentric as to obscure the sense of her words. Mrs. Croker scatters commas over her pages as from a pepper-pot.

Then there is Mr. Richard Bird—a name new to me—with his "Gay Adventure." There is, to my taste, something slightly unpleasant in the tone and flavour of this book. The hero is rather a boulder and even a bit of a cad at times. He belongs to the type that kisses and tells. And, besides, one imagines him as being far too much engrossed in a woman's lips and ankles and not sufficiently impressed by the glory of her eyes, the splendour of her soul. But this is not said in any spirit of very strong disparagement. Mr. Bird knows his business thoroughly, and has given us in this novel just the kind of story for a long hot afternoon.

"Lu of the Ranges" and "The Heart of the Hills" belong to a different school of art altogether. They are planned on epic lines, and one of them at least—"Lu of the Ranges"—only just misses greatness. There is a poignancy and a power in the art of Miss Eleanor Mordaunt which, I should say, will carry her very far in the future. She has the large view and the broad methods of a real seer of life. In the space at my disposal it is quite impossible to give you any adequate idea, not only of the scope of her story, but of its force and beauty. She has too a fine sense of character which only suffers perhaps from an occasional tendency to over-emphasis, over-elaboration. But this is after all a fault on the right side, for it is better to be too definite than too shadowy and vague. And anyway "Lu of the Ranges" is distinctly a book to buy and to treasure—as the vast majority of Mr. Heinemann's publications are.

"The Heart of the Hills," which is plainly by a well-versed and practised writer, is an American production, and has all the peculiar distinction of style and form which characterizes so much of the work of modern American novelists. This is also a good book, and yet it does not quite (as the saying goes) come off. The opening, for instance, is a little confusing and hard to follow. Too many people of the same kind are introduced in too quick succession and not clearly enough differentiated, so that it is rather difficult to sort them out. But once this preliminary obstacle is overcome I can promise you nothing but most excellent entertainment.

And now I come to the book, "The Drummer of the Dawn," which I have already described—though not out of any love of paradox for its own sake—as at once the worst and the best book on my list. It is the worst because it is the most crude; it is so obviously written by a very young man who has not yet by any means mastered the technique of his craft and who has not yet found the measure of either his strength or his weakness. And yet it is the best book because it is the most individual and therefore the most promising. In the course of about twenty years' novel-reading and novel-reviewing I have never read a book which has more deeply impressed me with a sense of its intrinsic originality. As I have hinted it is full of faults. It is now and then almost banal in its vain striving after effect. And yet I repeat that it is, notwithstanding its many and painful blemishes, stamped and gilded with the hall-mark of genius. I would just like to quote one passage in justification of this high praise.

The scene is Morocco, but only a small part of the action of the story takes place there:

"Aping-Ayres gritted his teeth, for he knew now they were going to torture him if he did not consent.

"It may have been at Chelsea, or it may have been at quiet little Orpington, seeming now so far away, that Aping-Ayres had first learned to address his Maker. His lips moved, whilst a wild prayer was silently uttered that he might have the strength to go through and die before he consented.

"Al Aarasch sneered. 'The Nazarene calls upon his God,' he thought. 'We will see if his God will help him greatly.'

"Yes, Al Aarasch, and all such as you, despite the written detractions of a few, and the professed unbelief of many, the poor tortured body of Him whom little Tinwhumpunny had called the Poet Son of the King of Kings, whose every wound has had the priceless power to uplift five continents for two thousand years, which has likewise the power to lift for ever all the cruelty, all the hideousness from the lives of women and little children, to protect them, alike with strong men, will have the power now to help this man whom you call a Nazarene, and whom you despise because he is utterly at your mercy.

"By the unutterable torture of the cross, by the deep-hammered nail-marks, and by the Holy crown of thorns will he be delivered, whatever you do to him.

"The dear White Christ was ever the Friend of the Helpless, and will abide with him, now and always.

As the discerning will observe for themselves, even this short passage has its lapses from perfect taste, its touches of extravagance and vain-glory; but, even so, it has a quality of simple dignity and elemental force which I think gives it very high rank as a piece of purely literary art.

"The Drummer of the Dawn," is mainly about a wonderful boy—little Tinwhumpunny—a boy who succeeds in being precocious without becoming boring. There is also Aping-Ayres who is saved from shame and ruin by his love for little Tinwhumpunny. There are many others, all finely and delicately and yet most strongly hinted. And above all there is one character, that of an old clothes man, as horribly haunting as anything I have ever read, even in Edgar Allan Poe. This figure stalks through the book like some ghastly spectre, some evil genius, with an effect of Greek tragedy.

But you must buy "The Drummer of the Dawn," and read it for yourself if you want to be able, a few years hence, to sit with the prophets and boast that you also were present at the *debut* of the new literary genius, Raymond Paton.

EDWIN PUGH

### RAHEL VARNHAGEN.\*

"Rahel was not a brilliant writer; no great practical achievement can be credited to her; there was nothing conspicuously romantic about her life," as Mr. Havelock Ellis says in his introduction to this book; yet she has her place among the great women who have played no small part in the social history of the world. She was the Madame de Staël of Germany; and Carlyle ranked her above Madame de Staël. Unquiet spirits of her time who were seeking after some higher way of life than that prescribed by custom and convention frequented her salon and found inspiration in her friendship. She anticipated many of the ideals and ideas that are the driving force behind the feminist movement of our own day, and the strength and originality of her character lay in a certain noble simplicity and the fearless frankness with which she gave utterance to the most unorthodox and revolutionary of her thoughts. Her opinions on marriage, her theories of morality (that squared very much with George Eliot's) must have startled the puritanical; but how are you to think anything but good of a woman whose husband could say that he had found her "the most innocent, tender, pure, delicate, upright and pious person he had ever known, the most chaste in the highest sense of the word?" He said: "the genuineness that underlay all Rahel's life and actions was so great that beside her all others appeared commonplace," that she had "acuteness, wit, imagination, sense, a pure enthusiastic view, the noblest veracity, but the innocence and *naïveté* of this truthful human heart are the most beautiful things my eyes have ever beheld."

It is not in her writings, but in herself, in her rare personality that the world still takes a living interest. Ellen

\* "Rahel Varnhagen." By Ellen Key. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. Translated by A. G. Chater. 6s net. (Putnam.)

Key ranks her as "the greatest woman the Jewish race has produced; to my mind also the greatest woman Germany can call her daughter." The one book of hers which counts is that containing her letters; these without any magic of style retain so much of the charm of her personality that her biographer can say there is no other woman's book in the world's literature, except Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, that she would be more sorry to do without.



Photo by Bruckmann

### Rahel Varnhagen in 1796.

From the bas-relief by Friedrich Tieck.

From "Rahel Varnhagen," by Ellen Key (Putnam).

Ellen Key's aim has been to give not so much a biography as a portrait of this remarkable woman, and it is an aim in which she has been brilliantly successful. Her portraiture is at once sympathetic and impartial; it explains and justifies a character that needed some explaining because of its very simplicity. We recommend the book to all who support or oppose

the woman's movement, for Rahel Varnhagen was one of its pioneers, and her spirit lives in it still.

### THE ROMANCE OF REPORTING.\*

Nowadays, says Mr. Frank Dilnot on the first page of a very pleasant book of reminiscences, the newspaper reporter is diplomat, business organiser, detective, man of affairs and politician all in one. It is reassuring to find, in a later chapter, the opinion that he is also a humanitarian and light philosopher, that to hard ability such as that sort of plurality implies he should add the temperament of a literary artist. Diplomacy, business and politics are in constant need of critical watchfulness from what is known as the human point of view, and there is this difficulty about it, that the pluralist is first of all a piper, and the man who pays the piper calls the tune. As Mr. Dilnot says candidly, the modern reporter "has an almost religious devotion to the cause of his paper," and "puts it first at whatever cost to himself." The ideal thing would be that he should put the public interest first always, and be quite free to write his impressions. I think that, generally, he might do so with immense advantage to the public interest, for his occupation is one that ripens and balances good men uniquely. "The Adventures of a Newspaper Man" attests the fact.

Not being free, the adventurer too seldom takes life at all seriously. How should he? If ever a public wrong begins to trouble him, he is sure to be relieved of it next day or the day after. There is always something new. So he tends to become—unless a man of uncommon courage and character—the light interpreter of life from a romantic but conventional standpoint. He may "do things" in passing. Nowadays he often does. But they are not such things as make the reputation of a prophet, a poet, or even a reformer. His reward is the adventure—and his salary, which is sometimes that of the diplomat. Still, at his lightest he serves the public in a way, indispensably; not only making the daily picture of life, but by his alert intelligence enabling us to keep some check on the powers that be. Let his heart be sound, and even the cause of his paper will be kept in check sometimes, to the education of honest men and women.

The charm of Mr. Dilnot's book is due precisely to the sound heart he carries. His adventures begin in the service

\* "The Adventures of a Newspaper Man." By Frank Dilnot. 3s 6d net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

of Carmelite House, but hardly breathe the spirit of that emporium, being told in a leisured way very happily; indeed, they include an indulgent but quite unequivocal character sketch of its founder and sprightly despot. While working without resentment under the light masterfulness of Lord Northcliff, the author has kept an unaltered personality of his own delightfully. To my mind, he makes too much of a wonder of that variable man, and abstains too kindly from a judgment of him; for one is obliged to pass some judgment upon a busy schemer of such influence and public ambition. However, it is part of the book's merit that comment is left to the reader. An honest humanitarian and light philosopher of admirable temper, Mr. Dilnot sketches in his adventures modestly, content to show their human interest. The reader is freer than he may recognise; for it is done without a trace of that strain for effects which often marks the superficial sort of journalism, and makes it valueless. The aim is to be impersonal. One grows aware of a very broad, wise, and sunny nature, but hardly suspects the strength of it. That, if you think, is a good reason for trusting Mr. Dilnot's faculty of observation, which is singularly keen, fair and broadcast; "a little sceptical," as he says the Press worker is, "but kindly, unpretentious, and full of understanding."

Can the interest of a reporter's life be ever made as great for others as it is for himself? Was such a book of reminiscences worth putting together? One gets at a fair answer, I suppose, by considering what would be the value and fascination of such a book dealing with the first ten years of the nineteenth century. "The Adventures of a Newspaper Man," pleasant reading now, is worth keeping for a hundred years. Its contents are intimate if trivial history. It is none the worse for including, with stories of distinguished men and pictures of Parliament and of Irish electioneering, the Moat Farm mystery, the Crippen trial, the battle of Sidney Street, ghosts and revivals in Wales, or the visit of Ohio girls. Three chapters on Russia will soon, in the natural course of things, have the kind of interest that belongs to French memoirs of the Regency, and there are numberless clear snapshots of common life in England that will some day look extremely quaint, one hopes a little shameful. The problem is, to imagine how this sort of literature, which has a permanent and increasing value, is ever to be weeded out from the mass of rubbish.

KEIGHTLEY SNOWDEN.

### FRANK HARRIS'S SHORT STORIES.\*

There are stories in Mr. Frank Harris's new book that will compare not only with the best in his own "Elder Conklin" volume, but with the best that have been written by any living author, and perhaps the most finished and finely pathetic of them is the shortest and the slightest. It is "The King of the Jews," and takes the form of a conversation—or, rather, two conversations—between Simon of Cyrene and his wife. They live outside Jerusalem, in the time of Christ, and Simon has a chance of obtaining a situation as doorkeeper of the Temple. His wife is anxious that he should be there in good time to see the High Priest, and sends him off with due instructions and advice. Late in the day he returns, tired, curiously distraught, and she grows irritated with questioning him and not getting any coherent reply as to where he has been and what has happened, until at length he confesses he has never been to the Temple—he had forgotten to go. Meeting her questions confusedly, he explains in a fragmentary fashion that when he reached the street leading from the Temple to Golgotha he could not cross it because there was a great crowd, and as he stood in the crowd three criminals were taken past on the way to execution, one of them a rebel who was said to be a prophet, and as this one came opposite to him he fell under the weight of the cross he was carrying, and a Roman soldier, seeing Simon looked big and strong, bade him take up the cross and carry it, and carrying it to Calvary and standing there

watching what followed, he had forgotten everything else. The whole incident, the way in which this prophet had looked at him, the few words he spoke to him, had touched Simon strangely, and, as he relates it, all the man's emotion, his profound sense of the wonder of what he has seen, communicates itself as subtly to the reader as it did to Simon's wife. That is all; but it is done perfectly, with a simplicity and naturalness that make a vivid, most poignant picture of it. There is even a quiet humour in the wife's feminine reasons for her curiosity, yet the tenderness, the reverence, and the beauty of it are complete. Next to this one would place "The Miracle of the Stigmata," another story of the Christ, reverent, subtly suggestive, and vividly realised.

With the exception of "The Holy Man," which is founded on a story of Tolstoy's, the other tales are of modern life in England, but though none of them is a tale with a purpose, each has an idea behind it, a mystical, inner meaning, that adds something to the pathos or the humour of it, and gives the shrewd cynicism of one or two of them a kindly, human significance. They are the stories of a man who knows life and men and women, and has grown largely tolerant of their weaknesses, so that if he laughs at them now and then it is not without sympathy, not without knowledge of what they lose in losing their ideals and aspirations. There are nine stories in the book, and they are written with an imaginative and emotional power, an economy of words, and a delicate narrative art that in these or in any days are no common gifts.

### HERE AND THERE IN MEXICO.\*

It appears that Mr. Pollard had in Mexico a variety of experiences, whereof the most interesting from our point of view are those when he was acting as correspondent of an American newspaper during the latter days of Don Porfirio's term of office. Evidently Mr. Pollard is a good Maderist, who resents, as everybody should, the cold-blooded treachery of General Huerta, the provisional

"A Busy Time in Mexico" By H. B. C. Pollard. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable)



Photo by Walter Benington,  
14, Conduit Street, W.

Mr. Frank Harris.

\* "Unpath'd Waters." By Frank Harris. 6s. (John Lane.)

President. The most weighty paragraphs of Mr. Pollard's book are devoted to a consideration of Mexico's future and the Monroe doctrine. A few weeks ago there was printed in the *Spectator* an admirable article on this question, which pointed out that the United States must either be prepared to enforce law and order in these parts or else admit European nations to the task of at least protecting their nationals. Part of Mr. Pollard's book is devoted to Chiapas, in which tropical State he began his experiences; the ride to a coffee plantation is interesting, but one is a little bewildered as to how the speaker of "execrable" Spanish on p. 15 can say on p. 47, alluding to one Jackson, an American naturalist, assistant to the professor of a college at Tehuantepec, that "he knew little Spanish, and I had to interpret for him: he wanted the native name of everything in sight." All this occurred while Mr. Pollard was, for a few weeks, in Southern Mexico. The more valuable portion of his book deals with the outbreak against Diaz, of which we as yet know so little. By the way, Mr. Pollard is properly suspicious of the gentlemen equipped with mining and other concessions—it was one of the great objects of Madero's Government to investigate the legality of these—but he is even more severe on the rubber plantations. The gigantic tree under which "our director" has often been photographed is situated, we believe, in the State of Oaxaca on the way to the Valle Nacional, but down in Chiapas there is at least one extremely successful rubber plantation, owned by an American company, which began operations long before the existence of that Pan American railway which Mr. Pollard rightly does not admire. It is a pity that Mr. Pollard did not visit this plantation, where in the twilight he would have taken his ease to the music of the marimba and in the daytime he would have seen a great number of large rubber trees. Mr. Pollard's remarks as to young, inexperienced Englishmen being sent out with no particular qualifications are eminently sensible, but how many of them would fail anywhere? And the stranded book-keeper of a coffee finca, up in the mountains of tropical Mexico, may not be more unhappy than a book-keeper who toils in the city of London.

We notice that Mr. Pollard advises travellers to go by the Royal Mail instead of by the German line of steamers; this is indeed an extraordinary piece of advice, as the Royal Mail would be the first to admit. Their boats to Mexico are exclusively for cargo, and they take much longer time to reach their destination. The Hamburg-American line, on the other hand, have an excellent fleet, and in case Mr. Pollard is anti-German he can go by the French boats from St. Nazaire. He can also go from Santander on the Spanish vessels. His remarks on outfit and so forth are sensible, but it seems hardly adequate to finish off the subject of "Art and the Natives" in three pages.

Mr. Pollard left the country at the same time, though not on the same ship, as the old President, and previous to that he had participated in an attack on the rebels, which is full of interest. One thing seems to be certain; he does not describe what he did not see, for which reason we doubt whether his despatches to the American newspaper were received with joy. Orozco is not mentioned save in the appendix, although he was Madero's Chief of Staff; but Mr. Pollard when he recounts those details of the Revolution which he himself witnessed is entirely satisfactory. Chihuahua was the scene of much of the fighting, and from there he gives us one or two photographs, but no details. Perhaps Mr. Pollard is too modest to attempt an account of the whole movement, and as an unpretentious chronicle this book is distinctly meritorious. There should have been a map.

HENRY BAERLEIN.



Troops Guarding President Diaz's House in Calle Cadena.

From "A Busy Time in Mexico," by H. B. C. Pollard (Constable).

## THE FRUSTRATION OF ANNA.\*

Who is Angela Langer? I do not know, and Mr. Courtney does not tell me. The name is on the title-page of this remarkable book, and again, in facsimile signature, beneath the portrait-frontispiece. And the portrait is one of rare and sombre charm. It is impossible not to associate the author with her heroine, Anna. And who is Anna?

The girl who is least heard of to-day is she whose heart is to herself a timeless sanctuary, where Love is the priest of the religion of womanhood—that dateless, undoctored religion of self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control to which true womanhood adds an ineffable beauty, and a mysticism that we may not explore. Such is Anna. She is one of the women whose hearts flower once and perfectly, or never, who are prepared to give all or keep all; whose self-fulfilment only one event can bring, but whose self-sovereignty a thousand cannot shake. Such lives as Anna's are still lived in this age of resolved demand for all that life can give, and the value of this simple record lies in its statement that Woman can yet distil the last perfume from her last frustration.

Anna is the daughter of a struggling German shop-keeper, who begins her conscious emotional life by looking with profound respect at her father's stock of soap and candles and brushes, and by watching with joy the unpacking of his Christmas consignment of fancy chocolates and sweetmeats. Mr. Courtney does well to beg the reader not to put the book down because its earlier chapters may seem to be compact of everyday trifles. Their effect is cumulative. We read of Anna's school-gongs, her school-fellows, their games, her father's declining business, and several removals. We read of her first disillusion when her little friend Hilda utters the withering and

\* "Rue and Roses." By Angela Langer. With Introduction by W. L. Courtney, LL.D. 6s. (Heinemann.)

ineffaceable judgment: "Your drawing-room looks ridiculous"; and of the dreams in which she heard the echo of the catechism: "Must all people die?" "All people must die."

With Anna's growing wonders and perplexities comes the instinct to commune with herself through the medium of verse. This shopkeeper's little daughter, this future maid-of-all-work and under-nurse, this more future governess and student, forms the instinctive habit of expressing herself in poetry. In her first situation she is detected by her mistress writing her verses on the empty sugar and rice bags which are stuffed into a kitchen drawer. Her mistress demands the name of her lover, and Anna is hardly able to convince her that certain lines are addressed to a prince whom she had seen only in dreams. "'Oh!' she exclaimed, and, rising with a yawn, she left the kitchen; but at the doorway she turned round once more and said: 'As long as you know him only in your thoughts he can do you no harm.'"

These words become a tragic prophecy in Anna's career. She goes from one situation to another, is tortured by accounts of growing poverty at home, and is shocked and wearied by sordid surroundings and glimpses of evil. But she takes lessons in English, reads books, and lifts and refines herself until she reaches the status of a governess. And now she meets him. He is a young man of thirty, a friend of the family in which she is teaching, and given to sententious utterances like the first with which he favours her: "Intoxication or regret which is the greater of the two?" But his attitude to her poetry is definite; he helps her to develop it in thought and form. In a word, he is admitted to the outer temple of Anna's heart. Then:

By and by I began to think of him whether I saw him or not; his face, his figure rose like a blazing question from the midst of the strange, wistful dreams that I had dreamt all my life, and something that had lain within me, dull and senseless like a trance, woke, wondered, and trembled into joy."

It is now and onwards that the simple story gathers poignancy, and moves to a crisis not the less real because utterly divested of external drama. Advised by her friend, and helped by him, Anna comes to London, and one is touched by the outward petty difficulties of a foreign girl in London seeking straight paths and hiding intimate joys and sorrows. It is now that she begins to read English poets and to find responses to her feelings in Milton's "They also serve who only stand and wait," and in Byron's

"Ah! Love was never yet without  
The pang, the agony, the doubt."

It is in the British Museum, after looking at a mummied king, that she reflects, with fast-saddening wisdom, "that there does not exist a real self that God has not finished His creation yet—that we are the means towards an object, but not the object itself."

At last Anna must put the supreme question to her friend at Buda Pesth. It disguises itself as: "Do you think I may come back?" The days creep by, and at last bring her answer:

"If you had remained here, I do not know what might have happened; if you come back, I know what will happen. But the question is, may it come thus? You are not a girl of the ordinary type; you belong to the race of Asra, the people who die when they love. And because I have known you from the first, I have done for you what I have never done for another woman yet—namely, got hold of the head of the beast within, turned it round sharply and laughed at it."

Whatever this meant in the writer, or whatever comment it deserves, its meaning for Anna is clear and final. For roses, rue; for the open door, the closed. She makes to herself a gospel of dignity and peace. At least he will never forget, will never cease to desire and lament. The cup will not be drunk, but neither will its dregs be reached. And amid the wanderings and disgusts of life he will not be able to break the thread that was never knotted. In the death of hope Anna finds at least the peace of death, but also, in however low vibrations: "A wisdom which reigned over all former wisdom, and a love which reigned

over all former love." A book, you will perceive for the times, rather than of the times.

It may be that the long-drawn detail of a girl's outward and inward struggle would have gone better with the help of a drier and sharper humour, and that the end will suggest to the reader the material of a self-contained poem rather than the completion of a story; but by its *naïveté* and sincerity, and by a certain curious and haunting isolation, "Rue and Roses" takes a place in the memory from which it will not be dislodged.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

## GOLDSMITH.\*

Mr. Padraic Colum is to be congratulated on his selection from the works of Oliver Goldsmith, and it is no disparagement of it—quite the contrary, to claim that no one who has for the first time made more than a casual acquaintance with Goldsmith through this book, will be satisfied until he has made himself master of everything that Goldsmith has left to us. Mr. Colum is always stimulating and not infrequently provocative. A critic should be a judge, holding the balance of evidence evenly, and not an advocate concerned only with the defence of his client, and for some reason of late it has been deemed necessary to defend Goldsmith, already an immortal. Whether Goldsmith spoke Irish or not matters little now; what does matter is that he wrote the purest and most fascinating English of his time. That is and surely ought to be enough for us. Mr. Colum charges Goldsmith with being "unable to surmount the crisis" in "The Vicar of Wakefield"; "his only solution is to legalise the relation of a young woman to her seducer." True it is an old convention; it still exists, and Mr. Colum does not suggest an alternative. What he does not seem to realise is that natural acts, the result of natural love and passion, are not necessarily criminal. The author of "My Irish Year" should surely be aware of this and not adopt in this regard the crude morality of the Irish peasant, which owed its origin to an alien tyranny.

Mr. Colum is at pains to prove that "Sweet Auburn" was really inspired by an Irish village, and in this he fails. There is not and never was a "Sweet Auburn" as Goldsmith depicted it, in Ireland, and least of all, in the eighteenth century. But there was, and is, thank God, many a "Sweet Auburn" still in England, as he who roams the downs of Surrey or the Weald of Kent can testify. The whole poem breathes the atmosphere of the English village life, and is full of its beauties described in detail:

"The decent Church that topped the neighbouring hill,

\* \* \* \*

The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor  
The varnished clock that ticked behind the door."

And again:

"Ill fares the land to hast'ning ills a prey  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

This last quotation might be taken as conclusive proof that Goldsmith was thinking of England, whether he wrote of Ireland or not. But whether one quarrel with Mr. Colum or praise him, he has done a good work and we are grateful.

H. A. HINKSON.

## THE MULBERRY TREE.†

"The Mulberry Tree" is inferior to "Letters to My Son," because Miss James, not having so much to say, must needs select, in compensation, an exotic and extraneous

\* "Oliver Goldsmith." By Padraic Colum. Regent Library. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

† "The Mulberry Tree." By Winifred James. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

perspective, by which to say it. Her new book, says the publishers' recommendation, is no ordinary record of travel. Indeed, her saunterings through Jamaica, Haiti, Costa Rica and Panama might as well have been through Bay of Water or Laputa, for all the garnerings of relevant and specific information she affords us. Except by way of the camera, she ignores geographical and ethnographical illustration, otherwise than as a pendant to a mood, a setting for a reflection and an excursus of fancy. Of course, this is no animadversion upon Miss James's material, its values and sympathies. If she chooses to savour her meditations with the spice of the tropics, that is no loss to their quality. Neither is it intrinsic gain—rather a seasoning, aromatic, but not one that leavens. Her style, her ideas, do not suffer from contact with the West Indies, but from a dearth of substance, from irrigation by only one somewhat sparsely-flowing, though hard-working, channel of thought. Miss James's work is, indeed, no criticism of life, but of temperament. It belongs, in its most prominent phases, to the autobiography of ideas, to a school, literally of self-expression and personal revelation and one which has successfully philandered with the heart of this generation. In short, she makes the most—to cite one of the hoariest *clichés* of the day—of "that elusive quality, that rare thing, charm." Her writing directly and consciously dramatises her personality; so that we are out of sympathy with the detractors who brand her style as artificial. It is not—and however wayward, tangential and capricious; however prone to self-conscious whimsies and quiddities, however embroidered and subject to odd divagations, it is inevitably the reflex of herself, at times of a superficial, at times of an intimate self, but always obedient to the law of that self-hood. Her pages are not stamped with a style at all; they are the receptacles of the broken meats of individuality. She serves no canons and acknowledges no traditions but her own; a factor which, as an artist, is at once her bane and her deliverance. Her mannerisms and affectations are perfectly natural to her and, in a nature so naively incapable of self-criticism, almost immaterial. She must have carte blanche for her garrulity and her vagaries and "there's an end on't."

It is a truism that the successful author will not let well alone. Like the octopus that bows to the oceanic law of supply and demand and grows an additional tentacle, so the author, yielding to the popular clamour rather than to imperious inspiration, reincarnates his talent and multiplies himself to keep his reputation swept and garnished. It would be unjust to Miss James to label "The Mulberry Tree," as an extra window-dressing to gratify the insistent customer, an encore squeezed out of her to still a ravenous applause. She is, as we said, too dependent upon her personality to be forced to mechanise it. Nevertheless, there is the element of relaxation about it. Compared with "Letters to My Son" and "Letters of a Spinster," it is little more than play, light-hearted, fanciful and slight; witty and sensible; lively and crisp. There are lacunæ in the entertainment, notably an open-minded advocacy of humaner divorce laws and an eloquent indictment of the domination of the black by the white man, expressed with penetration and freedom from prejudice. But she is soon back at her gambols—pleasantries, gossip, diversion and anecdote—all of it entertaining enough, but a little too casual and discursive. It is superfluous to carp at her lack of intellectual grasp, at a certain wulful renunciation of wisdom and knowledge, so determined is she to be taken at her own valuation, so disarming is her candour. She is a baffling exemplar of the confessional spirit in literature, the feminine diarist who at once focuses the attention and exhausts the patience. For all that, an estimate of her which neglected her independence and veracity of mind would be but partial. There is evidence in her books that the society which is her foster-parent would regard many of her *dicta* on social matters as anathema. And there is no more arduous and perilous a campaign than to combat current opinion.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.



Miss Winifred James.

Frontispiece portrait from "The Mulberry Tree," by Winifred James.  
(Chapman & Hall)

### JANE AUSTEN.\*

The attractive "Memoir" of Jane Austen, which her nephew, the Rev. James Austen-Leigh, published about forty-three years ago, is not likely to be superseded, being the work of one who, in his youth, was intimately acquainted with her. But since that book appeared a good deal of information with which he does not seem to have been familiar, or of which, at any rate, he made little use, has become accessible, as in the two volumes of "Letters" edited by her great nephew, the first Lord Brabourne, in 1881, or in other letters used for the first time in the volume now issued by the son and grandson of the author of the "Memoir."

This new life is really a bringing together of the biographical matter contained in the two publications already referred to (though not, save for quotations, in the same words), supplemented by such fresh facts or evidence as the novelist's family have been able to discover during recent years. To the keenest students of Jane Austen's history and tradition there may not be very much that is at once new and important, though there are a good many pages that fill in with events or probabilities, gaps in the life-story of one who saw perhaps less of the world than any other imaginative author of equal distinction.

Every writer on Jane Austen's personal history has, of course, devoted some attention to the question whether she was ever "in love." The present book seems to reply, for good and all, that she never was, in any serious degree. Half the tales of her love have been repeated from Sir F. H. Doyle's story, in his "Reminiscences," of a foreign tour made by Jane, with her father and sister, in 1802, during which they became acquainted, in Switzerland, with a young naval officer, between whom and Jane mutual affection speedily developed. The officer, while crossing the Alps on foot, over-tired himself, and died of

\* "Jane Austen, Her Life and Letters. A Family Record" By William Austen-Leigh and Richard Arthur Austen-Leigh. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)



brain fever. Sir F. H. Doyle's authority for this story was a lady who had heard it from a niece of Miss Austen's. The authors of the present book cannot identify any niece who could have told such a tale, and as for its truth, they have as many good reasons against it as counsel usually find in drawing a statement of defence. Firstly, no shadow of such a tradition remains in the family; secondly, the Rev. George Austen could not possibly have afforded the tour; and, thirdly, the usual change of air and scene for the Austens was enjoyed that year at Dawlish.

A much better authenticated story, now given, tells us that Jane became engaged one evening, in that same year of 1802, to a man with whose family her own had long been friendly, but that she broke off the engagement the next morning, having become convinced that she had made a mistake, and could never be happy with this old friend.

This incident was related by her niece, Caroline, who also recalled another little story, which she had heard from "Aunt Cassandra," that at some seaside place a gentleman had seemed greatly attracted by my Aunt Jane, that when they parted company he "was urgent to know where they (the Austens) would be next summer," and that "soon afterwards they heard of his death." The "impression left on Aunt Cassandra was that he had fallen in love with her sister, and was quite in earnest."

Are we not justified, with only these records to go upon, in saying that we have no evidence that she ever had a serious love affair?

Once more in these pages we are reminded, and very properly, of that typical bit of spiteful gossip, Miss Mitford's account of Jane Austen's husband-hunting ways. The author of "Our Village," tells us that her mother, before marriage, lived near the Austens, and knew Jane as "the prettiest, silliest, most affected, husband-hunting butterfly she ever remembers." As Mrs. Mitford married and left her home near the Austens when Jane was just ten years old, it would seem that neither she nor her daughter can have been very particular, the one about facts, or the other about "verifying her references."

The accounts included of the several novels are full of attractive bits of reminiscence and tradition. It is interesting to hear that when "Northanger Abbey" was first offered to a publisher (in London, and not, as has generally been supposed, in Bath), it was probably entitled "Susan," with no reference whatever to "Lady Susan," that curious novel of letters, which added so little to the author's fame, and which she herself decided not to publish. A valuable appendix on the text of the novels, several pedigrees, and a bibliography, are features of this book. As a frontispiece the "portrait of Jane Austen," attributed to Zoffany, is reproduced, so much more clearly than in the first volume of the "Letters," that one wonders if the difference between ordinary photography and photogravure is alone responsible for the change. It must be added that when Lord Brabourne gave this portrait he seemed to have no doubts as to what "Jane Austen" it represented. In the present instance we are told that there was another Jane in the family, whom the picture may represent, but that, on the whole, there is good reason to hope that it is an authentic portrait of the novelist. This doubt, also, must remain open.

W. H. HELM.

### CROQUET AND CARICATURE.\*

I think it was Solon who said "Count no man happy till he be dead." But I say "Count no man celebrated till he be caricatured." Most men and women in the public eye would rather be laughed at than ignored. And Mr. Crowther Smith, in the preface to this clever gallery of prominent croquet players, very neatly hints at this common passion.

\* "A Croquet Alphabet." Rhymed and Pictured by H. F. Crowther Smith. Engraved and Printed by Henry Stone & Son, Banbury. 10s. 6d.

"If anyone should experience disappointment," he says, "at not finding themselves amongst the caricatured, I trust they will understand that it is not due to any lack of merit on their part, but rather to the fact that there are only twenty-six letters in the alphabet."

Mr. Crowther Smith is a genial humorist. There is no doubt a touch of cynicism in the drawing of Mr. Beaton as a wooden toy, wound-up and "making his breaks like a clockwork machine," as there may be too in that of Lord Tollemache, who is represented as playing on a lawn more fitted to golf than to croquet, though I confess that, as an honorary secretary jealous of the reputation of his lawns, I may be hypercritically reading into this last a meaning that may not have been intended. But these are mere pin-pricks which leave no lasting hurt on two such fine exponents of the game, who could, I imagine, any day turn the tables on their caricaturist by giving him a bisque or so and a beating. Certainly all interested in a game which, since its revival in "the nineties," has made such amazing advance in public favour, should invest their half-guineas on this book, for artists require encouragement as well as other people. Otherwise croquet may lose its caricaturist, and then what chance of budding Beaton or infant O'Callaghans arriving at immortality and celebrity in the future? Finally, let me say that there is almost as much instruction as amusement to be got out of this book from the stances and hand-grips of such fine players as Mr. Cyril Corbally, Mr. Izard, and Mr. Bunnell Burton, which the artist has so realistically portrayed.

G. S. LAYARD.

### THE WOMEN OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.\*

Out of the chaos of feminist thought two separate schools are now beginning to emerge. One, led by Ellen Key, has for its objective what may be called the Greater Motherhood; the other, more revolutionary in idea, looks to the development of the individuality of the woman as the next great step in social evolution. The former, regarding the woman as the chief instrument of the life force, fixes its eyes on the race; the latter, seeing the woman as an end in herself, claims her as a human being, a gift bringer, as is the man, of achievement in thought and action. Link Action *versus* Individual: such is the antithesis.

Mrs. Gallichan belongs to the Link Action school: she regards the woman as the superior, the more important, sex, in the evolution of life. So far from being passive or secondary, she is the predominant partner. Throughout the lower forms of life it is the female who is almost always the guardian of progress and instigator of the creative impulse. She is usually more active and often larger and heavier than the male. In all the kingdom of nature the bee commonwealth is, of course, the great triumphant instance of female organisation. Throughout the book this is Mrs. Gallichan's view of the division of labour between the sexes: the female for organisation and conservation, the male for destruction. Among primitive tribes descent, for instance, was claimed through the woman and by "mother-right" was settled all the inheritance of property. At first, it was the male who left his own tribe to follow the female, and in the hands of the women was all the work of primitive agriculture and industry. It was merely the organisation of tribal war together with the idea of woman as property, that pushed her into the position of a slave, a being dependent on the male for her support.

In many ways it would appear that Mrs. Gallichan relies too much on the certain working of "mother-right;" but, apart from that, she is by no means clear in showing how, from such a position of power, the women sank into subservience to patriarchal rule. Some psychological cause there must have been, for if biologically woman is the organiser and conservator, why is it that all the organisation of society during the historic period has been

\* "The Truth About Woman." By C. Gasquoine Hartley Mrs. Walter Gallichan.) 7s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)



left to man? True, such organisation as we have is chiefly for offence or defence, for war in short; yet surely commercial enterprise should have been in the hands of the women, if their primordial instincts were so definite?

In historic plan the book is also defective for, while the position of women in the ancient civilisations is fully discussed, there is no study whatever of the effect of mediæval Christianity on woman. It is interesting to know that 4,000 years ago the Egyptians dealt with the problem of man and woman most wisely, but it would be much more useful to learn why women are what they are to-day. And what they are to-day depends on feudalism and the Revolution times. It is in its treatment of the women of the twentieth century that "The Truth about Woman" becomes really controversial, mainly perhaps because the psychology is most debatable, being of the popular and rather superficial variety.

Thus it is taken as proved that women steer their course mainly by intuition and men by reason, whereas, if we follow the history of politics, we shall find how largely emotion under the form of prejudice enters into all judgments, whether of men or women. Logic is often invoked, but seldom answers the prayer of its worshippers. Yet Mrs. Gallichan has, of course, no difficulty in showing that if women possess intuition in a high degree, they have in their hands one of the chief elements of genius. For if intuition is "direct vision," it is precisely that which, in the last resort, produces the masterpiece. Reason states the problem; intuition solves it.

Yet women geniuses are rare, and Mrs. Gallichan dreads that, by learning to reason, women will lose their gift of intuition. Probably the truth is no more than that woman possesses a certain instinctive knowledge of character acquired during the ages when her livelihood depended on her picking out the best man to feed and protect her. For what any creature is to-day depends on the way in which it has gained its living. On this line Mrs. Gallichan brings forward the most valuable argument in her book, namely, that the economic dependence of women on men has been, and is, most injurious to the race. Freedom to choose her mate, not by considerations of money value, but by human ones, is the one great overmastering plea for the economic independence of woman. Our race is one of the most miserable failures in the whole field of evolution largely because the potential mothers of it have had to put a man's income-earning capacity before his mental or physical qualities. It is this consideration apparently which has made Mrs. Gallichan a feminist.

Yet she is afraid of many things: first, of the women "intellectuals" who refuse marriage, as she alleges, for the sake of their own individual freedom. Is it not rather, however, nearer the truth to say that our society being so badly organised, they never meet marriageable men who are in any way their equals? Precisely this freedom of choice is as yet what they cannot obtain. Worst of all, Mrs. Gallichan fears—it is a fundamental dread—to let women use their reasons; she fears, too, that as the sexes grow more alike, love will lose its ancient charm. Yet, by a curious contradiction, we find her rejoicing in the position of women in ancient Egypt where, in a race that showed very little difference in facial expression between men and women, common interests were shared by both in a way which is marvellous to later ages. In fact, "The Truth about Woman" is full of the Janus spirit that looks backward often with eyes full of longing and forward with a glance of dread. It is therefore weak on the constructive side.

For the evil of woman's present position is that for ages she has persisted in taking the line of least resistance, in living by sex. Now a revolution is wrought by two powers acting in conjunction: by force from without and upheaval from within. If the changes in society during the next few centuries are powerful enough to drive women from their dependence on the male for a livelihood, then the new woman and the new age will be brought to birth, for the new spirit is abroad. Yet it cannot work successfully alone; it depends on outward changes for a

momentum. On these Mrs. Gallichan scarcely touches at all, although they are already appearing above the horizon of both national and international life.

"The Truth about Woman" is very stimulating and suggestive, but its title should have been "The Half-Way House." Nor is this to cast any reflection on the work since, in feminism, none but half-way houses can be built for many a year to come.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

## WAR AND PEACE.

It is claimed for Herr Wilhelm Lamszus that he is a great literary artist. This, of course, is a matter of opinion, however vivid and compelling his "document" \* may be. To my mind his work lacks considerably the finish, the breadth and the depth of Steven's "Red Badge of Courage" and of some other books of a similar kind. But in work of this sort literary excellence or the lack of it must always take second place to ethical value. And both from this point and in the matter of good taste merely, there is much to be said against the sub-title, "Scenes from the War that is sure to come." For are we not entitled to ask: Who guarantees such a war?—which, being indefinite, is neither "the" nor "this." Is it the German manufacturers of war material who stand for the certainty of so devastating a catastrophe?—and whose machinations to that end have recently aroused a large portion of the German people to the horrible cause of scars and strained international relations. Surely there is something to be said against this needless inflaming of more or less dormant passions, particularly in connection with a masterly horrifying picture, the purpose of which is to arouse all Christian peoples, especially central Europe, to what would be the truly appalling result of a war that is *not* sure to come. Moreover, even if it is likely to come—Well, then, let us prepare quietly, not as irresponsible fire-aways, but as true men who know they have to fight, and who also know that the last charge will be one of victory or annihilation.

Turning again to the book itself we find that M. Alfred H. Fried (the Viennese winner of last year's Nobel peace prize) has written:

"It will become one of the holy books of humanity. I would that this book were to reach the hands of millions. Every mother ought to read it, and every man, too, whether old or young, to form his opinion of the present-day condition of things in which—an outworn atavism—war and preparations for war still continue to be the focus of political life."

This is the message of the book, a message so enormous, so altogether outnumbering the forces of war, that, if only M. Fried's "every mother," &c., could be reached and won over, war would be no more in Christendom. It is a most devout wish, one that every humane heart must echo to the full.

Here also lies the magnificent value of the book—the possibility of its moving the hearts of peoples, if it does but reach them. Its potentialities cannot be gainsaid, for it is, in a sense, as horrible a representation of a great war as written words and some natural reticence can make it. Herr Lamszus (a master at one of the big schools in Germany) writes in the first person, generally in the present tense, and loses none of the advantages, if a few of the graces, of that familiar medium. He begins by being called up as a reserve-conscrip—war has been declared. He is young, and we get a hint of the parting between him and his wife and two children. Then come quick details of the mobilisation, his comrades, the barracks and transport, the camp and front, and all the welter of shot, smoke, bayonets, blood, and mangled men that any pen could contrive within 110 pages. For the work is not crude—no, not by any means; in it there is a large husbanding of power, of the almost marvellous effect of what is little more than suggestion. Yet all the whirling hell of it all is here; and as

\* "The Human Slaughter-House: Scenes from the War that is sure to come." From the German of Wilhelm Lamszus. English Version by Oakley Williams. 1s. net. (Hutchinson.)

a piece of literature merely, it had better be left alone by those who are afflicted with "nerves." Mr. Oakley Williams, the translator, seems to have done his work remarkably well.

Of a vastly different kind is Mr. Perris's contribution\* to the cause of peace. As secretary to different movements for the pacification of nations, and now of the British Committee that has gone to the British-American Peace Centenary, he has spent much time and care in tracing in English history, the development of the idea of peaceful arbitration in place of appealing to the force of arms. And what a slow growth it has been! As Mr. Perris says

"It is a far cry from the Heptarchy to modern England, from the blood-feud and trial by ordeal or combat to the Royal Courts of Justice and the Hague Tribunal"

and

"If a clue be found by which we can trace an ever advancing victory of order over anarchy, of tolerance and friendly co-operation over provincial hatreds, sectarian bigotry and international rivalries, throughout these ages, the annals of our country will be read with a fresh interest, and with a heightened sense of their importance in relation to our modern life"

And this is what Mr. Perris does in most excellent English. He shows us how the movement began imperceptibly, underlying the actions of rulers and people, till the day came when it rose above the surface of things, took on a form of its own and grew to be what we know it to be. Thus he has truly added a new interest to the reading of English history.

J. E. PATTERSON

### TALES OF THE MERMAID TAVERN.†

Mr. Alfred Noyes has certain gifts that are lacking from most of the poets of our day. You do not go to him for the mystic vision, the magic phrase, the jewelled line; his poetry smacks of the earth and the vigorous life of men, as Chaucer's does; he has spontaneity, a richness and variety of music; he has imagination and a rare narrative power, and those fine qualities of humour and emotion without at least one of which no teller of stories can get a hold upon his audience. The humour of "Black Bill's Honey-Moon," a story put into the mouth of John Davis, is of the breeziest, gayest, most irresponsible kind, and from its first liting stanza

"Let Martin Parker at hawthorn-tide  
Prattle in Devonshire lanes!  
Let all his pedlar poets beside  
Rattle their gallows chains  
A tale like mine they never shall tell  
Or a merrier ballad sing,  
Till the Man in the Moon pipe up the tune  
And the stars play Kiss-in-the-Ring!"

it rattles along with unflagging jollity and gusto to its last. And the pathos underlying the tragedy of the squalid death of Robert Greene, related partly by Shakespeare, and partly by Marlowe, of Marlowe's fatal duel, as told by Nash; of the burial of Mary Queen of Scots, as you get it from the old sexton who comes into the "Mermaid" on a winter's night, shuffling the snow off his boots, is the truer and more poignant because of the ease and almost careless simplicity of style with which each tale is unfolded.

Incidentally, Mr. Noyes fills his poem with the atmosphere of seventeenth-century London; gives glimpses of the 'prentice riots in the streets, of the May-day revellings, the holiday processions, and, in song and anecdote, of the old city's merchant adventurers; but in the main he recreates the ancient, oak-raftered "Mermaid" tavern, and brings much of its motley, glamorous, glorious life back into it. Ben Jonson is rightly the central figure

\* "Pax Britannica: A Study of the History of British Pacification." By H. S. Perris, M.A. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

† "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern." By Alfred Noyes. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

in this scene, he is a young man at the beginning, and old, and fallen on evil days at the end. One feels that Beaumont, who has left us the only eulogy we have of the things seen and done at the "Mermaid," should have had more than the merest passing mention, but it is a large and splendid fellowship that gathers here at the immortal tavern, and if Beaumont and Fletcher remain in the background, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Green, Nash, Chapman, Drayton, and Sir Walter Raleigh, are among those who play leading parts, and if they do not always talk here so wonderfully as they wrote, that is perfectly natural, too—for no man ever did—and they often say fine things, as when Marlowe ejaculates.

"Ben, Ben,

I tell thee 'tis the dwarfs that find no world  
Wide enough for their jostlings, while the giants,  
The gods themselves, can in one tavern find  
Room wide enough to swallow the wide heaven  
With all its crowded solitary stars."

All through, the poem flows intermittently into glowing imaginative passages, into dainty and charmingly fanciful lyrics, into tales of the dramatists themselves, and of men and women famed in the annals of the England, or the London of that day or the day before. Perhaps the daintiest, most idyllic, and one of the most lightly pathetic of the tales is "The Companion of a Mile," in which Will Kemp, the player, tells in an airy, tripping metre, that dances as you read it, how he danced from London to Norwich and fell in love with the pretty milkmaid who danced a mile of the way with him:

"I fitted her with morrice-bells, with treble, bass and tenor bells:

The fore-bells, as I linked them at her throat, how soft they sang!

Green linnets in a golden nest, they chirped and trembled on her breast,

And faint as elm blue-bells at her nut brown ankles rang."

But if one is put to it to name the best thing in the book, then it is "Flos Mercatorum," in which the old Clerk of Bow Church, running in to escape being mobbed by the 'prentices, retells the old, old story of Dick Whittington with an amazing freshness and fulness, clothing it in a finer light of poetry than it ever wore before, and setting it to the haunting chime of his own bells:

"Clerk of the Bow Bell, four-and-twenty 'prentices,  
All upon a Hallowe'en, we prithee, for our joy,  
Ring a little turn again for sweet Dick Whittington,  
Flos Mercatorum, and a barefoot boy!—

"Children of Cheape,' did that old Clerk answer,  
'You will have a peal then, for well may you know,  
All the bells of London remember Richard Whittington  
When they hear the voice of the big Bell of Bow! . . ."

"Whittington! Whittington! O, turn again, Whittington,  
'Lord Mayor of London,' the big bell began  
'Where was he born? O, at Pauntley in Gloucestershire,  
Hard by Cold Ashton, Cold Ashton,' it ran

"Flos Mercatorum,' mourned the bells of All Hallows,  
'There was he an orphan, O, a little lad alone!'  
'Then we all sang,' echoed happy St. Saviour's,  
'Called him, and lured him, and made him our own

"Told him a tale as he lay upon the hillside,  
Looking on his home in the meadow-lands below!'  
'Told him a tale,' clanged the bell of Cold Abbey,  
'Told him the truth,' boomed the big Bell of Bow! . . ."

So, with interludes which give variety to the narrative and enable the Clerk to fill in more prosaic details, you have all the fascinating old romance told over again, and made new in the telling.

Others may prefer the tensely dramatic story of Raleigh's betrayal by Sir Lewis Stukeley; but Mr. Noyes is such a cunning narrator, is such an authentic singer, skilled in the lithest and happiest of metrical harmonies, and scattering so much of poetry and graceful fancy through it all, that the whole book has been read by one reviewer, at all events with the keenest interest and the keenest pleasure.

## THE ROMAN ROAD.\*

I am afraid those who have read with delight "The Path to Rome" and "The Old Road" will be disappointed in "Stane Street." The author has been obsessed with the technique of this great engineering feat of the Romans to such an extent that throughout the book he never deflects from the austerity of a road engineer to give us glimpses into his poet's mind. In 300 pages he does not visualise for us a single picture of the Roman legions passing along the Stane Street. Not, unfortunately, does he make it live as a modern high-road. We did hope that he would chat with us along the open road, knapsack on back, and indulge in those pleasant asides that charmed us so much in "The Path to Rome" and "The Old Road." So keen is his scent for surveying that he spares one page only to the wonderfully preserved remains of the Roman pavement at Bignor, and he never tarries even to slake our thirst for Bellocian Bacchanals on the virtues of Sussex ale. Alignments and trajectories are words which appear like ugly scaffolding on nearly every page. Occasionally though, he breaks the severity of his survey to have a fling at professional archaeologists:—

"In a word this idea that the battle of Ockley did not take place at Ockley but somewhere else, is but one more instance of that search for iconoclastic novelty at the expense of scholarship which is the very disease of Dons. It arises partly from vanity, partly from a love of local fame, more from a misconception of what history is, and means, and it is a detestable ingredient of modern writing."

Mr. Belloc claims rightly, I think, that the battle of Ockley was fought at Ockley, and not as Oman suggests at Oakley, near Basingstoke, and he adduces good evidence to show that the Roman legions passed over the old London Bridge and not as the latest school of antiquarians would have it, by ferrying between London Bridge and the Tower. Mr. Belloc shows us pretty clearly that when the road ceased to be used as a military road, and so lost its chief and practically only use (for no towns with the conjectural exception of Dorking stood in its alignment) parts of it soon fell into desuetude, and when this took place, we see in the encroachment of the public high-road the tremendous power which has always been vested in the hands of the English landed aristocracy. And to-day, in spite of the Statute of Merton, Archaeological Societies, Commons Preservation Societies, Rural District Councils and Boards of Agriculture, encroachments still go on, for on the last occasion I tramped Stane Street from Ockley to Chichester, I found a padlock put on the gate which opened on to part of the old road, still used as a track, and another portion from which the public has recently been excluded by a local landowner.

Mr. Hyde has not done justice to himself in the illustrations. One always thinks of soft crepuscular drawings of sheep on a hillside at twilight when one sees Mr. Hyde's name mentioned. But in many of these illustrations there is a hardness of line and tameness of vision which is rather commonplace. There are useful sketch maps which may possibly be more exhilarating than poems to the amateur



London Bridge and the Thames.

From "Stane Street," by Hilaire Belloc (Constable)

as well as to the professional surveyor, who will no doubt find in this book a treasure-house of the scholarship of the metalled road.

F. E. GREEN.

## Novel Notes.

**A PRISONER IN FAIRYLAND.** By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan)

Mr. Blackwood has travelled far in the land of spiritual adventures since he took the town by his first strange novel, "John Silence." He has thought deeply over things and felt still more deeply, and his outlook on the unseen world has softened, sweetened and widened. Little children, especially, have come to appeal very strongly to him, and he has learnt to enter into their ways of seeing life in the curiously fresh and innocent glory of the young imagination. There is much in his new frame of mind that reminds one of Blake's way of looking at things. There is the same translucent depth of insight and the same simplicity and force of statement. He also uses the perilous instrument of allegory, but with far more discretion and charm than Blake did in his later days. His new fairyland is that wonderful world of sweet human sympathy, on whose invisible foundations rest all the outward, noisy, bustling activities of our lives. It is by their lively powers of sympathy that young children feel their way about the world; a lonely child will invent invisible playmates in order to get the real knowledge of human life it requires. In his childhood, Henry Rogers invented many invisible playmates, and had a fairy train in which he used to travel with them among the stars. All this comes back to his mind when he returns in middle life, a lonely, rich business man, to the country garden in which he used to play. His mind is occupied with a charitable scheme on which he intends to spend the greater part of his fortune. But he is one of those rare men who manage to retain in manhood a childlike power of imagination. He meets some children and entertains them with his old fancies of the fairy train and invisible playmates, and, before he knows it, he is back again in fairyland and taking part in wildly beautiful adventures with his young friends. His genius for sympathy revives and develops and the results are charming and surprising. Among other things he meets in

\* "Stane Street." By Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated by William Hyde. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

person the lady of his dreams, and his financial scheme for improving the world broadens out into something human and spiritual, and touched with a noble philosophy of life.

**MY FATHER'S SON.** By W. W. Penn. Edited by John Harvey. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The present age is a quickly changing one. The outer mechanism of life, the visible wheels, have lately undergone rapid transformation. The inner mechanism, the mental attitude of citizen to citizen, of class to class, and the moral attitude of the citizen to his Maker, have also developed with breathless rapidity. Scarcely ever before have fathers found it so difficult to keep in touch with their children, to avoid falling behind. And this story is the record of a young man who in some ways has really outdistanced his father, has done so in minor things, the outer graces of life, but has not done so in greater things, in the hidden life of the spirit. He is a rather exaggerated example of a very common type, the type which has sufficient vision of the graces of life and what they may be, to rebel against a father's gracelessness, but has not sufficient vision of the realities of life to see things in their right proportion. Such is Penn, so faithfully drawn to life that nineteen out of twenty readers will feel qualms of conscience in travelling with him down the slippery path that led to exile in Honduras. He is something of a coward, more than something of a sneak; he can "never face any reality long." Extravagance gets him into endless money difficulties. It is not all his own fault. For part of these vices he is indebted by force of heredity to a graceless grandfather; for another part to our school system, which is most effective in knocking the corners off a boy, but less effective in carving anything in high relief on the smooth and lifeless surface, producing critics not enthusiasts. Penn's father and mother are drawn to the life; they exist by thousands; they are the backbone of England. What is slightly inconsistent is that a son with such an exquisite insight into his parent's religion should be so unsuccessful in beating his own music out. The racy high-bred Irish schoolmaster, a fine scholar not above setting dogs at rats, is another portrait drawn with unerring hand, while the Oxford scenes and the life at "Sparrow," the crammer's, could not be bettered. These are outstanding details, but in its general lines the book is a brilliant study of the age of change and transition, and well deserves the distinction it has already won.

**V.V.'s EYES.** By Henry Sydnor Harrison. 6s. (Constable)

English readers will probably have occasional difficulties with this novel, for Mr. Harrison makes a very free use of the American vernacular and many of his situations are not properly to be appreciated except by those people who have spent some time on the Atlantic sea-board of the United States. But these difficulties, real as they often are, do not materially interfere with one's general enjoyment of what is a well-told story. Dr. Vivian, or V.V. as he is affectionately known to his intimate friends, is a young man of socialistic views who carries out in a very practical manner all the philanthropic doctrines he preaches. At the moment the story opens he has concentrated his efforts upon forcing Mr. Heth, the owner of a cigar factory, to improve the conditions of his work-people. He is accidentally brought into touch with the wilful and beautiful Miss Heth, who, after at first showing some proper filial resentment at his indictment of her father's business, comes gradually to admire the man for his transparent single-heartedness. Questionings begin to arise in her complacent and self-satisfied conscience and she even brings herself to break off her engagement with the highly eligible Mr. Hugo Canning for whom she so cunningly angled. Marriage between her and V.V. is the obvious termination to the story, but Mr. Harrison, somewhat unexpectedly, disdains this happy ending and the book closes with the death of V.V., who meets with a fatal accident owing to the collapse of part of the Heth factory. If not, perhaps, quite so admirable as

"Queed," the book is fresh, strong and buoyantly written, and Mr. Harrison's study of the character of Miss Heth is particularly well worked out.

**WHILE THE MUSIC LASTS.** By Julia MacDonald. 6s. (Holted & Hardingham.)

This is a somewhat loosely-spun story spreading over three generations. Save for rare melodramatic lapses, it is told in a simple, unaffected style, and traces the career of a young artist, Owen Montgomery, who in the teeth of parental opposition insists on marrying a vain, shallow barmaid whose beauty has infatuated him. The disillusion is cruel and complete: the woman is incapable of love. Children are born to them, a son and two daughters, but the mother's luxury-loving heart remains unsoftened. One thing alone has the power to awaken her better nature—the magnetic violin-playing of her husband, but dreading this uncanny influence she wilfully destroys the instrument, and, as the sequel shows, dramatic changes take place in her life. Mrs. MacDonald's best work is to be found in the second part of the story, in which the characteristics and lives of the interesting children of this ill-fated marriage are handled and developed with uncommon skill.



Photo by Bonas Studios, Ilford.

Miss Julia MacDonald.

"While the Music Lasts" has a strong vein of sentiment running through its pages and—what is less usual—a quality of religious sincerity and simple faith, which gives an additional significance to the story.

**MR. LAXWORTHY'S ADVENTURES.** By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Mr. Laxworthy is a sort of superior detective, who is rightly described by his friends as the Man of Peculiar Gifts. He can do astonishing things; hardly any situation will find him at a loss. He has a complete knowledge of lip-language and of jiu-jitsu, marvellous powers of intuition, and a conveniently unobtrusive appearance. He is always on the side of justice, but less often on that of the law. These great talents—or Peculiar Gifts—are exercised in the pursuit of adventure, which of course—this being a sensational novel—comes immediately to hand. We like Mr. Laxworthy and his two assistants, but at the same time we feel bound to confess that they are puzzling people. In the course of an adventure Mr. Laxworthy is fond of telling his friends that the criminal will do a certain thing at a certain hour. The friends are usually incredulous; but the criminal always obliges. The assistants then lose their interest in the case and never once ask Mr. Laxworthy how he came by his wonderfully accurate knowledge. Why have they not more curiosity? It is all rather annoying, for the explanations would be well worth having. Nevertheless, there is a most attractive swing about the book, and, speaking for ourselves, we found that it had to be finished at a sitting.

**THE COMMON CHORD.** By Phyllis Bottome. 6s. (Secker.)

After the pleasure that it has given us we are sensible of ingratitude in describing "The Common Chord" as a

love story in which everything comes right (or nearly so) in the end. Yet that is what it is. The plot, though ingenious and well worked out, is quite the worst part of the book, and those readers who demand a story—and a story only—will be well advised to pass by Miss Bottome's novel. But in almost every other respect "The Common Chord" is really excellent work. It is up-to-date—almost aggravatingly so, in fact—and humorous and pathetic by turn in a manner that can hardly fail to amuse and to move its readers. With the figure of the hero—a young French musician—Miss Bottome scores a veritable triumph, and excellent foils are supplied in a prosaic and unimaginative Englishman, who is at once his friend and rival, and a singularly fresh and attractive heroine. "The Common Chord," in fact, is a book of originality and charm.

**BARRY AND A SINNER.** By John Barnett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

This is really the comedy of a rogue's life, told by himself, with an underlying sense of the pity and pathos of it all to give an edge to its humour. Gilly Leviter is the rogue, a waster without any moral fibre, a shiftless, hopeless weakling whom nobody can save from his own inherent folly. Early in his career he has filched money from his employer, and in consequence served a term of imprisonment; after his release, when he is contemplating suicide, he comes across Barry Lincoln, an old schoolfellow who had always been kind to him, and Barry promptly takes him in hand and insists on looking after him. Shortly after their meeting, Barry inherits a fortune, which only makes him the more determined to devote himself to Gilly's regeneration. Barry himself is a delightfully unpractical idealist. He has romantic ideas of being loved wholly for himself, and not without suffering breaks off his engagement to a girl who has fascinated him when he discovers that she is aware of his wealth and is bent on marrying him for it. Later, in his anxiety to be loved wholly for himself and not for his money, he even encourages a mistake that is made when he and Gilly settle down in his native place, and will not contradict or allow Gilly to contradict the rumour that he is the waster who has been in prison, and that Gilly is an eccentric rich friend who is trying to reclaim him, and the results of this deception are a mingling of laughter and sorrow and one tragic event that robs Gilly of love and is to rob him of life, and yet does not leave him wholly unhappy. It is a lightly, cleverly written story, too fantastic perhaps to seem true, but it touches life seriously now and then and is always interesting.

**THE WILDERNESS LOVERS.** By E. R. Punshon. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a fine and unusual romance of the wild regions of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Punshon skilfully appeals both to English and American readers by drawing on both races for his chief characters, and we should not be surprised if his novel quickly became remarkably popular on the two sides of the Atlantic. It deals with an affair of the present day which could only happen in the wilderness he describes so well. It is an uncharted tract of mountain and salt desert as large as Britain, and in it hide two young American outlaws, who carry on a war against a powerful mining magnate, who has robbed them by legal trickery of their farm-land. A charming English girl and her husband come to the mining town to talk over a matter of business with the wicked millionaire. The Englishwoman is abducted by one of the outlaws, and the miners set out as an army of rescue. This part of the story is not merely exciting, but informed with the true spirit of drama. For by his careful characterisation Mr. Punshon prepares the reader for an amazing and yet probable vicissitude of feeling in the relations between the outlaw and the stolen lady. It would scarcely be fair to the author to summarize baldly the remarkable story he has to tell. Only in his way of telling it can the truth to human nature be preserved. His talent for character drawing is as striking as his gifts for narration.

**THE STROLLING SAINT.** By Rafael Sabatini. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

A ripe knowledge of the times, a vigorous narrative style, and a nice gift of characterisation go to the successful making of Mr. Sabatini's latest story of mediæval Italy. The strolling saint is the High and Mighty Agostino D'Arguissola, Tyrant of Mondolfo, who was vowed to the cloisters by a fanatical mother. But Agostino took after his free-living soldier ancestors, and in this book we have the entertaining confession of his life and adventures until he regained his patrimony and won the beautiful Bianca. In the interval the Strolling Saint had become a very proficient man of the world, chiefly owing to the kindness of his pedagogue's wife, who had instructed him in the tender passion with the Decameron as their text-book. The story is extremely interesting and entertaining, and the autobiographical form is excellently managed. The inexperienced reader will have no doubts about the accuracy of Mr. Sabatini's vigorous reconstruction of the past. Like some greater novelists, Mr. Sabatini is much happier in describing his Beckys than his Amelias.

**THE PETTICOAT COMMANDO, or Boer Women in Secret Service.** By Johanna Brandt. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

This narrative of certain events in Pretoria during that exciting period between the British occupation in June, 1900, and the proclamation of Peace two years later, must be approached from an impartial standpoint. It is written by one uncompromisingly convinced of the plenary righteousness of the Republican cause, and of the absolute injustice of British policy and methods. Nevertheless, when we have allowed for the view-point, the book is of considerable interest. It is largely from records such as this that the authentic history of the Great Boer War will one day be written. The author hates healthily, if the term may be permitted. That is to say, her rancour is seldom against the individual; even an enemy is apt to have justice done at her hands, and she does not spare the lash when those on the Republican side are under criticism. The scene is laid at Harmony, an old, romantic farmstead on the outskirts of Pretoria. Harmony was surrounded by the British lines; nevertheless, it became the intelligence exchange between the Republican inhabitants of Pretoria and the commandos of General Botha which hovered in the vicinity. Hanne van Warmelo, the heroine, is a young woman of compelling individuality and considerable charm. The circumstance that she captured a kitten from the British lines and appropriately named it "Mauser," perhaps expresses her character better than her more sensational achievements. Captain Naude, the Baden Powell of the Boers, is the hero of the tale. His exploits are thrilling enough; for instance, his visits to Harmony in the uniform of a British colonel, after strolling through the lines past the house of the Military Governor and being saluted by the sentries. Then there is "Gentleman Jim," the Zulu who, although he could speak Dutch fluently, absolutely refused to make use of the "Taal" after the British occupation. Nevertheless, Jim remained faithful to his salt. We may close with this expression of the author's healthy optimism: "the time will surely come when, in the intermarriage of our children and our children's children, will be formed a nation great and strong and purified."

**THE LAW BRINGERS.** By G. B. Lancaster. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Law Bringers are men of the mounted police who carry the reign of order into the wild places of Canada. Two of these, Sergeant Tempest and Corporal Dick Heriot, are the principal characters in one of the most arresting and powerfully realistic stories that G. B. Lancaster has ever written. They had been friends, but had fallen out for the love of a woman, and Tempest had seemed to be the successful rival. When they first meet again in the snowy Canadian wastes, Heriot still chafes under memories of the past, and it is only after he has been convinced that

the woman who broke his life has broken Tempest's also and driven him into this exile that his former friendship reawakens. The widely differing characters of the two men are drawn with real insight. Tempest has held on to his ideals, and is out to live the life of a man; Heriot, a lesser, weaker spirit, has fallen into loose and shiftless habits, but he is not even yet beyond rising out of his dead self and playing the man at a crisis. There are two women who count in the story: Jennifer, married to the rascally Ducane; and the childlike, pretty, non-moral half-breed Andree. You feel it natural that such a man as Tempest should be irresistibly drawn to such a blithe, careless, charming little creature as Andree; and as natural that Andree should care nothing for him; and the tragedy that ended his love for her saved him from a tragedy that would have been greater had it ended as he wished. And it is Heriot's love for Jennifer, that looked as if it might have cast him deeper into the mire, which is the final means of his regeneration. A full and finely imagined romance, written vigorously and with ripe cunning, "The Law Bringers," should add appreciably both to the reputation and the popularity of its author.

## The Bookman's Table.

**EREBUS.** By Evangeline Ryves. 1s. 6d. net and 1s. net.

**THE RED HORIZON.** By Evangeline Ryves. 1s. 6d. net and 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

In a preface to the first of these volumes the publisher mentions that two-thirds of the contents have been for ten years out of print, and it was on his persuasion that the author consented to his reissuing them. It is not often that a publisher is desirous of issuing or reissuing anyone's poetry nowadays, but in this case Mr. Mathews was justified of his enthusiasm; moreover, he was not alone in his judgment. F. W. H. Myers, Herbert Trench and Mrs. Meynell have all spoken in highest praise of Miss Ryves's poetry; and when her book of "Lyrics" appeared in 1906, with no author's name on its title-page, Francis Thompson read it, we are told, and remarked to Mrs. Meynell, "Well, there's no doubt of this—the man's a poet!" That much is as evident, too, from the new book "The Red Horizon." The charm of Miss Ryves's poems lies in the simple directness of their language and the delicate, elusive fancy and emotion that play like light and shadow through them. "The Red Horizon" is a dialogue between Wayfarer and Daydreamer, two souls who were banished into night and meet on a mountain-top overlooking the sea, and they talk through the darkness until sunrise of the mysteries of life and the mysteries that lie beyond life, and in the light of a new morning the Spirit of all that had been best and highest in themselves appears and speaks to them of all that they have lost, all they have hoped and meant to be but have not been. It is a poem of fine imaginative quality, and whatever of mysticism enters into it is, like all true mysticism, beautifully simple. All that is best in these two little books has its inspiration in everyday human experience, in joys and sorrows that are common to all of us and those intimate things of the spirit that are the life behind life. Some of the poems are very slight, but within its limits Miss Ryves's gift is the real thing.

**PRINCE CHARLIE'S PILOT** By Evan Macleod Barron. 5s. net. (Inverness Carruthers & Sons.)

It was Lord Rosebery, our author reminds us, who described the '45 as the last burst of chivalry, and there were undeniably in that picturesque and forlorn undertaking with its romantic adventurer, and his faithful followers, all the elements of tragedy and glamour which go to the making of song and story. Many are the books that have depicted the last Jacobite Rebellion from "Waverley" onwards. Probably no historic incident has made so strong an appeal. Book, both light and serious—stirring tales

such as "Kidnapped," reflective modern fiction such as "Poor Sons of a Day," or "Flemington," sensational historical research such as Lang's "Pickle the Spy," indispensable memoranda such as Blaikie's "Itinerary" or Mr. Terry's "Last Jacobite Rising from Contemporary Writers." All these and a host of others. Again and again it has been said that the field is overcrowded, but every year some new book has appeared to exemplify the endless resources of the '45. The last, and one which in our opinion deserves a wide circulation amongst those interested in sidelights upon this episode, is the history of Donald Macleod—who piloted the fugitive Prince amongst the western isles. Those who know their "Lyon in Mourning," will remember that desperate journeying, but there is so much confusion of names and facts in that wonderful book, that such a compact and individualised narrative as this is invaluable. But Mr. Barron has not merely collected and selected his material from "The Lyon in Mourning." The later period of Macleod's life when a prisoner near London, and the horrible privations and cruelties he endured—the reception he received on his release—all this makes up a complete and admirable story-life of a man, who though of humble birth and position, must be ranked amongst the noblest of the Jacobites.

**KINGHAM OLD AND NEW: STUDIES IN A RURAL PARISH.** By W. Warde Fowler. 5s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

Mr. Warde Fowler's studies of the village in which he lives cover a very wide range of subjects, including a history of the parish before and after Domesday, sketches of old village characters, accounts of the local birds and plants, and descriptions of such recent events as the great thunderstorm of June 7th, 1910, the great drought of 1911, and the Battle of Kingham on September 15th, 1900. The careless reader may feel tempted to describe the book



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as small beer, but this would be a grossly inaccurate description of it. It possesses a very definite value. It gives a vivid and accurate impression of English rural life at the present time and in the recent past. At the same time Mr. Warde Fowler's writing is, as might indeed be expected, not of that wooden and uninspired variety which is usually associated with village chronicles. A trained and keen observer with a sense of humour, he is master of a fluent and attractive style, which is displayed to particular advantage in the natural history chapters and that on the local "characters" with whom he has been acquainted. It is a book to many portions of which the overworked epithet of "charming" may be justifiably applied.

**THE GARDEN OF IGNORANCE.** By Mrs. George Cran. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins)

Like many another nature-lover, Mrs. George Cran has found most garden books dull, "frightfully dull," and it has been her generous resolve in the present volume to write of gardening just as she herself would have liked to read of it on those dark days of ignorance when three unappreciated acres of shaggy ground in Surrey fell into her possession. The result is an altogether charming book free from dogma and ugly technicalities, and conveying in the lightest, pleasantest fashion an enthusiastic conception of the happiness to be got from a garden. At one time, the author tells us, her enthusiasm reached outrageous dimensions: "My presents became the scandal of the family; asked what I wanted for Christmas I said half a dozen loads of manure, for Easter as many of loam, for my birthday eight tons of 'pitching' stones to pave the terrace—and so on..." She describes how bees and bob-tails, blue Persians and pigeons form part of a garden, and dwells lovingly and amusingly on their habits and possibilities. "The Garden of Ignorance" is brimful of ideas and suggestions; it has all the charm and value of a keenly observant garden-lover who with mingled geniality and humility unfolds to you her rich store of experience in terms at once glowing and practical. The only people who should not read this enchanting volume are those that dwell in flats and wish to rest in peace.



Ph to by Frank Hill.

Mrs. George Cran.

**SANCTUARY.** By Laurence Morton. 2s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

To write a series of monologues upon commonplace matters, and to hold the reader's attention throughout, requires the exercise of much literary taste. The author of "Sanctuary" is to be congratulated upon a powerful handling of a difficult subject. It is perhaps the entire absence of conventionality which appeals to the reader at first sight, but he is soon drawn into a web of fanciful ideas, from which he feels no desire to escape. The writer is represented as a highly imaginative lady, who has built for herself a house of dreams in her chamber under the stars. In this peaceful room solitude is unknown; nothing is cold or hard or lifeless. Every common thing becomes imbued with a spirit of its own, in whose affinity with her own soul she finds

perfect sympathy and companionship. We imagine that Maurice Maeterlinck was conscious of the same subtle attraction, when he drew forth a multitude of spirits from the simple furnishings of a peasant's kitchen. Each of the fifteen papers is addressed to a mysterious being known as a "Shadow Friend," whose personality is too vague to be described and whose presence in her room the owner herself can scarcely understand. With this silent, sympathetic guest all her inmost thoughts are shared and her pretty, quaint ideas discussed. In the company of the spirit and the shadow she is perfectly content, and her room at the top of the house is a sanctuary indeed. In a work of this kind, it is not easy to maintain throughout the same high standard of excellence. There is a lack of inspiration and a suggestion of laboriousness here and there, but the book will appeal to any whose nature responds to the charms of the fanciful.

## Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

**The Wind Before the Dawn,** by Dell H. Munger (6s.) is the story of a girl, Elizabeth Farnshaw, born and bred on a homestead in the wilds of a Kansas prairie, who, working her way up to the beginning of a brilliant career, flings away all her ambition and future possibilities on a selfish, tyrannical man. Marrying him, she endeavours to mould her life to his will, and to keep house for him under the interfering supervision of his mother and himself. But her strong, vigorous character is not suited to the narrow life of the wife of an average Kansas farmer, and unhappiness inevitably follows. A hopeless love wakens and ripens between Elizabeth and Hugh Noland, her husband's partner, and how Hugh is able to sacrifice himself that the gates of liberty may be opened to her, Miss Dell H. Munger tells in a very natural, sympathetic style. It is Elizabeth herself who, at last, at the beginning of a new day of hope and reconciliation for herself and her husband, says: "There is no other way. A woman to be free must have money of her own. She must not be supported by a man." That is the secret that her suffering has taught her. It is a strong, interesting novel that will appeal to all those who prefer truth to be the chief element of fiction.

MESSRS. HEATH, CRANTON & OUSELEY.

Mr. Lewis Lusk is an authority upon the Sussex history and character, and in "Sussex Iron" (6s.) he has written a story which should appeal to everyone who hails from one of the most individual of English counties—and to a large number of other people too. The novel deals with the life of the countryside during the Tudor period, while particular stress is laid upon the life and martyrdom of the ironmaster, Richard Woodman, and on the youth of the man who "started" Shakespeare, Will Darrell, afterwards Lord Harthurst. It has a strong and cleverly constructed plot, and its historical detail is at once accurate and interesting. Altogether a very readable and attractive book.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO.

It is not exactly a series of Damon and Pythias tales which Mr. Edward Step tells in his new volume, *Messmates* (6s. net), but it is truly sub-titled "A Book of Strange Companionships." Mr. Step has written much about plant life and natural history in general, and here he writes of the associations of insects, fishes and plants with others of their class, not in the form of parasitism, but as helpers one of the other. Sponges and corals, ants and spiders, crabs, anemones, caterpillars and lichens, and a number of other animals and vegetables, "live and let live" in either a most shrewd or a most complacent manner. As a hint to readers we may say that he who destroys the ants in his garden goes far towards destroying the green-fly also; for the ants cosset and nurse the pest "aphides" in a most careful manner for the sake of the few drops of honey-dew they get in return. The illustrations in the book are a revelation of extraordinary friendships.

MESSRS. FRASER, ASHE & CO.

To live the "simple life" and be fond of it is not, necessarily, to be able to write books. But Mr. Andrew McCormick has evidently found so much pleasure in his surroundings in Galloway that he has recorded them on paper and put them into volume form, with a portrait of himself sleeping in the open air for frontispiece. It makes a tasteful volume, its title is *Words from the Wild-Wood* and it contains sixteen tales and sketches from Galloway. Mr. McCormick lives from May till October inclusive in a hut in a high field, and Galloway folk will readily read his observations and memories.



Laurence Sterne

*From Gainsborough's painting, by permission of The Salford Corporation Art Gallery*



# The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

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## NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

## News Notes.

The September BOOKMAN will be a Bernard Shaw Number, and will contain a special article on George Bernard Shaw by Dixon Scott. Other important articles in this number will be "The Shelburne Essays," by Dr. William Barry; "Crowds," by Richard Curle; "Peacock Pie," by Edward Thomas; "The Diaries of Lady Shelley," by Roger Ingpen; "Women of the Country," by Perceval Gibbon; "Recent History," by Thomas Seccombe; "The Genius of Meredith," etc.

The appointment of Dr. Bridges to the Laureate-ship has given general satisfaction. Dr. Bridges is a scholarly poet; his work has dignity, a fine technical finish, a beauty of form that few latter-day poets attempt and fewer achieve. His poems may be lacking in fire and emotion, but that they are poetry even his severest critic will not deny, and it is certain that whilst he holds the office of Laureate

something of its last century distinction will be restored to it. By a happy coincidence the forthcoming number of the *Quarterly Review* will contain an article on "The Poetry of Robert Bridges."

Mr. George Edgar has written a new novel, "The Red Colonel," which will be published this month by Messrs. Mills & Boon in England, and by Messrs. Appleton in America.

Mr. Fifield is publishing shortly a new edition of Samuel Butler's "Essays on Life, Art and Science." The volume will include an essay on "The Humour of Homer" (which title will be used for the whole book), and a sketch of Butler's life by Mr. H. Festing Jones.

"A Fool's Tragedy," is the title of a new novel by Mr. Scott Craven that Mr. Martin Secker is publishing this autumn. Mr. Scott Craven is well-known as an actor and as a dramatist; he is also distinguished as the author of some of the cleverest humorous verse of recent years; but we believe that "A Fool's Tragedy" is his first essay in prose fiction.

Messrs. Constable are publishing shortly "Odd Numbers," a new volume of humorous verse by Dum Dum.

The Government's new educational scheme gives especial timeliness to Mr. A. J. Tillyard's "History of University Reform," which Messrs. W. Heffer & Sons are publishing early in the autumn. Mr. Tillyard gives the history of such reforms from 1800 to the present day, and supplements this with suggestions towards a complete scheme for the University of Cambridge.

Two well-known Irish novelists—the Hon. Emily Lawless and Mr. Shan F. Bullock—have collaborated in writing a novel of the Ireland of 1898—a story of character and adventure, that Mr. John Murray is publishing this autumn. Mr. Murray also makes the welcome announcement that a new novel by Miss Mary Cholmondeley, "Notwithstanding," will be ready in September.

The reception given last year to little Miss Daphne Allen's remarkable volume of drawings and paintings, "A Child's Visions," has led to the preparation of a new book by the same gifted young artist, which Messrs. George Allen & Co. will publish next month. This time Miss Daphne Allen appears in the dual rôle of artist and author, and "The Birth of the Opal," in addition to many separate drawings, will contain three nature-fantasies which she has both written and illustrated.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, editor of the *Daily News and Leader*, has collected a second volume of his brilliant studies of notable personalities in contemporary art, literature, politics and social life, and as "Pillars of Society" the book will be published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co. this autumn. An announcement that will be warmly welcomed by every reader of the first volume, "Prophets, Priests and Kings," which has long been out of print.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's charming story, "Little Thank You" (Putnam), has run through six impressions in the seven or eight months since its first appearance, and is now listed among the best-selling books of to-day in America.

Mr. Darrell Figgis has completed a new novel, "Jacob Elthorne: The Chronicle of a Life," which Messrs. Dent are publishing this autumn.

The English Association has published as one of its pamphlets the brilliant and suggestive address that Mr. Edmund Gosse recently delivered to its members on "The Future of English Poetry." Mr. Gosse thinks that the principal danger to the future of poetry rests "in the necessity of freshness of expression," and that "with the superabundant circulation of language year after year, week after week, by a myriad careful scribes, the possibilities of freshness grow rarer and rarer." He foresees a likelihood that this condition of things will lead the poets of the future to cultivate "a patent artificiality, a forcing of the note until it ceases to rouse an echo in the human heart."

One has not to look far to see that some of our poets are already doing this in the effort after originality, and Mr. Gosse is justified in the feeling that "nothing is more dangerous to the health of poetry than the praise given by a group of irresponsible disciples to verse which transfers commonplace thought to an exaggerated, violent and involved scheme of diction," and in the apprehension with which he would view any sign of "the purely learned poet, the prosodical pedant," becoming permanently paramount amongst us. "That would indeed," as he says, "threaten the permanence of the art." Mr. Gosse is by no means pessimistic, but he utters some shrewd and timely warnings that all those interested in the progress of English poetry would do well to read and reflect upon.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing shortly what is, we believe, a first novel by Mr. Arthur F. Wallis, and from a glance at the advance sheets



**Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree,**

whose new book is reviewed in this Number.  
Frontispiece portrait from "Thoughts and Afterthoughts,"  
by Herbert Beerbohm Tree (Cassell)

we should be inclined to foretell a roaring popular success for it, only that we never prophesy. It is called "Idonia," and is a romance of the London of Elizabeth's days; the author has steeped his tale in the atmosphere of its period and unfolded it with a gusto and picturesqueness of style which should appeal to that vast multitude of readers who love a good story.

One is so used to hearing America spoken of as a sort of paradise for poets that it seems strange to find that, of late years, several have deliberately deserted it and come over to settle down in the old country. Mr. Ezra Pound has been here almost long enough now to count as an Englishman; a more recent arrival is Mr. Robert Frost, whose first book of poems, "A Boy's Will," was published a few weeks ago by Mr. David Nutt. Born in San Francisco, where his father, a friend of Henry George, edited a newspaper, Mr. Frost was educated at Boston, and became an occasional contributor to the *Forum*, the *New York Independent*, and other American publications. But he disliked city life, and did not number the profitable business instincts among his gifts. After his marriage, he cut himself off from all his other belongings, and for several years lived with his wife and children on a lonely farm in a forest clearing; he was nothing much of a farmer, but contrived to make enough by it for the needs of himself and his family whilst he was giving his soul room and time to grow and developing his poetic gifts. Much of his first volume was written in those days, and reveals his love of nature and of the loneliness of the woods and fields, touches in pictures of the everyday life that lay about him, and is filled with his musings on the mysteries of existence, his dreams of what lies behind him, and his hopes of the future. His verse has a strong individual

note, and is marked by an unaffected simplicity and a stark directness of utterance that breathes of austere living and the open air. Mr. Frost has completed a second volume for publication this autumn; it is to be called, "Farm Servants and Other People," and its contents, which include poems on such themes as "The Death of the Hired Man," "The Housekeeper," and a bizarre narrative in verse, "The Hundred Collars," are again drawn, for the most part, from his experiences on that farm in the remote forest clearing.

The brilliant authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," ask us to find room for the following disclaimer:

"A review having appeared in a prominent weekly paper attributing to us the authorship of a recently-published volume of Irish stories entitled 'By the Brown Bog,' we shall be much obliged if you will kindly allow us to state in your columns that we are not the authors of this work.

"E. (E. SOMERVILLE.  
"MARTIN ROSS."



Mr. Hall Caine,

whose powerful new novel is published by

'The Woman Thou Gavest Me' by Mr. Hemmings.

Once upon a time the free-lance journalist was always a man; but it is so no longer. Nowadays

there are many women of that tribe, but not many who have done a greater variety of good work or made headway with less encouragement, and in face of more disadvantages, than has Miss S. Gertrude Ford. Hampered with ill-health through most of her early years, and forced to live the narrow life of the invalid, she educated herself and, following her natural bent, turned to the writing of prose and verse, at first by way of amusement, later as a means of earning a living. She confesses to have found it a hard life, full of disappointments; her experience has been that editors are very ready to encourage her with praise and promises, but too often neither the

praise nor the promises bear any fruit. But perhaps those editors' sins were not so much in breaking the promises as in making them. If life were longer and the days not so quick and so crowded, we should all leave fewer promises unfulfilled. However, taking her unaided way, Miss Ford has in these last few years contributed topical articles and verse, children's stories, nature studies, and much other miscellaneous prose and poetry to the *Daily News*, the *Contemporary Review*, the *Westminster Review*, the *Poetry Review*, and other magazines and newspapers; she conducts a Poets' School of forty students in one journal, and a



**Madame Calderon de la Barca,**  
whose famous book, "Life in Mexico," published in London and America in 1843, is about to be re-issued in Messrs. Dent's "Everyman's Library," with an Introduction by Mr. Henry Barclay Swinburn.  
From a photograph in the possession of Madame de la Barca's relatives at Washington

"Critic's Chair" in another; incidentally, she has won six prizes and six first-class honours in the famous tournaments conducted by the *Saturday Westminster*. Lately, she has gathered a selection of her poems into a small volume, "Lyric Leaves," which has been published by Messrs. C. W. Daniel, and though, like most books of verse, it has not enjoyed any large sale, it has won golden opinions from several of our leading literary judges. Mr. Stopford Brooke in particular has given her work high praise. There is true poetic feeling and vision in this little book

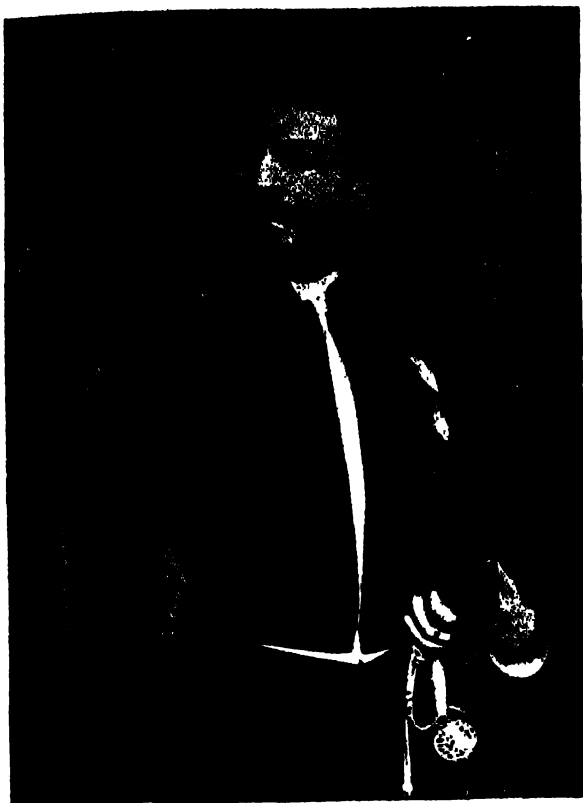
of hers; it covers a wide range of thought and

*Alas! the poems in her book  
You ask, my dear, a sense or two  
But there I have, will never do  
Such fine, such things, one I want to make  
That I'll encourage for your sake  
If you will kindly understand  
To take right things of a friend  
Let us suppose that twenty years  
Are gone with all their smiles & tears;  
And you are pleased from thought to now  
Upon the same & former path  
That they were then, their path don't  
Change, but the same we meet.  
Then to some friend I have asked  
But one I hope who pleases you,  
Will you one small, adventurous state  
And walk & spirit all relate -  
I'll give you, my friend, tell  
"There was a man who loved me well  
Who made me poems & said that I  
Was sweet to be with him by & by  
I should that accomplished creature be  
That more without delight could be  
But then accomplished I should simply  
Much more than need to please the eye."*

*He told me, whether maid or wife  
There is a war that lasts for life.  
At least contention will not cease.  
Still our self, our quiet things, we please.  
But when I loved my first -  
My temper, curb, my passion, cool,  
My talents & my flatterer improve,  
And love where reason bids me love.  
Then might I whether wife or maid,  
Consider all my lady's pain,  
And might I feel the pleasure share  
Without their stern attendant - Care;  
As now away our former peace  
If we will put the throne of pleasure*

*So said the man; and then he said  
There lies that one, I think, the maid  
And this advice, that is too late;  
How do I keep it - let me see  
George Crabbe  
Sidmouth 1814 -*



**M. Pierre Loti,**

a new edition of whose admirable travel book "Siam," published by Mr. Werner Laurie, is reviewed on page 225

emotion, and the best of the poems in it are clearly drawn from her own life and the lives of those about her. She pleads passionately for the



Photo by Edward Sweetland,  
High Wycombe.

**Mr. Robert Frost.**

rights of women; sings of the joys of town and country and the beauties of the changing year, of the bitterness of poverty, the pleasures of homely things, and quiet living. There is a poignancy of pathos in "The Wife's Appeal":

"If thou could'st know that Death would come and take me  
In one short year. . . ."

and "Musa Victrix" voices her rebellion against the hardship of the Muse's service, from which yet she could never break away:

"Why should I wear thy chains, albeit of roses,  
Finding their thorns so many and so sharp? . . ."

Miss Ford has added to her difficulties by resolutely living up to certain rather rigid ideals. She has put



Photo by Hazel's Central Studio  
Bournemouth.

**Miss S. Gertrude Ford.**

divers respectable enough periodicals on a sort of black list, and neither offers them her work nor would accept commissions from them. "As an idealist," she says, "I would never submit my work to any but the purest, loftiest, most dignified papers. As a Suffragist, I gave my work free of charge to my own Society's organ, *The Vote*; as a missionary enthusiast I gave it free to a missionary magazine; nevertheless, in spite of these and such-like restrictions and self-denying ordinances, I have supported and am still supporting myself by my pen." It is a record in which she may justly take a modest pride; and if you think her ideals a little too stern and exacting, you will admire all the more the courage and success with which she has maintained them.

The Prix Langlois has been awarded by the French Academy to M. Auguste Monod and M. Henry D. Davry, for their French version of Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son."

# The Booksellers' Diary.

## LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

August 1st to September 1st, 1913.

### Messrs. Allen & Co.

BUCKLEY, R. R. (Editor).—Handbook to the Shakespeare Summer Festival. Paper, 1s. net.  
GRAYLING, FRANCIS.—Kent Churches. In 2 vols. 2s. 6d. net per vol.  
WALTERS, DR. F. R.—Sanatoria for the Tuberculous 12s. 6d.

### Messrs. A. & C. Black.

HOMIE, GORDON.—What to see in England. 3s. 6d. net

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CHESLER, DR. SLOAN.—Woman, Marriage and Motherhood 6s. net.  
DEEPIING, WARWICK.—The Red Saint. 1s. net  
DOUGLAS, THEO.—The Grey Countess 6s.  
HOSKEN, HEATH, and STANTON CORALIE.—The Dog Star 6s.  
JONES, BERNARD.—Gramophones and Phonographs 1s. net  
JONES, EGERTON.—Peter Piper. 6s.  
NEWLIN, KATHARINE.—The Lely of the Lady 3s. 6d.  
Pocket Reference Library—Miniature French English Dictionary Dictionary of Musical Terms 6d. net, and 1s. net  
STEVENSON, J. H.—Religion and Temperament 3s. 6d.  
WYLIE, I. A. R.—The Rajah's People 6d.

### Messrs. W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.

DALY, T. A.—Madrigals 5s. net  
NEIL, MARION H.—Candies and Bonbons and how to Make Them 3s. 6d. net.

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THORNE, GUY.—The Vintage of Vice. 2s. net.

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CAINE, HALL.—The Woman Thou Gavest Me. 6s.

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"ANONYMOUS"—My Wife's Hidden Life 6s.  
BEACH, REX.—The Iron Trail. 6s.  
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DOYLE, A. CONAN.—The Poison Belt 3s. 6d.  
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KAUFMAN, HERBERT.—The Efficient Age 2s. net  
MACNAUGHTON, S.—Snow Upon the Desert 6s.  
MAGNAY, SIR WM.—The Players. 6s.  
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ORCZY, BARONESS.—Eborado. 6s.

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FRASER, MRS. HUGH, and FRASER, HUGH.—Captain Corbion's Adventure. 2s. net.  
HOLDSWORTH, ANNIE.—The Book of Anna 6s.  
JEFFSON, EDGAR.—Garthside Gardens 6s.  
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RAINE, ALLEN.—Under the Thatch 6d.  
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SOMERVILLE, H. B.—Ashes of Vengeance 6s.  
TWEEDIE, MRS. ALICE.—America as I Saw It 16s.  
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# THE READER.

## BARONESS ORCZY.

BY ARTHUR RUTLAND.

ALL books are not meant for all readers, and there are some critics who ought never to be allowed to read novels of any kind ; they should be dieted, and novels should be forbidden to them, as physical invalids are debarred from eating venison and other dainties of the table. So fine a critic, within his limits, as Sir Leslie Stephen should not have been given the opportunity of writing such sad stuff about Dickens as that " if literary fame can be safely measured by popularity with the half-educated, he must claim the highest position among English novelists," and of reiterating that " his merits are such as suit the half-educated." That sort of opinion in itself smacks of half-education ; it indicates a narrowness of outlook, defects of taste, restrictions of sympathy and knowledge, lack of a comprehension that there may be other good things besides those that happen to appeal to one's own particular appetite ; all which are as lamentable as every other form of ignorance. I always distrust the judgment of a man who sneers at whatever is " popular." You generally find he has no ideas of his own ; he has passed his days in a world of books and, picking up all his notion of life from them, has not ing but an absurd contempt for the larger world that is not bounded by the walls of a library. Some books can never be popular ; no reasonable person expects them to be ; but there is no essential merit in unpopularity ; books, after all, are written to be read, and so far as novels are concerned, the novelist who cannot so tell his tale that it shall draw the crowd to hear it has not fully mastered his art. He may have higher gifts than that of charming the average multitude, but it is a fault in him if he has not that one also.

It is a good and enviable gift, this of popularity ; that is why even the most unpopular of us lives in hopes of acquiring it some day ; and no living novelist possesses it in fuller measure than does the Baroness Orczy. Ten years ago her name was unknown at the libraries ; but in the few years that have passed since her first book made its appearance she has achieved rapid and signal success both as a teller of stories and as a writer of plays.

Though she has a warm affection for England, the

country of her adoption, the Baroness Orczy was born in Hungary, at Tarna-Eörs, an agricultural district at the heart of the most magnificent corn-land in Europe. Her parents only came to England when she was almost grown up, and she had never spoken a word of our language until she was fifteen. " I think," she says, " I must have been extraordinarily predisposed to the assimilation of the English tongue, for directly we arrived in London I, as a schoolgirl rising fifteen, was sent to a preparatory school for the purpose of learning the language, and within three months I was acting in the school play, and had passed a first-class College of Preceptors' examination with honours, winning a special prize for languages. My theosophist friends tell me," she adds whimsically, " that this fits so perfectly into the theory of reincarnation that in one of my previous existences I must certainly have been an English-woman !"

However that may be, in her tastes, her sympathies, in everything but blood, the Baroness Orczy is a brilliant and charming Englishwoman ; nobody who was unaware that she was a Hungarian by birth would guess from her speech that she was anything but English. Her father, besides being a distinguished diplomatist in his own country, was above all things a musician. His beautiful opera, " Il Rinnegato," dedicated to the late Queen of the Belgians, who was a Hungarian Princess,

was performed in London, at the old Her Majesty's Theatre, with great success ; on more than one occasion he conducted his own compositions at the famous Philharmonic Concerts of the early '80's, and he several times conducted the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, of which the late Duke of Edinburgh was an accomplished violinist. So it came about that, in her childhood, the great musical geniuses of the latter part of last century were intimate guests at the house of the Baroness Orczy's parents, and Wagner, Liszt, Gounod, Massenet, and others of that glorious company, took a kindly interest in their host's little daughter. " They would pat me on the shoulder," the Baroness remembers, " and ask if I meant to be a musician like my father ; whereto



Photo by Bassano.

Baroness Orczy.



guests with a family whose chief recreation consisted in writing stories for magazines. These they would read aloud to one another, and also to us, before sending them on their weary round to

various editors, for as they were really not very brilliant they were usually returned again and again with the usual thanks. One day, however, one of these products was actually accepted for publication, terms were discussed and agreed upon, and altogether there was an atmosphere in that Kensington house of the delightful sense of excitement which comes only from artistic success. Some of the excitement communicated itself to me. To be quite frank—though there was neither hatred nor malice in its composition, there was quite a little spice of jealousy in it, and later in the day I remarked to my husband, 'Look at these people who have never been outside their own limited circle—they not only write stories, but have them accepted and paid for. Now, why shouldn't I, who have been all over Europe, and have known so many notable and interesting people—why shouldn't I write stories, too?' My husband said laconically, 'Why shouldn't you?' And that was how I came to begin my literary career."

Until then she had never for a moment contemplated the possibility of such a career. But now she set to work in earnest and wrote two short stories, which were promptly accepted by *Pearson's Magazine*, and paid for at the rate of ten guineas each. Moreover, the editor asked for the first refusal of any other stories she wrote. This was more than encouraging; it prompted her to go on, and she found herself looking for hints and suggestions in the life about her, and discovering them everywhere. One day, for instance, travelling on top of an omnibus over one of the ugly canal bridges just beyond Westbourne Park Station, she looked down on the dismal streets there-

abouts and noticed an especially dark, wretched, lonely one that borders the canal at this point, and it set her speculating on the mysterious, forgotten crimes that must be perpetrated

the house in Hungary where Baroness Orczy was born, and which is described in her novel, "A Son of the People."

Tarna-Eörs,

in such-like squalid, ill-lighted London byways and are never solved and avenged by any Sherlock Holmes or other detective, and from that casual sight and this passing reflection she evolved the series of ingenious stories related by "The Old Man in the Corner." They were immensely popular when they ran serially in the *Royal Magazine*, and met with as favourable a reception when they appeared in book form in 1909.

But before that Baroness Orczy had published her first novel. This was the phenomenally successful story of "The Scarlet Pimpernel." It is not surprising that with her artistic temperament, her innate love of colour and the picturesque presentment of life, she should have been attracted to the great theme of the French Revolution, nor that she should have handled it with a cunning in the drawing of her characters and the portrayal of her incidents that has made this the most popular, not only of her own novels, but of any novel published in recent years. Sir Percy Blankeney, the handsome, big, apparently indolent dandy-hero of her tale, has already become one of the most familiar figures that latter-day fiction has given us, and his adroit disguises, recklessly gallant chivalry and hair-breadth escapes have thrilled and delighted the thousands who have made his acquaintance in the book or in the play. It was the play that was written first; having done this in collaboration with her husband, Baroness Orczy wrote the novel, and for all the instant popularity that accrued to it when it did get into print, the book had no ready welcome from the publishers.

The play was written, accepted, and tentatively produced at Nottingham within a year; then, in spite



Photo by Bassano.

Baroness Orczy and her husband, Mr. Montagu Barstow.



**Baroness Orczy with her team of Hungarian horses—all in Hungarian harness.**



**Baroness Orczy and her favourite Hungarian mare, Goldi, with her colt, Eldorado.**



**Baroness Orczy driving a pair of Hungarian horses, Netti and Hussar.**

of its pronounced success on the Nottingham stage, it was laid aside for twelve months, until Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry were able to secure a suitable theatre for its production in London. Meanwhile, the novel was offered to a full dozen of publishers who all refused to have anything to do with it. One or two mitigated the bald "declined with thanks" with a suggestion that if the play (which had just been accepted) proved a success it might be submitted to them again. Finally, it was sent to Messrs. Greening, because as they were publishers of *The Play Pictorial*, the Baroness thought they might be interested in the book, since the play was then about to come out in London. She was correct in this supposition, and the novel was published by Messrs. Greening on the day that the play was produced. But whilst the book so tardily accepted was received with a chorus of acclaim by critics and public, the play that met such immediate acceptance was decried by almost all the critics, though the public hailed it with unqualified enthusiasm. It was staged at the New Theatre on the 5th January, 1905; the

house, crowded in every part, witnessed it with intense excitement and applauded it without stint. But, says the Baroness, "next morning came a rude awakening!

With the exception of one or two papers (not more), the play received from the dramatic critics the soundest round of abuse that any play, to my knowledge, has ever had. It was 'melodramatic,' 'incoherent,' 'stagey,' 'the audience was made up of friends who tried to cheer the actors and loudly condemned the authors.' One well-known critic wrote: 'Even for a firstling it is too unpromising to prompt such leniency as is encouragement—the author is deficient in invention and in craft alike'; another said he 'sat out the tedious play through three weary hours, looking in vain for something to praise;' whilst one of the most widely-read of the dailies was even more thorough in its condemnation: 'The pimperl, as every countryman knows, is a little red flower that grows up and dies in one very short season. It would have

been, therefore, impossible to select a more suitable title for the new romantic comedy produced last night



*Photo by Hasano*

**Baroness Orczy.**



**Baroness Orczy and Mr. Montagu Barstow, with their pet dog, "Molly."**



**Baroness Orczy on her favourite mare, "Netti."**



**Baroness Orczy's Kentish home, "Bearsted," Maidstone.**

1. View of the house from the hill-top.
2. The formal garden.
3. View from the second terrace.
4. The rose walk.

The house from across the park.  
The lower terrace.  
The Italian garden.  
"Bearsted," showing studio on the right of house.



at the New Theatre. We cannot help thinking that the Baroness Orczy and her husband would have been better advised had they allowed their own particular little pimpernel to blush and die unseen . . . . The plot is not worth telling.' " Naturally, at the time, Baroness Orczy felt this harsh criticism keenly; it is so easy to criticise in that vein, and unfortunately the uncreative gentlemen who can only criticise are much too prone to demonstrate their cleverness in that rather cheap fashion. For the moment, it was



**Jack Bathurst.**  
From "Beau Brocade."

the more disheartening because managers and actors, as well as the authors, suffered from the results of such hostile comments. The box-office takings dropped rapidly to next to nothing, and the

had won the affections of an enormous public; it has justified itself by the pleasure it has given to thousands in every walk of life, and among the numerous letters of thanks for it that have reached



**Hymn-of-Praise Busy.**  
From "The Nest of the Sparrow Hawk"

managers who had spent lavishly on the production began to feel that the position was serious. But the public generally knows what it wants, and rarely takes the critics quite so seriously as they are apt to take themselves, and by degrees the fortunes of the drama rallied, and turned. Those who came to see it must have been well satisfied and recommended it to their friends; anyhow after the first set-back, day by day the box-office takings increased and went on increasing until what might have proved merely a disastrously empty pocket developed into a veritable gold mine, which is far from being worked out yet. The play was produced on a Thursday; on the



**Princess Neit-Akrit.**  
"By the Gods Beloved."

Character Studies from the novels of Baroness Orczy, by A. C. Michael.

Friday, as a consequence of the Press notices, there was not fifty pounds in the house; but within a few months the management was playing to over two thousand pounds a week. One can appreciate the satisfaction the Baroness finds in recalling this episode, but it is the sort of thing that has happened too often for one to have much hope that the recounting of it may have the effect of chastening the average dramatic reviewer and making him a little less cocksure in his judgments. Meanwhile, the book also



**Cardinal d'Orsay.**  
From "The Emperor's Candlesticks"

the author from almost every quarter of the civilized globe there are none she values more than those that have come from patients and nurses in hospitals and nursing homes testifying to the boon it has been to many who have for the nonce forgotten their own sufferings in the varying adventures of her imaginary people.

The publication of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" was quickly followed by that of the strikingly imaginative romance, "By the Gods Beloved." This, and "I Will Repay" (another story of the French Revolution, in which the Scarlet Pimpernel makes a dramatic re-appearance), and that



**A Soldier of the Terror.**  
From "I Will Repay."

Egyptologist; he was deeply versed in the lore of old Egypt and has recaptured much of the beauty and the mystery of it in his great canvasses. "I remember his first telling me," says the Baroness, "of the strange rites prevalent in ancient Egypt in connection with the trial of the dead, and his account of them so took my imagination that I told him if I ever

poignant tale of Hungarian rural life, "A Son of the People," are, I think, the strongest and ablest of their author's eleven books—not even excepting "The Scarlet Pimpernel" itself. There is no doubt that Baroness Orczy drew something of her inspiration for "By the Gods Beloved" from her association with Edwin Long. He was a wonderfully erudite

one of them having deciphered the directions on a papyrus discovered with a mummied body in a two-thousand-year-old tomb, journeyed with difficulty and danger across the vast sand dunes surrounding the Lybian desert and made their way into the strange, unknown country inhabited by the descendants of "those same people who built the Pyramid



**The Earl of Wessex.**  
From "The Tangled Skein."

of Gihizeh and the mysterious majesty of the Sphinx."

"A Son of the People," Baroness Orczy's third romance, differs as widely from her second as that did from her first. Instead of taking you among the priests and rulers of an ancient civilisation in an eerie imaginary world, it tells a realistic story of homely men and women in a



**Sir Percy Blankeney.**  
From "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

wrote a novel—which I had not then the faintest intention of doing—I would lay the scene of it in old Egypt and relate the incident he had given me of the trial of the dead." And the description of that trial of the dead man is one of the most arresting things in "By the Gods Beloved"—which reveals with glamorous narrative skill the bizarre experiences of two Englishmen, who,

country little known to most Englishmen, but known intimately to the author, who passed her girlhood amidst the scenes she describes. The ancestral home of Bideskut pictured in "A Son of the People," is the house in which the Baroness herself was born, and the life of the territorial magnates of Hungary, which enters largely into that novel, was the life with which, in her youth, she was familiar. The agrarian riots that play such an



**Andras.**  
From "A Son of the People."



**"The Old Man in the Corner."**

important part in the book, in connection with the setting up of a steam-mill, occurred on her father's estate, and it was he who was the victim of the outrage that Bideskuty suffers in the story. The peasantry was furious with her father as they are with Bideskuty, for introducing the grinding of corn by an agency which they could not understand, and one night, when the corn was ready for harvest, and the weather so dry that there was no water available to check the flames, they set fire to the four corners of a twenty-acre field. She was a very small child at the time, but still retains the vividest remembrance of seeing the red sky, hearing the shouts and the trampling of feet, and being told that the corn was burning, and that the unfortunate horses and cattle were in peril in their stables. Against this background of agrarian strife runs a chequered passionate love story of unusual tenderness and power.

Of the Baroness Orczy's other novels: "Beau Brocade" (which she has also dramatized and seen successfully placed before the footlights) is a dashing romance of highwaymen and the Jacobite conspiracy; "The Emperor's Candlesticks," containing some of her ablest character studies, is an ingenious and exciting tale of Russian Nihilism; "The Elusive Pimpernel" triumphantly continues the career of that hero of her first book; "The Tangled Skein" moves among the gallantry and intrigue of Tudor times, at the Court of Queen Mary; "The Lady Molly of Scotland Yard" is a series of brilliant detective stories, with a woman detective for its leading character; and "The Nest of the Sparrow-Hawk" is a well-devised, powerful romance of the Cromwellian period. In her new book "Eldorado," which has just been published, she returns again to the great scenes of the French Revolution and unfolds a further adventure of the fascinating and evasive Pimpernel.



Photo by H. Walter Barnell.

**John Orczy Barstow (otherwise Jack), the 12-year old son of the Baroness Orczy, in the character of "The Scarlet Pimpernel."**

Nowadays, Baroness Orczy lives in Kent, much occupied with her beautiful garden there and her favourite horses and dogs. She has a team of five Hungarian horses which she drives herself. Often, where the width of the roads will permit—which in Kent is not very often—she drives them Hungarian fashion: two wheelers and three leaders, at lightning speed. But she regrets that the multiplicity of motor-cars has spoilt the pleasure of driving, the noise and dust of them being maddening to highly-strung animals. In her own part of the country, where aforetime the coach and four was a frequent and pleasing sight along the Ashford Road, she and her husband are now the only people who drive in that fashion, and she is sometimes saddened by a fear that they too may have to give up that last remnant of old-world charm and be contented to go about in motor-cars like the majority. She admits

the utility of the motor, but declares that "to sit behind a well-appointed well-matched team, to handle the ribbons and feel that there is life at the other end of them, is the most exhilarating recreation in the world."

There may be various opinions as to which is the best of Baroness Orczy's books; I have indicated my own preferences; but there can be no question as to which has so far been the most irresistibly popular; each one of them has met with a very large share of public favour, but "The Scarlet Pimpernel" certainly leads all the rest. It set a fashion in dress, in 1906, when "The Pimpernel" skirt was the rage at one of the leading West End drapers, and that of itself is an infallible sign of popularity. The play is to be revived again this autumn and winter, both in the provinces and in London, and it is confidently anticipated that the latest Pimpernel adventure, "Eldorado," will repeat the success of her first book, or even surpass it.



**Scene from  
"The Scarlet Pimpernel."**

*(Photo by Ellis & W lery.)*

*Comtesse de Tournay: "Suzanne, 'I' forbid  
you-to speak to that woman!"*

*Lady Blankency, Miss Julia Neilson,*

*Sir Andrew Ffoulkes, Mr. Alfred Kendrick.*

*Suzanne, Miss Mary Mackenzie.*

*Comtesse de Tournay, Mrs. Walter Edwin.*

**Scene from "Beau  
Brocade."**

*(Photo by Foulsham & Tanfield)*

*Beau Brocade: "Here's for you, my gallant  
lobster!"*

*Beau Brocade, Mr. Bertram Wallis.*

*Lady Patience, Miss Grace Lane.*



**Scene from  
"The Sin of  
William Jackson."**

*(Photo by Dover Street Studios.)*

*Mrs. Alfieri: "Don't worry, Mrs. Val,  
men ain't worth it."*

*William Jackson, Mr. Ernest Leicester.*

*Mrs. Tomaso Alfieri, Miss Ruth McKay*

*Annie Valentine, Miss Nina Bouicault.*



## VICTOR HUGO.\*

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

STANDS Hugo where he did? or must we turn to another quotation and write sadly of "Imperious Victor, dead and turned to clay"? Messrs. Nelson should be able to answer either question definitely, for their long and lengthening line of comely shilling volumes stretches far enough now to be a measure of the general interest in a once famous figure. We say "once famous" without malice, and without prejudice to any claim he has to the homage of posterity; for however we may correct and re-correct our impressions, this at least is certain, that Victor Hugo will never loom so large again upon the view of Europe as he did a generation or two ago. Never again will any poet with a sense of humour praise him in the vast

\* "Oeuvres Complètes de Victor Hugo." Many volumes. 1s. net each. (Nelson)

hyperbole of the "Birthday Ode," honourable as that poem and its fellow-panegyrics are to the impetuous lover of liberty who flung them out like challenges to a smug and self-satisfied world. But Hugo may be less than the Hugo of legend and still be great. Much of his huge armada of works may be wrecked beyond salvage, and yet enough remain to carry victory into the remotest ports of posterity. Now that he has ceased to be a demi-god he has become something much better—a man and a brother, not the less lovable because his weaknesses, like his virtues, were on a scale of imperial magnitude.

The plays, once beacons of revolt and tokens of victory, are certainly not what they were. About the theatre it is always precarious to prophesy; yet this, surely, may be said: that never will there be a time, in this country at least, when romanticism of that complexion will re-conquer the stage. The Hugoesque drama has found its level here in grand opera, and that of a kind in which the singers matter more than the music. "Ernani, involami" (thanks to Patti) is more familiar to us than any speech in the original drama; "Il Segreto" is warbled or tinkled to Donizetti's music by thousands who know nothing about Hugo's "Lucrece Borgia"; the operatic progeny of "Ruy Blas" cannot be numbered; and while "Le Roi s'amuse" seems dead and done with, "Rigoletto" simply cannot be kept off the stage. It is a fine saying of Maeterlinck's that as soon as the heroes of French tragedy cease to speak they cease to exist. Of Victor Hugo's heroes that is especially true; and even when they are most alive their magniloquent outpourings seem to matter so exceedingly little that really we would rather hear it all to the music of Verdi. Even as thrillers the plays have been surpassed, for the logical outcome of Victor Hugo is Sardou. This, of course, is a purely English view, and may be objected to on the ground that a man's work can be rightly judged only in his own country and among his own people; but, nevertheless, we may surely plead in answer that the art which produces a world drama must be rated higher than that which fails at its own frontiers. Victor Hugo wrote dramatic pieces that had their appropriate success or failure, and that made some stirring history of their own; but he wrote no "Hamlet," he wrote no "Faust,"



"The Jelly Young Waterman"

From the painting by Baroness Orczy, exhibited at the Royal Academy.

The novels, rather than the dramas, are Victor's alms for oblivion outside his own country. Everybody in every modern country reads, has read, or must read, "Notre-Dame" and *Les Misérables*. They belong to what Tennyson (I think) called the great stereotypes of literature, mechanically reprinting themselves from generation to generation. And they thoroughly deserve their immortality. They have the first requisite of all good novels—they tell a good story and tell it well. Victor was not always up to this level. "Han d'Islande," for instance, comes dangerously near the ridiculous; "L'Homme qui rit" is almost entirely unreadable; "Quatre-vingt-treize" is more of a harangue than any novel should be; and "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" has some bulky and tedious excrescences and digressions to be set off against such better things as the famous fight with the octopus and the tragic Gilliatt's tragic end. But the defects of "Notre-Dame" and "Les Misérables,"—defects in the one case of antiquarian elaboration, and in the other of excessive digression—are powerless against the superabundance of excellence. Their characters have become part of the general mythology. Marius and Cosette, Esmeralda and Quasimodo, the Bishop and Jean Valjean, Gringoire and Claude Frollo, are almost as familiar to us in England as the characters of our own Dickens. Victor wrote little better prose, both in restraint and in intensity, than those two synchronous scenes—the piteous execution of Esmeralda in the Place de la Grève and the dramatic struggle on the tower of Notre-Dame, where the evil archdeacon, watching the tragedy, is thrust into the abyss by Quasimodo. The antiphony between the vivid paragraphs descriptive of Frollo's agonised struggles to retain hold of the gargoyle and the simplicity of the repeated "Quasimodo pleurait et regardait la Grève"—la Grève, where perished so miserably all that the poor brute had ever loved—must surely be the finest prose effect that Hugo ever achieved. And the end, with its moving and apparently unsought pathos, is worthy of the climax. Those who are fond of tracing origins and scanning first drafts may like to be reminded of "Bug-Jargal," in which the dwarf buffoon, Habribah, not merely recalls Triboulet, Quasimodo, and other Hugonian monstrosities, but acts out the first conception of the famous struggle over an abyss, with the summit of a



"God bless you for your courage, dear."

Drawn in colour by A. C. Michael.

From "Eldorado," the new romance by Baroness Orczy, that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just published.

precipice in place of Notre-Dame, and the projecting roof of an old tree instead of the archdeacon's gargoyle. The terrible intensity of the later scene will be the more appreciated after a glance at the earlier description.

Of "Les Misérables" little more need be said than that the pages—the multitudinous pages—of this book show us the Victor Hugo who is least disputably great. The spirit which informs, even more than the art which bodies forth, that work entitles Victor Hugo to the special admiration of our times. His sincerity, often to seek in many acts and pages of a crowded life, is here unimpeachable. The hand that wrote "Les Misérables" was also the hand that wrote, as a last disposition, "I give 50,000 francs to the poor. I desire to be carried to the grave in their hearse." "Les Misérables," too, has the merit of recalling Victor Hugo's public life,

about which the best that we can say is that it existed. What motives of worldly ambition may have moved him need not be inquired into; the fact remains that the leading French writer of his time took a leading part in the affairs of his time. Let English authors do likewise. Legislation and administration need the best available brains, and no one has the right to assume the airs of a mugwump and retire aloof from the dust and heat of conflict. Meanwhile, we lesser people, we bookmen, must do our part by insisting that the conditions of English political service and the atmosphere of English political controversy shall never be so degraded and befouled as to keep our finest minds from politics as from an unclean thing. Victor was most things in turn; but if we remember that he began as a Royalist and Reactionary, let us not forget that in the end he was an exile for the Republic. When he ratted, at least he ratted magnificently; and much may be forgiven to the man who scarified the sorry hero of the Coup d'état in "Napoléon le Petit" and "L'Histoire d'un Crime." Hugo in the Chamber was sometimes a failure, often absurd and always melodramatic; but some of the utterances for which he was most derided read now like the aspirations of our own moderate reformers. He was the lifelong opponent of capital punishment, and it is fitting, therefore, that "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné" and "Claude Gueux" should be as much more readable, as they are vastly more amiable, than Wordsworth's sonnets in

praise of the gallows. Victor Hugo was for Poland against Russia, for Garibaldi against the Clericals, for Abolition against Slavery in America. His vision of a "United States of Europe," jeered at by all the imperial spirits of his time, has at least as much to recommend it to humanity as the modern popular ideal of the European waters choked with battleships and the European atmosphere darkened with armed air-vessels. He preached the rights of the child at a time when the rights of men were not too well secured, and he not only urged that the physical as well as the intellectual processes of children should be cared for, but gave point to his views by a weekly dinner to poor children in the island of his exile. Much, surely, may be for-

given to such a man—and there is much to forgive, as you may read in the late Mr. Davidson's excellent biography. Diminished he may be; degraded never. Once he seemed not less than Goethe, and now he seems not much more than Dumas. Still, however dethroned, he stands secure. The best of his verse—a great part of his achievement which we have not been able even to mention here—would alone ensure him immortality. Honour to him, then, both as a favourite of the Muses and as a pioneer of progress. He often stumbled, but he never discernibly marched on the side of wrong. His head was sometimes in the clouds and his feet in the mud, but his heart was in the right place.

## THE BOOKMAN PRIZE : COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1913.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric of not more than thirty-two lines.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best eight lines of verse with the following rhyme-endings :
- dreaming.  
sight.  
seeming.  
night.  
hollow.  
broke.  
follow.  
woke.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

### RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Sonnet is divided, and we award HALF A GUINEA each to Mr. Norman Boothroyd, of Holmleigh, Batley, and to Mr. Hadley Ford, of 12, Priory Road, Tyndall's Park, Bristol, for the following :

#### CRISIS.

Peace comes at last; the intolerable pain  
Of phantom visions beats a slow retreat;  
The ceaseless tramping of the million feet  
That shook the dim-lit caverns of my brain  
So long a time—now dies, and in its train  
There comes the flutter of soft wings to greet  
My straining ears, as through the burning heat  
Cool, restful Silence settles once again. . . .

Then through the windows of a Hall of Dreams  
Far-distant murmurings of voices creep  
With languorous softness; and a star, it seems,  
Draws swiftly near me as I gaze, and lo!  
It changes swiftly, and a face I know  
Leans gently o'er me, smiling, and . . . I sleep. . . .

NORMAN BOOTHROYD.

#### TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Bewitching and provocative, you change  
Your moods to match the ribbons in your hair,  
And I shall never catch you, for you range  
Beyond my grasp, intangible as air:  
Now prodigal of kisses, and as soon  
Aloof, perverse and wayward, you will shroud  
Your tear-stained cheeks with elf-locks, like the moon  
Who hides her radiance beneath a cloud,  
Whence, till another fancy shall beguile  
Your grief, you view the world with April eyes  
And for a little space forget to smile—  
Dear, when I love each variable guise  
How shall I hope to paint you, or express  
One half of your chameleon loveliness?

HADLEY FORD.

We also select for printing :

#### TO THE MUSE OF POETRY.

Come, Muse divine, down through the perfumed night,  
Leaving a trail of fire upon the dark;  
And on my ashy heart let fall one spark,  
To kindle it anew to burning light.  
Disperse the stagnant air, the chilling blight,  
Make my dead soul on glowing seas embark,  
Give me once more the rapture of the lark,  
Dazzle with dancing stars my tear-dimmed sight.  
O throbbing Muse, bring lightning, fire and rain;  
I stretch my hands for aught that thou can'st give  
To make life more acute, more deep, more high.  
I ask for wilder rapture, sharper pain;  
To feel—to feel with passion is to live,  
And if we have not lived, how dare we die?  
(I. Rathbone, Baycliff, Woolton, Liverpool.)

#### LUX IN TENEBRIS.

When o'er the earth mysterious night doth spread  
Her sombre pinions, while the daylight dies,  
God walketh as of old in Paradise  
Than garish day a lovelier light to shed.  
And though our ears are sealed to His tread,  
And though His form is hidden from our eyes  
(Hath not the fruit forbidden made us wise?)  
We know Him near and hide ourselves in dread.  
When sense gropes darkling in a mist of tears  
And Death's grim shadow falls athwart the years  
Surely God draweth nigh though we be blind.  
Shrink we with Adam from the garden-tryst  
Or entering our Gethsemane with Christ  
There kneel, and light amid the darkness find?  
(Thomas Sharp, 8, Broadwater Terrace, Cannon Hill  
Lane, Merton Park, S.W.)



## 4 THE SKYLARK.

Up, up! on free and fearless pinion borne,  
 Beyond the narrow bounds of human sight,  
 As though thou'dst pierce the mystery of light,  
 And search the very birthplace of the morn!  
 Sing, soaring sing! on weary hearts earth-worn,  
 Pour the glad music of that azure height,  
 Make every sordid soul thy proselyte,  
 Taught of thee how to rise and how to scorn!  
 Low is thy nest upon the daisied lea,  
 A grassy nook of sweet domestic care  
 Wherein to fold the slumb'ring wing at even,  
 But thou to sunlit altitudes art free,  
 Thy duty and thy joy alike are there,  
 To link with song the sundered earth and heaven!

(Sarah J. Cole, Holly Hyrst, Sandiacre, Nottingham.)

## TO LOVE.

What hast thou taught me, Love?—a thousand things—  
 The truth of joy, and certainty of pain;  
 The magic wonder of a moment's gain,  
 When soul to soul with mutual longing springs:  
 The meaning of the song the sky-lark sings;  
 The power to feel with heart, and soul, and brain;  
 The thrill of living with the Dawn again;  
 The rapture of the silence twilight brings.  
 What hast thou brought me,  
 Love?—a golden peace,  
 That is content alone to  
 have thee near—  
 A nameless fear of happi-  
 ness too great;  
 A yearning deep within, that  
 ne'er will cease,  
 For words to tell thee how  
 I love thee, dear,  
 While in thy hands I  
 trusting lay my fate!

(Marjorie Winifred Croshie,  
 "The Balkans," Lancaster  
 Gardens, Beltinge, Herne  
 Bay.)

We specially commend  
 also the Sonnets sent in by  
 Lorna Fane (St. Annes-on-  
 Sea), E. W. Higgs (Clapton),  
 "Shel" (Blackheath), Cyril  
 G. Taylor (Heswall), "Sec."  
 (Leamington Spa), Bernard  
 Spencer (London, S.E.),  
 Theodore Maynard (Stam-  
 ford Brook), Winifred A.  
 Cook (Birkenhead), Elsie  
 Mead (Burnley), Robert J.  
 Cruikshank (Bournemouth),  
 "Preceptor" (Bromboro'),  
 Ernest A. Carr (Tonbridge),  
 Muriel E. George (Lewes),  
 C. A. R. (Sharrow), Frank  
 G. Greenwood (Bingley), E.  
 Irene Seaton (Boxmoor), G.  
 J. Holme (Great Malvern),  
 J. L. Hardie (Coatbridge),  
 Winifred Bourne Medway  
 (Clifton), M. A. Newman  
 (Framlingham), Miss J. A.  
 Jenkins (Handsworth), G. J.  
 Baldock (Ropley), E. E.  
 Brazier (Ipswich), Eveline  
 Emily Ife (Plumstead  
 Common), Ernest A.

Kersten (Thornton Heath), Miss M. C. Lufkin (Sark),  
 G. M. Fife (Edinburgh), Mary Wayman (Parkstone),  
 Florence Bagster (Kendal), Miss E. Wood (Lewisham),  
 "Aritus" (Bayswater), E. A. Galton (Brook Green),  
 Miss E. Hearle (Tewkesbury), Constance Goodwin (Clap-  
 ham), Edward Lightfoot (Liverpool), I. Downes-Martin  
 (Leeds), Edyth S. Beves (Brighton), Clifford A. Kershaw  
 (Gateshead-on-Tyne), R. W. Fenton (Birstall), A.  
 Bertram Johnston (Leith), F. Dale (Saxmundham),  
 David J. Mitchell (Glasgow), Stanley Urquhart (Ponder's  
 End), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), Gwendoline D. Harold  
 (High Barnet), "Deepdene" (Catford), H. R. Smith  
 (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Lily E. Lord (Amersham), A.  
 Burfield (Parson's Green), Launcelot H. Stuckey (Taun-  
 ton), S. T. McCabe (Patricroft), F. N. Jellicoe (Stockwell),  
 Doris Dean (Bromley), C. Cooper (Streatham), Harold J.  
 Taylor (Ramsgate), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), B. B.  
 (Hampton), Cyril G. E. Bunt (Ballham), Charles Stuart



Photo by Franz Hanesmael.

"There's Many a Slip."

From a painting by the Baroness Orczy exhibited at the Royal Academy.

(Sheffield), Alec Gleneldon (Sheffield), May Jenkinson (Tulse Hill), G. G. Jackson (Northampton), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Mrs. Ormsby (Pontypridd), D. M. Kermode (Kenilworth), Elspeth Carr (Hampstead), Agnes E. M. Baker (W. Hampstead), "Iris" (Stoke Newington), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), Catharine Jameson (Sutton Coldfield), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), G. A. MacKinlay (Glasgow), Margaret Margenson (Isle of Man), Margaret Rey (Bournemouth), R. J. Preston (Norwich), E. J. Martin (Sheffield), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), James Davidson (Peterhead), W. McQ. Thomson (Patley Bridge), Agnes Rack (Margate), H. Douglas Hamilton (Bristol), G. W. T. McGown (Midlothian), Chas. Parkin (Felling-on-Tyne), R. H. Tripp (Liverpool), Sebastian Stuart (Sheffield), W. Kitley (Derby), Frances A. Manks (Halifax), A. Marshall Diston (Kilmany), M. C. (Enniskillen), Mrs. E. Yeo (Reigate), C. D. Pameley (Bristol), R. B. Boswell (Southampton), Algernon Warren (St. John's Wood), Keltie Dixon (Balham), Hedley V. Storey (Brighton), Miss A. M. Leitch (Cardenden), Maud Marion Burnell (Ashford), Ronald C. Ross (Nottingham), Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), Mrs. Cater (Torrington), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Beatrice Craig (Straidanan), E. Percy Schofield (Hull), Mrs. Lucie C. Temple (Southsea), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), F. Brebner, Jun. (Aberdeen), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), James Kello (Glasgow), "Disa" (Cape Town), Alice Wise (Leicester), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Q. E. F. (Liverpool), Rowland D. Lloyd (Bootle), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Harold Horton (Manchester), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), Berwick Sayers (S. Croydon), Beatrice Medway (Clifton), W. A. Lambe (Brighton), J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), G. W. J. Farquharson (Aberdeen), C. H. Morgan (Cullompton), F. Truscott Goldsworthy (Dulwich), Eric Chilman (Hull).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. John A. Walker, of 69, Grosvenor Avenue, East Sheen, S.W., for the following :

THE ROMANCE OF REPORTING.

(REVIEW OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A NEWSPAPER MAN" BY FRANK DILNOT. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

"Go fetch me my bow, my longest long bow"  
*Ancient Ballad of Robin Hood.*

We also select for printing :

OUTSIDE THE ARK. BY ADELAIDE HOLT.  
(John Lane)

"Water, water, everywhere."  
COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner.*

(Mrs. Cater, Torrington, and H. Douglas Hamilton,  
4, Cassell Road, Fishponds, Bristol.)

BECAUSE OF THE CHILD. BY CURTIS YORKE. (Jarrold.)

"I never use a big, big D."  
W S GILBERT, *H.M.S. "Pinafore."*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

WHILE THE MUSIC LASTS. BY JULIA MACDONALD.  
(Holden and Hardingham)

"All chatter and prate."  
JAMES SMITH, *The Debating Society.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road,  
South Woodford, N.E.)

THE BEST OF ALL GOOD LITTLE BOYS. BY W. SICCA.

"With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight."

T. HOOD, *A Parthian Glance.*

(Miss M. K. Phillips, 11, Rossiter's Hill, Frome.)

LOVE AND £200 A YEAR. BY MRS. ALFRED PRAGA.  
(Werner Laurie.)

"Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is."

TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer.* (New style.)

(Charles Powell, 299, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

THE AVERAGE MAN. BY R. H. BENSON. (Hutchinson.)

"Did nothing in particular  
And did it very well—"

W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe.*

(Miss H. M. Barrow, All Saints' Rectory, Hastings.)

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best Epistle to the New Poet Laureate, whoever he might be, is awarded to Mr. R. B. Ince, of The Hermitage, Jarvis Brook, Sussex, for the following :

ADVICE TO THE NEW POET LAUREATE.

Don't sing in praise of Kings or Kaisers  
Or of His Majesty's advisers,  
But warble gently on one string  
Of buttercups and bees and Spring :  
For Kings are often hard to please,  
But anyone may sing of these.  
If Ministers you wish to praise,  
Be very careful of your lays—  
Use whitewash with an ample brush  
For fear the public cheek should blush ;  
Let not your ready pen be cynical  
For public men are strangely finical  
And will not vote you wine or money  
For gall ; they have a taste for honey.  
Don't sing of Empire or the seas,  
Kipling's a specialist in these,  
And Raleigh and his daring boys  
Can best be sung by Mr. Noyes.  
Just be a mouthpiece, nothing more,  
Of thoughts that have been voiced before :  
Of zephyrs sighing to the trees  
And hollyhocks besieged of bees.  
But if these themes fit not your lute,  
Then take your pension and be mute.

The Epistles have, on the whole, been rather disappointing ; the best of the many others received were sent by A. Chree (Oldham), A. Burfield (Parson's Green), John Birrell (Belfast), D. McLaren (Leith), Elijah Summers (Dukinfield), G. J. Baldock (Ropley), M. C. Newman (Framlingham), Miss E. M. Herring (Weston-super-Mare), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), Chas. Stuart (Sheffield), C. W. Rodwell (Sutton-on-Hull), Emily Cornell (Upper Norwood), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), J. P. Wynne (Manchester), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), A. B. Johnston (Leith), "Tairama" (Norwich), Hedley V. Storey (Brighton), M. B. M. (Glasgow), C. L. Alexander (Harrogate), F. N. Jellicoe (Stockwell).

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Frances A. S. Holbrow, of Harrietsham, near Maidstone, Kent, for the following :

A PRISONER IN FAIRYLAND. BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.  
(Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Blackwood has already shown that he possesses the courage to hold to his own vision of life and the skill to express it in convincing terms. Both qualities distinguish this book. Though the verses scattered throughout are merely whimsical, the prose passages often reach a high level. Purity of idea shines through an even, but never monotonous, rhythm ; beauty of thought expresses itself in simple and pertinent language. Added to the faculties of seer and craftsman, Mr. Blackwood has that rare humour which lights up with benignant laughter the quaint and the grotesque in daily life.

Among the best of the many others sent in are :

**THE REAL MARTYR OF ST. HELENA.** By T. DUNDAS PILLANS. (Melrose.)

Napoleon worshippers regard the exiled Emperor as the Martyr of St. Helena, but this author shows that the real martyr was Sir Hudson Lowe—the long-maligned, who had the thankless task of being governor in the rocky island in mid-Atlantic where the man who had dominated Europe chafed out his last years. Few unbiassed readers will be able to follow Mr. Pillan's narrative without being inclined to agree that Sir Hudson was the victim of misrepresentations innumerable by those who had sought to make his thankless office unendurable and to show him the Pilate of this Napoleonic Calvary.

(M. A. Newman, Framlingham, Suffolk.)

**REQUITAL.** By MRS. J. O. ARNOLD. (Methuen.)

This book is interesting and readable, because it introduces a variation upon an old theme, and also because it depicts, without moralising, the effect of trial and danger in the spiritual uplifting of almost every kind of character. There is nothing forced or unnatural in the circumstances, and it is good to see that the "natural" man is the "good man," in spite of all appearance to the contrary. It is a book that makes us, perforce, think more highly of human nature by seeing the "divine spark" therefrom emitted beyond all doubt and disbelief.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, 196, Hamstead Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.)

**JOHN SMITH OF HARROW: SCHOOLMASTER.** By E. D. RENDALL AND G. H. RENDALL. (Smith, Elder & Co)

This is a perfect essay in the art of biography. There rises before the reader a gentle, wistful figure with humour-glancing eyes. From his humble London home to the pitiful hospital where he died he walked the whole way with God. Lovable and loving, he moved obscurely to the world, but to some few companions all-prominently. This record of his life gives to the plain name of Smith an added lustre of saintship. Henceforth John Smith has two immortalities—in the bosom of God, and in the hearts of men. All who read become his pupils.

(Harold J. Taylor, 17, Liverpool Lawn, Ramsgate.)

**WAYSIDE LAMPS.** By THE AUTHOR OF "ESPECIALLY WILLIAM OF GIBRALTAR, AND MARY HIS WIFE." (Longmans.)

This is a beautiful, wonderful book. One reads it as it has been written, with a smile—tears never far away, and a lump in the throat. One closes it longing for more. It is a rainbow tissue of real experiences, of suffering and heroism irradiated with tenderness and humour, bathed in the light of love. The literary touch is of the lightest: a paragraph paints a picture, a phrase gives a flash-light vision of a situation or a character. The loveliest thing in it is the unavoidable revelation of the personality of the writer, only possible under a pseudonym, shining as an Arc-light amidst these Wayside Lamps.

(Christine R. Shand, Barrymoor, Langport, Som.)

**SONGS FROM LEINSTER.** By W. M. LETTS. 2s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Many who have been joyfully clipping these songs out of the corners of newspapers will welcome them again in a volume. Their inspiration, if not so wealthy, is as spontaneous and



Photo by Hassano.

Baroness Orczy.

distinctive as Synge's. "A Prayer for a Little Child," "Dan O'Shee," and "Boys" are full of the tenderness and whimsicality which make the Irish such a fascinating people. The comedy is broader in "The Old Wexford Woman" and "Scholars;" but even these have an undertone of tenderness and regret. The fragrance of them all is as wholesome as the brine at Waterford or "a whiff of peat-smoke."

(G. Lowther, The Bungalow, Hempsted, near Gloucester.)

**BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.** By WALTER EMANUEL.

(Hutchinson & Co.)

The well-known writer of the weekly "Charivaria" in *Punch* has here collected an enjoyable pot-pouri of his humorous pen-sketches, and with the genial help of John Hassall and George Morrow the mélange makes an excellent shillingsworth. To quote a few of the contents: There is a collection of five pieces in the Cockney dialect; some extraordinary advice is vouchsafed on the subject of pets; a certain notorious railway company is defended in an ingenious fashion; and one is given a few hints on how best to get oneself disliked. If one likes variety and clean, sparkling humour, it is here.

(C. W. Rodmell, The Croft, Sutton-on-Hull.)

**ALPS AND SANCTUARIES OF PIEDMONT AND THE CANTON TICINO.** By SAMUEL BUTLER. (5s. net, Fiffeld.)

This volume does not belong to the guide-book type; it is full of thoughts and side-thoughts suggested by chance sayings or sights by the way, in this writer's own distinctive manner. For Butler did not carry about with him an English standard—which he found chiefly to be distinguished for its "priggishness"—by which to praise or depreciate everything he saw. He was satisfied to look at the life of the Italians from their own point of view. The result is a descriptive volume in its way as full of perception as "Erewhom" and in its way as delightful.

(J. F. Harris, St. John's College, Cambridge.)

Very good reviews have also been received from Miss M. E. Lorry (Putney), M. W. Averay Jones; Mrs. Cater (Torrington), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Alan C. Frazer (Bridgwater), Miss D. E. Joyner (Parracombe), J. B. Boulkes (Derby), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Miss B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), Annie E. Higgins (Hoylake), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford), Percy J. Harris (Coventry), Katherine J. Wood (Birmingham), Gladys G. Mulliner (Blackheath), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor), S. T. McCabe (Patricroft), D. Lefebvre (Johannesburg), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss H. R. Wood (Harrow), Susan Hardy (Salisbury), Florence G. Fidler (London, N.W.), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow), Gladys Evelyn Warren (St. John's Wood), Dorothy Nicholls (Godalming), Frances D. Watson (Stockport).

V.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to the Rev. R. Richard, of 33, Cranley Gardens, Muswell Hill, N.

"A Narrow Vessel" is too long to quote, but it is one of a group of poems about a girl's way; and a shorter poem will suffice.

"She was aweary of the hovering  
Of Love's incessant and tumultuous wing;  
Her lover's tokens she would answer not—  
"Twere well she should be strange with him somewhat:  
A pretty babe, this Love,—but fie on it,  
That would not suffer her lay it down a whit!  
Appointed tryst defiantly she balked,  
And with her lightest comrade lightly walked  
Who scared the chidden Love to hide apart,  
And peep from some unnoticed corner of her heart.  
She thought not of her lover, deem it not  
(There yonder, in the hollow, that's his cot),  
But she forgot not that he was forgot.  
She saw him at his gate, yet stilled her tongue—  
So weak she felt her, that she would feel strong,  
And she must punish him for doing him wrong:  
Passed, unoblivious of oblivion still;  
And, if she turned upon the brow o' the hill,  
It was so openly, so lightly done,  
You saw she thought he was not thought-upon.

He through the gate went back in bitterness;  
She that night woke and stirred, with no distress,  
Glad of her doing,—sedulous to be glad,  
Lest perhaps her foolish heart suspect that it was sad!"

It was one of the strange, quaint, lovable things in the poet that he was simple, and of the common clay, at home amid Heaven and the stars, yet very human and profoundly interested in human things. No one could ever impute the aloofness, the loneliness, to Francis Thompson which often belongs to the essential poet. Perhaps it was his gain from the submerged years that the human pain and the human need must always be understood of him and appeal to him. It was, perhaps, the meaning of his fate: his mortal and suffering preparation for the immortal, the purgatory before his heaven. He carried the heart of a boy out of it, and would descend from his heights to shout for the cricket or football edition of the evening papers. Mr. Meynell gives us the one fascinating scrap of cricket poetry which has survived, a fascinating thing that makes us long for more.

## New Books.

### THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF PHILIP, DUKE OF WHARTON.\*

There are few more fantastic histories than that of the Duke of Wharton. He was born in 1608, the only son of Lord Wharton (a barony created in 1544), and, as a youth, showed great precocity. He made a runaway marriage before he was seventeen, and a few months later succeeded his father, who had been raised to a marquissate some years previously.

The new Marquis then undertook "a grand tour" on the Continent, and meeting there with many Jacobites, became an ardent follower of "James III." Mr. Melville prints numerous letters to and about Wharton from such distinguished Jacobites as the Pretender himself, his Queen Mary, the Earl of Mar, the Duke of Ormonde, and so forth. The Marquis was now getting deep into the net of Jacobite intrigue and even visited the Pretender at Avignon (the first of various meetings in different parts of Europe). When he reached Paris, Lord Stair, the British Ambassador, was compelled to give him some friendly words of advice.

Summoned to England by his trustees, he reached London again in 1717. Here his enthusiasm for the Stuarts rapidly waned, although James, at his urgent request, went so far as to "create" him "Duke of Northumberland"—a very barren honour at best, as it had no legal validity whatsoever. The home Government, who knew about his coquetting with "the cause," thought it wise to treat it simply as a boyish freak. They realized that he was a young man of promise, and, in order to bind him definitely to the Loyalist side and to their party in politics, not only ignored his treasonable dealings but actually created him, while still a minor, Duke of Wharton. It was, as Mr. Melville remarks, "perhaps the most extraordinary bestowal of an honour that has ever been made in this country."

The Duke, who had sat for some years in the Irish House of Lords even before he reached his majority, took his seat in the English House of Lords as soon as he was twenty-one. His private life, after a short spell of respectable re-union with his wife, became notorious for its viciousness and extravagance. He is said to have lost about £120,000 in the South Sea Bubble, and his

immoralities quite shocked the town—which was by no means prudish in those days. But he was also a patron of letters, bestowed a pension on the poet Young, and had numerous dedications addressed to him. He even wrote a little himself, but, if Mr. Melville's quotations are fair samples, with no particular claim to distinction.

In the House of Lords he voted Tory, in opposition to the Government who had made him a duke, but in full agreement with his character for fickleness and unreliability. He spoke several times in Parliament, and in 1723 made his famous speech in favour of Atterbury, the Jacobite Bishop of Rochester, who was being persecuted by Walpole's government. Mr. Melville prints this eloquent speech in an appendix, and it certainly proves that Wharton was decidedly a man of remarkable talent.

In 1725 the Duke again went abroad, to Vienna, having entered anew into negotiations with the Pretender, after becoming, apparently, a most loyal subject of George. The following year, unable to effect anything in Vienna, he moved on to Spain as envoy of the Pretender. His Duchess died in April, and shortly after he married an Irish maid-of-honour to the Queen of Spain. But he was now becoming unpopular amongst the Jacobites themselves, and James declined to employ him further. There was nothing for him left to do but to enter the Spanish army.

After a time he made overtures to the British Government for a pardon (they had proposed to indite him for high treason for having taken part in the attack on Gibraltar), and this would undoubtedly have been granted could he have been induced to throw himself on the King's mercy. But his pride revolted, he again went over to the Jacobites, and the Government, their patience at last exhausted, felt compelled to outlaw him. His estates were seized, and he was reduced to absolute poverty. He was now in France, and for a time lived in a convent (he had joined the Catholic Church on the occasion of his second marriage). But later he returned to his regiment in Spain, where he died near Tarragona, in a destitute state, in 1731. He was in the thirty-third year of his age.

This, in brief, is the history of the first and last Duke of Wharton. He was a man on whom Nature seemed to have poured all her gifts, but who simply insisted on his own ruin. Mr. Melville has done well to present us with a full-length portrait of this singular figure. His name is now more a by-word for debauchery than for anything else, but it is quite

\* "The Life and Writings of Philip, Duke of Wharton." By Lewis Melville. With Seventeen Illustrations. \*16s. net. (John Lane.)



Philip, Duke of Wharton.

From the mezzotint by Strong in the possession of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

From "Philip, Duke of Wharton," by Lewis Melville (John Lane).

obvious that he was something different from a mere rake. His intentions fluctuated like a tide, and he was obviously quite lacking in any kind of stability, but he was not really altogether unprincipled. If he had been that he would not have been so often on the unpopular side. Political morality in those days was in a very curious condition (who has ever probed all the abortive plotting of the English half-Jacobites?), and, as to private morality, he was only worse than half the peerage of his time in that he was more open. In the early part of the eighteenth century English "high life" was at a pretty low ebb. It hadn't recovered from Charles II. So one must allow a good deal for poor Wharton. Of course, nearly all that he did was utterly worthless, but one feels that with only a little more wisdom, he might have been an infinitely better man. He might even have been a respectable man eventually!

RICHARD CURLE.

## THE RENAISSANCE AND ITS MAKERS.\*

It is an acknowledged ungraciousness to look a gift-horse in the mouth; and a sincere book is ever a gift, if gift there be. Indeed, it is a slice out of the life of a man. This handsome volume is such a gift to the world—a rare sincerity. That it gave its authors a superb opportunity to create an artistic masterpiece can be denied as little as that they were not wholly dowered with the supreme gifts wherewith to achieve the masterpiece; but they frankly put it forth as but an ordered study of a wondrous re-awakening of the human race—and let us at once as frankly acknowledge that it is far more than that. To gather this complex age into one volume in such a form that the man in the street shall be able to understand the vast movement as a whole, this was no mean task. It has been achieved with rare skill. The authors lacked the full artistry of such a genius as that of Green in the writing

\* "The Renaissance and its Makers." By J. D. Symon and S. L. Pensusan. 10s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

of the famous "Short History of the English People": the picture is unequally painted; the phrasing has not that rich virility that brings portraiture to full life; the English is not of the power that creates the absolute illusion which we call art; but the picture as a whole is clear and precise, and at times not only is the age set before the reader with consummate *finesse*, but a portrait is painted with such artistic charm that the gems perhaps make one feel the lack of lustre in the lesser portraiture. But whilst the portraits are unequal, the employment of the portraiture of the great personalities about which to build the age, from rise to fall of the Renaissance, compels the age into the reader's mind in a skilful fashion that makes for pleasant reading; and this book should widely increase the general interest in one of the most important periods of the history of man—the more so when we remember that it is exactly the preciosity of many writers that has hitherto baffled the man in the street in his efforts to sift the complexities of the period. Both authors must be congratulated upon the making of a book that has been written with sincere intention to clarify what more than one man of high repute in letters has failed to clarify.

The volume suffers from the absence of a simple sketch-map of Italy; and the omission of one or two "authorities" in the bibliography accounts for what might have given a still larger vision. But Italy, from its romance and splendour, has always held too great a position in the Renaissance.

A certain dryness of manner, and an occasional misuse of a word—such as "factitious" where "factious" is meant—must be confessed; but on the whole the presentation is clear, and often colourful. The strength of the work lies in its brilliant pageantry of great figures, whereby we come into simple and easy relation with the age; whereby, also, we get an excellent sense of the relation and proportion of the famous personalities to each other and to the peoples that produced them.

And what a strange age! How fantastic the human!

Our authors realise that the old theory of the Renaissance having come out of Greece into Italy can no longer be upheld—it does not account for the vitality and significance of the great awakening. It was largely out of the Gothic spirit invading the lands of distracted Italy that the Renaissance came to blossom. The dark and sombre soul of Dante, steeped in the mediæval threat of the Last Judgment, was never obliterated from the soul of Italy for all her toying with the Paganism of antiquity. It was in the North and the peoples of the North that the new age found its reality and achieved the freedom of man—his soul and his body. The old Latin culture was granted to Dante, but only to be transformed into a mystical part of mediævalism; yet he strides withal, scarlet-robed and tragic, towards the great awakening. Then enters Petrarch, mistaking mimicry of Latin verse for poetry, yet penning in his living Italian tongue the love of Laura, which keeps him immortal, whilst his precious Latin epics, his chief source of pride, moulder unread. Nay, did not Dante himself come near to oblivion by beginning his masterpiece in Latin, changing to the singing of his native tongue, whereby he "created" the Italian language into a splendour? Here we have the picture of it all most ably drawn. Petrarch brings the new interest in the "humanities" of antique days into the land, and stands out the first great "humanist." He frets his soul that Greek has been denied to him. Enter the "Greek" in Boccaccio, who tells his immortal tales to a bevy of aristocratic men and maids in the garden whilst, without, Florence is racked with the plague. Here is Renaissance Italy in all its heartlessness, its fine manners, its brutality, its vice, its strange admixture of Christianity and Paganism, wholly revealed. The joy of life and terror of hell-fire go hand-in-hand. The Church, aforetime the store of learning, carefully pruned to fit the scholastic ideals, yields up its learning to poet and painter; and paganism walks the streets of Italy, arrayed in costly apparel, bereft of all decency, impelling, strangely enough, to the freedom of man withal! The sweet mediæval soul of Saint Francis

of Assisi has already turned to the love of all created things and the joy in them; the black scowl of Saint Dominic turns Italy into a shambles for the slaying of men that their souls may be saved; and Italy is to be rent asunder by the warring ideals. Guelph and Ghibelline, Pope's man and Emperor's man, make the stones of her streets run blood. Everywhere grows mimicry of the antique. Even genius mistakes mimicry of dead language for "style." Schools and academics arise wherein men discourse of the ancients. But the hairsplitting and verbal quibbles of mediæval "philosophy" give way to free logic. "How many angels can dance on a needle's point?" drops out of serious consideration. The great princes gather wits and philosophers and poets and painters about them. Culture becomes the fashion. Here pass before us the great figures of the Italian days—and, to the author's credit be it said, they are no lay figures. But the academies, whilst they give an impetus to learning, have the seeds of decay in their birth, and "euphemism" and "style" are digging the graves of the wits of the Renaissance. Allegory stalks the land; and the pagan gods return—whom nobody really worships or fully understands, so they are bemuddled with the saints. Great men collect libraries of ancient manuscripts; and anon the invention of printing, coming like the real Renaissance out of the North, spreads knowledge broadcast. The classic falsity of Beauty as the whole aim of art is set up, and is to plague the centuries. Here we see, out of the turmoil of Italy, the great Papal houses arise; here the great princes pass before us. Italy, missing the significance of the rise of nations, fights an internecine strife. The Spanish house of the Borgias brings forth its vast crimes and genius, giving a name to hideous living that has overwhelmed even the most famous woman of that house, the much-maligned Lucretia. Cosimo and Lorenzo and the lesser ones of the de Medici are clearly limned in their sagacity and their splendour. Venice, Florence, Milan, Naples give each their setting in turn. Criticism takes too large a share and baulks vital originality on every hand; yet genius triumphs even over this blight. Here step Chrysoloras and Pletho, importing Plato. So Italy becomes "the blundering instrument of a possible progression." Rags are made into paper; a century and a half passes and movable metal types are brought into Italy. The Church encourages printing, which is to pluck the mighty from their seats; as wilfully the Church turns upon printing and persecutes the makers of books. Out of the splendid welter, hideous as splendid, steps the pure-hearted Vittorino; goes to the court of the Gouzaga, and establishes the modern school for the training of youth; cleansing the life of boyhood in marvellous fashion; beloved and respected of all; scorning the wealth that was his for the filching; dying as lacking in monies as he began, one of the noble spirits of this strange time. Savonarola the reactionary flits his sombre day and passes to his hideous death. Machiavelli is seen in his just and true colours—indeed, a sense of justice and fair-mindedness is one of the most remarkable qualities of a remarkable book. The women of the Renaissance add their romance. Ariosto passes, singing his lays. And with an excellent survey of the Renaissance as it awakens the peoples of Europe—wherein Erasmus and Luther fall into their right perspective, for we see them in relation to their age—we end the volume with a sense of having been led through the maze by guides who have mastered their subject and been enthusiastically impelled to share their vision.

HALDANE MACFALL.

### MODERN BARBARIANS.\*

In his chapter entitled "An Introduction to Mexican History," which is not nearly as dull as he fears it will be, Mr. Baerlein casts his eyes backwards to "the lamentable day when I was not more versed in Mexico than most of you who read these lines," and recollects that he conceived

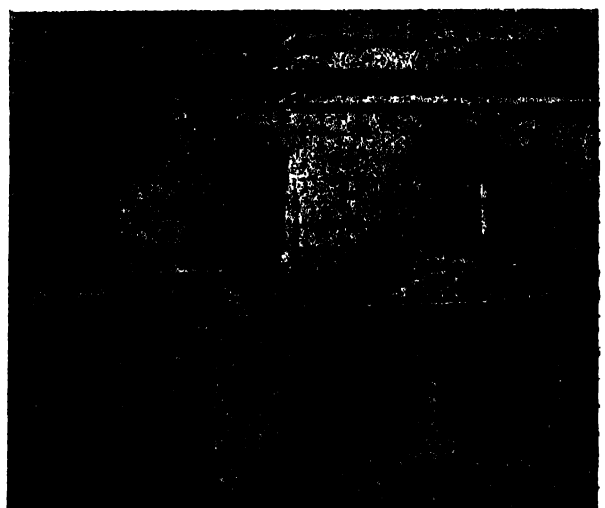
\* "Mexico, The Land of Unrest," by Henry Baerlein.\* (Herbert & Daniel.) 16s. net.

it to be "a land of Aztec battlefields on which the modern desperadoes skulked behind the cacti when they were not killed by Diaz." Mexico has formulated itself in some such terms to most; it has counted among the lands of romance, a sort of colonial Spain as Spain was in the time of Gil Blas and Lazarillo de Tormes; its affairs were so remote from one's commonplace concerns that it stood to lose rather than to gain in colour and interest by matter-of-fact investigation. It is a strong recommendation to the reader that Mr. Baerlein is at least not matter-of-fact; that he sees with imagination and emotion; and that the Mexico in which he is now "versed" is still a land of warm colour and utter strangeness.

One peculiarity in the book is noteworthy and that is the evidence it affords of the author's saturation in his subject. One knows actually that he was not in the country very long, that he saw it as a visitor and journalist; yet he writes of it often as though certain things—sometimes very awful ones—were too well known to need new mention. His very allusiveness is the cause of occasional obscurity; for example, it is impossible to be sure, from what one reads on p. 204, whether the doctors at Monterrey, in Northern Mexico, actually murdered their small-pox patients by poisoning them, or whether they merely treated the disease wrongly. But in general, he sets forth his vast fund of knowledge about men and affairs not only lucidly enough, but with a wealth of anecdotal corroboration which aids one to realise alike the horror and beauty of which he was a spectator. In politics he is, of course, a partisan, not so much because he approves of any particular regime as that he disapproves, to state it feebly, of Diaz, his memory, his works and his character.

It is not surprising, in the light of what Mr. Baerlein tells us, that Diaz should have taken such a hold upon Mexico. Countries, one supposes, have the governments they deserve; a land in which political murder, torture and slavery are native, is naturally governed by those most proficient in slaughter, torment and oppression; *à bon chat bon rat*. "The Mexicans are descended on the one side," wrote Mr. Cunningham Graham, "from the most bloodthirsty race of Indians that the Spanish conquerors came across, and on the other side from the very fiercest elements of the Spanish race itself—elements which had just emerged from eight hundred years of warfare with the Moors." Mr. Baerlein finds them childish, but childish in the fashion of a very fiendish and perverted infant. It is hardly the word his readers will select after a perusal of his pages teeming with tales and instances of cruelty and lust. Unrest is in their blood; one doubts whether a genuine republicanism is a feasible means of governing a race so habituated to the horrid joys of civil war.

Though Diaz fell, there are yet living many of the men



How they bombard Editors in Mexico.  
Office of the *Heraldo Independiente*.

From *Mexico, the Land of Unrest*, by Henry Baerlein  
(Herbert & Daniel).



who held office under him, chiefs of police, commissioners, judges and so on, without whose good will his infernal system could not have had effect. Diaz, in his strength and genius, was no more a typical Mexican than Napoleon was a typical Corsican; it was his underlings, the men who stabbed and hanged and stole, who set forth in their qualities the common measure of their race. Mr. Baerlein has his idyllic chapters, his moments of tenderness for the beauty of the country and its intimate life which furnish a tranquil background to its drama of ferocity and avarice; "Oaxaca's Road of Life and Death," is a sketch of much delicacy and charm. But he conveys the sense, none the less, that almost any of his vividly appreciated peasants needed only promotion to an office of authority to be a bloodthirsty and libidinous tyrant. He furnishes us in one place with a photograph of Villavicencio, a Commissary of Police—an effect of fat, avid face, heavy jowl, protuberant eyes. This ruffian had his court equipped with instruments of torture; it was ruin for a woman to be brought before him. He had once been condemned to death for a murder; though he was not executed, the sentence appears to imply that, apart from his office, he was not a man of any consideration. "The Mexican," says Mr. Baerlein, "is naturally cruel."

Naturally cruel, naturally unruly, naturally vile—that is the impression one derives of the Mexican from this, the most important book upon Mexico which has appeared for some years. It is always dangerous to generalise concerning a race of people; Villavicencio and his colleagues may be merely the fine flower, the extreme expression, of the nation's tendencies and faults. The slavery in Yucatan, which Mr. Baerlein demonstrates to exist with embellishments of flogging and forced marriage, may be peculiar to Yucatan; but that is not the effect of the book. Mexico, the land of unrest, is likewise the stronghold of inhumanity, of that hungry barbarism which is the uglier for its existence in the midst of the apparatus of civilisation. Some day, in the nature of things, this incapable and disorderly people will become subjects of the United States; it is in the interest of the world's decency and moral progress that its unrest should be quelled as soon as possible.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

### A NOVEL OF QUALITY.\*

There is occasionally a fitness in the association of a particular publisher with a particular book and that of Messrs. Duckworth & Co. with "Sons and Lovers," Mr. D. H. Lawrence's latest novel, is an example of it. The book has naturally a place in a list which includes such authors as John Galsworthy, Cunninghame Graham and Charles Doughty, to name only three of the many who have enriched the literature of to-day with work which is, in some sense, esoteric, claiming acknowledgment and understanding from a limited circle of readers rather than from that general public for whose accommodation the circulating libraries have their being. It has nothing of urbanity and no trace of the humorous and faintly contemptuous patronage which is common—and probably rather difficult to avoid—in novels dealing with a particular piece of country and class of people. Its descriptions and interpretations are convincing as experience is convincing: Mr. Lawrence is on his own ground and presents it with an assured intimacy of knowledge that never fails or blurs. It is Derbyshire and Nottingham of which he writes, the Derbyshire in which the grime of coal-mines is close neighbour to open country of singular charm, and the quality of it is in the very texture of his story.

The sons and lovers of the title-page are the sons of Gertrude Morel, who married a miner and lived in the Bottoms at Bestwood, Mr. Lawrence wastes sympathy on none of his characters; it is much if he gives them an approving word; but Mrs. Morel is drawn at fullest length, as faithfully as if he loved her. Her husband, a fine and florid animal at the time of her marriage, is shallow and futile,

\* "Sons and Lovers." By D. H. Lawrence. 6s. (Duckworth.)

a creature of easy appetites easily slaked; the book comes upon her at a time when she has to suffice for herself in all that side of her life which is responsible and not merely material. She was clear headed, faithful to her ideas of right, full of strength and purpose, and with it she did not lack her spice of shrewishness.

It was with her children that she was successful, and chiefly so with her second son, Paul, the most notable and by far the most complex and ineffectual lover of them all. He shares with his mother the centre of Mr. Lawrence's stage; for him her harsh righteousness tones itself to a softer key. With his diffidence and fastidiousness there goes a strain of the artist; he has the makings of a painter in him; he concludes by being extraordinarily ineffectual both as a lover and a man; but it is the author's gift to show him as not the less real for that. It is impossible to summarise the tale of his emotional adventures; there is hardly anything in the book that can be conveyed at all in synopsis, the whole of it develops itself so truly that there is scarcely an episode which would not lose significance if it were detached from its context.

It is a novel of outstanding quality, singular in many respects and in none more so than in the author's constancy to his artistic purpose, which never suffers him to see his people in a dramatic or spectacular light or on a level higher or lower than his own. The fact that they exist suffices him without calling them names, whether good or bad, his business is to show them, dispassionately and accurately. He writes with a nervous pliancy which is a joy to read.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence.

P. G.

### RECENT POETRY.\*

Mr. Legge belongs to the class of Messrs. John Davidson, William Watson, Money-Coutts, Rowland Thirlmere and others—dignified, agnostic, rhetorical, and at once massive and shadowy. Mr. Legge is perhaps the most typical of this class, with his aristocratic, anti-popular rebelliousness, his indignation, his pride, his solid, unmistakable rhythms, and the occasional charm when he turns from this England to the one when he was a boy,

"Coming home from fishing, with a basket full of trout"

Mr. John Alford is as distinctly of a later generation, carefully nursing his individuality and telling a critic:

"O save your spite. I like myself too well  
Without the insidious flattery you mete  
In hating me."

\* "A Symphony" By Arthur E. J. Legge. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)—"Poems." By John Alford. (Poetry Bookshop.)—"Moth Wings" By Francis William Bourdillon. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkan Mathews.)—"The Hand in the Dark and Other Poems." By Ada Cambridge. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)—"The Ring of the Nibelung." An English version. By Randle Fynes. 2s. 6d. net. (Smith Elder.)—"Plays of Old Japan." The "No." By Marie C. Stopes. With translation by the same and Joji Sakurai. Preface by Japanese ambassador. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)—"Songs from Leinster." By W. M. Letts. 2s. 6d. net. (Smith Elder.)—"Mystic Trees." By Michael Field. 3s. 6d. net. (Evelleigh Nash.)—"John in Prison and other Poems." By E. J. Thompson. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"Fatuous Fables and other verses." By Denis Turner. 2s. 6d. net. (Fifield.)—"Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry." By Kuno Meyer. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)



He prefers singing to rhetoric, and turns naturally and charmingly to the Elizabethan strain of

"I love you, sweet, and there's no reason in it."

His thought is always subsidiary to his feeling, and he nearly always disdains the massive and dignified. In fact, he has the freshness, eagerness and directness which we expect from a poet. His best piece—"A Love-song to Earth"—is a very interesting, irregularly metrical, psalm-like, unrhymed poem, suitable for chanting.

Mr. Bourdillon belongs to the older generation, before the discovery that egoism is a virtue and its own reward. His new book consists of selections from his "Ailes d'Alouette" of 1890 and 1902, and some later uncollected verses. The celebrated "Night has a Thousand Eyes" comes first and is typical. Mr. Bourdillon has done well in other ways—as in "Preludes and Romances"—but this book consists chiefly of thoughts or fancies, seldom very unexpected, put into half a dozen neat lines, as in

"Sweeter than voices in the scented hay,  
Or laughing children gleaming cars astray,  
Or Christmas songs that shake the snows above,  
Is the first day of Spring that comes with love.  
Sadder than birds on sunless summer eves,  
Or drip of raindrops on the fallen leaves,  
Or wail of wintry winds on frozen shore,  
Is Spring that comes but brings us love no more."

The sentiment and finish of Mr. Bourdillon's epigrams—heartfelt or not—leaves little to be desired.

Miss Cambridge's poetry is expansive, and she would not be content, if she had the power, to give a graceful turn to something familiar. She prefers to advocate or attack something that is being debated. She writes a sonnet on "Fashion"; she puts a passionate lament into the mouth of a "Virgin Martyr," an old maid who has longed for children; she looks forward to

"Great Art no more the plaything of the idle,  
But nurse and minister to every need;  
Nature no longer cowed with bit and bridle;  
Conscience enfranchised and Religion freed . . ."

She asks the dog to intercede in man's favour with the animals, and tell them

"That man is something more  
Than instrument of woe and death to half the creatures that  
have breath."

And she resembles Mr. Bourdillon in this, that verse for her is chiefly a matter of form. Neither says what could not be said in prose, but both in their degree use verse to give grace or rhetorical force to ideas. In the same way Mr. Randle Fynes writes his translation of Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung" in verse because it is customary to render verse into verse, and the result of this is readable. So Miss Stopes uses verse in translating these beautiful antique Japanese playlets because their traditional and conventional character would be damaged and made unreal by prose.

Mr. Letts is apparently far removed by the fact that he is a singer, and the rhythm of a song adds neatness to his native exuberance, whether it is a piece like this one on a servant girl:

"Little Nellie Cassidy has got a place in town,  
She wears a fine white apron,  
She wears a new black gown,  
An', the quarest little cap at all with strayers hanging  
down . . ."

or like that on J. M. Synge's grave:

"My grief! That they have laid you in the town  
Within the moulder of its thousand wheels  
And busy feet that travel up and down."

All his pieces have an Irish subject, with an instantaneous sentimental or humorous appeal. The best of them do all that songs need do. Their rhythmical and unmistakable emotional words are ready to combine with a melody and produce an effect like that of great poetry.

These writers can be paraphrased, but probably no living civilised person would write Michael Field's "The Captain Jewel" in prose:

"We love Thy ruddy Wounds,  
We love them pout by pout."

Nor would anyone, in prose thank bees for their candle-wax, and say to them:

"Work us wax so fine, its flame  
Be of God the very name."

"Gethsemane" cannot be paraphrased, as these others must not be. It begins with a garden of red roses, which "are as portions of one flower"; then the author asks:

"Why are they here? So large of volume, great—  
As swans from other birds take new estate—  
Magnificent! Their glow confutes,  
As they had plucked up rubies by the roots."

It is written in a religious state, or in imitation of one, for which prose is not adapted. The mixture of the naïve and the recondite and of what results from the difficulties of rhyme seems to need a key, and it is a pleasant change to arrive at the lucid colloquialism of

"Lively art thou on thy craft!  
Mary Magdalen, no fear;  
He who rules the winds is near,  
Jesus Christ is sleeping aft."

which suggests religious art, not religion, as an inspiration. Religion alone could excuse her Byronic use of "lays" for "lies."

Mr. Thompson is equally far from prose, yet his religious verses are as near to prose as they are to Michael Field's. Sometimes he uses very poetical subjects and very poetical language, and both together in a poem on the marriage of the rivers Eden and Eamont:

"Let other bards the married name  
Of Medway and of Thames proclaim . . ."

He is just as poetical in referring to John Davidson:

"The hapless, whom the stars,  
Loving too little one so proud to take  
Arms in his part against them and to lift  
A heav'n-affronting forehead, drove to death  
Untimely."

Yet Mr. Thompson believes that his muse is "earth-bound" and has a "miry wing." His chief success is in a mad maid's song, an echo of an earlier age, but a more intelligible echo than Michael Field's. A solemn, religious, cheerful and aspiring spirit pervades the more original pages.

Mr. Turner's gift is the now widely-distributed one of being solemn on ridiculous things and ridiculous on solemn things. His vocabulary is the usual mixture of the poetical and the slangy. Some of the results are happy, as in the farewell ending thus:

"O Liddell and Scott, and Lewis and Short,  
This much I declare is true;  
The happiest hours I've spent were those  
I ought to have spent with you."

The book is one of the prettiest compliments paid by our ancient universities to Byron, Calverley and Mr. Belloc.

"Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry" was the best volume of poetry published in 1911 for the first time. The appearance of a second edition only two years later is the next best thing to the publication of "Georgian Poetry."

EDWARD THOMAS.

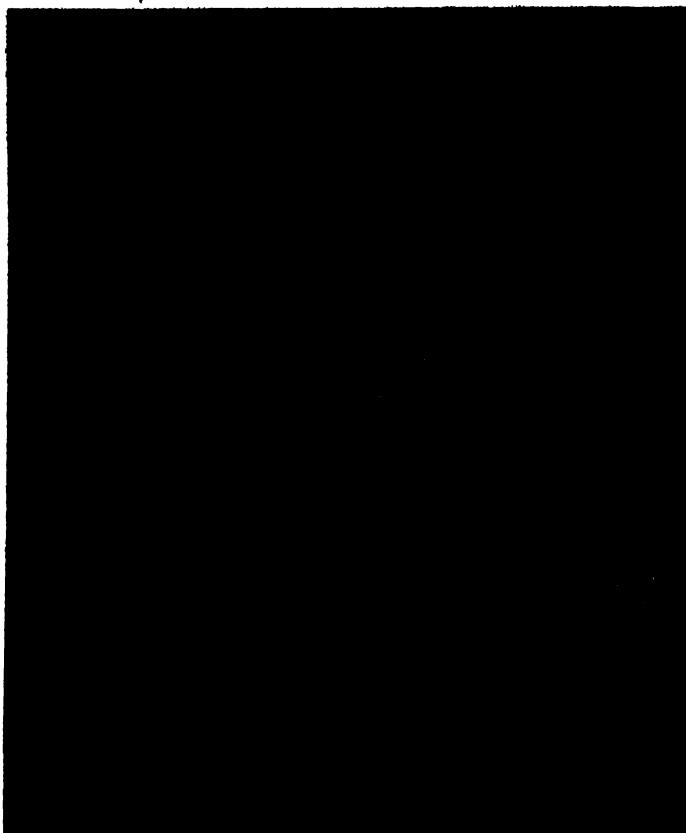
## HORACE WALPOLE'S WORLD.\*

Everybody interested in history or literature knows that the letters of Horace Walpole contain a veritable mine of information as to the social side of the eighteenth century, but there are few readers who have either the time or the patience to work their way thoroughly through so vast a seam. In Mrs. Paget Toynbee's definitive edition this mass of correspondence bulks to the extent of sixteen stout volumes, and who in our busy times, unless he be an enthusiast of the rarest type and the utmost leisure, would care to undertake the task of mastering their contents? There are limits to curiosity, especially curiosity about the past. So that these letters, with all their vivacity and satire, their chronicles of stirring events and

\* "Horace Walpole's World." By Alice D. Greenwood. 12s. 6d. net. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)

current scandals, their pictures of politicians and frail ladies and social celebrities, as they appeared to the eye of a typical observer of his day, must remain, in bulk at least, a sealed book to the general public. Other reasons may be mentioned to explain why they are never likely to appeal to more than a very limited class of students. The author presupposes alike in the correspondent to whom he addresses himself more immediately, and in that posterity which, it is obvious he never left very long out of his thoughts, an intimate knowledge of the personalities and the social habits of his age. Townshend and the Grenvilles, Shelburne and Bedford, must be as well-known names to you as Chatham and Fox and "Billy" Pitt if you are to follow intelligently the diary, as it were, which Horace Walpole supplies of English politics. And your familiarity with the leaders of eighteenth century society must go beyond a nodding acquaintance with a Lady Suffolk or a Duchess of Devonshire if you are to move freely in drawing-rooms and salons at this smart gossip's heels. But, besides being at home in the circles which "Horry" haunts and the century to which he belongs, you must also be content to put up for hours and hours with his company, and that means that you must tolerate the conversation of an associate who is certainly a scholar, a wit and an accomplished man of the world, but also a worshipper of rank, a believer in the divine right of autocracy, a born frivol and an amateur. Here is an author who pretends to be ashamed of authorship, a devotee of art who despises the honest work that must go to its making, and a letter-writer who by some divine miracle triumphs over his affectations and writes literature in his own despite. It is odd to think that, whereas as expert in art and as patentee of pseudo-Gothic he has passed into oblivion, whereas as dabbler in lurid romance and drama he is recognised for the amateur he was, it is just those products to which he devoted enormous pains and conscientiousness—his Memoirs and his Letters—that keep his fame alive. Such is the Nemesis which time has wreaked on the person who seemed to think that any fine gentleman who tried could beat the artist on his own ground.

Horace Walpole, however, is excellent enough company for short spells of time and with the aid of an interpreter who uses the best of the material his letters provide for re-creating his times and making a study of their broader features. This is what Miss Alice D. Greenwood has done in her just-issued and brightly-written account of "Horace Walpole's World," and readers who tremble at the notion of absorbing him wholesale in the definitive edition will be able to get on terms with him, just to the modest extent they may desire, in her kindly appreciation of the man and his environment. They may be cautioned perhaps not to accept without reservations some of her more charitable judgments. To say, for instance, as she does, that the letter-writer "never repeats gross scandal for scandal's sake" is to make an assertion which could be easily disproved unless all the emphasis is to be laid on the adjective. Similarly, Miss Greenwood should be checked carefully when she talks of Horace as if he had a genius for friendship. That quarrel of his with Gray was never more than superficially patched up. He had disputes and parted with nearly all his earliest friends. And it may be surmised that only a lucky absence, continued for nearly fifty years, prevented a breach with Sir Horace Mann. Certainly there is something strange in the circumstance of Walpole's never having sought out the companion of his youth and the chief correspondent of his life, though he himself was addicted to travel. Did he suspect his own touchiness and intolerance of contradiction and determine to keep one chain with the past unbroken? However that may be, Miss Greenwood makes out the best case that can be made for her hero, and she has some very happy chapters on eighteenth-century taste in art, on the leading men and on the corruption of the politics of the day, on society in France, on Bath and the inns and roads of Walpole's age, and on the *grandes dames* whom it was his proud boast to count among his circle of intimates. Wit as well as knowledge informs her writing, and she has one chapter disposing



Thomas Gray.

From a painting by J. A. Ferard.  
From "Horace Walpole's World," by Alice D. Greenwood (G. Bell & Sons).

of the legend of Charles James Fox which will amuse all who turn to it who are not Whig partisans. It is a little too cruel, possibly in tone, and now and again runs to the extreme of Tory reaction, but in its main contentions it is quite just.

F. G. BLIFANY.

### BORROW'S ROMANTIC BALLADS.\*

When George Borrow was a raw youth in a Paternoster Row publisher's office he was considerably tormented by an experienced senior clerk of the firm, the somewhat sceptical, occasionally cynical Mr. Taggart. "'Well,' said Mr. Taggart, 'why don't you write something grand?' 'I have,' said I. 'What?' said Taggart. 'Why,' said I, 'there are those ballads.' Taggart took snuff. 'And those wonderful versions of Ab Gwilym,' Taggart took snuff again. 'You seem to be very fond of snuff,' said I, looking at him angrily. Taggart tapped his box. . . . 'We know now precisely what Taggart meant. We have the ballads, we have these wonderful versions. We realise for the first time the peculiar delicacy, acumen, and reticent charm of Mr. Taggart's methods of criticism. When Borrow was a young man metrical versions were popular. He had a singular knack of acquiring new languages after a more or less primitive fashion. When he ought to have been endorsing or engrossing in the office of the Norwich attorney his head was in his desk, poring over Danish or Welsh bards; and he stuck over them so long that he temporarily injured his eyesight. 'My eyes were rather dull,' he wrote, 'from early study'—this when he was in "The Dingle" in 1825. The fashion for translated ballads is not, perhaps, a very commendable one. The ballad depends on words strong and poetic, because they are old and were

\* "Romantic Ballads, Translated from the Danish, and Miscellaneous Pieces." By George Borrow [Making up an issue of 800 copies in all.] A facsimile edition. 10s. 6d. net. (Norwich: Printed and Published by Jarrold & Sons.)

once spontaneous and sparkling as the eyes of youth. Borrow, Browning and Longfellow, among many others, enjoyed converting ballads from one speech into another. The distinctive ballad features were generally lost in the process, but the public declared itself fashionably diverted, and the ballading went gaily on. In 1823 George Borrow began to market his versions. He got introductions to editors, and his polyglot verse began to appear in *Monthly* and *New Monthly*. Whether he got anything for them or no is another question. For some reason or other he appears to have attached special value to his Gaelic, Romany and Welsh renderings; but, as Mr. Edward Thomas, who is perhaps the most capable of all writers on Borrow, observes, his translations from Ab Gwilym are not interesting, either to lovers of the poet or to lovers of the prose writer; "some are preserved in a sort of life-in-death in the pages of 'Wild Wales,'" and it does not give one pleasure to remember them. If I remember rightly, some are in quite execrable blank verse. Borrow's prose has not much distinctive prose quality to it as a rule; but his verse has no poetic quality whatever, it is declamatory, strident, rhetorical, or merely vapid. Here we have, in the 1826 volume, the "Ballad of Svend Vonved," so often referred to by Borrow as a chant or marching song. Here we have "St. Oluf" and "The Heroes of Dovrefeld," from the ancient Danish, rather more favourable specimens on the whole. Then there is "The Tournament," from the old Danish, the several lays from Oehlenslæger, and a few scattered fragments of original composition, such as the lines to honest "six foot three," in the person of the Norfolk lad, who twenty tongues could talk and sixty miles a day could walk. The original volume was published by subscription at Norwich in 1826, and the present facsimile reprint is appropriately dated "Norwich, 1913," the year of the Borrow celebration at Norwich, under the shade of the ancient cathedral in which Borrow should by rights have been buried. These poems have been much in request among collectors, and the fever of Borrowian curiosity has at length warranted their re-issue. Given the demand, the re-issue could not have been better done than it is in this facsimile reprint of Jarrold's, with a facsimile of the handwriting of George Borrow, and the variant title-pages. The old list of subscribers is in itself a curiosity. A murderer seldom figures in such a document. But we have here the name of "J. Thurtell," who must obviously have been the Thurtell referred to in "Favengro" (something of an ally of the great Don Jorge), who was hanged at Hertford early in 1824. It is to be hoped that he had paid his subscription, and that the copy was duly handed over to his heirs and assigns. Whether the legends of our writers gain by all this exploitation is another question. To be romantic an author needs a wavy horizon, a shadowy retreat, a mysterious background. To praise and reprint the inferior work of an author because he has done superior is a doubtful benefit to his fame. Borrow as a man and as a writer depended not a little upon mysteries and veils; when these are all torn asunder and the great Romancer steps forth into the fierce light of critical everyday, an appreciable portion of the glamour by which he used to be encompassed will be found to have evaporated.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

### MORE PEOPLE'S BOOKS.\*

Another dozen of Messrs. Jack's books is here; the subjects are manifold. Grouped, they fall into four sets; (1) Shelley and Lamb (2) Medieval Socialism, Trade Unions, Judaism, the Oxford movement (3) the problem of Truth, Ethics, Youth and Sex (4) a miscellaneous trio—the Science of Light, Gardening and British Birds (profusely illustrated). A word or two about the others is allowable before Shelley and Lamb are spoken of.

Dr. Carr's essay on Truth is noticeable for a full chapter on pragmatism; the book is close-reasoned and is less likely to attract than Dr. Rashdall's *Ethics*. Here the

\* T. C. & E. C. Jack. 6d. each volume.

writer condenses a larger volume and is fair to intuitionism and utilitarianism; but the naturalistic school is treated of briefly. A book on dangers and safeguards for boys and girls, when written by Dr. May Scharlieb and Mr. Silby, demands careful consideration. The earnestness of the writers is evident and their knowledge admitted; but, with all our congresses, it is doubtful if we have approached the subject in the right way. This book, too, is rather lopsided; each section might borrow from the other. Perhaps we have to await the new doctor whose new training will allow him to speak where now he is silent. Of the other volumes the Oxford movement is a vivid recollection of quarrels now crystallised; Trade Unionism is historical and enumerative; and Judaism is an admittedly slight essay on an ever-present subject. But the freshest of all is the Medieval Socialism by the Rev. Bede Jarrett. This book, as one would expect from a Dominican, harks back to the great medieval divines and among the moderns Maitland and not Stubbs is referred to. The temper of it is admirable and we are away for the time from the *crambs repetitula* of the newspaper.

Mr. Sydney Waterlow's volume on Shelley is full of facts and of an acute, if rather acid, criticism. It is but fair to remember that Shelley never published *Queen Mab*; that Harriet's story has not been fully told; that Shelley was in many respects his grandfather Bysshe, re-incarnated; and that the poet was clean in a dirty age, an idolised friend of the poor, religious and an incurable optimist. There is no need for anyone either in his own generation or ours to apologise for loving Shelley. The writer follows the sad and muddy facts, with an evident sympathy in the matter of political revolt. He is inclined to think Shelley was mad; and one may add that fear of incarceration by his father in said to have haunted the boy and never to have left the man; nothing can be imagined more likely to lead to deep-seated distrust and hate. The principal writings are described sometimes with admiration; but the strange autobiographical section in Julian and Maddalo is not noticed, and Hellas is praised highly to the detriment of Prometheus. Shelley considered the latter his best work, though he expected no readers; Mr. Waterlow says it has been over-praised. Todhunter, Rossetti and Miss Scudder have written on it; but even their writing is not widely known. The lyrics are always praised; but this is as it should be. Who, then, has over-praised the whole poem? In Shelley's view, curiously enough, the poetry was subservient to the teaching; and the teaching is usually disregarded. Until men give up the belief that God is the author of, and placid consent to, war, disease, slums, and all the nameless horrors of civilised cities, no progress is possible. Shelley's generation taught (so he said) that God was Hate; to-day we teach that God is Indifference, but Shelley taught and believed (and lived it) that God is Love, or, as he would say, that Love is God. This poem is his restatement of the religious position, and, as the French critic reminds us, he is the child of that fluid mysticism which everlastingly protests against the petrified mysticism of the churches. A bibliographical note is appended, but no notice is taken of Koszul's "La Jeunesse de Shelley." As a clear account of the poet, and as a correction of idolatry, the ninety pages of this book are full of common sense; but the *Cor Cordium* was far removed from common sense.

Of a quite different character is Miss Flora Masson's study of Charles Lamb. Quick sympathy runs through it, and the man rather than his writings attracts the author; and neither Canon Ainger nor Mr. Lucas shows a more intense realisation of the "saint's" tragedy. Nothing, except the curious Kelly letters, seems to have been omitted; but Miss Masson is in doubt about our reasons for liking Elia. She thinks it due to his human nature and his story; but surely Elia without Mary Lamb, would have won fame. He was unique, for we do not read the *Anatomy* and the *Religio* closely; literature oozes from him; his touch is firm, his criticism almost inspired; but beyond this, he was a poet who did not write many verses. There is more truly poetical stuff in Christ's Hospital and Oxford in the vacation, than in many a page of wide-margined classic

verse. Above all, he did not preach. While everyone round him had a brand-new gospel, Charles Lamb had none; the old wine was good enough, and like his own sweeps he taught by his life.

This little book along with Miss R. Masson's "Wordsworth" is an example of the reconstruction of a period; and if certain additions were made, or if Professor Hudson's "Poetry and Life" could be amalgamated with such studies as these, we might see the nucleus of a history of the Literature of the English People—a book *valde desiderandus*.

Portraits are added. That of Lamb is apparently the Meyer portrait with the background omitted; it is a bad copy. Considering the importance of Mary Lamb, the frontispiece should have been the Cary group now in the Reference Section of the National Portrait Gallery, and very well copied in Mr. Lucas' "Life." The picture of Shelley is probably intended for Miss Curran's, but the Shelley look is left out of it.

ARTHUR BURRELL.

### POLLY PEACHUM AND THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.\*

Of the many romances of the stage few are more romantic than the story of Lavinia Fenton, who ended her career as the Duchess of Bolton. She was the daughter of a Charing Cross coffee-house keeper, and her brief theatrical career was limited to the playing of the part of Polly Peachum in Gay's phenomenally successful "Beggar's Opera." She created the character, and was the most popular of the many actresses who have played it, but in the first flush of her enormous vogue the Duke of Bolton fell in love with her, and took her from the stage, and she trod the boards no more. Mr. Pearce narrates her story very skilfully, sketching in some vivid pictures of life as it was lived in the London of her day, and setting the whole in a history of Gay's "Newgate Pastoral" that is the fullest and most careful account we have come across of that long-popular play. Some fifty portraits of Polly and her associates and pictures of scenes from the play and places connected with it add to the attractiveness of a very interesting volume.

### AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY EGOIST.†

He certainly was a bit of a scallavag during the first quarter of a century of his life, though there are indications that in a further instalment of his "Memoirs" we shall find him more orderly—may he in that rôle be no less interesting than he is here. William Hickey has not hitherto been known to fame, but henceforward he should be remembered among those who have revealed themselves—"warts and all"—with a delicious frankness which makes them personally interesting. If, however, he is first revealed to us by the discovery of the memoirs which he wrote in old age over a century ago, his father has long been in a sense familiar, as a fly preserved in the clear amber of Goldsmith's "Retaliation."

"Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature, And slander itself must allow him good nature: He cherished his friend, and he relished a bumper Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper. . . . Then what was his failing? Come, tell it, and burn ye! He was, could he help it?—a special attorney?"

The youngest son of that Joseph Hickey was the William Hickey, who after a varied life in different parts of the world seems to have had a successful career in the East, to have retired when something over sixty years of age to a quiet

\* "Polly Peachum and the Beggar's Opera." By Charles E. Pearce. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

† "Memoirs of William Hickey (1749-1775)." Edited by Alfred Spencer. (Hurst & Blackett.)



Lavinia Fenton.  
"Polly Peachum."

From an engraving by F. A. G. after J. Ellyn, in Mr. A. M. Broadley's collection.

village in England—and to have occupied a leisure which he found tedious by writing his reminiscences. How it is that the manuscript has remained so long unknown, or what chance has now brought it to light Mr. Alfred Spencer does not explain—perhaps reserving that information for the final instalment, for he does give us the gratifying news that there will be another volume or two of the Memoirs.

Young William Hickey, as revealed by himself when he had become old William Hickey, was a gay dog very early in his career, and a self-willed one as well,—as was shown when after persuading his parents to allow him to join the Navy, he refused, having reached the mature age of seven, to go and join his ship because the captain had said that once aboard the seventy-four *Burford* he would forget his absurd prejudices and be glad to eat fat! The year before he had revealed another side of his character—shown himself a true son of his "bumper"-loving father. Sitting on his godfather's knee he had said with a sigh: "'I wish I was a man!' 'Aye,' observed the Colonel, 'and pray why so, William?' 'To which I quickly replied: 'That I might drink two bottles of wine every day.'"

"Mr. Luttrell (afterwards Earl of Carhampton) who was a famous hard liver, pronounced that I should live to be a damned drunken dog, the rest agreeing that I should undoubtedly be a very jolly fellow! I believe, with no more than justice to myself, I may say, the latter prediction, as the milder of the two, proved nearest the truth. I certainly have at different periods drank very freely, sometimes to excess, but it never arose from the sheer love of wine. Society—cheerful companions, and lovely seducing women always delighted me, and frequently proved my bane, but intoxication for itself I detested, and invariably suffered grievously from."

The detestation apparently being a result of the suffering. In that passage we have something of a key to the story which William Hickey reveals of much of his first six-and-twenty years. From Westminster School he is withdrawn by request owing to his unsatisfactory behaviour; from a private school at Streatham he is removed owing to a series of escapades. Nor when he is apprenticed to an attorney are things any better, so that his family may well have sighed with relief when he went out to the East in the

service of the East India Company—but he returned almost forthwith and by 1775, a duly authorised attorney, he set out for the West Indies with introductions from Edmund Burke and other of his father's friends. And there this instalment of the memoirs closes. Such a summary, however, can only indicate the course of the narrative; it is in its frank self-revelation, in its descriptions of life in London—frequently the most disreputable aspects of life,—in its intimate record of a voyage to the East, its accounts of an irresponsible young man's adventures in India and China, that the book engages and holds the attention. Though William Hickey appears (we shall learn whether it was so in due course) to have settled down, he did not suffer many qualms in recording the full story of his wild-oat sowing, but then as he declared he did it simply for his own entertainment. The result is a book that is a really valuable addition to our intimate knowledge of the social life of the eighteenth century as experienced by one who was a veritable Don Juan, and a piece of self-revelation which deserves to be placed with the classics of egotism.

WALTER FERROLD.

### QUACK PAINTING.\*

As I read this book I am inevitably reminded of a *Punch* "social" of five-and-thirty years ago, in which Du Maurier happily hit off the pseudo-aesthetic jargon of the period. The speakers, an Ineffable Youth and a Matter-of-Fact Party, are regarding a masterpiece by Fra Porcinello Barbaragianino. Their conversation runs thus:

"But it's such a repulsive subject."  
 "Subject in Art is of no moment. The picktchah is beautiful."  
 "But you will own the drawing's vile and the colours beastly."  
 "I'm cullah-blind, and don't p'ofess to understand d'awing. The picktchah is beautiful!"  
 "But it's all out of perspective, hang it! and so abominably untrue to Nature."  
 "I don't care about Naytchah and hate perspective! The picktchah is beautiful."  
 "But dash it all, man! Where the dickens is the beauty then?"  
 "In the picktchah——"

Now let me justify myself by paralleling line by line these words of the Ineffable Youth with the *ipsissima verba* of Messrs. Albert Gleizes and Jean Metzinger, not Metzanger, I imagine, as printed on the cover.

*Ineffable Youth*.—"The beauty is in the picktchah."

*Messrs. Gleizes and Metzinger*.—"The picture bears its pretext, the reason for its existence within it. . . . It does not harmonize with this or that environment; it harmonizes with things in general, with the universe; it is an organism."

*Ineffable Youth*.—"Subject in Art is of no moment."

*Messrs. G. and M.*—"All pre-occupation in Art arises from the material employed."

*Ineffable Youth*.—"I don't p'ofess to understand d'awing. I don't care about Naytchah!"

*Messrs. G. and M.*—"The painter, eager to create, rejects the natural image directly he has made use of it."

*Ineffable Youth*.—"Subject in Art is of no moment."

*Messrs. G. and M.*—"Lucidity is unfitting. A picture is a noble enigma. Let the picture imitate nothing."

*Ineffable Youth*.—"I hate perspective."

*Messrs. G. and M.*—"The most serious infractions of the rules of perspective will by no means compromise a painted work."

Surely the analogy is complete.

Now I want to be quite fair to the Post-Impressionists, Futurists and Cubists. I sympathize deeply with them in their dissatisfaction with academic painting as we find it at the present day. I go so far as to say that they are right in reaching after the unattainable, because it is the hunting of the fox, not the fox's brush, that makes hunting the fine sport it is. But this, too, I am bound to say,

\* "Cubism." By Albert Gleizes and Jean Metzinger (Translated) 5s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

that, after sparing no pains in studying their efforts for the last few years, both in Paris and in London, I have inevitably come to the conclusion that, when they have built upon the sure foundations of the best precedents (precedents, of course, totally ignored by them) they have now and again arrived at a masterpiece, whereas when they have relied upon their own empirical experiences they have never achieved more than an interesting *tour de force*. Let us be quite clear about this. I quote again from this book and condemn the authors out of their own mouths. They throw over precedent and yet quote in defence Leonardo da Vinci when he writes: "You must climb step by step to reach the top of a building, or you will never reach the top."

Surely that is a defence of precedent if ever there were one. Starting on the earth and rising step by step until we can hitch our chariots to a star.

I protest that the theories proclaimed in this book suggest to me nothing so much as the figure of an aeroplane, designed in the air, built in the air and flying in the air, ignoring the fact that its component parts were derved out of the earth, that it was laboriously built upon *terra firma*, and finally that it had to gain impetus for flight from the very ground that it so ungratefully spurns. That may be all right in a fairy tale, but it will not pass muster with us who know ourselves tied to this earth by the cable of gravitation.

I have ventured to label this review "Quack Painting," but we must remember that Empiricism has its place in the world as well as Science. For we must admit that Experiment has now and again accomplished at a bound what heavy-footed Science has not arrived at till much later—might, indeed, never have arrived at at all unless so spurred to activity. But we must also remember that revolutions beget charlatans, and we must be chary of accepting any man at his own valuation. And, so far as my opinion is worth anything, the Cubists, judged by the apologetics of Messrs. Gleizes and Metzinger as set forth in this volume, have signally failed in proving themselves worthy of consideration.

In saying so much, I must not be understood to condemn all that has been accomplished by the so-called Post-Impressionists and Futurists. However much I disagree with their theories, I am bound in fairness to them as artists, to put it on record that I have seen works by Van Gogh and Severini, to name only two, which seem to me a wholesome and successful protest against the shackling rules of a too orthodox academism.

G. S. LAYARD.

### THE YOUNG GOETHE.\*

This is an interesting volume. Of late fresh lights have been cast by several German books on large parts of Goethe's wonderful life and career, nor least upon that youth which he himself has called a "drunkenness without wine."

Much here presented is a summary of such illuminations, while a running comment analyses or explains them. The result perhaps is a process rather than a picture, but from the process a very vivid picture emerges. One consequence is manifest. What may be styled the tea-tray images of the young Goethe—smooth and varnished—disappear for ever. The paragon of Lewes, the moralist of Carlyle have vanished, and the young Goethe is a man again. But a portent he remains. He is not always a pleasant portent and the youthful Goethe would hardly have pleased the oracular Goethe of middle and old age. But so it is with paramount genius. The longing to create often springs from a craving to destroy which the creator himself, when his purpose is achieved, becomes the first to condemn. After Icarus has singed his wings, he may think differently of the sun.

\* "The Youth of Goethe." By P. Hume Brown, LL.D., F.B.A. 8s. net. (John Murray.)



More even than other supreme artists Goethe was the theatre of his own mind and feelings. On these he concentrated himself. Till he found his pedestal as court minister, he had no outlets of public life or public spirit for his exuberant energy, and though he was a good rider and skater, there lacked the vent of games. True, he indulged in such practical jests as walking on stilts at midnight, robed in a white sheet, and peering in at the windows; but these freaks hardly counterbalanced his introspectiveness.

Into himself he looked and looked from the first, till he made an art of his emotions and friendships—of all his many loves at this period from the humble Kätchen Schönkopf to the haughty "Lili" Schönmann and the patrician Countess Stolberg, from the sweet, simple pastor's daughter Friederike, whom he loved and rode away from, to Charlotte Buff and "Maxe" Brentano. *Solvitur ambulando*. He was always loving—and always riding away. And these lady-loves, who were only to head a long procession, all contributed to his early efforts and to his first masterpieces. Much in these regards is here of absorbing interest, especially concerning "Werther," "Götz," "Clavigo," "Stella," and his first crayon of "Faust."

Goethe's youth was a blend of Bacchus and the Olympian Jove. Even then the Olympian Jove never deserted him, and his chequered friendships with Merck, Herdes, Wieland, and the rest, mix the reveller and the leveller with the philosophic poet. Most absorbing are the pages dealing with his "Prometheus" and "Der Ewige Jude." Nor are the inner meanings of the lyrics neglected.

Everything came to Goethe—adventures almost without action and a forbearance from those whom he most offended, including those whom he utilised in his works, and the stiff father who tried him, but to whom he must have been a sore trial. "The fellow delights in battle," wrote Knebel of him, "he has the spirit of an athlete." There was also another side to his compound character which sometimes reminds us of Joseph Surface—especially when he found two passions at a time an absolute requisite.

Space forbids many points of attraction, but we can scarcely close without citing part of the double portrait of himself which he paints in a letter of 1755. The translation of it is better than most of those scattered through these pages:

After holling up to her gaze the picture of himself "in a laced coat . . . in the idle glare of sconces and lustres, . . . the Carnival Goethe," he continues, "But there is another Goethe—one in grey beaver coat with brown silk necktie and boots—who already divines the approach of Spring in the caressing February breezes, to whom his dear wide world will again be shortly opened up, who ever living his own life, striving and working according to the measure of his powers, seems to express now the innocent feeling of youth in little poems, and the strong spice of life in various dramas; now the images of his friends . . . and his beloved household gods . . . never asking the question how much of what he has done will endure, because . . . he will let his feelings spontaneously develop into capacities."

That was it. He set out to realise himself.

WALTER SICHEL.

## THE MODERN SHORT STORY.\*

Of all ways of making money by writing at the present day, the framing of short tales and the weaving of novels of the sensational sort seem to be the best. The daily and weekly papers and the monthly magazines form the largest and most convenient market for the storyteller. A man who can barely earn £100 a year by devoting all his time to composing novels for immediate production in book form, may often make a decent livelihood by turning out short stories for the periodicals and writing serial novels

for the Press. It is only a comparatively small number of novelists who can afford to appeal directly to the subscribers of circulating libraries and the little band of buyers of the six shilling novel.

In itself the connection with journalism does not make against the finer qualities of literature. Some of the best works of fiction first appeared in instalments, as serials now do; and in France, Maupassant and other masters of the *conte* wrote their tales for the daily press. Indeed, it was largely because French newspapers wanted a continual supply of briefly-told short tales, while our daily journals would not deign to entertain their readers in this manner, that the French school of short story-tellers developed and flourished. Most of our morning papers are still averse from publishing stories of this sort, but the *Morning Post* now gives an occasional column to a tale, and on Saturdays some of the London evening journals mingle news and fiction in an open and pleasant manner. But the success of the illustrated weeklies and monthlies of the new kind has made the short story popular in England and America, and some men of veritable genius have equalled the work of the best short story writers of France and Russia.

Yet it is notorious that our magazine tales are on the whole somewhat shoddy in texture. Some of the writers try to make up for lack of vision by a mechanical intensity of manner; this is the note of the American school of literary carpenters. The most popular of recent American magazine story writers, O. Henry, does not entirely escape from this common fault. His "Roads of Destiny" strikes me as a rather artificial thing, and though all the other tales in the volume are entertaining, some are thin in quality. Yet the editors of American papers and journals were glad to pay £200 each for some of these stories. O. Henry made his name by discovering New York, especially the Broadway, and getting something of an atmosphere of romance into tales of shorthand clerks and business girls and men. He showed his magazine public their own faces reflected in a magic mirror, and with such success that the works of Kipling are now given free to buyers of the collected edition of O. Henry's 274 stories in twelve volumes! I notice that his tales are being reprinted in some of our popular sixpenny monthlies. Everything goes to show that in the estimation of the modern magazine editors, he is the perfect story-teller of our time. Someone described Catulle Mendes as *le singe de tous les maîtres*. It strikes me that O. Henry played the sedulous ape very skilfully and very profitably. But Ambrose Bierce is worth a hundred of him.

He certainly knows all the tricks of working up an amusing anecdote into a saleable article of literary commerce. Sir Hugh Clifford in his "Malayan Monochromes" on the other hand, is rather lacking in craftsmanship. He is not a clever writer, and he wants subtlety and variety of style. Yet his book is fine and memorable. It contains the essential things—freshness of vision, insight into character, and a deep knowledge of the ways of men. As the men happen to be for the most part savage Malays and head-hunting tribesmen of Borneo, the work has the additional curious charm of wildly exotic life. "Monochromes" is scarcely the word for these blood-red pictures of tropical life. There is a violent death in almost every story, and often many violent deaths. White men go mad, or turn berserker and slay with an insane frenzy more horrible than that of a Malay crying *amok*: and all about is the hot, steaming, feverish air of the equatorial forest. Sir Hugh Clifford cannot suggest the physical and moral atmosphere of the tropics in the way that Mr. Conrad does. He is content to tell his strange tales in a plain, downright fashion; but as a delineator of Malay life and character he is incomparable.

He has the seeing eye: and so has a brilliant new writer, Mr. C. S. Evans, who also writes about barbarians in "Nash and Others." But instead of roaming the outlands of the earth, Mr. Evans has lived among Board School boys in poor parts of London, and observed these gallant and picturesque little savages with keen and yet kindly vision. Their curious codes of honour, their loyalty to their leader,

\* "Roads of Destiny." By O. Henry. 3s. 6d. (Eveleigh Nash.)—"Malayan Monochromes." By Sir Hugh Clifford. (Murray.) 6s.—"Nash and Others." By C. S. Evans. 6s. (Arnold.)—"Through the Window." By Mary E. Mann. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"Sunia and Other Stories." By Maud Diver. 6s. (Blackwood.)—"The Open Window." By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—"Smoke Bellow." By Jack London. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

and the ingenuity with which they extract romance and adventure out of the dull, grey, routine life around them, are very happily revealed. Mr. Nash ranges from farce to tragedy: but the comedy of the eternal barbarian among us chiefly attracts him. He has a delightful gift of humour, and a quietly telling way of putting things.

There is a sombre side to the life he depicts, and he touches on it: but his heroes are naturally more eager to indulge their fresh, young joy in life than to mourn their lot; so he keeps mainly to their point of view. Miss Mary E. Mann in her latest collection of tales "Through the Window" returns to Dulditch in a lighter mood than she left it. But her new book lacks the incisive power of her earlier short stories. I am afraid that the tastes of the editors of our popular periodicals are partly responsible for the apparent decline of the remarkable talents of the chronicler of the annals of Dulditch. A tale can be light and even quiet, as Miss Wilkins has shown in her New England sketches, and still be a thing of exquisite art. But Miss Mann only once shows what sportsmen would call her old form, and that is in a ghastly little murder tale, "The Blue Beads." Miss Maud Diver's "Sunia and Other Stories" is pure magazine work. The tales give scarcely a glimpse of the power displayed in those long novels of hers that I have read. I suppose they are the 'prentice efforts of her pen: there is good, sound workmanship in many of them, but no distinction in outlook or style. They deal with native and English life in India, but have no qualities equal to those abundantly displayed by Mrs. Steel.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston's "Open Window" is fresh and charming. It is composed of a series of connected sketches of country life. A village clergyman, with whom Gilbert White would have been pleased to correspond, is the hero and nominal writer of his own story. But Mr. Temple Thurston does not deserve all the praise for this fragrant pastoral: for Mr. Charles Robinson in six score of lovely designs fully collaborates with him.

In "Smoke Bellew" Mr. Jack London continues to exploit with remarkable success the literary gold mine he discovered in the Klondyke. His new book is less a novel than a collection of short tales, but the episodes are connected by the fact that they tell of the toils, adventures and triumph of Smoke Bellew and his Bret Hartean partner, Shorty. Mr. London has often been compared to Kipling, but it is the traditions of the famous Californian writer that he carries on, and one of the gambling incidents in his latest volume is as good as anything that Bret Harte ever did.

E. W.

### ADVENTURES AMONG BIRDS.\*

The author of "Green Mansions" and of "A Shepherd's Life" has given us a new book. As its title says, it is a book about birds, and if you know the other books of Mr. Hudson you will know what to expect by that. For no one has ever written about birds and about the secluded country life of England as has Mr. Hudson. His minute knowledge and observation have none of the pedantry of the usual naturalist. He cares not for the dead, but for the living, and he clothes all his writing with the joy of wild and free life. His style, so limpid and so easy, is precisely fitted to his subjects. For he is famous not only as a naturalist and lover of birds but as a writer of English. His books—almost twenty in number by now—are of the highest distinction and count as amongst the classics of modern literature. For Mr. Hudson's manner of describing the rare birds and the forgotten villages of England is extraordinarily original and fascinating. He has opened a new world to us at our very doors, so to speak. And here, in the twenty-seven short chapters of "Adventures Among Birds," he has given us some of his most delightful pictures.

The book carries us from the West Country to the East, and up North as far as Derbyshire. Mr. Hudson is always

\* "Adventures Among Birds." By W. H. Hudson. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

upon the track of the shy dwellers in marsh, in wood, in barren hill, and in shady hollow, listening to the low note of the Dartford warbler, to the "immortal nightingale," to the ring-ouzel, or to the "honk" of the pink-footed grey goose.

Perhaps, indeed, it is the wild geese that winter on the Norfolk coast that he loves best of all. To them and to their lonely haunt he has devoted several of these chapters. It is strangely thrilling to read of these great flocks streaming across the sky from their feeding grounds to the safe shelter of the sands. Upon a cloudless and glorious evening of late October Mr. Hudson saw several thousand of them at one time whirling down to their roosting-place. It was, he says, "the most magnificent spectacle of wild-bird life I had ever witnessed in England." In this same chapter—"Wild Wings: a Farewell" (one of the finest chapters of the book)—occurs a little story of a wounded goose, part of which I cannot help quoting. It is perfect. Says Mr. Hudson:

"I was out on the marsh . . . when, about half-an-hour before sunset, a solitary goose came flying by me towards the sea, keeping only a foot or two above the ground. It was a wounded bird, shot somewhere on its feeding ground, and, being unable to fly with the flock, was travelling slowly and painfully for the roosting-place on the sands. When it had got about a couple of hundred yards past me a few red shanks rose from the edge of the creek and, after wheeling round once or twice, dropped down again in the same place, and no sooner had they alighted than the goose turned aside from his course and, flying straight to them, pitched on the ground at their side. That is just how a bird of social disposition will always act when forsaken by its fellows and in distress: it will try to get with others, however unlike its own species they may be—even a goose with redshanks; and this, too, in a most dangerous place for a goose to delay in, where gunners are accustomed to hide in the creeks. It was evident he was ill at ease and troubled by my presence, as after alighting he continued standing erect with head towards me. There he remained with the redshanks for full fifteen minutes, but he had not been more than two minutes on the spot before a passing hooded crow dropped down close to and began walking round him. The crow will not attack a wounded goose, even when badly wounded, but he knows when a bird is in trouble and he must satisfy his inquisitive nature by looking closely at him to find out how bad he really is. The goose, too, knows exactly what the crow's life and mind is, and no doubt despises him. I watched them intently, and every time the crow came within a couple of feet of him the goose bent down and shot out his snake-like head and neck at him. . . . And each time this gesture was made the crow hopped away a little space only to begin walking again and hopping round the goose until he had satisfied his impudent curiosity, whereupon he flew off towards his roosting-place.

"Then, after a few minutes, from a great way off in the sky came the sounds of approaching geese, and the wounded bird turned his breast towards the land and stood with his head held high to listen to and see his fellows returning uninjured with crops full of corn, boisterous in their happiness, to the roosting-place. . . ."

A quotation such as this gives more of the essence of Mr. Hudson's outlook and style than any remarks of mine could, and therefore its length will be pardoned. The truth is that in reading Mr. Hudson one feels he has really entered into the hearts of birds as well as of the humble folk that live in the little scattered villages of England. He is at once interpreter and creator. And always he is a master through the magic simplicity of his language. That, largely, is why he is so much greater than Richard Jefferies, with whom he has many apparent affinities.

Apart from my remarks on the geese I have said little in particular about this book; but it is really unnecessary to say more than that it is by Mr. Hudson and that it deals with birds and villagers. To read it is like breathing the wind upon the downs or upon the waste saltings of the Norfolk shore. What praise could be completer?

R. C.

### THE COMPLETE GARDENER.\*

It may be well enough to theorize about some things, but the first thing needful to the writing of a good gardening

\* "The Herbaceous Garden." By Mrs. Philip Martineau. 7s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)



book is that the author should not only be one who loves a garden, but one who has worked in it and has personally done or superintended all the work from the studying of its soil and planning its laying out, to digging, planting, tending, developing and making a successful garden of it. All this Mrs. Philip Martineau has done. She has done it with a very large long-neglected garden, where a difficulty of gravelly soil had to be got over; with a small garden of half an acre, and with one smaller still.

"People often say to me, 'How did you learn?' " she writes. "I grew up in a garden, and inherited doubtless the love for it; but I began gardening in a cat-walk at the back of a small London house out of Grosvenor Place, and grew, with some success, carnations, lilacs, and a few annuals, and such herbs as parsley and chervil. My next experience was a cottage garden on stiff clay, with an acre of garden."

Here she had a factotum to help her, and bought some of her experience at a price; but all experience that is worth having has to be paid for, one way or another, and they are fortunate who can avoid the unpleasant way of acquiring it and for a few shillings get it condensed in such a book as this.

Mrs. Martineau writes of her subject as one who loves it and has the widest, most thoroughly intimate businesslike knowledge of it. She handles it in its aesthetic aspect very charmingly, but the chief value of her work lies in the well-informed minutely-detailed instruction it supplies on questions of design, fertilising, expense, soils, what to plant and when to plant it, and all the hundred and one considerations of work and material, taste and system that go to the creation of the garden beautiful. Written for amateurs by an enthusiastic and highly successful amateur this is an ideal manual for the beginner, and there are hints and suggestions in it that should be of value even to the comparatively complete gardener. Mr. W. Robinson supplies a useful introduction, and the plans and numerous illustrations in black and white and in colour are admirable.

#### OLIVER ONIONS' NEW STORY.\*

Let us admit at once that in telling "The Story of Louie" Mr. Oliver Onions has completed in triumphant fashion a remarkable trilogy which should surely give him his rightful position at last among the foremost novelists of the day; in this—his latest—work the novelist's firm grip of motive and of feeling, his dexterity in inventing and combining essential incidents, his unrivalled sense of the picturesque in person or scene—a sense that seems to make every setting, every environment, come easy to him—have never been present in fuller measure. The great *scène-faire* of the story (cunningly, but not obviously, delayed till the end of the book)—the interview between Evie Soames, the girl whom Jeffries married, and Louie Causton, the girl

\* "The Story of Louie." By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

whom he ought to have married—unerringly true as it is in every *herce* and *riposte* may perhaps be considered the high-water mark of Mr. Onions' achievement in the conduct of a stark and passionate duel of character and of emotion. Masterly too is the fashion in which the novelist links up the life of Louie, on the one hand, with those of Izzard the painter she sits to, and of Roy Lovenant-Smith, the father of her child, and on the other with those of the three girl students whom she meets at the business college in Holborn: the sheer technical difficulties involved in this matter of connecting and of re-connecting are conquered in the simplest and yet the most ingenious way. Most arresting and appealing of all are the character and career of Louie herself, a wilful, non-moral creature, who because she is the offspring of a *mésalliance* and in this matter we beg leave to quarrel with Mr. Onions' psychology as being partial and somewhat melodramatic—



Yew Hedge and Trellis, Hurst Court.

From "The Herbaceous Garden, by Mrs. Alice Martineau (Williams & Norgate).

always takes it for her guiding principle in life to be ruled by the lower strain in her blood.

The first twenty-four years of Louie's life Mr. Onions has the audacity to cram into twelve pages of his book; thereafter we see Louie—always completely in the picture—as the central figure in a series of the most piquant and picturesque adventures. She appears as the rebellious daughter of a peer's sister and of a prize-fighter; as a refractory pupil at an agricultural college; as an indolent but observant student—of life rather than of "business"—at a business college; as her father's—the ex-prize-fighter's—guest at a snug little public-house somewhere Putney way; as a patient in a nursing home; as an artist's model; and in many other enlivening but precarious occupations, all of which she accepts with a fatalistic humour and courage that serve of course to heighten rather than to lighten the essentially tragic character of her story. For, as readers of "The Debt Account" know, Jim Jeffries married not Louie Causton who loved him, but Evie Soames whom he loved; while "The Story of Louie" tells the tale of a girl who, having enjoyed but two or three stolen—if innocent—meetings with the man she had lost, discovered on his death that not even love for her child could enable her to go on living any longer. The latest novel of Mr. Onions' is however not only the story of Louie Causton, it is also in many important respects the story of James Jeffries and of Evie Soames; and now

that the hero is no longer telling the tale he and the girl he married are more distinctly and more ruthlessly envisaged. He, no longer described by himself but by the author, becomes more of a human being and less of a mixture of ogre and great natural force; while she, seen now not with Jeffries' but with Mr. Onions' eyes, is divested of any elusive charm she once possessed and, by a rather cruel metamorphosis, is seen as a jealous, underbred, rather common little suburban person. Those who like "modern melodrama"—to use a phrase coined by the late Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe, himself no unpractised writer of such work—will be sure to enjoy "The Story of Louie," for it is quite the finest example of the heightened and intensive *conte* dealing with the life of the day that the present century has given us.

W.A.L.B.

### THE LAST FRONTIER.\*

An impartial opinion by a competent observer upon any question in which one is directly interested is apt to be valuable. Mr. Powell is an American, and the United States is the only one of the great powers that has not taken part in the scramble for Africa which has been such a salient feature of the last quarter century.

In spite of the many books written about it during recent years, Africa remains, and will for ages remain, the land of mystery—the Dark Continent. For many centuries Aryan and Semite have been striving to penetrate it, yet Africa still remains a tangle of unsolved riddles. Forty years ago an African map was void of intelligible detail except as regards the coastal fringe. To-day we know most of the salient physical features of the African continent and have acquired a great deal of information as to its human inhabitants. Mr. Powell's book indicates what immense and practically untouched fields for investigation still exist.

The influence exercised by Africa on Europe has never had adequate recognition. Sir Harry Johnston has recently pointed out how profoundly these continents have modified each other. Historians and more especially Mommsen have revealed the debt which European agriculture owes to the Carthaginians, and the profound impress which Christianity received from the early African Fathers is well known. But Africa, although it changes whatever is brought into contact with it, apparently itself does not change; in essentials the ethics, the ideals and the habits of the bulk of the people have not—excepting the revolution brought about by Mohammedanism—altered perceptibly from the days of Hannibal—if not of Hammurabi. The African can assimilate, but he cannot be assimilated.

According to Mr. Powell, France has been more successful than any other power in the matter of African colonization:

"Though thirty centuries have elapsed since Phœnicia first began to nibble at the Continent, it was not until 1884 that the mad rush began which ended in Africa's being apportioned among themselves by half-a-dozen European nations with as little scruple as a gang of boys would divide a stolen pie. This stealing of a Continent, lock, stock and barrel, is one of the most astounding performances in history. France emerged from the scramble with a larger slice of territory than any other power, a territory which she has so steadily and systematically expanded and consolidated that to-day her sphere of influence extends over forty-five per cent. of the land area, and twenty-four per cent. of the population of Africa."

Mr. Powell contrasts the considerate treatment of the native chiefs by the French, with the brusque, unsympathetic attitude of the British:

"Several times each year it is customary for the commandants of the French posts along the edge of the Sahara to organise *fantasias* in honour of the Arab sheikhs of the region, who come to attend them, followed by great retinues of burnoosed, turbaned and splendidly-mounted retainers . . . before leaving the sheikhs were presented with ornate saddles, gold-mounted rifles and, in the cases of the more important chieftains, with crosses of the Legion of Honour. . . . They go back to their homes in the desert immensely impressed with the power, the wealth and the generosity of France."

\* "The Last Frontier." By E. Alexander Powell. 6s. (Longmans.)

The British system is, no doubt, the purest and on the whole the best intentioned in the world. It may seem paradoxical, and even preposterous to say so, but where that system occasionally errs is in the tacit assumption that every savage tribe appreciates strict justice above everything else. As a matter of fact this is not the case; the savage often prefers being oppressed in a manner to which he is traditionally accustomed, to being righteously treated after a pattern with which he is unfamiliar, and which he often fails to recognise as righteous.

Mr. Powell severely criticises the methods employed by the Germans in their African territorial acquisitions. Such methods appear to be rigid, unsympathetic and quite unduly severe. The result is often a wholesale exodus of population to British and French territory—and in Africa the success of any colony depends upon a copious supply of native labour being available.

"The needless severity of Germany's colonial rule is graphically illustrated by the fact that during 1911 there were 14,894 criminal convictions in German East Africa alone, or one conviction to every 637 natives; while in the adjoining protectorate of Uganda, among the same type of natives but under a British administration, the ratio of convictions was only one in 2,047. There is not a town in German East Africa where you cannot see boys of from eight to fourteen years, shackled together by chains running from iron collar to iron collar and guarded by soldiers with loaded rifles, doing the work of men under a deadly sun."

According to Mr. Powell grave difficulties lie before the Italians in the matter of the subjugating the hinterland of their newly-acquired territory. Here lies the headquarters of that strange and powerful secret society, the Senusiyeh. This society has for its object the restoration of the Mohammedan religion in its original purity, austerity, and political power. Should this cult spread southward among the Bantu clans (and there are already considerable Mohammedan settlements as far down as the shores of Lake Nyassa) the white man in Africa will be in for a bad time.

This excellent book is, of course, not without mistakes. When, for instance, the author states that the late Mr. Rhodes added Nyassaland to the British Empire, he is very wide of the mark indeed. The work is too comprehensive. Why, for instance, include Crete in a book on Africa? Admitting for the moment that the influences which at one time obtained in Crete link its history, in a sense, with Africa, there is equal warrant for including Sicily.

One may, in conclusion, note with satisfaction, that Mr. Powell takes an exceedingly sane and sagacious view of the political *status quo* in the South African Union.

The book is exceptionally well illustrated.

WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY.

### BEFORE THE CURTAIN.\*

Sir Herbert Tree's recent adventure into Molière and his present outbreak into epigrammatic authorship compel us to observe that off the stage he is *précieux* and on the stage he is sometimes—well, we prefer his preciousity. We can read his volume with pleasure; but we sat through his performance of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" uncomfortable and half-ashamed, devoutly hoping that no visitors from any intellectual centre of France or Germany were present to see such an exhibition of provincialism in the metropolis of Great Britain.

Readers need not take the essays in this volume too seriously. In most cases they are, quite naturally and justifiably, pieces of special pleading. The paper on "Hamlet," for instance, is just an actor's gloss upon the text—his marginal notes of "business" worked up into a disquisition. You agree, or you disagree, or you ignore; and that is the end of the matter; but in any case the "Hamlet" that Sir Herbert Tree discusses is not Shakespeare's play, but merely the usual selections from that play as cut down to the measure of the modern—or it would be truer to say the just out-moded stage. There is usually

\* "Thoughts and After-Thoughts." By Herbert Beerbohm Tree. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

more in Shakespeare than in an acting edition. In "The Living Shakespeare" Sir Herbert defends his methods of staging and production by the very common undergraduate fallacy of urging that the only alternative to one extreme is another extreme. Shakespeare in the hands of literary pedants is dead, he tells us. We agree; but we by no means admit that Shakespeare in the hands of Sir Herbert Tree is therefore living. His treatment of "The Tempest," (here defended in another essay) is a case in point. He could not give us a realistic stage picture of a ship in a storm and the words of Shakespeare's first scene as well, so Shakespeare had to go. That is typical. Wherever Shakespeare interferes with the ambitions of the producer, exit Shakespeare. This may or may not be advisable, and it may be as commercially successful as many other sophistications are; but you cannot adopt this course of mutilation and then claim that your collection of remains is "the living Shakespeare." The real point of what Sir Herbert Tree dismisses as "Futurism" (and I assume that he is referring to recent experiments in the staging of Shakespeare) is not at all in the decorations, which are, as decorations to Shakespeare always will be, quite irrelevant, but in the fact that this method involves the minimum of interference with the text and the maximum of transmitted Shakespearean flavour. Other profits accrue, but that is the chief of all. Sir Herbert Tree has claimed that his own treatment of Shakespeare is "imaginative." As this consists largely in translating into visible fact what Shakespeare purposely left to the fancy, I should describe it emphatically as rank materialism.

Sir Herbert's essays, however, are much better than the methods they defend. In them, at least, there is a noticeable elegance of phrase, and a very pleasant mixture of wit and seriousness; whereas in the least judicious developments of his recent comic "business" on the stage, Sir Herbert Tree has sacrificed all the graces on the altar of burlesque.

G. S.

## Novel Notes.

**THE DISTANT DRUM.** By Dudley Sturrock 6s. (John Lane)

The scenes of "The Distant Drum" are laid in the smart, plutocratic set of American society; the leading *dramatis personæ* are wealthy young English wasters and the most rapacious sort of American grafters, male and female; the general atmosphere is that of the feverish night-life of New York, the life led by the *monde* and the *demi-monde* in the restaurants and cabarets of Broadway, and the big situations are hammered home with that stark, brutal explosion of speech and emotion which half-thrilled half-shocked the English theatre-goer in such recent American plays as "Paid in Full," "The Easiest Way" and "Bought and Paid For." We have purposely refrained from saying anything about Mr. Sturrock's heroine from consideration of the fact that the gradual evolution of her character furnishes several of the remarkable surprises which the novel holds in store for the reader. We will only remark that Yvonne Sebastin makes a very lovely and alluring heroine, and that in her person the author, Mr Dudley Sturrock, furnishes yet another instance of the power which—so the popular novelists and playwrights tell us—the almighty dollar, in whatever way acquired, seems to exercise over men, and more particularly over women, in the America of to-day. "The Distant Drum," it will be gathered, is by no means a pleasant story; it is, nevertheless, a story which is quite uncommonly absorbing and poignant.

**JAMES HURD.** By R. O. Prowse. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The advantages and limitations of narrative in the first person are well illustrated in this able novel. An intense

psychological drama is envisaged through the medium of one Broadhurst, the intimate friend of James and Evelyn Hurd, parents of a seven-year-old boy, Warrie, a strange little gnome who posits a profound issue in ethics. The backgrounds in Sussex and in Leeds are as skilfully drawn as the characters of the sorely tried parents, moderns both in the popular fashion of excessive sensibility and introspection. They talk voluminously to Broadhurst in cogent explanations, their conversations sometimes amounting to monologue, and we long to find husband and wife face to face with their mutual problem; but such a scene is precluded by the method of narration chosen by the author. A less able and subtle writer than Mr. Prowse would have left the reader listless, when ostensibly the Gordian knot he created has been cut, and the pathetic incubus vanishes from sight. But the reader is thrilled with expectancy, for a provocative vista of psychological possibilities is then opened up, and the conclusion leaves one in a state of active interrogation about James Hurd's behaviour. Broadhurst, the recipient of the confidences, strikes one as a rather helpless looker-on at the bloodless tragedy, and as he is nowhere related to a world of his own, remains somewhat of a shadow. Readers who are more interested in psychology than in action will be held by Mr. Prowse's theme; but we deplore the fact that he did not chose a more agreeable one. To most of us a child is a symbol of delight, and some violence is done to natural feelings when a child is exhibited as a symbol of terror.

**APRIL PANHASARD.** By Muriel Hine. 6s. (John Lane.)

The chief attraction of Mrs Coxon's stories is their simplicity, and "April Panhasard" is no exception to the rule. It tells the history of a woman forced at last to divorce her dissolute husband, but her religious scruples prevent her from taking full advantage of her legal position. She endeavours to hide herself away in the tiny village of Coddell-in-the-Dale, and here she meets an American after her own heart; but she refuses to marry him until she is not only legally but morally free. One of the most attractive features of the tale is the platonic affection evinced by April for young Boris, and how she helps him when he falls—helps him by that blessed attribute, womanly sympathy. Although there are many striking incidents in this book the main issue is never lost sight of, for Mrs. Coxon undoubtedly wishes her readers to realize the one-sidedness of the present Divorce Laws, and in this she admirably succeeds. Books of this type are so often marred by too much sensationalism, that it is refreshing to read one which steers clear of any such pitfalls.

**THE DIVINE FOLLY.** By Ella MacMahon 6s. (Chapman & Hall)

"He had married a good woman because he truly admired goodness and longed after it, and forfeited her love and respect because he could not refrain from evil." This—the tragedy of Sir Laurence Adeane's marriage—is the mainspring of Miss MacMahon's new novel. The real victim of the tragedy is the proud sensitive woman who is temperamentally incapable of forgiving her erring husband. Blanche Adeane has nothing but cold contempt for Sir Lawrence, who in return treats her with a studied insolence and disregard for her feelings. This painful atmosphere is charged with fresh misery and bitterness for Blanche when she discovers that her intimate friend, Elma Fancourt, has captured her husband's butterfly affection. Elma, indeed, develops into Blanche's worst enemy, ultimately threatening to alienate—by the simple expedient of marrying him—St. John Adeane, the one invaluable friend left to the wronged wife. The outstanding feature of a novel rich in interesting characters is the clever representation of St. John Adeane and of Ruth Frere, the woman he loves. The unique spiritual influence which Ruth exercises over the more "earthy" people of the story is suggested with fine delicacy and power, and gives "The Divine Folly" a welcome note of sincerity and depth.

**THE LAWRENSONS.** By R. K. Weekes. 6s. (Constable.)

The Lawrensons were brothers living in a London suburb, and the conduct of the story makes it necessary for them to be Roman Catholic. Some of them were on the Stock Exchange, others were Barristers, Civil Engineers or what not; and, as Mr. Peggotty says, their manners were like to those of the rough sea porcupine. Yet in spite of their pretence at being occupied with a world of affairs, and their assumption of a forbidding exterior, life was, to the Lawrensons, nothing but an orgy of self-sacrifice. Alice loves Massey and therefore marries Clive. But Clive discovers the true state of affairs, that Alice and Massey have utterly sacrificed themselves to ensure his (Clive's) happiness. Clive does not make the discovery until after his wedding and when he is indeed on his way to Windermere with Alice upon their wedding journey; so it will be seen that the author has contrived an ingenious dilemma. Clive is a Lawrenson, however, as well as Massey, and consequently he also is an adept in self sacrifice; and after a little reflection upon the matter (still in the train for Windermere) he sees his way to going one better than Massey, if one may say so. A clever story tells how Clive succeeded in restoring Alice to Massey, and how he sacrificed himself to carry out this purpose.

**THE INSIDE OF THE CUP.** By Winston Churchill. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Winston Churchill has taken a great step forward, one that will not only enhance his reputation and bring him a legion of fresh readers, but will add a deep feeling of attachment to the more purely intellectual admiration already excited by his historical novels. It is a remarkable step, a desertion of the drama of history for the drama of life itself. The epic of the creation of America is abandoned for the epic of the eternal warfare between self and selflessness. Instead of the birth of a nation, the birth of real manhood is here discussed. The main theme is the waning power of the Christian religion over human lives, and how by reconstruction, by new methods of presentation it might regain that power. The stage at first is filled with a group of selfish wealthy Americans. Some have frankly discarded religion, others, while professing great attachment to it, contradict their professions by their lives. They rule the church as they would a trust company, all the while keeping religion at arm's length. Into this only too representative gathering is introduced a young clergyman with high aspirations. He is not a Savonarola. There are "dark corners" to his past life, but a divine discontent spurs him on. He comes into contact with the daughter of the wealthiest, the most Pharisaical of the business men. She, too, has a divine discontent; in a natural reaction against a religion that produces such men as her father, she is something of an anarchist, a revolutionary. These two earnest, inquiring spirits gradually help each other on and upward to a new and more living faith, one with "the penetrability of the ether." On the whole, the book leaves an ineffaceable impression by its earnestness and its loftiness of conception; and the crown is set on the achievement by the beautiful portrait of the man who has climbed to the conception of a broader, more spiritual Christianity, and at the same time is entirely absorbed by its spirit, the old man, Mr. Bentley.

**THE MAN FROM NOWHERE.** By Victor Bridges. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Victor Bridges has written an amazingly good adventure story in "The Man from Nowhere." It is frankly sensational, and depends upon that well-known expedient, beloved of romancists from the days of Elizabeth to Charles Dickens, of two men happening to be exactly alike in appearance. But this is as much as Mr. Bridges borrows; the rest is all his own, and is as new and original

as the most jaded novel-reader could wish. From the very first chapter the story goes with a swing and a sparkle, and his ingenuity in inventing breathless situations is one of the author's most arresting qualities. The usual adventure story is lamentably deficient, not only in its character drawing, but in its dialogue. Mr. Bridges has neither of these faults. His characters are clear-cut and interesting, from the hero who tells the tale to Milford the butler, and their conversations are so natural and so well written that they give to the most unusual situations an atmosphere of actuality.

**THE MYSTERY OF DR. FU-MANCHU.** By Sax Rohmer. 6s. (Methuen.)

Dr. Fu-Manchu is a mysterious Chinese, possessed, apparently, of a knowledge of all the known and a great many unknown sciences, and sworn to the extermination of the entire white race. In fact, he is the Yellow Peril incarnate. He has established himself in London, and as a beginning he has set about the murder of everybody who knows too much about recent developments in China, and the kidnapping of eminent scientists and inventors, whom he ships to his native country in order that they may assist in the making of the coming Yellow Empire of the world. Mr. Nayland Smith and Dr. Petrie (who tells the story) are the only Westerners who really grasp the colossal nature of the menace embodied in Fu-Manchu. Their endeavours to thwart him, their failures and occasional successes, are well chronicled by Mr. Sax Rohmer. But the author does not seem to understand that a superfluity of violence is bound to pall on the reader, and that a succession of murders, woundings and desperate situations requires a more emphatic break than is supplied by the very mild love affair between Dr. Petrie and Karamanien, the slave of Fu-Manchu. Still, read in the right mood, "The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu" may prove quite as thrilling as the author clearly intended it to be.



Photo by J. Russell &amp; Sons.

Mr. Sax Rohmer.

# THE BOOKMAN TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION:

## RESULTS.

This Competition has proved even more popular than we had anticipated. Some two thousand entries have been received for it from all parts of the world, and if one half of the poems sent in fail to reach any high average, the average merit of the other half is very satisfactory. The humorous poems, though many, are on the whole less successful than are the verses sent in for the other two sections. If we confess the truth, two or three of the worst of the sonnets, written in most evident seriousness, are distinctly funnier than nearly all the intentionally humorous efforts. It has been no light task to read and adjudicate upon this large number of poems but everything has been most carefully considered. We print in this Supplement the poems to which the prizes have been awarded, with a selection from the others, and are pleased to say that not a few of the many we have had no space to do more than honourably mention are of equal merit with some of those we have printed. As the first prize had to be divided, we have slightly increased it, and it is a little chastening to our national vanity that both the winners are Americans.

### LYRICS

We have added a Guinea to this prize, and divide the sum of Six Guineas between Miss A. J. Burr, of Englewood, New Jersey, U.S.A., and Miss Constance Lindsay Skinner, of 438, West 116th Street, New York City, U.S.A., whose lyrics, widely different in kind, are the two best we have received.

#### HIS SONG FOR HIS WAKING.

'Tis dawn in the sky of the world,  
'Tis dawn in the sky of my heart,  
And earth is the bud of a rose  
Whose petals are trembling apart,  
So I come to your door in the dawn,  
And I breathe you my life in a word,  
You would smile, you would lean from your window, my queen,  
If you heard—if you heard.

The air is all throbbing with life,  
And I am a pulse of the flame,  
All breathless the universe beats  
Like a heart that is tuned to your name,  
As the stars in their courses last night  
Kept time to each breath that you drew  
But our passion is dumb—oh, my love, you would come  
If you knew—if you knew!

You would glow in the flush of the dawn  
You glitter so coldly above  
You would lean like a rose to his cry  
Who burns to the lips of your love  
You would raise him who faints at your feet  
To a height that his hope never dared  
You would warm the poor clod in your arms to a god,  
If you cared—if you cared.

AMRITA JOSEPHINE BURR

#### SONG OF CRADLE MAKING

(INDIAN)

Thou hast stirred!  
When I lifted thy little cradle,  
The little cradle I am making for thee,  
I felt thee!  
The face of the beach smiled,  
I heard the pine-trees singing,  
In the White Sea the Dawn-lagle dipped his wing.  
Oh never have I seen so much light  
Through thy father's doorway!  
(Wast thou pleased with thy little cradle?)

Last night I said "When the child comes,  
If it is a Son—  
I will trim his cradle with shells  
And proudly I will bear him in his rich cradle  
Past the doors of barren women  
All, all, shall see my little chief  
In his rich cradle!  
That was last night —  
Last night thou hadst not stirred!

Oh, I know not if thou be son—  
Strong Chief, Great Fisher, Law of-Woman,  
As thy father is  
Or only Sorrow-Woman, Patient Serving Hands,  
Like thy Mother  
I only know I love thee —  
Thou Little One under my heart!  
For thou *didst* move, and every part of me trembled.

I will trim thy cradle with many shells,  
And with cedar fringes  
Thou shalt have goose feathers on thy blanket!  
I will bear thee in my hands along the beach,  
Singing—as the sea sings,  
Because the little mouths of sand  
Are ever at her breast  
Oh Mother face of the Sea, how thou dost smile—  
And I have wondered at thy smiling!

Ah! Thy little feet—  
I felt them press me!  
Lightly, lightly  
I hear them coming  
Like little brown leaves running over the earth—  
Little running leaves, wind hastened,  
On the sudden Autumn trails!  
Earth loves the little running feet of leaves,  
(Thy little feet)

O Kantsamigala soe, Our Praised One,  
Let there be no more barren women!  
May thou bring no tears, my child  
When I bear thee in thy rich cradle  
By the chanting sea paths where the women labor  
(Thou hast stirred!)  
Oh! haste, haste, little feet  
Little brown feet lightly running  
Down the trail of the hundred days!

The wind is white with rocking bird cradles,  
Day is in the eyes of the Sea  
Ah! never have I seen so much light  
Through thy father's doorway

CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

NOTE — Kantsamigala soe — God that is, in His highest nature as the all encompassing, Supreme (or highest) praised One. The language is that of a British Columbian coast tribe (Kwa-kiutl).

The PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS is awarded to Mr E. C. Buckridge of 5 Holly Village Highgate N. for

#### THE OLD UNREST

Like lanterned ships on ebbing tides,  
The stars drift out at dawn,  
And over the hills the grey dawn rides,  
In splendour of veils half drawn  
And the old hushed longing stirs anew,  
The old faint mystery gleams,  
And the star road, the wind road  
Are calling in my dreams.

Here in the streets the lamps burn still,  
The mist clings, white and drawn,  
But my dreams are out on the windy hill,  
And the white roads of the dawn,  
Where the distance lures beyond, beyond,  
And the old Pan magic thrills  
In the sun-light, and the silence,  
And the wind among the hills

For the old unrest is still untold,  
That is old as the world's first breath,  
Old as the sea and the stars are old,  
Older than life and death,  
And now as the last wind-flower that stars  
The tangle of the glen—  
The dawn's breath, the Spring's breath,  
And the breath of dreams in men.

E. G. BUCKERIDGE.

Honourably mentioned :

LIGHT.

Sunshine might never be  
Joy undefiled,  
Till your love greeted me :  
Then Heaven smiled.

Sleep would not set me free  
Though morning broke,  
Till you looked down on me :  
Then I awoke.

Dark was the earth and sea,  
Lonely the night,  
Till you came forth to me :  
Then there was light.

(V. D. Goodwin, Lyndhurst, Gillingham, Kent.)

FATA MORGANA.

I.

Close down your hatches, O my heart ;  
Behold the sea begins  
To sweep the decks, the timbers start,  
The vessel reels and spins.

II.

Bombard us with your thunderblasts,  
Wild mistres, of the gale ;  
Though crack the cables, crash the masts,  
Thou shalt not make us quail !

III.

Ah, Fairy false, I've used thy chart ;  
Thou smilest when men drown.  
Close now your hatches, O my heart ;  
Undaunted we'll go down !

(Dog-Rose, 16, Winchester Road, Oxford.)

MY JEANIE.

In a' the songs that hae been sung,  
An' a' that may come after—  
Ye'll hear nae melodie mair sweet  
Than rings in Jeanie's laughter ;  
Aye, in her gentle laughter !

In a' the red gowd i' the world  
That's set the misers dreaming,  
Ye ne'er will find a glint sae rare  
As in her ringlets gleaming ;  
In her soft ringlets gleaming !

I'm wae to think how a' the lads  
Maun envy me my denty ;  
I've pu'd the rose : still i' the meads  
There's gowans fair an' plenty ;  
Nae doot there'll aye be plenty !

God fend you bonny gowden pow !  
An' tune her heart to laughter !  
An' I'll be feal to you, my ain,  
Thro' a' this life an' after ;  
Please God, thro' life—an' after !

(A. L. Beatrice Sweet, 9, Shinryudo Chs. Azabu, Tokyo.)

MY APRIL LADY.

When all the sky is black with cloud  
And gone the day so fair,  
I find the sun has left his rays  
To glisten in her hair.

And when again the shower is past  
And radiant are the skies,  
I find the shining after rain  
Reflected in her eyes.

(May Jenkinson, 122, Palace Road, Tulse Hill, S.W.)

NOCTURNE.

Dusk on the lake, as when I met you there  
In that immortal summer long ago.  
Have you forgotten that we found it fair ?

Dusk on the lake—Ah, Love, how young we were !  
Hand within hand, your head held sidewise—so ;  
Dusk in your eyes and twilight in your hair.

Dusk on the lake, and I alone to care  
Seeing you come not through the afterglow.  
Must all things be forgot that once were fair !

(Walter Adolf Roberts, 227, Waverley Place, N.Y., U.S.A.)

IF I HAD KNOWN.

If I had known that One my heart loved best  
Could stab and hurt me more than words can tell  
And leave me lonely, with my love confest,  
If I had known—I had not loved so well !

If I had known that vows were idle air,  
That smiling eyes could look with cold disdain  
On what they once deemed dearest and most fair,  
If I had known—I still might love again !

But there are dreams that grow and fade like flowers,  
For these I live, and toil, and make no moan,  
The Past is mine, and those dear, vanished hours  
Had never been, O Love—if I had known !

(Hilda Newman, 18, Pitt Street, Kensington, W.)

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

I know how she has grown :  
The fields have taken her for their own,  
And the sweet open air of heaven ;  
The new-ploughed earth is of her blood a part,  
The rising lark in Spring is in her heart,  
And in her spirit are sunset lands at even.

All things that have no soul  
Of far dim cities, struggle and toil  
That are nigh overcome with too much pain,  
All perfect tranquil things that lend release  
Unto the clouded soul and yield it peace,  
Those have conjoined unto her being's gain.

Those groups of silent trees,  
Fields of soft grass where quiet sheep take ease,  
And those blue hills beneath the sunset glow,  
The watching kine that in yon river pool  
Stand dripping to the flank with waters cool,  
These with her blood commingled long ago.

Yet tho' she is made one  
With natural things washed by the rain and sun,  
She is not alien to the world of men,  
The happy fields, ah, she is still their own,  
But that new tenderness, that graver tone,  
These sprang from worlds of pain beyond their ken.

Those eyes of lucent grey,  
Are lovelier than an Autumn day,  
Clear as those stainless, starlit, southern skies,  
Yet they hold too all wealth of womanhood  
And pity of men that will not follow good,  
And in their depths a touch of sorrow lies.

Those tender lips divine  
Are crimson-stained with earth's richest wine  
Crushed from the dewy fields, the ripening grain,  
Yet they are sacred with all passion sweet,  
Passion and tenderness within them meet,  
And they are fashioned strong enough for pain.

Ah, heart divinely glad,  
The world to thee cannot be wholly sad  
Who hast within thee nature's own ground-tone,  
The blitheness of blown grasses late in Spring,  
Skylarks that o'er the young fields raptly sing,  
And trees that all their tenderest green have shown.

Ah, spirit placid-still,  
This earth's too restless sorrow never will  
Wholly withdraw from thee thy steadfast powers,  
Who hast breathed deep the peace of growing things,  
Even so hast learned the lesson nature brings  
That thou hast touched the spirit of wild flowers.

(Philosophos, Christchurch, Canterbury, New Zealand.)

SNOWDROPS.

You sent me snow-drops, dear, the when  
Your love grew cold.  
Three little words: three little tears, so white  
So cold and yet so kind: I knowing then,  
Went to a misty land, and there grew old.

In winter time I come again, and lo—  
Snowdrops, a little choir above thy head,  
Sing me thy love returned, that I may know  
Thou waitest for me with the Blessed Dead.

(Alex. Zealley, 11, Guilford Street, London, W.C.)

APOLOGY.

What if another made my Song,  
And what if another tuned my Lyre?  
Must I fetter my feeble tongue  
And faint in the clasp of a dumb desire?

What though my voice may be harsh and weak—  
It may yet ring true on a single tone,  
May sound some note of the truth I seek  
In the words of a Song that is not my own.

What though my hands on the trembling strings,  
Unskilled and coarse, are a grief to me?  
Sometimes a thrill of rapture rings  
In the chords of a borrowed Harmony.

Poet of Might, I have sung your Song,  
Laurel-crowned Bard, I have swept your Lyre.  
Pardon, I pray you, my seeming wrong,  
For the sake of Small Wit and a Great Desire.

(Archibald J. A. Wilson, Canigon, Oakhurst Avenue,  
Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa.)

LYRIC.

The little cares of house and home  
Weighed heavy as I trod the street,  
Then broke the bells of Evensong  
Upon my heart in cadence sweet.

And lo! beyond the burdened trees,  
Beyond the dim and fading lands,  
Hung, shining, like a perfect pearl,  
The House that is not made with hands.

(Ethel Ashton Edwards, 15, Brookside, Cambridge.)

SITTING ON A GATE.

Sitting on a gate in the fields that met the morning,  
Watching for the cows that would pass me in the lane;  
Half-an-hour to breakfast—the bell would give me warning,  
Time, first, to peep at Aladdin's lamp again!  
Chickens fed and pigs fed (and I had helped the feeding),  
One quick run through the daisies and the dew  
Brought me to the gate, with a fairy-tale for reading:  
Thus, in life's dawn, the merry morning flew.

Sitting on a gate in the lane they called the Lovers',  
Throned, king and queen, 'twixt the roses and the may,  
Guarded from the road by the friendly beech-wood covers,  
Talked we, and laughed we, the light-foot hours away.  
Wreathing hat and hair with the wayside roses,  
Life itself a rose that had never seen the rue,  
Sharing together our poets and our posies—  
Thus, in love's dawn, the happy morning grew.

Sitting on a gate in the valley that is darker,  
Darker and deeper, than any vale of earth,  
Sight fails and heart fails; limbs colder grow and starker,  
Yet the gate will open on lands of morning mirth.  
Waiting for the joy of the rosy dawn departed,  
Waiting for the love that the fuller morning knew,  
Glad, not sad, for the grey is golden-hearted—  
Thus, in Death's dawn, the morn makes all things new.

(Diana Royds, Heather Cottage, Winton, Bournemouth.)

THE CHATELAN.

I have built one, so have you;  
Paved with marble, domed with blue,  
Battlement and ladies' bower,  
Donjon keep and watchman's tower.

I have climbed as you have done,  
To the tower at set of sun—  
Crying from its parlous height,  
"Watchman, tell us of the night."

I have stolen at midnight bell,  
Like you, to the secret cell,  
Shuddering at its charnel breath—  
Left lockfast the spectre, Death.

I have used your lure to call  
Choice guests to my golden hall:  
Rarely welcome, rarely free  
To my hospitality.

In a glow of rosy light  
Hours, like minutes, take their flight—  
As from you they fled away,  
When, like you, I bade them stay.

Ah, the pretty flow of wit,  
And the good hearts under it;  
While the wheels of life go round  
With a most melodious sound.

Not a vestige anywhere  
Of our grim familiar, Care—  
Roses! from the trees of yore  
Blooming by the rivers four.

Not a jar, and not a fret;  
Ecstasy and longing met.  
But why should I thus define—  
Is not your chateau like mine?

Scarcely were it strange to meet  
In that magic realm so sweet.  
So! I'll take this dreamland train  
Bound for my chateau in Spain.

(Rosslyn, Grafton Book-Room, Khyber Pass.)

FAIRIES.

I can hear the fairies calling from the meadows far away,  
Where the daffodils are gleaming through a veil of misty grey;  
In the magic of the morning, where the joyous sea-winds blow  
Over mountain-tops with golden gorse a-glow!

I can hear the fairies calling from the king-cups all a-sheen  
Through a mist of white spray falling down a glen of flickering  
green,  
Where a blue-bell-carpet covers all the ground beneath their feet,  
And the black-birds call a greeting loud and sweet.

Fairies, if I heed your calling, if I take your out-stretched hands  
Will you lead me through the sunrise to your mystic, golden  
lands?  
"If your heart is as a child's heart, you shall cross the sunrise  
bar  
And the ocean that is lighted by a star.

"Your shall see our land of gladness—hills all green and gold  
and grey,  
You shall wander in the blue-bell glen beside the tossing spray!"  
So I go to meet the fairies, childhood's joys once more to find,  
With the world and care and trouble left behind!

(Mona Douglas (aged 14), 37, Bentinck Street, Birken-  
head, Cheshire.)

GARDEN AND MEADOW.

I know a garden where summer breezes blow,  
Where the shadows linger idle all the day,  
You may hear the golden laughter of the sunbeams come and  
go.

'Noath the honeysuckle hedges and the may,  
Where the roses love to cluster, and the bold nasturtium dwells  
You may hear the fairy music of the Canterbury bells.

I know a daisy-field open to the sky—  
Little birds a-swinging on the meadow-sweet—  
You may rest and none shall find you where the grasses grow  
so high,  
And clover-blossoms kiss your weary feet.  
While o'er the hedge dividing float the garden sounds and smells  
And the fragrant little tinkle of the Canterbury bells.



# Supplement to THE BOOKMAN.

August 1913.

I know a daisy-field just at set of sun,—  
 Could the very fields of Eden be more fair?—  
 O to lie among the grasses when the day is nearly done  
 And the meadow's hushed in radiance!—how I love to linger  
 there,  
 Where clover-blossoms and daisies grow in tiny hills and dells,  
 And listen to the tinkle of the Canterbury bells.

(Beatrice St. Leger, George, Cape Province, S. Africa.)

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# SONNET ON SOME FAMOUS ENGLISHMAN.

The PRIZE OF FIVE GUINEAS is awarded to Mr. E. J. Martin, of 43, Church Hill, Penistone, Sheffield, for :

ROBERT GREENE, 1560 1592.

Faster the pots went round with sorry crack  
The ribald laugh broke like a stick too dry :  
And wenches unashamed and jauntily  
For wanton gibe gave wanton answer back  
One bullying voice boomed over all the wrack  
From where red-bearded, bold of chin and eye,  
Sprawled Hector of the pot house, in that sty  
Lord of the lousy trull and coggng jack.

Till suddenly, incongruous as a prayer,  
Said one, "A madrigal, Roberto Greene!"  
And in a hush hell's orchestra was spent :  
Faded then cut-throat, bully, knave and quean,  
And floated down a lane a country air—  
"Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content."

E. J. MARTIN.

The PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS is awarded to Mr. George M. Capper, of Manchester Buildings, Melinda Street, Toronto, Canada, for :

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Like that old prophet who in vision stood  
Rapt, in the silent valley of the dead  
Around him, as in charnel house, lay spread,  
The dry bones of a nameless multitude,  
Then spake a voice unto that Seer good,  
Prophecy life. And lo, he prophesied.  
Then bone to bone and flesh to flesh were wed,  
And a vast army rose with life endued.

Thou wert no less a seer whose wizard pen  
Uttered in thought, the resurrection word ;  
And straightway from the heather and the fen,  
The noise as of a coming host was heard,  
And an immortal brood of maids and men,  
Stood upright, by thy breath of magic stirr'd.

GEORGE M. CAPPER

Honourably mentioned :

HENRY FAWCETT

(" Sans peur et sans reproche ")

A mossy stone above the daisied mould  
Beside a village church ! Is this the last  
Now left us ? Nay, his memory doth hold  
Our hearts in iron bonds forged strong and fast,

Chains in the white-hot mould of suffering cast :—  
Like the blind singer's voice in days of old,  
That echoes from the shadows of the past,  
Piercing the gloom with notes of liquid gold.  
What was the charm that won him every heart ?  
A heart itself made strong to conquer fate :  
A life whose own lost joy did but impart  
Fresh zeal to serve his people and the state :  
A soul in earthly darkness set apart  
To catch the dawning beams from Heaven's gate.

(B. M. Skeat, Ph.D., Baliol School, Sedbergh, Yorkshire.)

SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare the MAN, was like most other men :  
Frail as his neighbours and as prone to sin,  
Wasting the product of his peerless pen  
False fleeting love and worldly wealth to win.  
Shakespeare the POET of the master mind,  
Who touched dead lore and made it live anew,  
World's wit and wisdom in one tome confined,  
And mortals with immortal stylus drew :  
He cannot die the whilst his labours last,  
But lives for ages in his deathless rhyme,  
Growing in glory till all things are past,  
And Death has paid its latest toll to Time :  
Till Time, like to a withered leaf, shall die  
In the dense forest of Eternity.

(John H. Ingram, 1, Hollingbury Terrace, Brighton.)

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Sad critic Poet ! Love is not for thee ;  
Thy spirit's flame in mist is hid too deep,  
Mist of the heights thy questing feet still keep  
While we are faint for warm humanity,  
And the rich failing of an ecstasy.  
No wilder beauty makes out senses leap  
Than that of moonlight on the roofs asleep,  
Silver and sable, pearl and ivory,  
Wrappings for sadness Stay, we would demand  
Did thy high purpose never need the hand  
Of common loves to leaven and sustain ?  
Shamed of our stupid homage we refrain,  
Lest you should sift its meaning with a sigh,  
Probe, analyse, and, smiling slow, pass by.

(Edith Furniss, 22, Bentley Road, Birkenhead.)

SHAKESPEARE.

The light of one that lit his lustrous age  
With brief bright splendour, sank ere yet the day  
Caught half the glow of its triumphal ray,  
Or gave to time song's perfect heritage,  
And hope fell stricken, hope that should assuage  
Grief, when within the tragic arms of May  
Her golden melodist in silence lay  
When Marlowe's light died from the English stage.  
But up the clouded darkness men saw climb  
The quivering splendour of a dawn supreme,  
A sovereign glow that lit the face of time  
With light as bright as man's most radiant dream  
Conceived of Godhead, such a light sublime  
As death should slay not, nor time's self unbeam

(J. B. O'Hara, South Melbourne College, Australia.)

TO FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Thou camest from afar to this dim sphere,  
Rapt singer whose celestial lyre was strung  
With far-resounding strings that ever rung  
In tune with beauty, love, and truth austere.  
For those angelic strains thou once didst hear  
In groves of Paradise so sweetly sung,  
Thou wouldst impart to us, with mortal tongue  
Singing immortal songs to mortal ear  
Vexed was thine earthly pilgrimage, thy feet  
Stumbled in thorny paths, yet joy was thine,  
Thy spirit soared on pinions strong and fleet.  
Oh ! Fame exalts thee, Time for thee shall twine  
Undying laurels, poets thrill to greet  
Thy Phoenix-soul consumed by fire divine

(Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier, 10, Hamilton Park Terrace, Glasgow)

STEVENSON.

High on the lonely mountain top he lies,  
Amid the verdure of an alien land;  
Below his grave the warm Pacific strand  
Outstretches to the hue of tropic skies;  
And round these seas of old romance there plies  
A fleet of craft by his wide fancy manned  
With pirates bold, and treasure-seeking band,  
And mutineers with wild and murd'rous cries.  
From Scottish coast and reef-girt isle they sail,  
To linger by this far Samoan shore,  
Where lies the teller of the wild sea-tale,  
Who plans their long, strange journeyings no more.  
Child-heart, wise brain, spirit unquenched and gay—  
Surely some fettered Ariel passed this way!

(Lilla Gormhuille McKay, Sarawai Street, Parnell,  
Auckland, New Zealand.)

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

NOVELIST AND LETTER-WRITER.

All ye who seek no high experience  
Of gay Romance more richly deck'd than life,  
Who love the good, the pure, haters of strife  
And such as cherish the soul's excellence,  
To Richardson may turn with confidence,  
Savour the essence of his pages, rife  
With happiness of husband, child and wife  
And Life's small pleasures writ with eloquence.

From Fleet Street's busy hive he looked and saw  
Gay libertines and ladies of degree,  
And simple rustics daz'd by London town;  
Then said the honest printer, "I will draw  
True portraits that all ye who read may see  
A mirror held to noble, gentle, clown."

(R. B. Ince, Jarvis Brook, Sussex.)

THOMAS HOOD.

Renown awoke upon his dexterous game  
Of kindling mirth from words together thrown;  
Nor had he by that gay pursuit alone  
From Life's grim lips unworthily won fame.  
But deeper far and loftier was his claim  
Upon the world the world that having known  
His wit, is yet scarce reconciled to own  
The poet's title in the jester's name

Dauntless as frail, through bitter faring sweet,  
He challenged woe with laughter; in his heart  
Fortitude's hold was charity's retreat,  
And fancy lent his mind her gossamer wing;  
And through his soul, that song drew not apart,  
The harmony of himself rose triumphing

(J. Cartwright Frith, Charlton, King's Norton.)

DARWIN.

In humble guise Truth keeps, as oft, her state,  
As in the starry heights Yet a great mind  
May quail before that judge, and willing find  
More easy ways. Oh, Ignorance and Hate  
Ye spared not Galileo old and blind!  
For Socrates, whose soul ye could not bind,  
The poisoned cup! When Truth and Freedom mate  
All things created join their triumph fate!  
Truth stood amidst us crying "If ye fail  
The very stones will speak!" And, lo, they spoke  
As did all living things. Oh, God we hail  
Thy Truth! We hail Thy servants! Such men broke  
Fix'd falsity. How great, yet childlike each—  
Bold leaders straining for the light they reach!

(Margaret Dunn (S. Africa), 8, Melrose Gardens, Hammer-  
smith.)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Thine was a heart so delicately true  
To what thou lovedst, that thou couldst not twine  
Ear-flattering phrase, and fancy seeming new  
Round simple things whose meaning was Divine—  
Thus from thy soul, O Prophet, breathed the song  
Of happy Nature; birds whose melodies  
Rang in thy heart; the leaves, that whispering throng  
Of forest-children; and the surging breeze;

And skyward-smiling flowers. Here, indeed,  
Thou hadst a heritage of beauty blest  
By a most fervent soul, which loved to read  
God in the world, and all things at their best.  
To weave a halo round a flower's face,  
And clothe a daisy with an angel's grace.

(Christine D. Smith, 10, Bond Street, Wakefield, Yorks.)

CAPTAIN SCOTT.

Now, while our eyes are wet with recent tears  
Pride thrills our hearts, beholding a new name  
In shining letters on the scroll of fame—  
Our land's last hero—peer among his peers.  
Steadfast of purpose, strong in face of fears  
To that drear, desolate, ice-bound land he came  
A hard-won, dear-bought victory to claim  
Over the hidden secrets of the years.  
Too great the price! we cry; but who can judge!  
In God's great purposes there is no waste;  
Immortal fame by death must oft be won;  
What he gave freely England dare not grudge  
By death his name's in deathless mem'ry placed  
And to his work a nation cries "Well done!"

(A. Walton, 22, Market Street, Gainsborough.)

CARLYLE.

Grey, rugged seer, none comes as yet to claim  
Thy mantle—deemed by one a thought too worn,  
Too sombre by another; nay, 't is torn  
By mountain vigils, scorched by leaping flame  
Of fierce endeavour In thy very name  
Clangs tumult and a call to arms Behold,  
We sleep . . . Come thou and wake us! As of old  
Yearn over us, denounce, command, reclaim!  
Intolerant lover of thy fellow-men,  
Shall any other hand have power to free  
Such cleansing winds of anger? And thy smile—  
Where shall that sudden splendour burn again  
As conquering sunrise on a stormy sea,  
Kindling deep, weary eyes like thine, Carlyle?

(Grace Hodsdon Boutelle, Unity House, Corner 3rd  
Street and 17th Avenue, N. Minneapolis, Minnesota.)

BYRON.

"To our children he will be but a name to us he is still a man,  
young, noble, and unhappy."  
Macaulay.

A name, no more? While storms uproot the tree,  
While a man's arm or woman's heart be strong,  
While there is wine or anger or the sea,  
This master-singer shall outlast his song.  
He flashed a torch in the sunken face of Rome,  
O'er gleaming Venice, and she shone more bright—  
Jetsam he was, a clot of bitter foam.  
He laughed above the coffin of Delight.  
Stainless his name should be who is but a name:  
This man had frailties, lapses, vices. Yes—  
Critic, out scalpel! cut to the quick of shame,  
Gloat or gloss over, sift his sins and guess.  
A rake who turned fool-errand at the end!  
It is a young man dead Deal kindly, friend.

(Mrs. E. M. Mott, Berth, Ruthin, North Wales.)

SHELLEY.

Imperial singer, minister of light!  
Far reaching as the measureless dome of sky,  
Pure as the tenderness of love's first sigh,  
Crowned with a nation's worship and the might  
Of endless sympathy, upon a height  
Where envy withers and false idols die;  
Praise halts, unnerved in wonder to decry  
Thy winged message in its radiant flight!

The struggle of humanity was thine,  
Its dreams and aspirations sad with age,  
And placid suffering heard thy trumpet call!  
And in the alchemy of hues divine  
Thy magic traced them on life's blotted page,  
To vivify and glorify them all.

(Isidore G. Ascher, 7, Bullingham Mansions, Kensington.)

THE BROWNING LOVE LETTERS.

HE TO HER.

And this is fame! that after we are gone  
Before the books that either of us wrote  
These should be prized; each tender, loving note  
The world would seek to snatch and gaze upon.  
And some men say that I had better done  
To burn them all, lest anyone should gloat  
O'er sacred things, and talk of them, and quote.  
I kept them; I destroyed not even one.  
But you, dear, you—you know and understand  
I wanted them until my latest breath.  
We'll let them squabble, pry, or disapprove,  
For there is something yet they have not, and  
They cannot have; we two have passed through Death;  
Oh! they may keep the letters; we have Love.

(May Jenkinson, 122, Palace Road, Tulse Hill.)

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Dreamer of dreams—pilgrim to fairy shore,  
Round which the tides of ancient story moan  
Of nations risen, kingdoms overthrown:  
Where breezes whisper secrets of deep lore,  
And souls of unsung poets, dead before  
This world had birth, into men's brains instil  
The charm that melts the heart and moulds the will,  
And stamps fame's obverse on the evermore

Doer of deeds—we still behold thy blade  
Flash from its sheath, hear still the sea-dogs' song  
As thy ship westward furrows through the main,  
Still see thee kneeling for the accolade  
At thy Queen's hand, or, mid sad shamefaced throng,  
For thy red martyr's crown at hest of Spain.

(Stevens Benyon, Belsize, Baldslow Road, Hastings.)

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### HUMOROUS POEM.

The PRIZE OF FIVE GUINEAS is awarded to Mr. A. S. Barnard, of 8, Victoria Terrace, Walsall, for :

#### THE PANEL DOCTOR 1913

For a score of years he had to sit and wait  
And he wondered if he'd ever earn a fee,  
While he listened for the stranger at the gate,  
And he practised spelling patients with a "c."

But the lean and hungry days are gone and past,  
And he's yearning now for just a little peace  
From the patients who are coming in so fast  
That the sounds of bell and knocker never cease.

If he ever of the theatre should dream,  
Or should plan to take his daughter to a ball,  
Or a quiet little supper-party scheme,  
The telephone goes B-r-r-r and spoils it all.

At bridge he leaves his partner in the lurch  
When the chances are she'll trump his only ace;  
They'll even come and drag him out of Church  
While he's hunting through the Hymn-book for his place.

He seldom sees his wife except at meals  
When it's ten to one he gets an urgent call,  
And the motor-car's a-dancing on its wheels  
While he's gulping down his coffee in the hall.

Little wonder that he lets his fancy stray  
To the time when he shall cease to run about,  
And shall only spend an hour, twice a day,  
As the one-and-only Specialist on Gout.

A. S. BARNARD.

The PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS is awarded to Mr. Philip A. Fowler, of 1, Leigh Road, Clifton, Bristol, for

#### THE SILVER LINING.

Radiant silver, the poets have said, lines  
Every cloud; I am bound to admit  
That when I read in the blackest of headlines,  
"Tar in a Pillar-Box," I am not hit;  
I am not tempted to write to the papers  
Urging the lash for these feminine capers;  
No, not a bit.

We should do better to stifle the brute in us  
When an infuriate Suffragette spills  
Bottles of blacking or some other glutinous  
Mess in those boxes that bristle with ills  
Worse than the murrain that plagued the Egyptians:  
Think of the letters that tout for subscriptions!  
Think of the bills!

Circulars, pressing demands from our creditors;  
Are they not daily disturbing our ease?  
Think of the weary, unfortunate editors  
Deluged with verses as dreadful as these!  
Think what a gorgeous excuse lies before us  
Now, for not answering letters that bore us!  
Think, if you please!

Ladies who clamour and fight for the suffrage,  
Though you are acting the giddiest goat,  
I will not yield to the promptings of rough rage;  
If you believe it will win you the vote  
You have the fullest permission to tarnish  
My correspondence with oceans of varnish,  
I shall but gloat!

PHILIP A. FOWLER.

Honourably mentioned:

#### RUBAIYAT OF TOPPAR FUZIAM.

Awake! for Morning ushers in the Day  
Fixed for the Medal of the Month of May:  
Sure this first Summer Month that brings the Rose  
Shall take my Limit Handicap away.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky  
I heard the Voices in the Clubroom cry  
"Health to the Winner of the Medal Round!"  
The Winner of the Medal Round was I.

Myself when young right regularly came  
To hear the Talk of Champions of the Game  
About it and about; but evermore  
My bloated Handicap remained the same.

Like them I take my Stance, and swing my Full,  
And drive with all the Fury of a Bull;  
And this is all the Harvest that I reap—  
I slice like Blazes, and like Blazes pull.

The Ball no Question makes of all my Cares,  
But Right or Left as strikes its Fancy fares,  
And He that drove it forth upon the Links,  
He stands and swears at it—He swears—He SWEARS.

How oft, how oft, in infinite surprise  
I watch my Ball as out of Bounds it flies!  
How painfully I reach the Green of Home  
Sans Card, sans Balls, sans Temper, and—sans Prize.

But sure this Day of Days shall end my Shame,  
For in my Dream I played a faultless Game;  
Beating the Colonel at This Hole and That  
I earned myself much Honour and much Fame.

Belovéd, fill the Coffee-Cup that clears  
TO-DAY of past Defeats and future Fears—  
To-morrow?—Why, my Handicap may be  
The Single Figure coveted for Years.

The Dream-fed Hope I set my Heart upon  
Is turned to Dust and Ashes—and anon,  
Like blowing Sand upon the Bunker's Face  
Filling a little Eye or two, is gone.

Alas! that Dreams should play such scurvy Tricks!  
That Lies with Night's sweet Manuscript should mix!  
My Handicap will still be Twenty-Four;  
The Total on my Card is One One Six.

(Carp, View Street, Cottesloe, Western Australia)

#### THE CAILLEACH O' CULZEAN.

Jamie cam' roun' wi' his Amati fiddle,  
And played a new spring on the auld clachan green,  
When, houp, wi' a loup, and her hands at her middle,  
Cam' dancing the Cailleach o' bonnie Culzean  
She pranced and she curtsied, she faced to the playing,  
She hooched, and she flang like a soople young lass  
And faster and sweeter the music kept saying  
"Come, bonnie young kimmer, and dance on the grass"

"Hold to it, Nancy!" cried Donald the gamie,  
"Keep at it, Luckie!" laughed Sandy the wright;  
And ails sae bewitching and lo'esome played Jamie,  
That auld Nancy swatted and stepped it fu' light  
Sae brawly she tripped it for sic an auld body,  
She sprang like a lamb on her creaky auld taes;  
Her gleg, gaucy face was as leesome and ruddy  
As ony young hizzie's abroad on the braes

The fiddle sang on like the rippling o' waters,  
It whistled like blackies a-praising the dawn,  
It spoke o' the beauty o' Scotland's fair daughters,  
And Nancy, fu' canty, danced merrily on  
Hooch! at the turning, a clap at the steeping,  
A word at the changin' o' tune and the time,  
Then aff wi' a laugh the auld Cailleach went happing,  
And said she was soopler than maist at their prime

(William Hutcheson, 6, Dudley Drive, Hyndland,  
Glasgow)

#### THE LAST MATCH: A TRAGEDY OF ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

An orphan! Well, I think I guessed as much!  
I knew that I was "almost on the rocks,"  
When sudden panic seized me in its clutch  
And made me shake the box!

I heard your rattle—music in my ears!—  
Then all at once the world around me sped!  
Supposing—but what matter my mad fears,  
If you but keep your head!

For this is "miles from anywhere," I vouch:  
This moorland scene which stretches to the blue,  
And all I have for solace is a pouch,  
A seasoned pipe and—you!

I know not how you're made—to what stout tree  
Your body owes its birth, nor why a scratch  
Should cause you to ignite; enough for me,  
My ewe-lamb, you're a match!

And one I fondly hope that has no truck  
With a prevailing fashion I dislike  
I dare not count the issue if you struck  
And so refused to strike!

Perish the thought!—You're made of sterner stuff!  
(The saints be thanked you were not born a Swiss!)  
You're not the kind to go off "in a huff,"  
Or give a "safety" miss!

Within my last year's Hornburg I shall nurse  
Your frail but eager glimmer into flame;  
But oh! the fearful curses I shall curse  
If you don't play the game!

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## Supplement to THE BOOKMAN.

August 1913.

Therefore I trust you'll prove a "matchless" friend;  
Light-headed as you please, but sound of skull!  
Meanwhile, I'm praying that the fates may send  
The psychologic lull. . . .

The Gods are kind!—the wind—that errant foe!—  
Has for the moment sought a change of clime.  
My pipe's between my teeth; my Homburg, so!  
And quick! now. . . . NOW'S the time!

'Tis over! There you lie, inert and charred!  
A match that died before its time was ripe!  
Not you to blame, but this forgetful bard  
Who had not filled his pipe!

(Cyril G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

### THE ESSENTIAL REQUIREMENT.

My wife (we are strangers as yet!)  
Will be simply distractingly pretty,  
With soft eyes of blue, a dimple or two,  
And a tongue not unpleasantly witty;  
She will be a most charming brunette,  
With a nose just a trifle retroussé—  
Not much, but a hint (I tone it for print!)  
That she doesn't care tuppence what you say.

Her figure will be very chic—  
A slim adaptation of Juno;  
Her musical taste will be cheerful but chaste,  
Embracing Paul Rubens and Gounod.  
Possessed of a perfect physique,  
She won't spend a fortune on clothing,  
But if with herself she brings me some pelf . . .  
I shan't view the lucre with loathing.

She'll applaud with approval complete  
My verses when'er I declaim them—  
Most people refuse to be bored by my muse,  
And, somehow, I never could blame them!  
Of course she will think I am SWEET!—  
(On the whole not a difficult matter!)  
She'll nurse me, and cherish, and see I don't perish,  
And coax me, and pet me, and flatter.

But one thing must be very clear  
Ere I marry this mythical Crichton—  
If this she will do we'll rush the thing through,  
And go honeymooning at Brighton;  
It will prove that her love is sincere,  
After all words are little or no test—  
We'll clinch the affair if she'll solemnly swear  
To clean out my pipes without protest!

(E. L. Roberts, Kenwood Bank, Sheffield.)

### WITH APOLOGIES TO ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

You are old Father Bookman, the reader once cried,  
And your fame is established quite.  
And yet you incessantly tax our poor minds,  
Do you think at your age it is right?

In my youth said the Bookman, with not the least sneer,  
I feared it might injure your brain,  
But now that I'm perfectly sure you have none,  
Why I do it again and again.

You are old Father B. as I mentioned before,  
And have offered some cheques really fat!  
Indeed, I've tried hard, but I've not got one yet,  
Pray what is the reason of that?

In my youth, again smiling, the Bookman replied,  
All the prizes were specs at the most.  
Though I've heard people say that they *must* "take me in,"  
Yet I don't seem to mind their proud boast!

You are old Father B, as I've said more than once,  
Your connection you never can sever,  
And your pages are full of most excellent stuff,  
What made you so awfully clever?

"I have answered three questions and that is enough"  
Said the Bookman, "You're not at all nice:  
I know you look forward to every new month  
Be off, or I'll put up my price!"

(Hilda M. Barrow, All Saints' Rectory, Hastings.)

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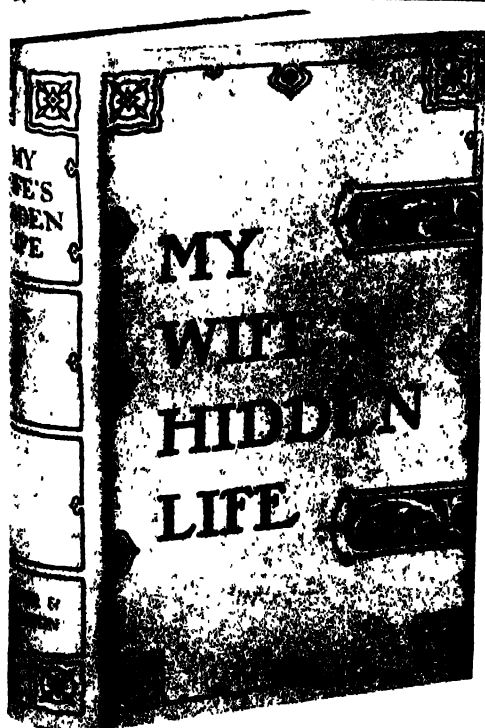
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Corners in English Lakeland  
—In Praise of Winchester—  
An Irish Gentleman 278-280

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS .. 280

## NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.*

*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.*

## News Notes.

The October BOOKMAN, our Autumn Double Number, will be also a Borrow Number, and in addition to many other articles and reviews will contain a special and fully illustrated article on Borrow by Thomas Seccombe, and the conclusion of our article on George Bernard Shaw, by Dixon Scott.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, "Androcles and the Lion," is produced by Mr. Granville Barker at the St. James's Theatre to-day—September 1st. The scene is laid in ancient

Rome, and the scenery and costumes have been designed by Mr. Albert Rothenstein. The costumes are by no means those of the traditional Roman of the stage; no togas are worn, and we hear rumours of ancient Romans in trousers, which is no mere attempt at originality, but is, as Mr. Rothenstein says, "realistic and archæologically correct." He has made a careful study of the period of the play, and finds that togas had then already gone out, and "my frequent use of trouserings instead of bare

legs is answerable by the statement that already at that period trousers had come into fashion."

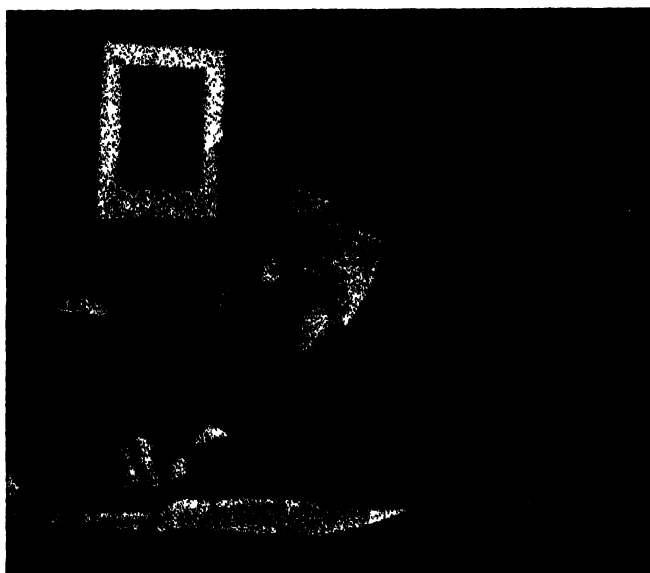


Photo by Daily Mirror.

G. Bernard Shaw.

In connection with our Bernard Shaw illustrations, we are greatly indebted to the kindness of Lieut.-Colonel Charles a'Court Repington, Mrs. F. M. Cornford, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Will Rothenstein, Mr. Will Dyson, and Mr. Joseph Simpson for the loan of drawings

and permission to reproduce them. For similar permissions our thanks are due to the proprietors of *The Tatler*, *T. P.'s Weekly*, *M.A.B.*, and *The Daily Herald*. Mr. D. J. Rider, the well-known bookseller of 36, St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross Road, has also been kind enough to lend us several prints, and one of our caricatures is reproduced, with his and the artist's permission, from "Three Living Lions," by Joseph Simpson—the other two lions in the book being G. K. Chesterton and H. G. Wells. Only a limited edition of this book was issued, at 7s. 6d. per volume. Mr. Rider has also a few remainder copies (at the reduced price of 12s. 6d.) of Professor Archibald Henderson's "Life of George Bernard Shaw," which was published by Messrs Hurst & Blackett.

"The Eighth Year," the new problem-novel by Mr. Philip Gibbs that Messrs. Williams & Norgate have published, was originally written as a three-act play, and will probably be produced this autumn at one of the repertory theatres. Some of the facts Mr. Gibbs uses in the argument to the book were provided by Mr. de Montmorency, who acted as Secretary to the Royal Commission on Divorce, whose conclusions went to confirm the dictum of Sir Francis Jeune that it is usually the eighth year of married life which produces the acutest nervous stress and strain.

Another book by Mr. Philip Gibbs is to be pub-



Photo by Walter Brunsdon,  
14, Conduit Street, W.

**Mr. Haldane Macfall,**

A new edition of whose novel, "The Woolens of Jezebel Pettyfer," has been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.



Photo by G. Vandyk.

**Mr. Philip Gibbs,**

whose new book, "The Eighth Year" (Williams & Norgate),  
is reviewed on page 273.

lished next month by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons—a book which, under the title of "The New Man," analyses some of the problems of modern life, and shows that in the last twenty-five years, during which essayists, novelists and dramatists have been dissecting the "new woman," man also has been subject to extraordinary evolution, and a new type has been produced in this country, with ideals, philosophy and mental make-up quite different from those of his father and forefathers. In analysing him, Mr. Gibbs reveals many of the hidden forces and tendencies in modern social life, and shows that, naturally, the "new woman" has had a good deal to do with the fashioning of the "new man."

Yet a third book by Mr. Philip Gibbs to be published this year is a long novel, "A Master of Life," which Messrs. Cassell will issue in the autumn. A somewhat condensed version of the story is at present running serially in the *British Review*.

"The Spanish Marriage," by Miss Helen Mary Keynes, which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have just published, is a remarkable first novel. It is a seventeenth-century romance woven round Buckingham and Charles's dash to Spain after the Spanish Infanta; a number of famous historical personages figure in it, and it keeps as near to fact as any imaginative work ought to. The author is only

nineteen years of age, and if she fulfils the promise of this story, should go far.

Miss Leslie Moore, author of "Aunt Olive in Bohemia," etc., has nearly completed a new novel, which Messrs. Alston Rivers will publish in the autumn.

In the spring of this year Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton found themselves in a difficulty. Their 1912 Novel Competition had left them with two highly satisfactory prize-winners, and with four other manuscripts upon which the general opinion seemed to be that all were good, while the order of merit in which they were placed differed with the

taste of each individual reader. After some deliberation they decided to publish all four, and to ask the public for its opinion. Accordingly they invited reviews on:

1. A GARDEN OF SPICES, by A. Keith Fraser.

2. MY FATHER'S SON, by John Harvey.
3. THE SIN OF EVE, by May Edginton, and
4. THE WILDERNESS LOVERS, by E. R. Punshon.

The competition proved very popular. The question of what the public likes, however, remains largely unsolved. The reviewers seem to have preferred "A Garden of Spices" to the other books, but its favouritism was secured by a very small number of votes. Taking that book as typifying Sentiment, it was very hard pressed by Romance (in the form of "The Sin of Eve"), with Adventure ("The



Photo by W. H. Puddicombe.

Miss Leslie Moore.

Wilderness Lovers") a good third, and Realism ("My Father's Son") a surprisingly close fourth. A dozen or so more of votes for the last-named book and it would have been first.

The First Prize of £5 5s. is awarded to the Rev. A. Capes Tarbolton, of Lavington, Crowborough, whose order of preference is 1, 3, 2, 4. The Second Prize of £3 3s. is awarded to Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, of 17 St. John's Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex, whose order of preference is 3, 4, 2, 1. The Third Prize of £2 2s. is awarded to

Miss L. Wilson, of 22 Clifton Terrace, Brighton, whose order of preference is 2, 1, 4, 3. Prizes of £1 1s. each are awarded to: E. Heck, Dr. Phil., Winkelgasse, 20, Strassburg-Rupprechtsau, Germany (3, 4, 1, 2); Mr. C. G. L. Du Cann, The Hampden Club, Phoenix Street, London, N.W. (2, 1, 3, 4); Miss Lucy G. Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno, North Wales (2, 3, 4, 1); Mr. G. E. Wakerley, 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts (2, 3, 1, 4); and Mr. Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge, Kent (4, 3, 2, 1).



Miss Helen Mary Keynes.



Mrs. H. H. Penrose, whose new novel, "The Beat," Messrs. Mills & Boon are publishing.



Photo by Tesler Bros., Seaford.

Mr. Andrew Soutar,

whose new novel, "Maggie House," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

Other reviews which were well in the running came from Mrs. Carey Morris (Newlyn, Penzance), Miss Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead, N.W.), Mrs. M. A. Pulbrook (Cricklewood, N.W.), V. Maturin (Winchfield, Hants), Herbert Dale (Oxhey, Watford), and Alan C. Fraser (Dodington, Bridgewater).

Among a large number of others the work of the following writers merits commendation:



Photo by Moffett, Chicago.

**Miss Constance Lindsay Skinner,**

whose Lyrics, "Song of Cradle-Making" and "His Song for her Waking," won the First Lyric Prize in our Twenty-one Guinea Prize Poem Competition.



Photo by Davis &amp; Eickemeyer.

**Miss A. J. Burr,**

Miss Hiron (Bath), Miss Irene Harrison (Bristol), Miss Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimsby), A. L. Beal (Hammer-smith), Mrs. Charles Wright (Sutton), Mrs. A. Tobias (Hove), Miss Maud Collis (Crowborough), C. Whitwell (South Wanstead), Miss M. Noel (Maida Hill, W.), Mrs. Florence Zerheene Segrave (Maidenhead), Mrs. Eleanor Brown (Bournemouth), Mrs. Ellen F. Calvert (Buxton), Mrs. L. G. Hawkins (Downham Market), D. Meats (Nottingham), Miss Mary E. Dixon (Downham), A. Salkeld (Cardiff), W. W. Northcott (Hyde Park, W.), E. M. Howe (Downham), Francis O. Dagnall (Hampton Wick), Mrs. F. E. Whitwell (Wanstead Park, E.), Miss Drummond-Hay (Fort Augustus), Miss Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Miss L. Bellard (Crowborough), Mrs. E. W. Edminson (Gravesend), Miss M. Scott (Clifton), Miss G. M. Ransom (Torquay), G. Bennett (Salcombe), Miss B. N. Melladew (London, W.), Miss May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), and Miss Mabel Robinson (Clapton).

Miss A. J. Burr, of New Jersey, and Miss Constance Lindsay Skinner, who divided the first prize for original Lyrics in our Twenty-One Guineas Prize Poem Competition, have both contributed a good deal of verse to the American magazines. Miss Skinner, who was

born at Stanley, a little mining town in the Cariboo goldfields of British Columbia, wrote at the age of 14 the book and music of a child's operetta, which was performed for a charity and published by an English firm. At 16 she was dramatic critic and special writer for the Vancouver *World*, and political correspondent to two weeklies. Later, she was dramatic critic on the *Examiner*, at Los Angeles. She has had a play produced ("David") in California; and has written her "Personal Reminiscences of Helena Modjeska," which are to appear shortly in the *Century*. Before moving to Vancouver, Miss Skinner's father was a Hudson Bay Company's officer on the north Fraser river. She is not only of British birth, but her father was a cousin of Charles Reade's, and her mother's great-aunt was Lady Ann Lindsay, the author of "Auld Robin Gray."



Photo by Alfred Hughes, Strand. **Mr. E. G. Buckeridge,** winner of the Second Lyric Prize in our Twenty-one Guinea Prize Poem Competition.

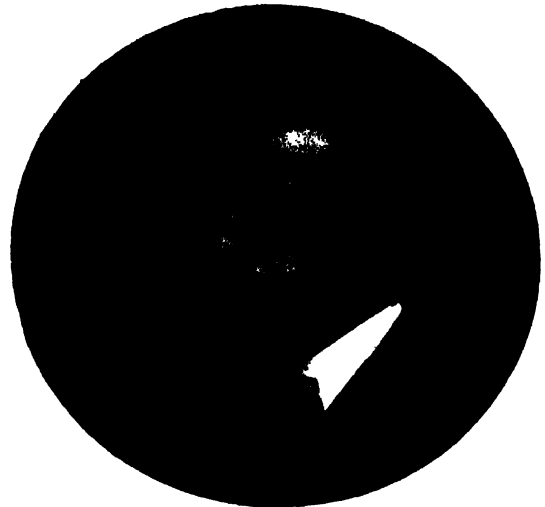
Mr. John Masefield has written a new long poem entitled "The River," and it is to appear in the November number of *The English Review*.

The *Montreal Gazette* publishes an interview with Mr. G. B. Burgin, who has been in Canada holidaying, and looking for stories, and is now on his way back home. "Although English by birth,"





**Mr. E. J. Martin,**  
winner of the First Prize for a Sonnet on some famous  
Englishman



**Mr. George M. Capper,**  
winner of the Second Sonnet Prize

in our Twenty-one Guinea Prize Poem Competition

says the interviewer, "Mr. Burgin claims to be three-quarters Canadian. He has spent much of his time and most of his enjoyable moments in this country." Whence it follows that Mr. Burgin has lived an exceptionally happy life, since we know that his enjoyable moments in this country have not been few. He gave the interviewer some of his personal recollections of Dr. Drummond, whose poems of Habitant life and character are among the fine and distinctive things in Canadian literature, and remarked on the wide and growing appreciation in this country of the novel of Canadian interest—and on this subject Mr. Burgin should be a sound authority, seeing that eighteen of his own fifty novels

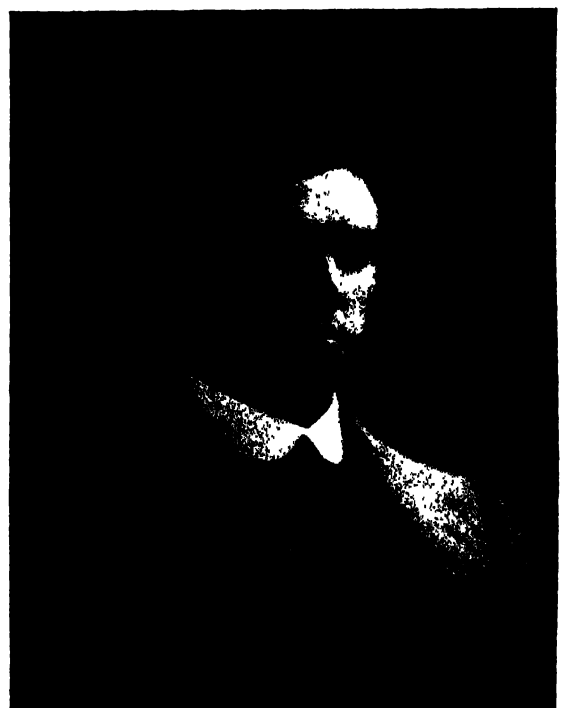
have had the cities and outlands of Canada for their background.

Mr. W. Heinemann is publishing this autumn a biography of W. T. Stead, written by his daughter, Miss Estelle W. Stead. The book, a large part of which consists of intimate records that Mr. Stead had himself prepared, will be called "My Father: Personal and Spiritual Reminiscences."

An important book by the Rev. Norman Maclean, "Africa in Transformation," will be issued by Messrs. Nisbet about the end of October.



*Photo by Whitlock & Sons.*  
**Mr. A. S. Barnard,**  
winner of First Prize for a Humorous Poem  
in our Twenty-one Guinea Prize Poem Competition.



*Photo by W. H. Midwinter & Co., Bristol.*  
**Mr. P. A. Fowler,**  
winner of Second Prize for a Humorous Poem  
in our Twenty-one Guinea Prize Poem Competition.

"In the Footsteps of Borrow and FitzGerald," by Mr. Morley Adams, a book which promises some new reminiscences, will be published very shortly by Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.

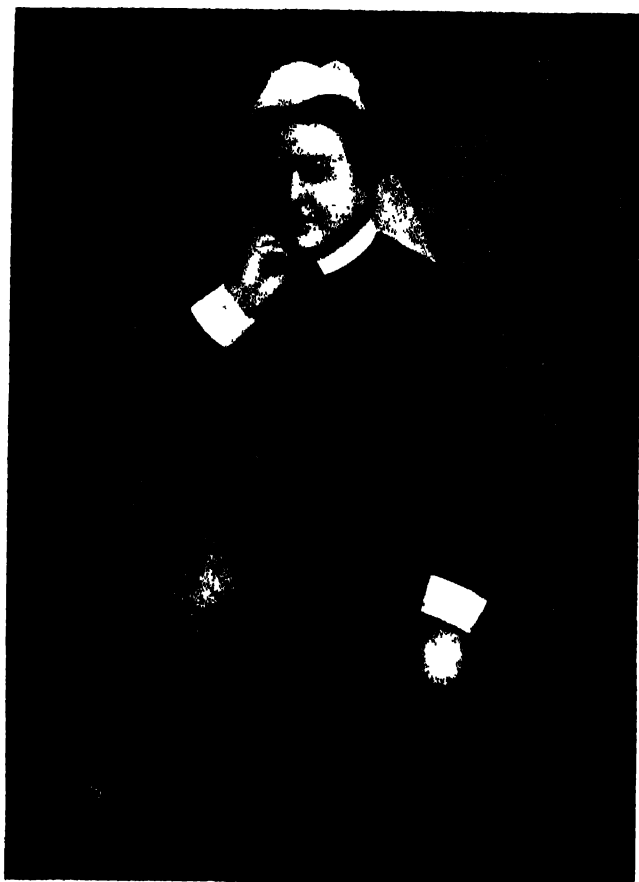
A new book by Mr. F. St. Mars, "The Prowlers," will be published this month by Messrs. Nisbet. It will be illustrated by Mr. Warwick Reynolds.

Theo Douglas, whose new novel, "The Grey Countess," Messrs. Cassell are publishing, is in private life Mrs. Everett. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel John Huskisson, R.M.L.I., and a grand-niece of the Rt. Hon. William Huskisson, M.P., who met his death at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. The plot of her new book is largely concerned with Russian political intrigue, and is dominated by the sinister figure of a beautiful woman whose evil schemings bring about the disaster that makes the story's climax. Mrs. Everett has a full record of successful novels to her credit. Her first story, "A Bride Elect," was sent under the assumed name of Theo Douglas to Messrs. Macmillan, who immediately accepted and published it, after they had used it serially in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Since the death of her husband, Mr. J. E. Everett, in 1904, Mrs. Everett has lived in Worcestershire. The most popular of her works have been "Behind a Mask," "Iras: A Mystery," "Carr of Dimscaur," "A Lost Summer," and "Hadow of Shaws," and she is well known as a writer of serial and short stories to readers of the *Graphic*, *Weekly Telegraph*, *Morning Leader*, *Cornhill*, *Quiver*, the *Queen*, and other magazines and newspapers.

During October Mr. Grant Richards will publish Mr. Holbrook Jackson's new volume upon which that author has been at work for several years.

The book is called "The Eighteen-Nineties," and takes the form of a review of art and ideas in England during the last decade of the nineteenth century, which was one of the most interesting periods in modern art and literature. Mr. Jackson's aim has been to write an interpretative history showing the various tendencies of the time as expressed in books and pictures, and in doing so he discusses the idea of decadence, and shows in what way the period was degenerate and to what extent regenerate. There are separate chapters on such outstanding figures as Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, John Davidson,

Francis Thompson, Max Beerbohm and Bernard Shaw. Other chapters deal with special artistic phases, the scope of which may be gathered from such titles as "Shocking as a Fine Art," "The Discovery of the Celt," "Purple Patches and Fine Phrases," and "The New Dandyism." The volume will be profusely illustrated with portraits, and reproductions of the work of Aubrey Beardsley, Charles Conder, William Rothenstein, S. H. Sime, Phil May, Walter Crane, William Morris and many others.



Theo Douglas  
(Mrs. Everett).

Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel, "The Regent," will be published this month by Messrs. Methuen.

The new number of the *Manchester Quarterly* contains some interesting "Notes on the Portraits of Thomas De Quincey," by J. A. Green, illustrated with reproductions of some of the portraits.

Messrs. Wells, Gardner & Co. have issued the first three volumes of their "Bankside Acting Shakespeare for Schools." The books are edited by Mr. F. J. H. Darton, who successfully organised dramatic performances by L.C.C. school-children a year or two ago at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. Full directions for arranging the very simple stage that is required, directions for the actors and stage-

manager as to rehearsals, costume, lighting, etc., are given in the ample introduction to each volume, which also supplies a summary of the play's plot, a list of characters, and suggestions as to the choice of actors and parts, and various useful diagrams and sketches. The plays as prepared in this series are admirably adapted to their purpose—no better acting editions for juvenile players could be desired.

"On the Face of a Star," a new volume of poems by Mr. James A. Mackereth, will be published next month by Messrs. Longman.

Mr. Edwin Pugh has completed a new novel which he is calling "The Proof of the Pudding," and Messrs. Chapman and Hall are publishing it this month.

A beautifully illustrated volume on "Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," by Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson, will be issued this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. Among the many illustrations are two little-known portraits of Stevenson and an excellent portrait of his nurse, "Cummy," who died only a few weeks ago.

We are to have a complete edition of the dramatic works of Gerhart Hauptmann, edited by Mr. Edward Thomas and published by Mr. Martin Secker. The first two volumes will be published this month.

Few of our living novelists write with a finer sense of realism or a more vigorous and picturesque style than Miss Dolf Wyllarde, whose new novel, "Youth Will be Served," Mr. Stanley Paul publishes this month.

A new book by Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton, "My Adventures among the Wild Animals of the Yellow-

stone," will be published this autumn by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

The Strindberg vogue seems to be steadily increasing in this country. On another page we review five translations of his plays and stories that have been published in the last few weeks, and further volumes of the plays are in course of preparation in the edition of them that Mr. Frank Palmer publishes. Mr. Claud Field, who translated "Advent" for Messrs. Holden & Hardingham, has translated

Strindberg's "Historical Miniatures" and Messrs. George Allen & Co. will publish the book forthwith.

A welcome edition to the cheap reissues of popular authors is the new "Cabinet Edition" of the works of George Eliot that Messrs. Blackwood are publishing in seventeen volumes at a shilling each. The more the critics declare that George Eliot was no great genius, and compare her unfavourably with her great contemporaries, the more the public go on buying and reading her. The time is now ripe for the critic who will recognise with enthusiasm that she was really the one supreme

genius of her age. He is bound to arrive.

People of moderate incomes who want to be happy though married will look forward with interest to the appearance of Mrs. Alfred Praga's new book with the suggestive title—"Love and £200 a Year." Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing it this month.

Mr. Elkin Mathews announces a second and revised edition of Mr. Laurence Binyon's "Odes." We hear too little from Mr. Binyon nowadays, and would sooner have had a volume of new poems



Photo by I. Romanus, Paris.

Mrs. Cynthia Stockley,

whose new novel, "The Dream Ship," Messrs. Constable are publishing shortly.

but failing that, a reissue of a book that contains some of his finest work is very welcome.

Another collection of Mr. A. C. Benson's essays, "Watersprings," will be issued next week by Messrs. Smith Elder.

Mr. Jack London has written the story of his recent voyaging about the world in "The Cruise of the Snark," which we are to have almost immediately from Messrs. Mills & Boon.

In the opinion of most of us Miss M. E. Braddon's two latest novels—in particular "The Green Curtain" were unquestionably two of the best

if not the best two of the many novels she has written. We are glad to learn that she has completed a new story, "Miranda," for Messrs. Hutchinson, and the book is to be out in a few days.

"The Two Kisses," a new novel by Mr. Oliver Onions, will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

It is seventy years since Madame Calderon de la Barca's delightful "Life in Mexico" was published in London and America; it is one of the most intimate and revealing books that have been written on the social life of that land of unrest, and has, for some years now, been out of print. Messrs. Dent



A Fruit-Seller.



Lavinia: Miss Lillah McCarthy.

Dress designs, by Albert Rothenstein, for "Androcles and the Lion," the new play by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, that is produced to-day by Mr. Granville Barker at the St. James's Theatre.

are issuing a new edition of it in their Everyman Series, with an introduction by Mr. Henry Baerlein. Madame de la Barca was a Miss Inglis, of Edinburgh, and her book was published at the persuasion of her friend, W. H. Prescott, the historian, who wrote a short preface for it.

That quaint and interesting publication "A Broadside," compiled and illustrated by Jack B. Yeats, and published by his sister, Miss Elizabeth C. Yeats, at the Cuala Press, Dundrum, has entered upon the sixth year of its existence. The first Number of the sixth year contains "The Tin Ware Lass," a characteristic broadside ballad by P. J. McCall, with two illustrations in colour by Jack B. Yeats—one of them a particularly charming little sketch—and a vividly realistic woodcut of "The Dying Villain," by the same artist. It is all hand-done—printed in a hand-press, and then coloured by hand. Those who are interested in the revival of this curious old blend of art and literature will be delighted with the admirable work in this kind that the Cuala Press is doing.

The books by Mr. Bernard Shaw referred to in Mr. Dixon Scott's article are published by Messrs. Constable.

On October 15th we are issuing the first of a series of BOOKMAN EXTRA NUMBERS, each to be devoted entirely to some famous author. This first is a Robert Louis Stevenson Number, and contains over two hundred pages, including essays and poems on Stevenson and his work by distinguished writers, and over a hundred illustrations. Among the literary contents (a considerable part of which is reprinted from early numbers of THE BOOKMAN that are in constant demand but have long been out of print) are poems and personal or critical articles by Sir J. M. Barrie, William Watson, Edmund Gosse, C. B., Austin Dobson, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, S. R. Crockett, Eve Blantyre Simpson, Ian Maclaren, H. C. Beeching, Alice Gordon, Charles Lowe, Y. Y., Neil Munro, and an article by Stevenson himself on "Books that Influenced Me." The illustrations comprise numerous portraits, from paintings, drawings and photographs, of Stevenson and his friends, photographs and sketches of places associated with him, and drawings of scenes from his books, including a photogravure frontispiece portrait, and eight plates beautifully reproduced in colour. The number is a well-bound, handsomely-produced volume, all the illustrations being separate from the text and printed on special art paper. The price will be 5s. net. As we anticipate a very large demand for this Number we would urge our readers to place their orders for it at once.

## The Booksellers' Diary.

### LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

September 1st to October 1st, 1913.

#### Messrs. George Allen & Co., Ltd.

ALLEN, DAITHNE.—The Birth of the Opal. 4s. net.  
FORD, GEORGE.—The Hoop of Gold. 6s. net.  
GAULTIER, PAUL.—The Meaning of Art. Translated by H. and E. Baldwin. 5s. net.  
GRAYLING, FRANCIS.—Kent Churches. 2 vols. ("County Churches" Series.) 2s. 6d. net, each.  
KITCHIN, DARCY B.—Bergson for Beginners. 5s. net.  
MAETERLINCK, MAURICE.—My Dog. New Edition. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated by Cecil Aldin. 4s. 6d. net.  
MONTAGU-SMITH, F.—Railway Rate Book: 1.—For Coal and Iron Trades. 4s. 5s. net. II.—Class Rates and Exceptionals. 4s. 3s. net.  
REDWOOD, ANDERSON J.—Flemish Tales. 4s. 6d. net.  
ROGERS, W. T.—Dictionary of Abbreviations. 7s. 6d. net.  
SABEN, GREGORY.—Born of a Woman. 6s. net.  
STRINDBERG, AUGUST.—Historical Miniatures. Translated by Claud Field. 5s. net.  
WALTERS, DR. F. R.—Sanatoria for the Tuberculous. Fourth Edition. Entirely re-written. 12s. 6d. net.  
WEEKS, KENNETH.—Dramatic Inventions. (Five Plays.) 4s. net.

#### Mr. B. T. Batsford.

AMBLER, LOUIS, F.R.I.B.A.—Old Halls and Manor Houses of Yorkshire. Illustrated in a series of 120 examples on 100 Colotype plates, reproduced from Photographs specially taken, chiefly by Horace Dan, Architect. Price (approximate) £1 11s. 6d. net.  
FENN, FREDERICK, and WYLLIE, B.—Old English Furniture. 94 Illustrations. 6s. net.  
FRANTZ, HENRI.—French Pottery and Porcelain. 77 Illustrations (7 of which are in colour), including a series of the Marks and Monograms. 6s. net.  
HOOPER, JOHN.—Handcraft in Wood and Metal. A Handbook of Training in the Practical Working of these Materials. For the use of Teachers, Students, Craftsmen, and others. With over 300 Illustrations from the Authors' Drawings and from Photographs. Price (approximate) 7s. 6d. net.  
KNOWLES, W. PITCAIRN.—Dutch Pottery and Porcelain. 54 Illustrations (18 of which are in colour), including a series of the Marks. 6s. net.  
RICHARDSON, A. E.—Monumental Architecture in England. As exemplified by the Neo-classic Buildings of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. Illustrated by 80 Plates, reproduced from specially taken Photographs and from Drawings, in addition to many Illustrations in the text. 44 4s. net.  
SAGLIO, ANDRÉ.—French Furniture. 59 Illustrations. 6s. net.

#### Messrs. A. & C. Black.

ALLEN, PHOEBE.—Peeps at Architecture. ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.  
BAIKIE, REV. JAMES, F.R.A.S.—Peeps at the Royal Navy. ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.  
BARNARD, H. CLIVE, M.A., B.Litt.—Pictures of Famous Travel. (Books for Young People.) 1s. 6d.  
BELL, R. S. WARREN.—The Mystery of Markham: A School Story. (Books for Young People.) 3s. 6d.  
ELIAS, FRANK.—The Gorgeous East. ("The Peeps" Series.) 3s. 6d. net.  
ELMHIRST, RICHARD, F.L.S.—Naturalist at the Sea-Shore ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.  
FARRER, REGINALD.—The Dolomites. 7s. 6d. net.  
FAIRFORD, FORD.—Cuba. ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.  
FINNEMORE, JOHN.—France. (Peeps at History.) ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.  
FINNEMORE, JOHN.—Germany. (Peeps at History.) ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.  
FOORD, EDWARD, and HOME, GORDON.—England Invaded. 6s. net.  
GARNETT, LUCY M. J.—Greek Wonder Tales. 6s. (Books for Young People.)  
GRIERSON, ELIZABETH.—Sir Walter Scott (Peeps at Great Men.) ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.  
GUDGON, W. W.—British North Borneo. ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.  
HADATH, GUNBY.—The Feats of Foyle. Books for Young People. 3s. 6d.  
HALL, REV. CHAS. A. F.R.M.S.—Reptiles and Amphibians. ("Peeps at Nature.") ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.  
HAMILAND, M. D.—Wild Life on the Wing. 5s. net.  
HERBERT, AGNES.—The Moose. 4s. net.  
HOME, BEATRICE.—Peeps at Royal Palaces of Great Britain. ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.  
KEESEY, WALTER M.—Cambridge ("Artists' Sketch Book" Series.) 1s. net.  
MALCOLMSON, A. M., M.D.—Laws of Health for Schools. 1s. 6d. net.  
MANWELL, CAPT. AYMER.—Pheasants and Covert Shooting. 7s. 6d. net.  
MITTON, G. E.—In the Grip of the Wild Wa. (Books for Young People.) 3s. 6d.  
MITTON, G. E.—The P. & O. (Peeps at Great Steamship Lines.) ("The Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. net.  
MORRIS, WILLIAM.—Tales from "The Farthly Paradise" (Books for Young People.) 6s.  
RICHARDS, FRED.—Oxford. ("Artists' Sketch Book" Series.) 1s. net.  
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Waverley Novels. Portrait Edition. 25 vols. 1s. net per vol.  
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—The Arabian Nights. Illustrated in Colour. (Books for Young People.) 6s.

SHERWOOD, MRS.—The Fairchild Family. Illustrated in Colour. (Books for Young People). 6s.  
TODD, PROF. JOHN A.—The Banks of the Nile. 20s. net.  
WALTER, L. EDNA. B.Sc.—Norse and Lapp (Life and Legends of Other Lands.) (Books for Young People) 1s. 6d. net.  
WESTERMAN, PERCY F.—The Scouts of Seal Island. (Books for Young People) 3s. 6d.  
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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in a Letter.

*"He is perhaps a 'fraud,' as the Americans put it; but the first victim of Bernard Shaw's charlatanism is Bernard Shaw himself. Susceptible to impressions (as are all artists) and a philosopher at the same time, he cannot do otherwise than deceive himself."*

AUGUSTE RODIN, in a Conversation.

## I.

NOW here we have another example, and a splendid one, of the tyranny of technique over temperament—of the way an instrument invented for a particular need or greed will react on the fingers that use it, stiffening and striking back till it fatally deforms them, twisting their special talent awry. It may sound, indeed, just at first, that "tyranny of technique over temperament," a predicament as purely academic as the famous "deduction killed by a fact"; but really it is far fuller of thrills and alarums, of ringing human comedy and queernesses, than even the most picturesque of all the existing portraits of Shaw, the most exciting of the alternative estimates. The man's contradictions—his literary licentiousness and his personal restraint—his intellectual voracity and his physical vegetarianism—the intense earnestness and benevolence of his real aims and ideals and the daft japes and capers he cuts as he preaches them—have inspired any number of vivid interpretations, all of them with at least the life of paradox; but the best of them by far, much the noblest and the neatest, is the one which seizes all these contrasts—the purity and the perversity, the harangues and the humility, the wild lack of all resemblance between reputation and reality—and thereupon represents the man as a strange martyr who has sacrificed even the crown of martyrdom, its impressiveness—a prophet who has disguised himself as a jester to gain an audience for his message, only to find that his frantic jokes, invented so feverishly, simply exasperate his listeners instead of luring them—that they consider his levity ill-timed, his solemn touches sacrilegious, and the texts which they feel his pranks profane, and which they had hitherto accepted unsuspiciously, as being rendered henceforward and for ever quite unfitted for respectable family consumption. This martyrdom picture, as might be expected, is naturally the one Mr. Shaw

favours himself. "My case is really that of Rabelais over again," he has said. "In order to gain a hearing it was necessary for me to attain the footing of a privileged lunatic, with the license of a jester. My method has therefore been to take the utmost trouble to find the right thing to say and then say it with the utmost levity. And all the time the real joke is that I am in earnest."

But there is a realler joke than that, and a very much richer. That's the merest drop-scene: the true Comedy lies behind: another second and we will ring the curtain up. Your deliberate martyr, after all, no matter how he fails, has a certain splendour that makes the Comic Spirit feel respectful; and the more undignified Shaw became for the sake of a high purpose, the more dignified would he actually appear. It is not futility, it is fatuousness, that legitimates laughter; and in Shaw's case the fun only really begins when we see that this self-sacrifice was unintentional, that the martyrdom which he now mentions with such a brave lightness and sad pride, was not only mistaken, but actually quite a mistake. It was simply to cook his own dinner that he kindled the fire that turned and tortured him. He went to Smithfield because he thought it a good market-place. The entire proceeding was a practical joke lazily played on an over-eager young innocent by the world he imagined he was taking firmly in hand. His "disguise" was a dress he slipped on as unsuspectingly as a man whose clothes have been changed overnight; and when he began to skip about in it like "a privileged lunatic," a mad mixture of harlequin and hermit, it was he who was the dupe, not society. . . .

And if someone suggests (as someone ought to do) that no practical joke falls quite so rottenly as the one that perfectly succeeds, we can still defend, with quiet dignity, our present scheme for an hour's polite mirth. It is perfectly true, indeed, that the game *has* gone rather far—that the joke of Shaw thinking of himself



Photo by Lissie Caswall Smith.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw.

as the joker when he was actually the victim proves after all to have been made at our expense. If it had been merely a case of a mediocrity smirking self-satisfied when he ought to be feeling subdued, like an actor persuading himself that his involuntary tumble was a brilliant impromptu, then we might chuckle unchecked, undeterred by any danger of hurting the hero's complacency, and thankfully accepting his absurdity as his real contribution to the play. But this performer is such a fine one, his powers are so extraordinary, that any illusion he may suffer from, any mistake he may make, is immeasurably our loss. Our damned century has tripped him up, as Stevenson foretold, and that is no doubt very clever of our century. But it is surely a pretty silly sort of cleverness that hoodwinks its own children, fooling the very cleverest of them all to show its strength.

Very like—but listen further; there is one thing more. How would it be if the benefits of Shaw's work were actually increased by the discovery that their author was a dupe? That is precisely what happens. There are several reasons. It removes the venom from his virulence, for one thing, reduces our resentfulness, leaves him, immensely more likable, just a poor puzzled creature like ourselves. And it also provides the perfect complement and corrective to his contribution of ideas. There is only one way to give Shaw's work any adequacy, to make his utility at all proportionate to his powers, and this is to see him as a gull. To watch the man who supremely prides himself on his freedom from illusions and on the irresistible power of pure thought being used as an idle toy by superior powers at the very moment he is triumphantly proving their non-existence, is to be the spectator of something far more than a mere final farce to send us away in good humour: it is to watch an integral scene that entirely alters and immensely deepens the meaning of those that go before. Add Shaw himself to his *dramatis persona*, and the latter begin to kindle and grow human; make the story of his deception an extra Act to all his plays, and they begin to teach a genial tolerance and to breathe a smiling wisdom which I fear they do not otherwise exhale. They lose that bitterness and barrenness, that hard and cruel angularity and bleak glitter, which has led to their author being denounced for inhumanity. To the array of stabbing truths with which they bristle, thrusting out at the throat of society like spears, there is added yet another, perhaps the only one omitted, which transforms the cold attack into a rescue. It sets them wavering and faltering, as in a blur of mist;

and that was all they needed to make them noble and reliable. We can trust them after that, for they have lost the hard exactness which has hitherto always made them so unreal. All Shaw's work hitherto has been too precise to be accurate; it has been too exact to be true.

One point more. A glance back at the quotations at the head of this article will show the reader that two great minds, besides our own, have made this discovery of a stage behind the drop-scene. The fact will reassure some; but others it may damp: a word of comment will satisfy both. It is true that both Stevenson and Rodin pushed the curtain aside—saw the performance going on secretly behind it; but the old Frenchman went no further than that cryptic phrase about the "fraud," and the young Scotchman was compelled to leave the house abruptly before his little forecast was fulfilled. We therefore may enjoy both the sense of their patronage and the prouder one of being pioneers. We still occupy the enviable position of first-nighters. And for my own part I confess that it is with a thrill of real excitement that I now stretch out my hand and press the prompter's bell. . . .

## II.

And instantly there vanishes, whipped away for ever, that striking picture of St. Bernard, the fierce Irish hermit, staining his sackcloth to make it look like motley, and using his staff and scrip, sublimely sacrilegious, as a fool's bladder and wand. It simply will not do. History won't have it. Mr. Chesterton, to be sure, has

written, with much pathos, of Mr. Shaw's "narrow Puritan home"; Mr. Huneker, with more pride, has enlarged upon his hero's "humble peasant birth"; and to listen to these phrases and then turn back to the portraits that snarl so aggressively and so argumentatively sneer all over this number of *THE BOOKMAN*, is to recognise at once the lean, harsh, unrelenting features of the fanatic—the intellectual zealot, the merciless ascetic, harsh as the stony soil from which he sprang, made sublime by the bitter madness of the protestant. Pure hallucination! You are being bluffed by the beard. It obliterates a bland and luscious chin. And Chesterton and Huneker are humbugs. For absolutely the first and most fundamental fact about Bernard Shaw, biographically, is—that he was the son of Lucrezia Borgia.

Of Lucrezia Borgia; and of the Margaret of "Faust"; and of the Donna Anna of "Don Giovanni." For Shaw's



Photo by Enery Walker.

G. B. Shaw  
(1888).

mother was a young and beautiful Irish opera-singer (she was only twenty years her son's senior) who carried on a "blameless *ménage à trois*" with a famous musical genius and the feckless second cousin of a baronet (Shaw's father); and Lucrezia (Donnizetti's), Donna Anna, and Margaret were her three favourite parts.

It is astonishing how adroitly these romantic facts have been muffled in all the current accounts of his character. "His family was a middle-class one," says Mr. Holbrook Jackson, "with all the prejudices and habits of that class." "L'écivain a peut-être évoqué des souvenirs d'enfance," writes M. Charles Cestre, "quand il a décrit, dans le *Disciple du Diable*, les effarouchements et les indignations d'une famille puritaine dont le chef, le bonhomme Dudgeon, a conservé quelques faiblesses humaines au milieu de l'austérité aigre et hargneuse des siens," and goes on to speak impressively of the youth practising "sans effort une sorte d'ascétisme inné." "Austérité aigre et hargneuse," indeed! The lad's life was a voluptuous revel. He dreamed and dawdled at school, where he was only a desultory day-boy, and where he learned nothing, as he has acknowledged himself, not even (more's the pity) fives or footer; but at home, the less distracted, he simply soaked himself lusciously in the licensed orgies and ecstasies of music. Melody, grand opera melody, not only took the place of reality for him; he dissolved all his books in it as well, making it a vehicle for absorbing Scott and Poe and Victor Hugo physically, sensually, in a sumptuously bodily form. In music," he once wrote in an article we ought to have reprinted, an article describing these indulgences:

"In music you will find the body of and reality of that feeling which the mere novelist could only describe to you; there will come home to your senses something in which you can actually experience the candour and gallant impulse of the hero, the grace and trouble of the heroine, and the extracted emotional quintessence of their love."

"I gained penetrating experiences of Victor Hugo and Schiller from Donizetti, Verdi and Beethoven; of the Bible from Handel, of Goethe from Schumann, of Beaumarchais and Molière from Mozart, and of Mérimée from Bizet, besides finding in Berlioz an unconscious interpreter of Edgar Allan Poe. When I was in the schoolboy adventure vein, I could range from Vincent Wallace to Meyerbeer: I could become quite maudlin over Mendelssohn and Gounod." And this is the young gentleman who is persistently pointed to as a com-

patriot of the terrible Swift (who was no more an Irishman than I am, by the way), and a typical product of North of Ireland Protestantism. Elaborate these orgies with emotions greedily sought for in the Italian rooms of the Dublin Art Gallery—rooms which he haunted hungrily, weeks at a time, all through his romantic adolescence—and you have an exact statement of the way this young man began to "pratiquer" his "ascétisme inné." When Lady Wilde, a few streets away, in Merrion Square, was posing prettily as Speranza, Mrs. Shaw, in a Dublin theatre, was flinging herself passionately into the part of Azucena; and before the son of the latter was half-way through his teens, he had absorbed far more music and drained headier delights from the coloured wines of the great painters, than the former's did all his

life. Nor is the "narrow Puritanism" of the picture markedly increased if we complete it by adding a sketch of Shaw's father (an amiable, weak tippler, a rather lovable snob, helplessly haughty about his kinsman the baronet) or if we extend it to include the figure of that favourite uncle who persistently declared that the revival of Lazarus was palpably a put-up job, done on the basis of a bribe.

No, no! Our London may have converted Mr. Shaw, made a sterner and a stricter man of him, part by provocation, part by precept; but when he reached us, in his twenties, he was a romantic of the purest—as little like a preacher as Bunyan before Bedford, or St. Francis in the days of his daft youth. Soaked in Gounod and Mendelssohn, dreaming of Mozart and Michelangelo, with a vague idea of being "a wicked baritone in an

opera," he was still (as he has owned), "chronically ashamed and even miserable, simply because he felt he couldn't do anything." "What was wrong with me was the want of self-respect, the diffidence, the cowardice of the ignoramus and the duffer." "My destiny was to educate London, but what I knew was exactly what the educated Englishman did not know—and what he knew I either didn't know or didn't believe." He came up to London, in short, as young poets always have come: with a knowledge of life, of human nature and his own, limited to the information provided by opera libretti and the pompously distended prose of Shelley: agonised by their own awkwardness, shamed by their own innocence, desperately troubled by their unpreparedness for destiny; but upheld through it all by the dim, golden conviction that a Destiny of some distinction does await them, and that London, like an alchemist, will know the very drop to add to set their dreams showering



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

G. B. Shaw  
(1900).

down in a precipitate of shining tasks and clean-cut resolves. . . . In fact, just exactly the usual immortal mixture of prig, blushing schoolgirl and god. And the year (this is very important) was 1876.

### III.

Now begins the baiting of Bernard. London, the old hypocrite, has one regulation ruse which she tries on all such shy heroes; she leads off languidly, feigns indifference, and so, with one stroke, restores the new-comer's self-confidence and sets his indignation briskly sparking. Apathy, an awful apathy—that is the personal quality the place always first presents to the aspirant: a slab, nightmare indifference, not to his own entrance merely (that might be a sign of her superiority—for that he is humbly prepared) but to her own powers and opportunities, her duties and beauties—to the general dazzling adventurousness and terrific irrevocableness and entrancing torment of Life. Actually, of course, the nonchalance is merely a mask; beneath it there is toleration, good nature, good form; it is the quiet of wisdom, not of woodenness—the composure, not of torpor, but of powers tested, and serene because sure; but the novice doesn't discover that till later on. What he does do is to compare this mad calm with his own keenness, and feel that his prevision of a Destiny was sound. He is different from these people, with their small talk and slackness: his excitement sets its teeth and squares its jaw. Reassured at the very moment he expected to be abashed, he sits down in a whirl of elation and contempt, and outs with his book, picture, play. London has set him to his task, very neatly, by pretending to be incapable of commands.

Nine times out of ten, therefore, the trick works to admiration; it procures us performances that the truth would freeze to death. But Shaw happened to come tenth. Remember the hour. It was the eve of the 'eighties, when the arts joined the 'isms. And Carlyle begat Ruskin, and Ruskin begat Morris, and Morris begat Cunninghame Graham,—and the Carpenters and the

Cranes and the Salts: instead of a velvet jacket and a slap-dash joviality, your young artist took to *saeva indignatio* and sandals. It was tremendously interesting. Just why poetry and proteids should suddenly seem natural affinities; just what there was in the atmosphere then to make Jaeger and Ibsen and esoteric Buddhism appear inevitable associates; and why to eat the leek, declaring it loudly to be the only pure and blameless form of food, suddenly became the sign of mental independence;—these phenomena have never yet been adequately explained: for we are still too much involved with the traditions then established to get the full effect of their fearsome abnormality. But though the origins were intricate, the results merged in one wild rush which carried artists of all kinds, for the first time in English history, over to the side of their natural enemy, the proletariat. Instead of adoring the graces, they began

denouncing disgraces. Instead of priding themselves on their immunity from politics, they began to boom and bleat like a lot of leading articles. They had a thoroughly enjoyable time. The new game gratified the vanity that is the curse of all their tribe by its flattering sense of putting everybody right; and it satisfied the disrespectfulness which is chief among their charms by giving them, as targets, every rule, religion, custom, creed, convention, and thoroughly well-established institution which had lent its



G. Bernard Shaw.

From a drawing by Will Rothenstein.  
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maintenance to civilization by forming part of it. They were infidels, atheists, anarchists, cosmogonists, vegetarians, anti-vivisectionists, anti-vaccinationists. They revelled in a fresh field of topics and got new ideas for cartoons—founded endless societies to listen to their oratory and promoted countless papers that would print their verse and prose; it was canvas and model combined. The big men liked the feeling of doing practical spade-work at last; the little ones (and there were such a dreadful lot of these) simply loved being "intellectuals." It gave humble giants, like Morris, a chance to stoop and be chivalrous. It hoisted the pigmies on to platforms where they could strut and domineer like Hectors. It was fine.

Now this was all very well in the case of a Morris, who had already given us his "Guenevere"; and it probably couldn't damage even a Cunninghame-Graham—for he was a rebel in any case, a Highland riever by birth, and these 'isms were to him simply so many gauntlets which he could fling in the face of the fat fools he despised; when he charged the ranked policemen in Trafalga Square, for instance, ostensibly in the cause of democracy, he was really only giving expression, I am sure, to his eternal contempt for the *canaille*; he turned socialist because he was an aristocrat. But in the case of a youngling like Shaw, a tender emotionalist, fed hitherto wholly on the sweetstuff of opera and still viewing the world in terms of Shelley and Wagner, it simply amounted to ravishment. It meant thrusting all his soft faculties into a premature mould; it meant emphasising and petrifying and fixing for ever on his character just those quaint innocent qualities of contemptuousness and arrogance which ought, in the ordinary way, to have been softly erased by experience once their first task of setting him slogging was performed. It meant that instead of prompting him to some piece of independent creation, some proof of individual power, his boyish bumptiousness began to boast in its own name.

For of course he was helpless: face to face with such a situation, what could a poor romantic do? He yielded at a touch—fell like a shot sea-bird—was culled like a slender wayside flower. With the echoes of the hammer-song still humming in his head, he saw himself as a Sigurd among



G. B. S. at home.

Alberics—and since everywhere about him the old obvious evils spawned and sprawled, all the generous decencies of youth joined with its egotisms to make him vow to have a drive at London-Fair. "My destiny is to educate London," he assured himself; and took steps according, very solemnly. He himself has described how the final vision descended and crystallised all his vague cravings. Perceive him flutteringly approach the fateful Webb. He has strayed into one of the meetings of the myriad societies of that day, a body calling itself, for some no doubt adequate reason, The Zeletical Society, and this is the sight he beholds:

"The speaker was a young man, about twenty-one, with a profile that suggested, on account of the nose and imperial, an improvement on Napoleon the Third. He had a fine forehead, a long head, eyes that were built on top of two highly-developed organs of speech (according to the phrenologists), and remarkably thick, strong, dark hair. He knew all about the subject of the debate; knew more than the lecturer; had read everything that had ever been written on the subject; and remembered all the facts that bore on it. He used notes, read them, ticked them off one by one, threw them away, and finished with a coolness and clearness that to me, in my trembling state, seemed miraculous. This young man was the ablest man in England—Sidney Webb."

And he was exactly Shaw's own age. The flutterer was caught. He too would be a dictator, an authority, a liberator, a dogmatic and precocious oracle. This was grand opera and literature and a noble knightliness combined; it was De Resque, Ruskin, and Sigurd in one. He went into training incontinent. Nervous, unready and sensitive, with subtlety of apprehension and an ineradicable fondness for fineness the first quality of all his faculties, he was supremely unfitted for the job; but the very susceptibility that ought

to have saved him made him as wax to the suggestion, and the very imagination that ought to have carried him far away from platforms to some place where it could do its own work undisturbed, flooded the dreary planks with rosy limelight—disguised and garlanded the prospect—made out that the cheap and prosy business of glib demagoguery was the very embodiment of poetry; and drove him fatuously on. "I



Lent by Mr. D. J. Rider.

Bernard Shaw at the Fabian Summer School.

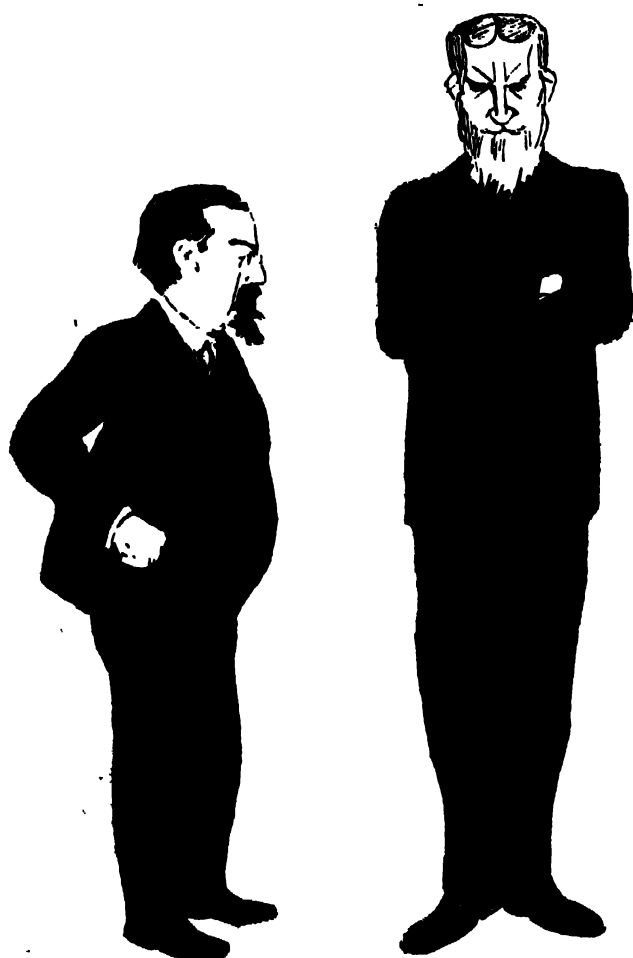
From a photograph taken by himself.



vowed I would join Webb's society, go every week, speak every week, and become a speaker or perish in the attempt. And I carried out this resolution. I suffered agonies no one suspected. During the speech of the debate I resolved to follow my heart used to beat as painfully as a recruit's going under fire for the first time. I could not use my notes; when I looked at the paper in my hand I could not collect myself enough to decipher a word. And of the four or five wretched points that were my pretext for this ghastly practice of mine I invariably forgot three—the best three." Flaubert and Pater undergoing flagellation in the hope of being granted pure prose underwent far less torment than this equally fine artist did to learn the tricks of cockney repartee. He struggled for years. "I attended the Hampstead Historic Club once a fortnight, and spent a night in the alternative weeks at a private circle of economists. I made all my acquaintances think me madder than usual by the pertinacity with which I attended debating societies and haunted all sorts of hole-and-corner debates and public meetings, and made speeches at them. I was president of the Local Government Board at an amateur Parliament"—and he even turned the very novels that might have proved his salvation (by giving his creative energy a path of escape) into mimic debating societies too—not only rising up in the name of each character in turn (Connolly, Lydia Carew, Cashel, Trefusis) to deliver

a short address on some selected topic, but actually turning as many of these characters as possible into working models, draft sketches, of the omniscient, incontestable, imperturbable Sigurd-Shelley-Wagner-Webb which he had resolved Bernard Shaw must become. "I am thoroughly well satisfied with myself," says Elinor McQuinch. "At last I have come out of a scene without having forgotten the right thing to say." Connolly is "concentrated and calm, making no tentative movements of any kind (even tying a white tie did not puzzle him into fumbling), but acting with a certainty of aim, and consequent economy of force, dreadful to the irresolute." These are self-reflections, it is sometimes said: looking back at Connolly now, from nineteen-thirteen, when Shaw has really grown like him, it is natural to think of him as an involuntary mirror of his maker. But it is Shaw who is the heir, Connolly the ancestor. He "looked at his programme and calculated how soon his turn to sing would come. Then he unrolled his music, and placed two copies ready to his hand upon the table. Having made these arrangements with a self-possession that quite disconcerted the clergyman, he turned to examine the rest of the company." This is the projection of a personal ideal, not involuntary self-portraiture; and "you cannot have a thing and want it too." Perfecting these little mannequins with his pen—studying their gestures—putting them into predicaments in order to learn how to behave—continually calling on them for impromptu speeches—"There by the grace of God," mutters the young author savagely, "will one day go George Bernard Shaw." His novels were indeed mirrors held up to his nature—but only to help him fix his make-up. Fate, when she began to fool him, hadn't reckoned on this solemnity. The joke was already going rather far.

### Two Socialists.



Mr. Sidney Webb.

Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Drawn by John Nicholas.

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### IV.

It went further very shortly. The result of these efforts, heroically sustained (our Sigurd being meanwhile supported, it is provoking, but right, to recall, by a radiant Mimmy in the person of that romantic young mother to whom he owed the imagination he was thwarting, and who was now melodiously earning her own living in London)—the result of these pig-headed efforts, this display of inverted idealism, was the production of one of the most remarkable verbal weapons ever forged by a literary craftsman. It was a cold-drawn instrument of expression built for cut-and-thrust conflicts—designed to fulfil every platform need or emergency that its maker's imagination could foresee; and every ancillary qualification or charm was dourly and ruthlessly threshed out of it. To get rid of these alloys and yet maintain the thing's temper meant the invention of a whole new range of prose devices; and it is the way he worked at these, the devouring adroitness he showed, the fresh formations and annealings and interlockings of language he passionately invented and perfected, that give us our first infuriating idea of the triumphs he would have brought us, the work he might have done, if only he had never been drugged and trepanned and unconsciously sold into eternal slavery whilst asleep. Much has been written in praise of his work; but of his workmanship, one feels, far too little; never yet have I seen any adequate



acknowledgment of the extraordinary perfection and importance of his style. More stiletto than style, some one says, a bit sourly,—but that is only the peevishness of pedantry. It can be used to carve creatively as well as to kill—and in other hands than his it surely will be: whatever else Shaw has done, he has hung a glittering new and needed weapon in the armoury of the arts. Conditioned absolutely by the special character of the campaign he had in mind—submitting to every limitation without shuffling, and swerving shamelessly out to enjoy every licence—

it is the very finest example in the whole of English letters of prose written to be uttered with a physical forcibleness on the rapid levels of men-to-men speech, and yet retaining, unsuspected, all those powers of balance, rhythm and picturesqueness whose aid must be employed before all defences can be carried, who sail into the citadel by the more important senses whilst the colloquialisms keep the common one engaged. Technically, that is its most triumphant innovation. The hour of "oratory" was over; the peroration was punctured: the purple passage was merely a red rag to rouse restiveness: hungry democrats and terrible vegetarian-anarchists wanted utterances that hit and looked like lumps of steel. And the problem, briefly, was therefore how to appear to be using this life-pre-

server sort of language without really relinquishing the aid of the subtler influences that used always to be summoned by the solemn ritual of rhetoric.

Well, Shaw found a way. His hearers wanted "straight talk": so he cast periods like horizontal bars. But they were bars that worked like piston-rods, all built for thrust and drive: they displayed the splendid beauty of clean speed, and at the very moment when they seemed to be discarding contemptuously all merely emotional adjuncts, they were dizzying the onlookers with that supremely sensual excitement, the intoxicating ecstasy of pace. He stripped all his

sentences of those trailing wreaths and ropes of metaphor that Ruskin twined round his message for impressiveness—and then multiplied still further the effect of impetuosity thus produced by using all the energy that might have gone to making garlands in the task of fitting clause into clause so ingeniously that never a joint could be seen, so that a sentence made up of many added items lay as level as a spear, streaking past as though launched with one lunge. It is interesting to watch the first studious assemblage of the parts, and then the gradual speeding-up of the mechanism.

"Mr Reginald Harrington Lind, at the outset of his career, had no object in life save that of getting through it as easily as possible, and this he understood so little how to achieve that he suffered himself to be married at the age of nineteen to a Lancashire cotton-spinner's heiress. She bore him three children, and then eloped with a professor of spiritualism, who deserted her on the eve of her fourth confinement, in the course of which she caught scarlet fever and died. Her child survived, but was sent to a baby farm, and starved to death in the usual manner."

That is an early effort, from the laboratory called "The Irrational Knot." Already the desired effect of imperturbability is there, gained by the careful maintenance of a monotone; and the crowded middle sentence does nearly take the listener's breath away by telescoping four travails, two tragedies and a comic professor

of spiritualism into a couple of level lines. But the jolts at the commas break the pace rather roughly, and although the sentences are still comparatively short, they are only kept going by making the clauses cannon, after the model of the famous House that Jack Built, instead of plunking past like a rifle-bullet, straight from stop to stop. Months of practice and experiment, on paper by day, on platforms at night, taught him how to overcome these crudities. The sentence that follows is one written for actual utterance (and written, oddly enough, in that home of the old school of rhetoric William Morris's house at Kelmscott), and the reader



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G. Bernard Shaw,  
By Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

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From 'Three Living Lions' by Joseph Simpson R. B. A. by  
courtesy of Mr. D. J. Rider

will see how perfectly the sense of precipitancy is secured to it by the simple device of dropping its successive items into the slots of a kind of eternally expanding carrier reaching forward from a single steady verb

"One can see that the Local Government Board of the future will be a tremendous affair, that foreign States will be deeply affected by the reaction of English progress, that international trade, always the really dominant factor in foreign policy, will have to be reconsidered from a new point of view when profit comes to be calculated in terms of net social welfare instead of individual pecuniary gain—that our present system of imperial aggression in which under pretext of exploration and colonization the flag follows the filibuster and trade follows the flag with the missionary bringing up the rear must collapse when the control of our military forces passes from the capitalist classes to the people, that the disappearance of a variety of classes with a variety of what are now ridiculously called 'public opinions' will be accompanied by the welding of society into one class with a public opinion of inconceivable weight, that this public opinion will make it for the first time possible effectively to control the population, that the economic independence of women and the supplanting of the head of the household by the individual as the recognised unit of the State will materially alter the status of children and the utility of the institution of the family and that the inevitable reconstitution of the State Church on a democratic basis may, for example, open up the possibility of the election of an avowed Freethinker like Mr. John Morley or Mr. Bradlaugh to the deanery of Westminster"

It is simply a series of separate statements, but they are so socketed that the result is torrential—the sentence seems to go whipping through its supporting semi-colons much as telegraph-wires do through their posts when you watch

them racing past from a swift train. And further practice still, the months stretching into years, enabled him to eliminate even slotted frames and posts in the paragraph that follows, written at the height of his powers, those recurrent "thats" have been replaced by subtle piers and as the reader's mind is carried over it tastes a queer vertigo—it clutches its guide giddily, yielding him a blank subjection, like the limp obedience paid a Blondin by the fellow on his back,—far completer (at any rate till he touches honest ground again), than the reverence offered to a Fors-Clavigerating Ruskin

"I therefore do not misunderstand my plain statement of the fundamental constitution of London society as an Irishman's reproach to your nation. From the day I first set foot on this foreign soil I knew the value of the prosaic qualities of which Irishmen teach Englishmen to be ashamed as well as I knew the vanity of the poetic qualities of which Englishmen teach Irishmen to be proud. For the Irishman instinctively disparages the quality which makes the Englishman dangerous to him, and the Englishman instinctively flatters the faults that make the Irishman harmless and amusing to him. What is wrong with the prosaic Englishman is what is wrong with the prosaic men of all countries—stupidity. The vitality which places nourishment and children first—heaven and hell a somewhat remote second—and the health of society as an organic whole nowhere may muddle successfully through the comparatively tribal stages of gregariousness, but in nineteenth century nations and twentieth century empires the determination of every man to be rich at all costs and of every woman to be married at all costs must without a highly scientific social organization produce a ruinous development of poverty, celibacy, prostitution, infant mortality, adult degeneracy, and everything that wise men most dread. In short, there is no future for men,



G. B. S. sitting to Rodin.  
By Will Rothenstein.

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however brimming with crude vitality, who are neither intelligent nor politically educated enough to be Socialists. So do not misunderstand me in the other direction either: if I appreciate the vital qualities of the Englishman as I appreciate the vital qualities of the bee, I do not guarantee the Englishman against being like the bee (or the Canaanite) smoked out and unloaded of his honey by beings inferior to himself in simple acquisitiveness, combativeness and fecundity, but superior to him in imagination and cunning."

Lightened of all adjectives—nimble with nouns—turning categories into keyboards when it wants to ripple us a run, and avoiding vowels in order to obtain the snap of consonants—it rattles at a rate that makes the best of Swift seem slow, and pelts the brain with stinging drops like driving hail. It is deliberately cold and colourless, but it produces a kind of glow—a sensual warmth that almost melts the icy argument, almost turns it into something soft and kind. For rapidity, poignancy, unanimity, promptness, and an exquisite timing and adjustment of its parts, there is no prose to be compared with it in English. And, just as an athlete is more beautiful

than an aesthete, so it grows more sensuous the more cynical it becomes; it practises a bodily seduction even while seeming wholly to rely on pure intelligence. It is curious virtuosity. His passion for picturesqueness made him pick this pose of sour reasonableness;

his vivid imagination enabled him to perfect it; the result was a reputation for harsh common sense that made men and artists regard him with awe.

# V

Then why bewail its acquisition? In face of all these merits, why pity the maker and propound this dark theory about him being the luckless dupe of a decoy? To that we now come. There are reasons in quantity. Hitherto we have spoken of this instrument of expression as though it were something solid and separable: as a sword, which he forged; or a flute, which he played on; a detachable piece of his equipment. That is one of the weaknesses of rhetoric. Actually it was his own mind that he put on the anvil and altered; it was his own larynx that he fitted with patent stops. The sword cut both ways, carving the hand that controlled it; the flute was a magic flute that filled the mind of the player with all the tunes that flowed from it, forcing his thoughts to keep step to its piping. The parallel bars of his prose have seemed to us thus far like a firm

apparatus on which he could perform acrobatically. We now discover and have to face the fact that they are the bars of a cage, and that Shaw has shut himself and his capers inside it.

And by this something much more malignant is meant than the mere hemming-in of his mind with the wrong subjects. It is true that the man who trains himself to speak

"without notes, on Rent, Interest, Profits, Wages, Toryism, Liberalism, Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, Trade-Unionism, Co-operation, Democracy, the Division of Society into Classes, and the Suitability of Human Nature to Systems of Just Distribution,"

is building up his views rather badly, too hastily leasing the principal sites of his brain to a rabble of trumpery tenants. But if there had been nothing worse than this Shaw would have pulled through, after a check: he had vigour enough to make even Interest interesting and convert Rents into a human reality; he would have ultimately humanised these ill-conducted aliens much as

a rich soil will rejuvenate and civilise a top-dressing of tatterdemalion settlers. The fatal thing was not the type of topic he discussed; it was the attitude he struck as he did so. It induced a spiritual deformity, a kink he will carry to his grave; you might say (I would not



George Bernard Shaw in his Library.  
By Max Beerbohm.

By kind permission of the artist.

blame you) that it produced a condition of permanent hump. We have seen how he slaved to acquire a tone of icy arrogance: once found, it seemed to freeze to his tongue. The æsthetic fashion of the hour favoured contempts, tirades, antagonisms, an omniscient school-mastering of creation; instead of wearing it a moment and then tossing it aside, this man hugged it to him till it became a second skin.

And the reason for this wretched permanence, like all the causes in this comedy of errors, only makes its own result the more perverse. It was exactly Shaw's unsuitability for the surly part of pedagogue that made him cling to his Dotheboys demeanour so defiantly; it was because he was an artist, wholly swayed and governed by the artist's deep controlling sense of form, that he stuck to his beastly bitterness and rancour, and persisted in displays of conscious bad form. A weaker artist would have suffered less: our Cranes soon ceased their clamour—our Carpenters turned craftsmen, working happily at a bench instead of eternally trying to occupy one. All the genuine propagandists, too, changed

their manner cheerily; the Salts of this earth, after acting as irritants for a time, sociably subsided, later on, into agreeable condiments—as Secretaries of the Humane Society and so forth. Even Olivier is a K.C.M.G.—Jeremiah mellows into a Governor of Jamaica.

But Shaw is incapable of this casualness. He is consumed by the poet's passion for consistency. He feels forced to adhere to all the attitudes of his salad-days—down even to its devotion to salad; he is incapable of confessing that those early passions for rolled oats were really only another of youth's ways of sowing wild ones. That accusation of capriciousness, so often brought against him—how heartily one wishes it were true! He lacks the courage to abandon his convictions. Like Tanner, he "never withdraws." He may advance—that is another thing; but, if he does, he takes his old opinions with him, no matter what the extra cost of carriage, ingeniously, over-eagerly, proving to himself and to us how absolutely essential they are to his equipment. He has reminded us somewhere that we all die once each eight years—but in his own case the estate is strictly entailed; he takes his ancestors with awful seriousness—fulfils their pledges if it ruins him—many of his apparently most preposterous extravagances have been simply his attempts to pay their debts. There is a kind of cowardice here—but what I want you to realise is that it is the cowardice that comes from a blind dread and horror of the wickedness of making false strokes. Shaw wouldn't a bit mind giving himself away; what he cannot bear is the knowledge of having done so. Taking life with the triple seriousness of art, Ireland, and youth, the idea of having wasted a drop of it would anguish him. All his irresponsibilities have been the result of this solemn sense of personal responsibility. It is this that makes him (for example) dwell so disproportionately on trivialities of dress and diet—his way of eating and drinking, of spelling "cigaretts" and not smoking them; and when he foams so fantastically over our refusal to conform, he is really desperately beating back any doubts as to his rightness, frantically justifying himself to himself. It is the same boyish fear that sets him eternally chattering explanations. He is often not so much trying to discover the truth as to find some further proof that he has told it. When he button-holes us so insistently outside his own plays—prefacing, promising, explaining, assuring, like a showman blarneying desperately away outside his booth before he dares to let us in, he is really not so much trying to humbug us with his harangues as to reassure and satisfy himself. He uses all the powers of his imagination to cast a spell upon those powers; his wit never displays a more wonderful agility than when it is trying to allay its own alertness. He will found a philosophy rather than admit a jest was idle\*—and then write a play to prove, by the

\* This, at any rate, is not rhetoric. If the reader will turn back to the eleven pages of Notes at the end of "Cæsar and Cleopatra," he will find Mr. Shaw excitedly arguing himself into the belief that the pantomime fooling with Britannus is a sober psychological study, and a piece of dignified historical portraiture. He rigs up a solemn theory of the Influence of Climate Upon Character and the Comparative Unimportance of Racial Influx to justify what is obviously only a cheap pantomime joke which we were all willing enough to laugh at and overlook till we got this portentous defence. The gravely reproduced portraits of Cæsar and General Burgoyne in the same volume, and the solemn resurrection of a contemporary print of the Pharos of Alexandria are analogous devices to deceive his soul into thinking that it has been spending its powers on work of an adequate dignity.

action of the characters, that the philosophy is true†—and then extend the philosophy in order to demonstrate that a dramatist's *personnel* are free and independent creatures, uncontrolled by the conscious will of the playwright, and that he himself is a playwright in that sense.‡ In brief, he is the kind of man who would chip corners off his character till it fitted all round rather than admit to himself that he had got into a hole.

This—and much worse—is exactly the mutilation we now see him steadily practising. "Worse," because his thrown thoroughness, the artist's instinct perverted, made him tinker and contort the whole of the rest of humankind in order to make it fit into and match his own malformities. He had to go to the length of jerry-mandering the entire cosmic scheme in order to make it square with his early jeremiads. He began by persuading his own virtues to publicly approve his vices; he so dazed and bedazzled his native tenderness, pity, chivalry, and sweetness of heart with dialectic that they mazedly testified that harshness and arrogance and a truculent contempt were qualities they thoroughly admired. "In this world," they attested, "if you do not say a thing in an irritating way you may just as well not say it at all, since nobody will trouble themselves about anything that does not trouble them." And, again, "The fact is, there is nothing the public despises so much as an attempt to please it. Torment is its natural element; it is only the saint who has any capacity for happiness." He actually persuaded himself, this lover of lenity, that it is necessary to hurt in order to heal; that the only way to encourage men is to discourage them; that it is necessary to be disagreeable in order to get them to agree. In order to save himself from the agony of perceiving that his early attitude had been largely juvenile egregiousness, he proposed to agonize the rest of the world. He began a campaign of universal irritation; and as he set about it he kept reiterating fervently, like a missionary muttering godless prayers, that taunts and intolerance, accusations and contempt, were logically, demonstrably, and therefore quite unquestionably, much the best methods of spreading and preaching the golden gospel of The Brotherhood of Man.

And, of course, it couldn't end with that absurdity. The disguise had to get deeper, his voice had to rise louder in order to deafen his own ears. Other arguments had to radiate, flung out to balance and support the first. Once his energy got working in this accidental twig it shot out branches till it burst into a self-supporting tree, seeking a satisfying symmetry. The first corollary that ran out, to act as stay and flying buttress, and subsequently to become a parent stem of its own (so that it now sometimes seems the central pillar of them all, the very tent-pole of his patent storm-proof creed) was the formula that all men's miseries are the result of the discrepancy between the sentimental version of life fed into most of us, and life as it actually is—and that to hack away these sweetnesss and cauterise the wounds, to kill what he (wrongly) called "the romantic convention" with the cruellest acid and steel he could find, was therefore hero's work,

† "John Bull's Other Island"—where the Britannus theory is dragged out again to be propped up—exhumed in order to be animated.

‡ Preface to "Man and Superman," p. xvii. Pref. to "Plays Pleasant," pp. vii. and viii. Pref. to "Major Barbara," p. 173.

hygienic work, a harsh but holy warfare, a completion of the surgery begun by old Cervantes. Now there was some of the sap of human truth in this at least—it did touch actual earth. It is a diagnosis, indeed, that we can find an instant use for, here and now, for doesn't it form the perfect definition of the source of all Shaw's own disasters?—it is because he sentimentally sees himself as a satirist and harsh realist, instead of harshly realising he is actually a romantic that he has gone so hopelessly astray. It is because he sees himself as a Cervantes when he is really a Don Quixote (down even to his personal appearance, by the way GBS and GKC—the Knight and Sancho irresistibly, and down even to the famous misadventure with the dolls—for Shaw's chief mistake about the theatre as we will see is his solemn attribution to the marionettes he found there of powers they never have possessed) that he has suffered the Don's own doom. But the vitality in this principle ironically enough only served to sustain him while he unconsciously provided a perfect demonstration of its fatal action, and, if a sudden shivering sense of its personal aptness did ever assail his subconsciousness, it simply hurried him on with the task of planting, on the other side, as a stout protection against any lurking fatuousness, the famous pair of reciprocating twin hypotheses—the hypotheses of the Artist-Philosopher and the Superman.

The urgent necessity for these will be recognised. The theory of the Superman was essentially nothing but a defence of platform-dogmatism to bully and browbeat in the name of *Egalité*, *Fraternité* was decently impossible without some such extension of the synthesis, and to the aid of the announcement that no "one having

any practical experience of Proletarian Democracy has any belief in its capacity for solving great political problems or even for doing ordinary parochial work intelligently," there came that fine suggestion of the Life-force working up and up through speechless monsters, and stupid stuttering minor men seeking for a brain that could express it, till at length through the intellect of the Artist-Philosopher (another name for Sigurd-Ruskin-De-Resque) it achieved articulation, became

conscious of its own desires, and delivered its commands and warnings brusquely to the unemerged remainder of its carcase.

The mysterious thing we call life organizes itself into all living shapes, bird, beast, beetle and fish, rising to the human marvel in cunning dwarfs and in laborious muscular giants, capable these last of enduring toil willing to buy love and life not with suicidal curses and renunciations but with patient manual drudgery in the service of higher powers. And these higher powers are called into existence by the same self-organization of life still more wonderfully into true persons who may by comparison be called gods, creatures capable of thought, whose aims extend far beyond the satisfaction of their bodily appetites and personal affections since they perceive it is only by the establishment of a social order founded on the common bonds of moral faith that the world can rise from mere savagery.

"Men of genius are the men selected by Nature to carry on the work of building up an intellectual consciousness of her own instinctive purpose." "The great man incarnates the philosophic consciousness of life."

"All his treatises and poems and scriptures are the struggle of Life to become divinely conscious of itself instead of stumbling blindly hither and thither in the line of least resistance." "Thus Life Force says

\* "The Perfect Wagnette" p. 11

### FABIANS AT HOME.



Fabian Diablonians exorcising a mediæval Christian Saint on the occasion of the debate between Belloc and Shaw. It is not officially supposed that the Millennium will be in any way unduly delayed by this debate.

Drawn by Will Dyson  
Reproduced, by permission from *The Daily Herald*

"I have done a thousand wonderful things unconsciously by merely willing to live and following the line of least resistance: now I want to know myself and my destination and choose my path; so I have made a special brain, a philosopher's brain, to grasp this knowledge for me. And this," says the Life force to the philosopher, 'must thou strive to do for me until thou diest, when I will make another brain and another philosopher to carry on the work.'"

So were arrogance justified and self-suspicion stilled: our infatuated Don Quixote has a Dulcinea now—this stringy, sterile German spinster of a Life-force; and rides on solemnly enchanted. No lifting his hallucination now! "Metaphysic" is only "metaphor" spelt in four syllables: never yet was there a poet could resist one. Watch, now, how his conception forthwith clings and spreads—dilating organically, expanding spontaneously, exhibiting all the signs of true vitality, as all conceptions do, even the most damnable, if ever they get a purchase in

an artist's generative consciousness, and suck at his divine but indiscriminating vigour. Dogma dove-tails into dogma; pedant theories flower as plays; these scatter seeds that shoot up fresher saplings to support and screen the skinny parent crook. Thus, the Superman plainly needing some solid social backing if he were going to keep the Artist-Philosopher on his feet, there spontaneously sprang to support him the now familiar Shavian doctrine (so soon, alas, to grow sadly shop-soiled) declaring the

healthiness of wealthiness and the heavenliness of worldliness and the crime of being crushed.† This in turn disclosing dangers (we know the hands it played into—the greasy souls it fed with self-approval) up rose a fresh Law to protect it—the Law asserting that there is a safe Saturation-point to Human Sensuousness—that self-restraint follows indulgence, and licence observes limits, and "the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom."

And when this too wavered dubiously (for what of our rakes in their muck?—and aren't there indulgences that go on without deepening—blisses that keep step with life cunningly, feeding on it craftily, careful to keep their prey in condition?—and aren't there satisfactions that dim the mind to soothe the body?)—when this, in turn, tottered, a last convulsive inspiration, the impulse of self-preservation hard at work, made it shoot out a further branch that caught and clung round a formula (the formula that made G. K. Sancho think Shaw an ascetic) that by a lucky loop

led right back to the parent stem—the formula, namely, that men don't like happiness, that bliss only bores them,‡—thus perfectly completing the sinister circle by backing up the first defence of offensiveness, filially feeding into

† "The universal regard for money is the one hopeful fact in our civilization, the one sound spot in our social conscience." "The greatest of evils and the worst of crimes is poverty; our first duty, a duty to which every other consideration should be sacrificed, is not to be poor."

‡ "Nobody wants bliss particularly or could stand more than a very brief taste of it, if it were attainable." "The pursuit of happiness is the most miserable of human occupations."



George Bernard Shaw—Novelist, Journalist and Playwright, in his Study, at Adelphi Terrace.

Reproduced, by permission, from *The Tatler*.

and fortifying the faculty by which it was primarily fed.

Oh, yes—it was neat; and none the less because it turned its very neatness to account by declaring clear thinking the supreme effort of the Life Force. But those who know that the clearness of a system is a proof of incompleteness, that definition is only gained by blurring truth, mustn't allow their possession of that knowledge to prevent them from perceiving the passion and glow that lie beneath these cold, clipped, charmless, lucid leaves. For to do that is to miss the real cause of the coldness, and to make the miserable, fashionable, unforgivable mistake of seeing Shaw as a mere marvellous mental machine. The thing to remember is the central tap-root of this rigid tree of thought—that accursed grafted crab of studied sourness. It is that which diverts the good juices and chills them with gall, embittering the ultimate fruit: it is that initial, unnatural theory of the virtue of venom (as though a serpent's wisdom were communicated by its fangs!) that has governed the whole habit of the growth. It makes its pity appear pitiless, it curdles its kindness, it forces the chivalry to emerge as contempt. The exasperating thing about all Shaw's utterances isn't their surfacesavagery or cynicism; it is the sight of the sweet sap being choked and changed behind; cut through the metallic coating that covers all his leaves with that glib, repellent, acrid shine, and you get generosity, wonder, wistfulness, awe, any amount of loveliness and love. His heart is in the right place; it is only his tongue that has gone wrong: it has taken a permanent twist into his cheek. When he tries to preach gentleness, it turns the words into jeers; it makes

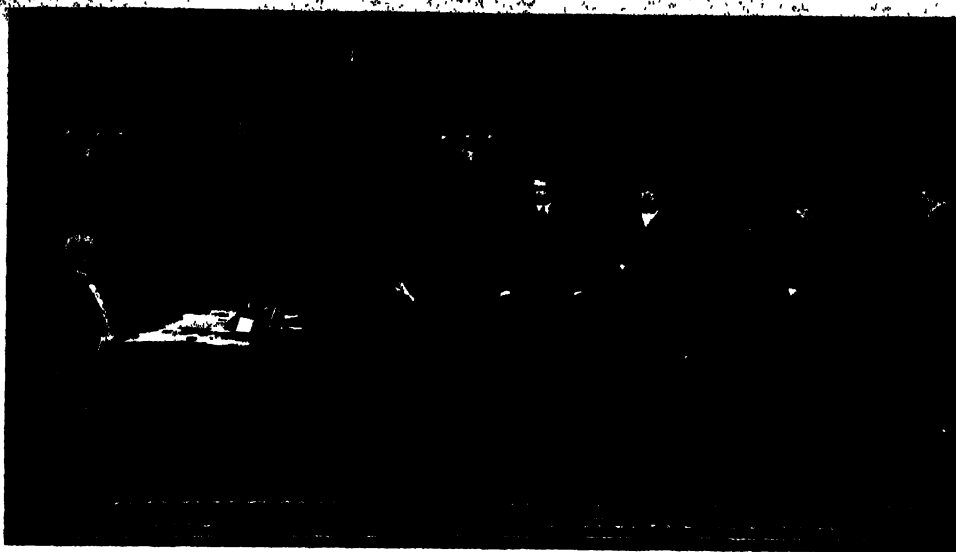


Photo by Daily Mirror Studios.

Scene from "Man and Superman."

Tanner: "You are not putting the situation fairly before them."



Photo by Daily Mirror Studios.

Scene from "Fanny's First Play."

Fanny, her father, and the critics discussing Fanny's play



Photo by Daily Mirror Studios.

Scene from "John Bull's Other Island."

Broadbent: "I hope you've not been anxious about me?"



him malevolent in the cause of mercy, quarrelsome in the name of peace; and when he strives to shout friendly advice this interpreter, tutored too well, changes the message into a cold snarl of disdain. He sits down to write a play (called "Widowers' Houses") pleading the cause of the oppressed; and the result makes the whole world howl him down as heartless and inhuman. He writes another ("Major Barbara") to demonstrate "the central truth of Christianity—the vanity of revenge and punishment," and his hearers shiver at the sight of its ferocity. When he tries to stop the practice of cutting up live animals he can only do so by rending the character of doctors. He believes that "every man is a temple of the Holy Ghost," and promptly calls us "shirks, duffers, malingerers, weaklings, cowards."

All his announcements are denouncements; he must attack to defend, his affirmations reach our ears as denials, all his most positive utterances seem harsh strings of no's.

And observe that always, like a prisoner tightening his knots by struggling, the curbed creativeness within him increases these grimaces, the cordial energy straining and jerking at the mask till it becomes a very nightmare of menace. For the choked delight in music and gaiety, in rhapsody and heartiness, bubbling up where it can, spends itself on ecstasies of insolence, wild arias of acrimony, arpeggios of contumely and spleen. For instance:

"... the physician is still the credulous impostor and petulant scientific coxcomb whom *Molière* ridiculed; the schoolmaster remains at best a pedantic child-farmer and at worst a flagellomaniac; the philanthropist is still a parasite on misery as the doctor is on disease; the miracles of priestcraft are none the less fraudulent and mischievous because they are now called scientific experiments and conducted by professors; we shake our heads at the dirt of the middle ages in cities made grimy with soot and foul and disgusting with shameless tobacco smoking; public health authorities deliberately go through incantations with burning sulphur (which they know to be useless) because the people believe in it as devoutly as the Italian peasant believes in the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius; and straightforward public lying has reached gigantic developments, there being nothing to choose in this respect between the pickpocket at the police-station and the minister on the treasury bench, the editor in the newspaper office, the city magnate advertizing bicycle tyres that do not side-slip, the clergyman subscribing the thirty-nine articles, and the vivisector who pledges his knightly honour that no animal operated on in the physiological laboratory suffers the slightest pain. Cowardice is universal: patriotism, public opinion, parental duty discipline, religion,

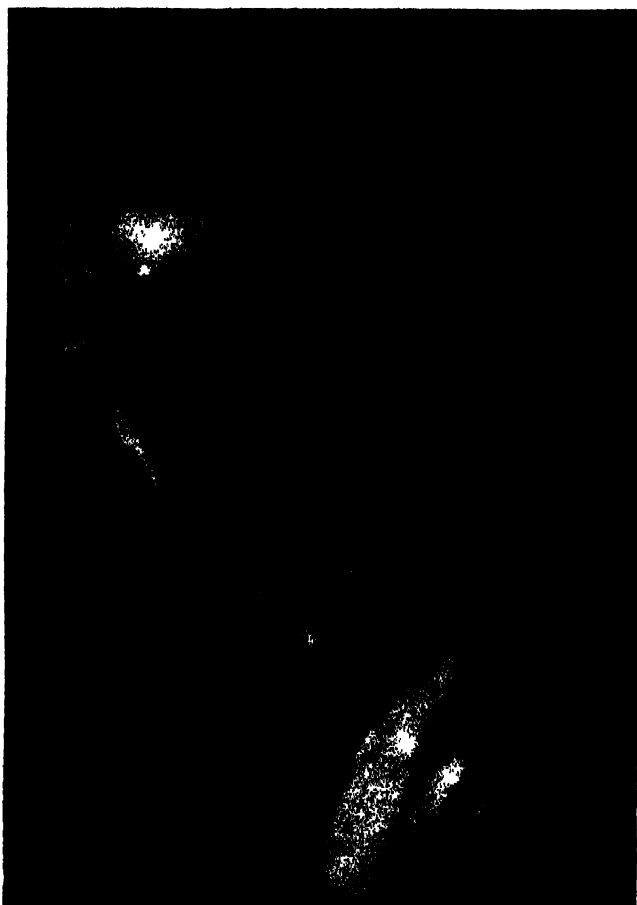


Photo by G. Francis Wilson.

G. Bernard Shaw  
(1913).

morality, are only fine names for intimidation, and cruelty gluttony and credulity keep cowardice in countenance. We cut the throat of a calf and hang it up by the heels to bleed to death so that our veal cutlet may be white; we nail geese to a board and cram them with food because we like the taste of liver disease; we tear birds to pieces to decorate women's hats; we mutilate domestic animals for no reason at all except to follow an instinctively cruel fashion; and we connive at the most abominable tortures in the hope of discovering some magical cure for our own diseases by them."

Some people call that courage: it is really self-indulgence. It is poetry perverted, imagination amok, a pure love of harmony, gaiety, sufficiency, intoxicated by the rush of recitative and simply carried away out of joyfulness into a rising crescendo of wrath. Stifle a virtue and you always get a vice—and out-

bursts like these are simply the revenges taken by his temperament for being thwarted. And, regarded as revenges, their success is profound—for they utterly ruin the cause for which the sacrifice was made. No doubt at all about that. Exactly as in *Ruskin's* case, the piston-rod rhetoric sinks the ship it was invented to drive; the imaginations of both these men, turned into wrong channels, ruined the cases they were kidnapped to plead. Shavian rhapsodies like that either produce patronising titters, as at the newest caper of our mountebank, or else an irritation that ends in opposition. Whilst poor humanity's humblest answer to such trouncings and trades would after all be by far the most crushing: "You say I am a duffer, a weakling, a coward? My kind-heartedness merely cowardice, my morals a mush, my honour a pitiable sham? Very well. You are wiser than I am; are indeed (if I take you aright) the very Universe become articulate and aware; I am therefore bound to believe what you say. Only, if these are my qualities; then they must also be your key-board. It is upon them you must play in order to alter and guide me. Deftly adapting your message to my stupidity and cowardice, you will tactfully teach me the truth. Yet—you don't do this. I misunderstand you completely—you say so yourself. But to me, in my darkness, that seems simply a proof that—you must have misunderstood me. You say you see all my weaknesses; I appoint you my teacher; five minutes later you start flogging me like a positive Squeers for my failure to comprehend your remarks. It doesn't seem in keeping. Either there is something wrong with your voice, which you cannot possibly help; or there is something wrong with your estimate of my hearing. In either case—who is to be

blamed? I feel there must be something wrong with your credentials. Perhaps your voice is not the voice of the Universe, after all. Or perhaps you are not a very good judge of other people's hearing. Myself, I favour both views. I don't fancy a Universe talking falsetto; and I don't think you are a good judge, not a particularly good judge, of other people. These thoughts are meant kindly to you. A blind leader of the blind will probably bring about disaster—but at least he will consider his poor companion's shortcomings. How much wickeded,

*Mr. Dixon Scott's article will be continued and completed in THE BOOKMAN for next month.*

wasteful, more shameful and ludicrous, would be the case of the clear-sighted leader who broke his client's neck because he couldn't be bothered to remember his afflictions. Good-day, Mr. Shaw. Here's your fee. We part friends."—So, in his humble way, says Everyman.

And his complaint brings us naturally to the culminating scene in our Comedy—to the drama of such a man, so unfitted for the post, being compelled to claim and fill the part of dramatist.

## THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1913.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

*"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.*

*Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best letter in not more than two hundred words on any volume of poems published during the last twelve months.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

### RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Miss Edith Furniss, of 21, Heron Road, Great Meols, Cheshire, and to Mrs. R. E. Markham, of 132, East Main Street, Lexington, Ky., U.S.A., for the following:

#### RENUNCIATION.

Away round the bend of the road you go,  
Dear little feet, Goodbye!  
It is only the first day of school to you—  
Though you hardly slept as the night sped through  
And the great Beginning nearer drew—  
But it's over the edge of my heart, you know,  
And we're parting, you and I.

Dear little only Baby, say,  
Did it too lonely seem?  
You never will grudge me these few fleet years  
When you know the well of my hidden tears.  
And all my impotent hopes and fears:  
For I'm giving you up to Life, to-day,  
And my Baby is a dream.

Wave! little hands, as you turn from my sight  
Feverish to begin;  
If ever I prayed it is now I pray  
For all the days that must follow to-day;  
God's Lamp, little feet, for your onward way;  
But it's oh! when you're done with the world to-night  
To my heart come creeping in. EDITH FURNISS.

#### THE MOTHER

Do you hear me singing to you in the twilight soft and low,  
As I sang in those dear twilights long ago,  
With your little head at rest 'mong the laces on my breast,  
While the twilight set its crinkled locks aglow?  
  
Oh, my fair and stately lady in your home across the sea,  
With your own sweet children gathered at your knee,  
Do you sometime pause to hear, through their laughter  
ringing clear,  
The old, old tale, that woke your childish glee?  
  
'Tis my heart that's calling to you through the gush of April rain  
And the snow of cherry-blossoms down the lane,  
When the breath of other days through your palace window  
strays  
From a springtime that will never bloom again.  
  
Yesterday I saw a lassie in the joy o' play awhirl,  
Put a flash of crimson cloak and sunny curl,  
With a rush of happy tears I forgot the cruel years,  
And I thought it was my own lost little girl  
  
Sometimes when day is ended and the gloaming shadows fall,  
And I hear home-going children gaily call,  
I wait and hold my breath in a silence deep as death,  
Listening, listening for your voice above them all  
  
Every golden gleam of sunshine is the shimmer of your hair,  
Every flower mirrors back your face so fair,  
Every glimpse of summer skies is a memory of your eyes,  
And your silvery laughter haunts me everywhere  
  
When the good God makes a mother does He set apart a space  
In the halls of Heaven, a cool and fragrant place,  
Where the light burns soft and low, and the angels may not go—  
Only Mary, with a smile upon her face?  
  
And will you run to meet me in that crystal quietude,  
Where for one sweet hour no later loves intrude?  
With my darling on my breast, shall I know at last the blest  
And eternal recompense of motherhood?

LULA CLARK MARKHAM.

We also select for printing:

#### A SONG OF SEASONS.

Green and gold on all the land, clouds that fly and follow:  
A stray wind, a gay wind that sings in every tree:  
Blossomed boughs on every hill, and fern in every hollow,  
Sweet of all the Spring-tide, and love for you and me.  
  
Sunny sheen and scent of rose and many a perfumed garland:  
A new sky, a blue sky, that stretches to the sea:  
Deep adown the forest ways a bird calls from a far land—  
Summer's clasp on all the earth, and love for you and me.  
  
Miles of yellow harvest, fruit a-ripe for falling:  
A glad song, a mad song of vintagers in glee:  
Autumn bringeth treasure trove—a tiny voice a-calling,  
Joy that nestles in your arms, and bliss for you and me.  
  
Cloudy spectres on the hills, rain upon the heather,  
A cold wind, a bold wind that moans at our roof-tree:  
Heap the blazing logs, sweetheart, and laugh at stormy weather—  
Winter bringeth nothing but content to you and me.

(A. M. Bowyer-Rosman, 20, Oxford Gardens, W.)

## LOOKING BACK.

O the lost loves and the dead loves,  
And the loves that are buried and gone;  
How the hearts shift and the years drift  
And the world rolls on!

Do you think oft as you lie soft  
Of the days that were merry and kind,  
Of the spilt tears and the changed years,  
Fallen so far behind?

O a face here and a face there,  
How they beckon thro' the gloam!  
We shall meet yet when the stars set  
And our steps turn home!

(Miss B. C. Hardy, 19, Hartfield Square, Eastbourne.)

## THE KNIGHT-AT-ARMS

No Aphrodite won from him  
A golden bangle for her pride;  
No Paris he, with promise fair,  
But he chose Beauty for his bride.

No lauded Helen followed him  
To Priam's hall and fireside,  
He sheathed desire and drew his sword,  
When he chose Beauty for his bride.

For her he broke a lance with Truth;  
For love of her he smote his Pride;  
Wisdom unhorsed him—rode him down—  
Still he chose Beauty for his bride

Despair and Joy keep pace with him,  
But Loneliness sleeps at his side;  
He follows her nor sees her face,  
Who chooses Beauty for his bride.

(Margaret Patton, Lexington, Virginia, U.S.A.)

From the numerous other Lyrics received we select for special commendation those sent in by H. F. (Ripon), Ethel Weltch (Aldeburgh), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), James Mitchell (Edinburgh), Elizabeth P. Sholl (Yatton), M. F. W. (Maidstone), Barbara Hyla Groves (Bournemouth), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), Hilda Trevelyan Thomas (Middlesbrough), Charles Stuart (Sheffield), E. Dalton (Shepherd's Bush), G. M. Fife (Edinburgh), Chrissie G. Palmer (Midlothian), Launcelot H. Stuckey (Taunton), Robert Ferrie (Renfrew), J. C. Church (Castleford), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J. D. S. Waugh (Todding-ton), Lorna Fane (St Annes-on-Sea), M. Moore (Carlisle, Pennsylvania), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), H. Douglas Hamilton (Bristol), Lloyd St. Clare (Twickenham), S. La Forde (London, S.E.), I. Rathbone (Liverpool), Beryl May (Farnham), Fannie Hodgson (Leeds), C. A. R. (Sheffield), Grace Ashby (Torrington), G. D. M. (London, S.W.), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), Florence M. Dyall (Birkenhead), Bernard Delorme (London, N.), Robert W. Fenton (Birdstall), D. M. Kermod (Kenilworth), May Jenkinson (London, S.W.), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Guenn F. Newnham (Dover), A. H. Man-nington Sayers (Monmouth), Silverpen (London, W.), Barnard R. H. Spaul (London, N.W.), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead Common), J. W. Shanks (Aberdeen), Doris Smith (Burton-on-Trent), J. J. Geake (Guildford), William Begg (Edinburgh), R. H. Kipling (Devonport), Gwendoline D. Harold (High Barnet), E. A. Blackman (Worthing), D. E. Baily (London, S.E.), Margot Balfour (London, W.), A. Bertram Johnston (Leith), E. W. Higgs (London, W.C.), Marjorie Ogle (Colne), M. E. Seed (Ushaw), S. R. Noyes (Deal), M. A. N. Marshall (Oxford), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Hilary Dane (Ashburton), Robert Henry Robinson (Gravesend), Cyril G. E. Blunt (London, S.W.), Denys Alsop (Bednall), Alice D. Neal (Ellans), L. Ward (Broadstairs), Dorothy M. Taylor (Aberystwyth), M. Bach (Dalwhinnie), J. M. Owston (London, S.W.), W. Morris (Bodmin), M. C. James (London, N.W.), Rosina F. Craignule (Aberdeen), Ernest F. Seymour (London, N.W.), Anita Lea (Liver-pool), Tristram (Aberdeen), Mary M. Wilshire (London, N.E.), Eleanor Littlewood (London, S.W.), S. Stuart (Sheffield), Percy Thomas (London, N.), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), Clarence Sweetapple (Leeds), E. J. Martin (Sheffield), S. J. Walker (Sheffield), C. Cooper (London,

S.W.), Elizabeth Dupuy (Washington, U.S.A.), Emma Frances Lee Smith (Washington, U.S.A.), May Knight (Axminster), Bassett Green (Coventry), Vera S. Wain-wright (Peaslake), H. B. Dawes (Birkdale), G. W. Bettany (Burton-on-Trent), Oudemia (London, W.), Robert D. Rossmale-Cocq (Sandown), Marjorie Winifred Crosbie (Herne Bay), William Hutcheson (Glasgow), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), E. G. Moore (East Grinstead), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Daisy G. McAlpine (Epsom), Janet Jeffrey (Midlothian), Achol M. Shep-herd (London, S.E.), L. P. Stule Hutton (London, N.), Beth Vickery (Bradford), Alice Wise (Leicester), Nora Lee (London, S.W.), F. J. Popham (Annan), A. S. Bhandarkar (London, W.), Robert Norlute (Clonmel), Ianthe B. Jerrold (Hampton-on-Thames), Berwick Sayers (South Croydon), M. A. Newman (Bamlingham), E. Goodwin (London, S.W.), Constance Goodwin (Lon-don, S.W.), Norman Boothroyd (Batley), Ethel M. Cooke (Norwich), Green Cross (Harrogate), Kitty Lewis (Mans-field), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), H. J. Taylor (Ramsgate), Lucie C. Temple (Southsea), Phyllis Tweed-dale (Birkdale), James Winter (London, W.), Annette Heard (Swanage), Josephine M. Lumly (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Alice Grant Rosman (London, W.), A. M. Bowyer Rosman (London, W.), M. M. Burnell (Ashford), Edith Furniss (Great Neots), R. W. King (London, S.E.), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), G. L. Aldous (Harleston), Norman Davidge Gullick (Clifton), S. T. McCabe (Patricroft), Frank Brebner (Aberdeen), Jeffrey Kitley (Alvaston), David Owen (Princetown), Marie C. Lufkin (Stockport), Ernest Ashworth (Bradford), Doris Dean (Bromley), Edith Leadbeater (Birstall), Kathleen A. Foley (Salis-bury), Eveleen Pawle (Ware), Frank N. Jellicoe (London, S.W.), B. R. H. Hetherington (Carlisle), Francis (Liver-pool), G. H. G. (Longslow), S. B. I. Bell (London, W.C.), David Stothart (Edinburgh), James Young (Blyth), Jean Wilson (Clifton), P. R. Alsop (Utttoxeter), S. Saint (London, W.), J. Rosenberg (London, W.), M. C. P. (Wimbledon), May Cooper (Sevenoaks), Eric Chilman (Hull), A. Crabbe (Earl's Court, S.W.), Harold R. Lingwood (Ipswich), Thomas Sharp (Merton Park, S.W.), Albert H. Candler (Worcester), May Berkeley (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Eric L. A. Hunt-Bayes (Wal-tham Abbey), W. T. L. (Dunfermline), L. G. Johnson (Tipton, Staffs.), E. M. Walker (Mirfield, Yorks.), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Robert Cogger (Dartford), Mary E. Boyle (Cowrie, Perthshire), F. M. Nicholson (Bebing-ton, Cheshire), Mrs. Ormsley (Pontypridd), E. Summers (Dukinfield, Cheshire), Bessie Hawkins (Bath), William Thornton Brocklebank (Darlington), Enid Lorimer (London, W.C.), Betty F. Kirby (Hoylake, Cheshire), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran, Co. Derry), Miss A. M. Leitch (Cardenden, Fife), J. A. I. Wilson (Edin-burgh), Laurence Tarr (Wanstead, N.E.), J. Drummond C. Monfries (Edinburgh), Effie Philps (Largs, Fife), Wilfred J. Grout (Folkestone), E. Lewis (Mansfield), L. K. Willis (Rochester, Kent), Anna K. Barlow (Blackheath, S.E.), A. Stanley Wood (Reading), Isidore G. Ascher (Kensington), E. R. North (W. Wy-combe), Edmund Howard (Putney), Beryl Shirley (Cardiff), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Cuthbert Ellison (Launceston), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), C. E. Staddon (Luton), Mary Wayman (Dorset), J. D. S. (Milngaie), Horace Gibson (Hull), Osav (Liscard), May Cooper (Sevenoaks), S. K. Doody (Boscombe), Miss B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), Winifred B. Medway (Clifton), Lettie Cole (Pontillas).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quota-tion is awarded to Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand, for the following:

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GODS. BY SIR HUGH CLIFFORD.  
(Murray.)

"Plucky lot she cared for idols  
When I kissed her where she stood  
On the Road to Mandalay."

KIPLING, *Mandalay*.

We select for printing:

HARD PRESSED. By FRED M. WHITE (Ward Lock)  
"I had to squeeze her waist or twice"  
CHAS. B. WADE, *Sky and Simple*.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road,  
South Woodford, N.E.)

THE HUNDRED COLLARS By ROBERT FROST.  
"And was not this enough?"  
SHELLEY, *Julian & Maddalo*.

(Gwen Connor, 45, Rossett Road, Crosby, Liverpool.)

BURIED ALIVE. By ARNOLD BENNETT  
"Alas, how easily things go wrong."  
GEORGE MACDONALD.

(W. J. Nicholson, 52, Kirkland Avenue, Tranmere,  
Birkenhead)

"WHAT TO SEE IN ENGLAND" By GORDON HOME.  
(A & C Black)  
"The rain, it raineth every day"  
SHAKESPIARE

(Rev. Forbes Yochey, Church of Scotland Mission,  
Tchang, China)

THE WAY OF AMBITION By ROBERT HICHENS  
(Methuen & Co)  
"My daughter, that enchanting gurl  
Has just been promised to an Earl"  
W. S. GIBBERI, *The Bab Ballads*

(Isabel Butchart, Elliscalse's, Dalton-in-Furness.)

THE SECOND CHANCE. By PAUL TRENT (Ward, Lock.)  
"... two beaux to every string"  
W. S. GIBBERI, *Iolanthe*.

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester)

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP. By WINSTON CHURCHILL  
(Macmillan)  
"And not a drop to drink"  
COLLIERIDGE, *Reminiscences of the Ancient Mariner*

(Isabel I. Fogarty, 230, Upton Lane, Forest Gate, Essex.)

III —A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight  
lines of verse to rhyme-endings given is awarded  
to Mr. G. M. Faulding, of 19, Warwick Crescent,  
Bayswater, W., for the following.

FONGLOVES.

Fongloves in the dingle are dreaming, are dreaming  
Secret the dreams of them and hid from mortal sight  
And the purple bells they shake, bells are they but in seeming,  
And none have heard their chimes ring out upon the summer  
night  
No, for in each bell asleep thro' all the dingle's hollow  
Hung and swung the tiny elves until their cradles broke  
Then they tumbled gaily out and called the rest to follow,  
And brownies and baby-birds and fire-flies all awoke

We specially commend the verses by Berwick Sayers  
(South Croydon), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Evelyn Grace  
Lalonde (Bath), Ethel M. Cooke (Norwich), Mrs L.  
Ward (Broadstairs), Horace Gibson (Hull), E. C. Lans-  
down (London, N.E.), Edith May Brill (Southport),  
M. A. Newman (Framlingham), C. E. Bland (Liphook),  
B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), H. M. Barrow (Hastings),  
M. M. Burnell (Ashford), Arthur R. O'Connor (Dorridge),  
John A. Walker (London, S.W.), S. M. Isaacson (London,  
W.), Malton (London, S.W.), Elizabeth E. Woodby  
(Stowmarket), H. E. S. Kew (Ashton-upon-Mersey),  
G. W. Turner (Burnley), E. Moore (Liverpool), M. C.  
Haythorne (Liverpool), F. Hern (Rowlands Castle),  
Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), E. I. Seaton (Boxmoor),  
Beatrice Medway (Clifton), A. H. Pennington (Oldbury),

Winifred Bourne Medway (Clifton), Irene Wintle (Liver-  
pool), Marian Millar (Bowdon), Vera Walton (Dalton-  
in-Furness), Emily Sunderland (Todmorden), E. D.  
Berkely (London, S.E.), S. J. Hardy (Salisbury), Chas.  
Powell (Manchester), N. S. (Birmingham), J. Muhl-  
hauser (Braintree), C. W. Rodmell (Sutton-on-Hull),  
Winifred Marsden (Matlock), Margaret Dunn (London,  
S.E.), Flora Forster (Swansea), Albert Shackleton  
(Todmorden), B. J. W. Andrews (London, S.E.), Lettie  
Cole (Pontilas), Constance Ken (Ashton-on-Mersey),  
A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), S. J. Walker (Sheffield),  
Elsie Reid (Milnathort), Cicely E. Ticehurst (Witcombe),  
M. M. (Roberton, N.H.), M. S. Macfarlane (Millport),  
Cecily Adelaide Hallock (Worcester), Bertha Milner  
(Tonbridge), Edith Pocock (London, W.), B. D. F.  
(Kingstown), J. W. Houchin (Shenfield), L. M. Giffony  
(Gerrard's Cross), Eleanor Bull (Ludlow), A. S. Barnard  
(Walsall), G. Willoughby (Sheffield), B. S. Maxwell  
(Great Crosby), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), E. M.  
Herring (Weston-super-Mare), Harold Horton (Man-  
chester), May Jenkinson (Tulse Hill), Gwendoline Chave  
(Taunton), David Johnston (Motherwell), Lilian A.  
Kerman (London, S.W.), Robert J. Cruikshank (Bourne-  
mouth), A. Bertram Johnston (Leith), E. W. Higgs  
(London, W.C.), M. MacArthur (Selsey West), E. L.  
Jones (Woodford Green), H. Everard (Boston),  
E. C. Cunningham (London, E.C.), Mrs Charles Wright  
(Sutton), J. R. A. Nicoll (Glasgow), Mary Wayman  
(Dorset), Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesborough),  
V. E. C. (Torrington), Rowland D. Lloyd (Bootle),  
W. T. Brocklebank (Darlington), J. G. B. Mosman  
(Pirrig), Eric Chulman (Hull), A. J. Buggs (Devon),  
E. Lewis (Mansfield), R. S. Pollard (Manchester), Green  
Cross (Harrogate), Dora Kuder (Taunton), Laurence  
Tarr (Wanstead), A. Miller (Thurso), G. Sutcliffe (Hali-  
fax), L. K. Willes (Rochester), Grace I. Foster (Ply-  
mouth), W. H. Usher (Warwick), A. S. Wood (Reading).



Photo by Daily Mirror.

G. Bernard Shaw.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. J. F. Harris, of St. John's College, Cambridge, for the following:

**"THE GREEN COCKATOO AND OTHER PLAYS."**

By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER.  
(Gay & Hancock.)

The work of Arthur Schnitzler, with the notable exception of the "Anatol" dialogues, is but little known in English translations. The plays in this volume show his characteristics quite pointedly. There is throughout a marked delicacy of treatment—yet a delicacy almost flippant in tone, as if the writer found life too light and trifling a thing to treat with much seriousness. His psychology within these limits is wonderfully acute; but one feels that the admirable craftsmanship is worthy of a bigger subject. The plays have an individual value as bearing the essential marks of a Viennese mode of thought.

We also select for printing:

**"SONS AND LOVERS"** By D. H. LAWRENCE  
(Duckworth.)

The story is written—without humour indeed—but with such decided conviction, such ease, and with so much "humanness" that it is remarkably interesting. So are all its characters, each has a Soul as well as a Body. The intensity of the mother lives in her son, but owing, maybe, to differences of culture, of generation as of sex, that which is her strength becomes his weakness. And his ineffectualness is the tragedy, while his humanness is the interest of the story. It is a novel which counts.

(J. R., 65, Montem Road, Forest Hill, S.E.)

**"MICHAEL FERRYS."** By MRS. DE LA PASTURE  
(Smith, Elder.)

Mrs. De La Pasture has made a new departure in her latest novel, "Michael Ferrys." The story deals with a young man, who, originally a sceptic, but inspired by love, sets out to discover religious truth, and his ultimate finding of it, after the loss of that love, in the Roman Catholic Church. Besides the skilful portraying of Michael's own spiritual experiences, the religious discussions throughout the book are handled in a restrained and reverent manner, seldom to be found now-a-days in modern fiction.

(Eleanor Pocock, 3, St. Stephen's Road, Ealing, W.)

**"STELLA MARIS"** By W. LOCKE. (The Bodley Head.)

Stella Maris, child of cloud and mystery, lying at her great window, high above the Channel, her lovely soul full of poetry and fair thoughts, her chamber decked with flowers and served with loving hands, is one of the most enchanting pictures in all



Photo by G. Francis Wilson.

**G. Bernard Shaw**  
(1913).

(Shanklin), Margaret J. Laird (Belfast), Mary A. Kingdom (Leamington Spa), Arthur Davidson (Nairn), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), M. Whitaker (Earlsheaton, Dewsbury), Sybil Waller (Boscombe, Hants.), J. D. S. Waugh (Teddington, Beds.), William F. Robinson (Impington Histon, Cambridge), R. H. Kipling (Devonport), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill, S.E.), W. M. Lodge (Norwood, S.W.), Miss D. Joyner (Woody Bay, North Devon), Miss M. K. Bostock (Forest Hill, S.E.), J. Drummond; C. Monfries (Edinburgh), Alan C. Fraser (Bridgwater), Katherine A. Fletcher (Winchester), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Lucie G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Rosa B. Froud (Southsea), Eric Chilman (Hull), Mrs. Orr (Earl's Court, S.W.), Agnes Macaulay (Great Malvern), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), F. M. Nicholson (Bebington, Cheshire), Lottie Hoskins (Moseley, Birmingham), H. Rhoda Butt (Littlehampton), J. L. Hope (Newcastle-on-Tyne), W. F. Spalding (Palmer's Green, N.), D. Meats (Nottingham), and Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg).

literature. But can any life be lived in perfect proportion where sorrow is not present to qualify fortune? This doubt makes the picture, though beautiful, scarcely true, and the incursion of the world shatters its serenity, till we are plunged, beyond necessity, into sordid and harrowing detail. Stella herself however, always remains a figure of unforgettable beauty.

(Miss B. C. Hardy, 19, Nartfield Sq., Eastbourne.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Beryl May (Farnham), Miss J. C. Herring (Wimbledon, S.W.), Miss M. C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Bertha J. Milne (Montrose, N.B.), Elsie Reid (Milnathort, N.B.), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), C. W. Rodmell (Sutton-on-Hull), Walter P. Poley (Baltham, S.W.), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Harold J. Taylor (Ramsgate), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Ernest S. Heron (Chester), Mrs. Lucy M. Peaton (Great Yarmouth), Euphemia Dalglish (Leith), L. Weibt

V.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. Mac M. Greig, of Mfuleni, Amalilulu, Zululand, South Africa.

## WHAT WAS THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT? \*

By DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

I THINK that I understand these American Essays, although written with a minute and elegant obscurity, such as Mr. Henry James delights in. Moreover, I agree with much that their highly-cultivated author lays down, and when I disagree we could at least join issue. But on the margin my pencil has

often scribbled "*Fiat Lux*." Great and deep as are the problems handled, in the main their outlines stand clear enough to be drawn unmistakably, if Mr. P. E. More would translate his alembicated style (pardon the word) into sound old English, as rude as you please. The book is an argument, with illustrations from a motley array of names well known to literature—Beckford, Newman, Pater, Fiona Macleod, Nietzsche—and one man of science, Huxley. All these fall under a critical

\* "The Drift of Romanticism." By Paul Elmer More. (Shelburne Essays. Eighth Series.) (London: Constable. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.).

touch, very surprising at first, which reveals them as specimens of "Romanticism." I quote the word, not as adopting it in this peculiar meaning, but that we may define it before we end. It is a strange galley in which Newman, Huxley, and Nietzsche tug at the labouring oar, and only a press-gang could have brought them together. Newman, I suggest, will have to be landed or thrown overboard. In the sense which Mr. More attaches to his label, the saintly Oxford teacher was not, and never could have been, a "Romantic." He travelled outside that movement and in an opposite direction. Now let us turn a few rays of common daylight on the dark places where wisdom lies hidden—for there is a treasure of it—in our American book.

Mr. More has given his readers a preface at the beginning, and a creed in ninety articles at the end, of his dissertations on the spirit which animates the world of to-day as its "dominant tendency and admitted ideal." What does the *Zeitgeist* know? What does it dream? Its knowledge is called science, its dream romance. It holds by ascertained facts, and that is its merit. But it invents a theory to explain them—atoms, ethers, electrons, evolution—and that is its weakness. Precisely in the same way, when it longs for an escape from the "iron laws" which in Mill's logic were called "uniform associations," it falls back upon impulse and the innocence, or even the holiness of natural instincts, thus clearing out of its path churches, man-made laws, conventions, and in short discarding the old clothes with which humanity has adorned or disfigured itself. This revolt is Romanticism. Not without significance, in the legend of Rousseau, was Diderot, the man who impelled him to win his prize by declaring against civilisation and crying out, "Let us return to Nature." For Diderot is the true father of French, English, German rebels, risen up to pull to the ground, to trample into pieces, and to burn with fire classic models and Christian institutions.

All this, or nearly so, the present reviewer has already committed to print, in the *Quarterly* or in his "Heralds of Revolt." It cannot be displeasing to him that a younger and very accomplished critic—if an American, so much the better—should be now striking on the same chord with conviction, with emphasis. To diagnose the *Zeitgeist*, who—believer or unbeliever will deem it a superfluous undertaking? But now mark the result, so far. This new orthodoxy has brought forth a new heterodoxy. We will suppose the Christian religion slain and shovelled away into its rock-hewn tomb. *Hic jacet*; behold the place where they have laid it. Mr. More, a thoughtful Yankee, writes its epitaph in a single word, "Mythology." So much for that. Church and Revelation shall be dreams in a night that is past. Diderot triumphs; Darwin is the modern Moses and begins chapter one of Genesis in the latest edition. At this very moment, however, when the ancient dogmatist has a rattle in his throat, and Huxley sings "*Nunc dimittis*," our American remembers, not Zion, but Emerson, and "the spiritualist finds himself driven to express his faith by a series of 'scepticisms.'" O Huxley, consider and see that here is an agnostic more pronounced than ever thou wert! For he refuses credence in atoms, ethers, electrons, and evolution. To him they are Baconian "idols of the theatre," and he says, like the man in "Love's Labour's

Lost," "*Haud credo*." From that sceptical earth no scientific artifice will dislodge him. Doggedly he distinguishes between particular facts granted, and universal laws questioned. He is a heretic to the Church of Science. But his own account of himself is "sceptic and mystic." Might I venture a guess, the grandfather of this recalcitrant was a dwarf at Königsberg with a Scotch name Germanized—Immanuel Kant.

The mystic, appealing to spiritual insight, to conscience, to the "inward check"—call it, if you will, the unexplored remainder of life in every stage—goes beyond Nature, Reason, Instinct, Phenomena, to the something over and above. He is a sceptic only as he will not let himself be cooped within the bounds of time or carried away by the flux. He is clad in triple steel against the reason of the Rationalist, the passion of the Romantic. He opposes Plato to Darwin, and the higher strain of the "Symposium" to an æsthetic which ends in Baudelaire and Oscar Wilde. He condemns the Epicurean Pater with a Greek sentence: "When anyone prefers beauty to virtue, what is this but the real and utter dishonour of the soul?" He laughs at Zarathustra the Superman, who, despite all his strugglings and clamours, remains immersed in the nature, even the human nature, he would fain escape from but never can, for he drifts along the "stream of desires and passions and impulses." Our wild Nietzsche scoffed at equality and trampled on fraternity; yet he adored Cæsar Borgia, whose equal and brother found in many a prison or asylum does not promise well for the Golden Age. What shall we conclude? That science has its mythology, more severe than the Christian? That lawless Romanticism breeds madness in the brain? We survivals from the worn-out old churches have steadfastly maintained thus much, only we did not evaporate the Gospel and the immense world of history bound up with it into what Goethe and Matthew Arnold termed a fairy tale. We were not sceptics and mystics, but mystics and dogmatists. Or, as Newman wrote, "What a veil and curtain this world of sense is! beautiful, but still a veil." And once more: "Time is nothing except as the seed of eternity." These old believers were not men of the stream but looking ever towards the shore beyond.

*"Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore."*

It is hardly fair, then, to charge upon them or upon us an error such as may well be cast with all Plato's magnificent irony to the account of "rationalistic" science, and of its accomplice the libertine Romanticism, that sought freedom where none could exist for the soul, and confused the "limitless" with the true Infinite. Our faith in history keeps the value of a Revelation from the world beyond time. Its facts are at once human and transcendental. The mystic also, I would observe to my good author, lives in the realm of phenomena; how does he catch "the secret," although bounded by sense and experience? Let him not scorn history, and the dogmatic believer will acknowledge the spiritual intuition without which, as we of course hold, religion would be impossible. That this intuition, not somehow realising its contents in and through the shows of man's earthly nature, by means of his fortunes and his reactions against the "weary weight" ever pressing on him—that so pure an influence will be a match for



evil unless it comes down armed into the valley of the Shadow of Death, nothing in past ages or at our own day tends to persuade us. The incarnate Christ remains the one effective answer to Monism.

Monism—an ugly, indispensable word! Mr. More has laid the question of questions plainly in our sight. "Is there, or is there not, some element of man's being superior to instinct and reason, some power . . . without whose authoritative check reason herself must in the end be swept away in the dissolution of the everlasting flux?" He takes his stand, in opposed attitude to "the general drift of ideas," with "what may be called the universal church of the spirit," whose great masters have been Greeks—Socrates, Plato, Aristotle—and their true disciples Christians—like St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas among philosophers, Dante and Shakespeare among poets. All these did homage to a Divine Reason, antecedent and creative of things visible. And that which in a higher sense we term Romance, but not specifically Romanticism, was the vision of this work-a-day world in the light, and suffused by the reflection upon it, of the eternal splendours. All that may be read and sung to the heavenly measures of Dante's "Paradiso."

But you, oh general and average reader, how I pity your plight! Unhappy, unconscious Monist that you are! God is not in your reckoning. Any name on the posters about railway stations sufficiently multiplied hypnotises you. Now it is Darwin, now Huxley, anon Nietzsche, or to-day Bergson. Do not answer me indignantly that names such as these are never seen on posters. All your literature is of the poster-type. Will you stone me if I tell you with a sad and serious smile that, in the sense once underlying the word Knowledge, you know nothing? But, in simple sooth, what do you know? Once you were humble and clear-eyed enough to confess your ignorance; you listened to the wise and bowed your head to their teaching. Now, will you spend an hour or two with Mr. More, and say at the end whether you assent to his indictment of the vast twin-heresy called science and romance, which ought to be pinned down, as if deadly microbes, under the tags of "super-science" and "degenerate imagination"? "Degenerate" is the medical name that fits, or

"abnormal," or "anarchic." It is, let us repeat, the substitution of an infinite-seeming series for the Infinite Divine. Can you, general reader, apply this grandly simple test to erotic novels, to the transformations of Fiona Macleod (one is reminded of certain metamorphoses in Ovid and Francis Beaumont's version of them), to the Dorian Grays, and Second Mrs. Tanquerays, and Anne Veronicas, and—what is the title?—Woman Thou Gavest Me, and—but why search curiously into putrefaction? It is the flux, the stream, the limitless, the "Eternal Recurrence," the never twice the same, and universal chaotic rush into life by following instinct, against all which this American scholar, gentleman, and at the main turning-points even yet a Christian, lifts up his voice. "The romantic movement, beneath all its show of expansion and vitality," says Mr. More, "seems to me at its heart to be just such a drift towards disintegration and disease." But the present reviewer affirmed as much twenty years ago. The Roman Index of Forbidden Books anticipated both of us. It prohibited with laconic decision to orthodox readers "all the amatory fables" of Balzac and George Sand, precisely as Carlyle would have taken them out of women's hands with a phrase too Greek and uncivil for ears polite. The "literature of death" was what in milder mood he named these endless volumes. And, at last, we perceive the reduction to fact and reality on which this quarrel turns. Is our life merely a dream in the Flux, "between a sleep and a sleep," or has it some abiding power, value, significance? "To be or not to be" is ever the question.

I thank Mr. More in that he has leapt beyond "mere literature" and flung himself into the debate shirked by every-day critics, whether Romanticism be, in truth, our Bible. He replies that it is the Bible of Satan, Lord of Death, a liar from the beginning, and as I have said elsewhere, the Great Impressionist. Or, as Goethe, with profounder insight, terms him the "wondrous Son of Chaos." When Huxley veils his crest before Bergson, when Mill sinks prostrate under the strokes of Zarathustra's hammer, when scientific Agnosticism and anarchic Romanticism are seen to be obverse and reverse of the unbeliever's shield—the nineteenth century is over, the twentieth begins.

## New Books.

### MORE OF STRINDBERG.\*

The tide of Strindberg translations (*via* America for the most part) is still flowing strongly. This celebrated Swede, who in England was hardly more than a name a few years since, is now known to us by a host of works. We are getting his novels, plays, and autobiographies in a really embarrassing confusion. But Strindberg was enormously productive and versatile, and the English translations of his works can as yet but have touched the fringe of his output. All the same, it would be a good thing if publishers

\* "Plays." Vols. I. and II. Translated by Edith and Warner Oland. Each 3s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)—"Advent," Translated by Claud Field. 1s. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)—"Easter, and Stories." Translated by V. S. Howard. 5s. net. (Grant, Richards.)—"By the Open Sea." Translated by Elle Schlessner. 6s. (Frank Palmer.)

would now give Strindberg a rest. He is not the kind of writer whose works have the highest value apart from the personality of the author, and consequently one soon wearies of reading him when one has grasped what sort of a man he was. And Strindberg, in spite of his versatility, does reveal himself as few writers do. How soon one achieves a mental picture of that morbid, subtle, and, unhappy mind! It is not an attractive picture, but it is certainly a curious and singular one. Strindberg was that mixture of strength and weakness, of anarchy and conservatism, of sanity and madness, that is almost bound to be a failure. His works are by no means those of a great artist, though they are those of a great man of letters. For not only was he far too personal, but he was far too careless. His writing shows fatal signs of haste and a certain lack of distinction is constantly marring his





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**George Bernard Shaw.**  
By Will Rothenstein.

finest effects. He despised Ibsen (though his work shows many affinities), but Ibsen's fame is likely to outlive that of Strindberg by many a long year. For, quite apart from the matter of intellect, Ibsen was a supreme artist. The very eagerness of Strindberg's intelligence has militated against him—it has militated against him as an artist, and it has militated against him as a deep thinker. All the same, he is a striking man and must be carefully considered.

The volumes before us now are five in number, and we will take them in the order they appear. First come the two volumes (a third is to complete this set) of his plays. These contain the following plays: "The Father," "Countess Julie," "The Outlaw," "The Stronger," "Comrades," "Facing Death," "Pariah," "Easter."

"The Father" is one of Strindberg's blows against the influence of woman. It is the story of a man who is being driven mad by the petty, callous, and wicked conduct of his wife. The last straw comes when she hints that, for all he knows, he may not be the father of her daughter. This play was one of the first of his productions to give Strindberg a European reputation. The hero is a kind of Strindberg, apparently. Probably the play loses much in translation, for to an English reader the situation is an improbable and unconvincing one. Such pitiful weakness of character as the father displays almost warrants his wife's endeavour to prove him insane, and the actual outbreak at the end strikes one as too far-fetched.

"Countess Julie" is an unpleasant and powerful story of the seduction of a footman by the high born daughter of the house. The footman, cringing and then domineering, and the girl, haughty and then miserable and subservient, are presented with depressing reality. This is a sordid play, but one of Strindberg's real successes.

"The Outlaw" is a drama of the ancient life of Iceland. This is a poor play, without much significance. The dawn of Christianity is shown swallowing up the faith of the old gods. "The Outlaw" was one of Strindberg's earliest dramas and was written in 1870. It was the means of gaining for its author a pension from the King of Sweden.

"The Stronger" is a little play in which there are two actors but only one speaker. The actors are both women. The one who talks is the wife and the silent one is the mistress of the same man. This is an extraordinarily brilliant piece. It is no more than eight pages in length. The wife proves herself "The Stronger."

"Comrades" is a comedy whose moral or point is much the same as that of "The Father"—i.e., the inferiority of woman. It is a play written round French Bohemian life, though the figures are Swedes. An artist and his wife have both sent pictures to the Salon. The artist knows that his picture is good enough to be hung and that his wife's picture has no chance; therefore, in order to give her some pleasure, he changes the tickets on the pictures, to make it appear that she is the artist of his. She hears that her picture is accepted and his rejected. Immediately she becomes patronisingly offensive. They are giving a large party the next evening, and, to humble him to the dregs, she arranges that his refused picture shall be brought back home in the middle of it, when all the guests are assembled. Of course it is her picture that appears. The result can be imagined.

"Facing Death" is a short play about the unsuccessful keeper of a *pension* in Switzerland and his grown-up daughters. This, too, is a savage attack upon women—not so much upon the daughters as upon the dead wife, whose sinister influence has vitiated the daughters' opinion of their father. The final tragedy is not convincing.

"Pariah" is a much more impressive little play. This is a duologue between two elderly men—one a convicted thief and the other an upright man who has killed someone in a quarrel. The psychology of this duologue is exciting and its lack of action only enhances the atmospheric effect.

"Easter" is a long, semi-symbolic drama beginning in despair and ending in happiness. It is the story of a family ruined by the father's crimes, for which he is now in prison. The blighting touch of this one man lies upon

every character except upon that of the chief creditor, to whom he had once, long ago, done a kind action. The figure of Eleonora, the half-witted girl, is one of Strindberg's most touching creations, and indeed the figures in general have a warmth that is not too common in his work.

The next book consists of the one play, "Advent." This is called a mystery play, and it is assuredly as incoherent as any mystery play ever was. It mixes real life and spirit life in a bewildering and, one might say, an almost illegitimate fashion. Moreover, its construction is weak, its meaning vague, and its interest slight. The wicked grandparents are the main figures, and they are most disagreeable old people indeed. "Advent" may have some hidden and esoteric message, but on first reading it seems little better than a bundle of nonsense.

"Easter" includes the play of that name and the volume of half-fairy stories called "Midsummertide." "Easter" we have already examined. "Midsummertide" was published a short time ago as a separate book. The stories in it are told in the easiest of language, and some of them might appeal to children. On the other hand, some are too advanced for that, and all of them have a sort of intellectual simplicity which children would probably divine and dislike. Such a book as this shows Strindberg in a new and charming light.

"By the Open Sea" is a novel of the Swedish skerries or islands. In it Strindberg attacks cultivated women and fisher-folk with an equal and scalding violence. It is the story of an intellectual man who becomes Superintendent of Fisheries in the outlying islands of the Swedish coast, and who gradually loses his reason under mental tortures. This depressing and imaginative novel was written, we believe, before Strindberg's own breakdown, but it is a kind of presage of that event. For if the hero, Axel Borg, is meant to be Strindberg himself—and he certainly gives one that impression—then Strindberg seems to have foreseen his own *debâcle*. "By the Open Sea" loses as a novel by its intensely self-centred and didactic atmosphere, and by its lack of unity and proportion. It reads like the work of a man without balance or perspective. Its creative force is entirely inward, and not suitable to the subject of a novel of the sea-shore. The truth is, Strindberg's genius does not shine in fiction save in that of the veiled autobiographical kind. He was no creator of personality, though he could conjure up certain types from his profound knowledge of the stupidity and baffled hopes of mankind. As a novel, "By the Open Sea" is a failure; as a chapter of Strindberg's own experience it is a painful success.

RICHARD CURLE.

## PEACOCK PIE.\*

How pleasant it would be only to review books when I like them—not when I think I see from afar off that they are good, but when I really like them. Yet I am not sure, because the muscles of happy praise become stiff and I shrink for the other man's sake and my own, from giving a display of ungainliness. I feel this very much after reading, "Peacock Pie." I do not suppose that Jack Horner would have been harder hit than I am, if he had been asked to extend the words "What a good boy am I," to a sonnet's length. I am continually putting in my thumb, pulling out a plum, and experiencing a sensation which cannot, I should say, be surpassed by consciousness of virtue.

The book is worthy of its name. That is to say, in the first place, it is a pie. It is something to be eaten. Furthermore it consists of pastry and of something else covered up by the crust. In the second place, that something else in the pie is discovered to be so much above the ordinary pigeon, steak and kidney, or veal and ham, that it must be called Peacock Pie. Most of it can be eaten with only one

\* "Peacock Pie: A Book of Rhymes." By Walter de la Mare. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

possible cause of regret, namely, this undoubted fact, first delivered by Mr. de la Mare :

"It's a very odd thing—  
As odd as can be—  
That whatever Miss T. eats  
Turns into Miss T."

Not all can be eaten, or it would not be Peacock Pie. What cannot be, what does not give precisely that feeling which, I suggest, is as pleasant as consciousness of virtue, what represents the peacock's glorious uneatable plumage, is none the worse for that. I mean the poems like "Nobody knows :

"Often I've heard the Wind sigh  
By the ivied orchard wall,  
Over the leaves in the dark night,  
Breathe a sighing call,  
And faint away in the silence,  
While I, in my bed,  
Wondered, 'twixt dreaming and waking,  
What it said.

"Nobody knows what the Wind is,  
Under the height of the sky,  
Where the hosts of the stars keep far away house  
And its wave sweeps by—  
Just a great wave of the air,  
'Tossing the leaves in its sea,  
And foaming under the eaves of the roof  
That covers me.

"And so we live under deep water,  
All of us, beasts and men,  
And our bodies are buried down under the sand,  
When we go again ;  
And leave, like the fishes, our shells,  
And float on the Wind and away,  
To where, o'er the marvellous tides of the air,  
Burns day."

It is now pretty well-known that Mr. de la Mare is a master, is *the* master, in this style. And in the new book he gives us a variety of choice examples : I will quote one more :

"I heard a horseman  
Ride over the hill ;  
The moon shone clear,  
The night was still ;  
His helm was silver,  
And pale was he ;  
And the horse he rode  
Was of ivory "

You cannot be said to eat these things, but to absorb them chameleon-fashion.

But except to those who saw the Christmas number of the "Poetry Review," and the fortunate ones who bought (with the deservedly less fortunate ones who borrowed and returned) "The Three Mulla Mulgars," an unrivalled romance for many sorts of children, it is perhaps not so well-known what good pastry, and what peacock flesh, succulent and spicy, Mr. de la Mare does bake—he do. It is not generally known that he sees huntsman in scarlet also :

"Three jolly gentlemen,  
In coats of red,  
Rode their horses  
Up to bed.

"Three jolly gentlemen  
Snored till morn,  
Their horses champing  
The golden corn.

"Three jolly gentlemen,  
At break of day,  
Came clitter-clatter down the stairs  
And galloped away."

There is always at least a phantom of a peacock feather about your helping, but nobody else can mingle so variously jollity with magic as Mr. de la Mare can. His first book, "Songs of Childhood," contained a poem—contains a poem—called "Bunches of Grapes," differentiating three children in three verses, of which the last is :

"'Chariots of gold,' says Timothy ;  
'Silvery wings,' says Elaine ;  
'A bumpity ride in a wagon of hay  
For me,' says Jane."

Now, I cannot be more exact than if I say that Mr. de la Mare's new book will satisfy Timothy, Elaine and Jane. Maybe Timothy will see a silveriness about his chariot horses ; the wings may sometimes carry Elaine to a region so far off and magical as to be melancholy ; Jane may have doubts whether her wagon be not winged ; but personally, I am content to travel any part of England or no man's land with this poet, on chariot of gold, silvery wings, or wagon. "Songs of Childhood" was distinguished by its chariot, "The Listeners" by its wings : "Peacock Pie" triumphs upon all three.

EDWARD THOMAS.

## RELIGIO POETÆ.\*

Mr. Benson presents us here with another of his fascinating, but rather baffling essays on life. His is essentially a poetic nature. He tells us as much himself, tells us how his nine years' practice of poetry has enriched his power of self-expression, enabling him to write "ornamental and elaborate prose." That seems hardly the mental condition in which to attain the practical and really prosaic end he sets before himself. That end is to teach the average man how to form "plans and designs" for his mental peace, to build a "Joyous Gard," in which he may take refuge from the cares of this world and find a renewal of strength and happiness. A poetical nature, an intense appreciation of the finer and nobler beauties of life, lead to several pleasant but distracting digressions. In the end, however, our "Joyous Gard," is built, and we reluctantly feel that it is built on air. Legions of beautiful thoughts expressed in liquid and melodious prose fill the pages, but they seem to have so little root in any great first principle. They remind us irresistibly of Shelley's line : "Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air." There is an undercurrent of the truest and tenderest religious feeling, but it is not brought boldly to the surface.

It is hardly to be expected that such a multitude of thoughts should all be original. Sometimes we are reminded of Marcus Aurelius, sometimes of the main theme of "Milestones," and even of Browning's insistence, in "Abt Vogler," on the objectivity of thoughts and aspirations. But we do not complain of this, because the writer is so transparently sincere, so much in earnest, in spite of the poetry in him which is always tending to lead him off the track. That is the drawback. The very poetic beauty in which these maxims are enshrined, tends to lessen their value for the work they have in charge. Each is a diamond, but diamonds do not build a wall even of "Joyous Gard."

We come to more solid work in his criticism of fellow poets. No wiser verdicts have been passed on Browning's optimism, on Ruskin's intolerance. But have we not "any idea whether Shakespeare had any religion ?" Surely we have. And is it true that "no one is condemned or censured in Shakespeare" ? What about Tago or the warring families of Verona ? But beyond all praise is the remark, worthy of Matthew Arnold, that "what we need in education is some sense of far horizons and beautiful prospects, some consciousness of the largeness and mystery and wonder of life." Here the poet speaks, and yet purer gold are the words on an exclusively poetical subject, the appeal of a sculpture gallery, "faces into which the wonder and the love and the pain of life seemed to have passed. One seemed to feel hands held out : hearts crying for understanding and affection." It is impossible to give the whole passage, which is worthy of a special place among the glories of our literature.

W. A. F.

\* "Joyous Gard." By A. C. Benson. 3s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

## A PAINTER'S PAGES.\*

"Pages on Art" is a happily appropriate title for Mr. Charles Rickett's volume. Chapters on art are too often controlled by the chapter headings. The statement of the theme in the forefront directs all that follows, bending argument and illustration to some preconceived demonstration or pronouncement. But pages on art are free of such professional bias and ambition, or, at any rate, Mr. Rickett's pages are. Though they fall into groups, each with its labelled subject, often occasional, that only attracts into them, magnet-like, impressions, thoughts, feelings, deductions, evoked by each earlier, and already absorbed into the general art experience of the author. And so they are brought back for us enlarged and more variously endowed through this wider association.

Mr. Rickett's volume is thus extremely "personal," and it is packed with felicities of phrase and illustration. The author of the "Note on the Art of Watteau" has no cause to disparage his literary gift, and all the other chapters have passages of appreciation or exposition expressed with a similar sensitiveness. Thus, in expansion of his remark that many of Watts's portraits of men exhibit, what Fromentore defined as the art of painting, "l'art d'exprimer l'invisible par le visible," Mr. Rickett's continues:

"The invisible! the pulsations in the air about a spiritual manifestation, the peculiar rhythm belonging to 'Les gestes insolites,' the appeal to our emotions by some intuitive use of line, mass, tone, colour, or expression—this emotional gist has been at the command of his master in many of his imaginative designs. There is the unexpressed image lost on the brain between the painted gesture and the one which preceded it or must follow it."

Again, in reference to a local element in Dalon's work, and the fact that most good artists focus for us the temper of some locality or period:

"Let us for the moment grant," says Mr. Rickett, "that most art could only have been done when and where it was done. We find, nevertheless, that the major men stand above those more obvious relationships; they catch light from each other, even at a distance, and illumine the future of a great tradition, such as it has been the privilege of Italy and France, the two major civilizing nations, to produce; the masters stand out as beacons on different heights."

Or, again, of Kovior:

"Some writer has spoken of the tenderness and gaiety of his art; to me it expresses something else—his gaiety is that of buds upon huge trees; I would as soon accuse a torrent of tenderness because delicate flowers nestle by its brink; and both these comparisons might be the subject of one of his paintings."

And once more, passing over things in the chapter on "Outamaro"—too delicate to be handled from their context—take this:

"Artists like Moreau watch the past in perspective as it were, through an atmosphere coloured by the atoms of our many experiences and ways of thought—through a subtle apperception of our weakness also, become in turn a subject of interest in a half-longing return to another ideal, more youthful in its immunity from failure"—

a passage of which the paper on Gustave Moreau is an amplification.

These citations will be justified if they convey to the reader the special quality that distinguishes Mr. Rickett's "Pages." But in speaking of the non-professional character of his book, I do not mean any more than that it is free of rhetorical platitude and the customary cut-lengths of criticism. It really keeps close and particular to the selected subject-matters, and illumines them with the direct light of a practitioner. And while the writer cultivates a wide appreciation, and observes his own warning against "a disregard of the personality of the artist that may be exquisite, rare, or even great within the rules of a game in which we are not for the moment interested," he never is uncertain about what, in his view, constitutes "the game" at its highest and worthiest. Here the reader's attention may be specially directed to the chapter on Puvis de Chavannes, with its survey of the modern

conception and practice of landscape painting. And one must not end without mention of his energetic attack upon post-impressionism, with its note of sharp scorn heard here and there in other "Pages"—those, for example, on the "Art of Stage Decoration."

D. S. MELDRUM.

## OF LETTERS AND THE CHURCH.\*

There is an essay in this volume which, short as it is, contains one of the most useful warnings on style that we can recollect ever seeing in print:

"I hate the man who wrote footnotes, they are a plague and a nuisance."

"If they are second thoughts, the author should not have been in such a hurry at first. If they are parentheses, he should have English enough to be able to manoeuvre a parenthesis without losing his way in his sentence."

We seriously advise any young author who may find himself indulging in a footnote, to rewrite that part of his text to which it refers, so as to embody the note.

And yet Mr. Ayscough confesses, with some justice, that many of his own papers are in some respects little better than parentheses; "a series of parentheses, each longer than the statement that embraces it." They were originally written, indeed, for newspapers, or magazines, in which the space was limited by authority, against which the author was powerless. But we cannot help feeling that they might, with advantage, have been rewritten and re-composed into a few longer, continuous essays. This is particularly the case with those referring to Catholic questions, in which Mr. Ayscough's zealous partizanship is reiterated with a seeming pertinacity that may affront the Protestant. Had he stated his case with equal amplitude in one duly considered statement, we should have been saved some actual repetition, and been far less tempted to accuse him of prejudice.

There is much in this matter, undoubtedly, that should be considered with care and respect. The author makes out a very good case for "The Church"; and criticises both our establishment and our dissent with much justice. The consciousness of God *has* been very largely crowded out of modern civilization; the ancient conception of sacrifice *was* ennobled by its discernment that "to give something to their gods was a higher expression of worship than merely to ask something of them"; confession "is not a laxative of conscience, but an astringent."

As a literary critic Mr. Ayscough reveals the right instinct; and has given us some very interesting "footnotes" on history. His comparison between Henry VIII. and Charles II. is extraordinarily suggestive. He has certain ideas of his own about Scott, and his enthusiasm for John Galt should prove infectious. He can quote Dickens, Thackeray, or Jane Austen with discretion, and writes with justifiable indignation on our growing indifference to, and dislike of, good books.

Perhaps, however, the most subtle, and original, essays in the whole volume are those on the distinction between "Dress and Clothing," on the lost arts of deportment, and of sitting still, "which is the A.B.C. of spirituality."

"My rule," said an American lady, "is never to walk when I can ride, and never to ride if I can drive, and never to drive if I can sit still."

"And what," demanded her brother severely, "do you suppose your legs were given you for?"

"To balance myself with when I do sit still," she replied serenely.

The fact is that Mr. Ayscough has something interesting to say on a great variety of subjects, and always writes with effect. He thinks for himself, though he believes in authority. There is an atmosphere of cultured leisure and a broad-minded outlook about "Levia Pondera," which is singularly refreshing by way of contrast to more typically modern work.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

\* "Pages on Art." By Charles Ricketts. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

\* "Levia Pondera": An Essay Book. By JOHN AYSCOUGH. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

## MARK RUTHERFORD.\*

Some of us are only just beginning to realise that in Mark Rutherford we have lost one of the greatest of the great Victorian novelists. No comparison is to be drawn between his work and that of Thackeray, or Dickens, or Meredith; his style, his habit of thought, his whole attitude towards life, differed from theirs; his range was more limited, but within his limits he was the truer and finer artist. He has no eccentricities, no tricks of exaggeration, but draws his characters and the world they inhabit with the exactest fidelity. The power and effect of his stories lie in their sheer, unheightened truthfulness. He is as quietly, unaffectedly realistic as Trollope, but he had a depth of feeling, a strength of imagination, a spiritual insight and a charm of style that were no part of Trollope's equipment. One cannot readily define that charm of his style; it has no wealth of magic epithets and jewelled phrases, but is beautiful with a sort of Quaker simplicity, as clear and sharply defining as the light of dawn. That the style was the man these autobiographical notes will make plain to any who do not know it already; they indicate, too, what early influences went to the making both of the man and of his style.

Writing of his father, he says:

"There was one endowment for which he was remarkable, the purity of the English he spoke and wrote. He used to say he owed it to Cobbett, whose style he certainly admired, but this is but partly true. It was rather a natural consequence of the clearness of his own mind and of his desire to make himself wholly understood, both demanding the simplest and most forcible expression. If the truth is of serious importance to us we dare not obstruct it by phrase-making; we are compelled to be as direct as our inherited feebleness will permit. The cannon ball's path is near to a straight line in proportion to its velocity. 'My boy,' my father once said to me, 'if you write anything you consider particularly fine, strike it out.'"

His father also quoted with approval a saying of Burdett's: "Painted glass is very beautiful, but plain glass is the most useful, as it lets through the most light." No man could consciously form such a style as Mark Rutherford's by deliberately striving to act upon such precepts as these, but the precepts happened to be suited to his temperament; his way of thought and his manner of writing were alike the natural outcome of his character, his upbringing, and the youth he lived amid the surroundings and under the influences he describes so quietly but so vividly in these pages. He was born in Bedford High Street, in December, 1831. He came of a Radical and Dissenting ancestry; his father, a very active Whig in politics, was a printer and bookseller in Bedford, and had much to do in the affairs of the town, particularly in the management of the schools connected with the Bedford Charity. In his later years he was appointed door-keeper of the House of Commons, and "while he was at the door he wrote for a weekly paper his 'Inner Life of the House of Commons,' afterwards collected and published in book form."

There are glimpses of life in and about Bedford in the old coaching days, and some delightful vignettes of relatives and neighbours, such as this:

"I had an aunt in Colchester, a woman of singular originality, which none of her neighbours could interpret, and consequently they disliked it, and ventured upon distant insinuations against her. She had married a baker, a good kind of man, but tame. In summer-time she not infrequently walked at five o'clock in

\* "The Early Life of Mark Rutherford (W. Hale White)." By Himself. 2s. 6d. net. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press.)

the morning to a pretty church about a mile and a half away, and read George Herbert in the porch. . . . She was most affectionate to me, and always loaded me with nice things whenever I went to see her. The survival in my memory of her cakes, gingerbread and kisses has done me more good, moral good—if you have a fancy for this word—than sermons or punishment."

He tells briefly of his theological difficulties, and how the unorthodoxy of certain of his views brought his study for the ministry to an end; of the effect that the reading of Wordsworth had on his religious belief; his experiments in journalism; his meeting with George Eliot, of the enthusiasm there was for literature in that Victorian age which superior persons now despise. He recalls how "'Maud' was read at six in the morning as I walked along Holborn; 'Pippa Passes' late at night in my dark little room in Serle Street, although, of course, it was long after the poem made its appearance." If the Victorian time was ugly and vulgar, it was, as he gently hints, the birth-time of greater books than we are producing nowadays.

There is no pretence in these pages at a full autobiography even of Mark Rutherford's early years. "I have been asked at seventy-eight years old," he explains at the beginning, "to set down what I remember of my early

life. A good deal of it has been told before under a semi-transparent disguise, with much added which is entirely fictitious. What I now set down is fact." And, "These notes are not written for publication," he says at the end, "but to please two or three persons related to me by affection," but he made it clear to his family that he did not object to their being made public, and his son, Mr. W. Hale White, is more than justified in the belief expressed in a foreword that "they may interest a few beyond the 'two or three persons' for whom they were intended." They will interest more than a few, for though Mark Rutherford is still only on the threshold of his fame, his public is now a large and a fast increasing one.

A.



Mark Rutherford  
at the age of 24.

From "The Early Life of Mark Rutherford" (W. Hale White), by Himself (Humphrey Milford)

## THE MODERN NOVEL.\*

Was there ever a time when there were so many able practitioners of the art of fiction as at the present day?

All the eight examples of the modern novel on my desk, exemplify the general level of excellence at which we have arrived in point of workmanlike execution. If the genius of the age does not lie in the direction of a "Comédie Humaine," that is not to say that fiction is not giving us a complete contemporary picture of life, although it is the work of several pens, and not of one only. In short, it is the age of talent, and while waiting for genius, let us be thankful for the present day harvest.

We cannot escape the specialist. His formidable thoroughness and almost disconcerting courage tend to convert the Elysian fields into a laboratory or a dissecting room. If a theme—any theme—can in the last resort be justified by its treatment, then "The Sentence of Silence" by Mr. Kauffman, cannot be cavilled at overmuch. Let it be said at once that the silence Mr. Kauffman denounces is the parental silence about the facts of life as it affected the life of Daniel Barnes, the son of an American store-

\* "The Sentence of Silence" By Reginald Ralph Kauffman. 6s. (Howard Latimer).—"The Pot of Basil." By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Constable).—"Black Honey" By C. Ranger Gull. 6s. (Greening).—"Happy-go-Lucky." By Ian Hay. 6s. (Blackwood).—"Knockings-green Days." By Jackson C. Clark. 6s. (Methuen).—"Mr. Whybrew's Princess." By Howard C. Rowe. 6s. (Alston Rivers).—"The Red Mirage." By I. A. R. Wylie. 6s. (Mills & Boon).—"Thane Brandon." By F. Bancroft. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

keeper. The work is an earnest sociological study rather than a novel, and this idea of a scientific treatise is accentuated by the fact that every chapter represents a numbered section. What story there is becomes painfully sordid as soon as Barnes leaves home, and the ugliness of the theme is accentuated by his marriage to Judith. His old mother and Gideon, a confidential clerk, are pleasant and wholesome figures in a sincere piece of special pleading.

In "The Pot of Basil" by Mr. Bernard Capes, the reader finds himself at once transported to Colorno, "the petty Versailles of the Dukes of Parma," a region of romance. Those curious about such things have an opportunity of trying to connect the main fabric of this wholly delightful story with Continental history. It will be judged, therefore, that the historical element is by no means obtrusive. Those who know Mr. Capes' work need no assurance that the bright face of romance is made to glow for them with that dexterous felicity which never allows the dust of the schoolmen to raise an obscuring cloud. Tiretta, like a true troubadour, is sent to sound the praises of his august and chilly master in the ears of the fair Isabella, and the reader is soon absorbed by one of those complications which belong to the Paolo and Francesca genre. The lovers and the love-making, the machinations of mean minds, and the rare beauty of Aquaviva's gardens, are realised for us with refreshing charm and skill.

Something like a distinct success has been achieved by Mr. C. Ranger Gull within the limits of the conventional field in which his latest story is laid. "Black Honey" might at any time have dropped into absurd melodrama, but the tissue of exciting incidents carries sufficient conviction "to bring about that willing suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith." The story opens on board a liner, with a conventional group of people, among whom is Charles Curtis, the ship's doctor. He commands the limelight, from the moment when, at Malta, accompanied by an antiquarian, he comes across evidences of the ancient ritual of the Rosy Cross, a secret society, which General Baird, late governor of Malta, has been instrumental in breaking up. The doctor falls in love with the General's daughter, and settles down in Kent on a comfortable estate he has inherited. The story then resolves itself into a duel between the doctor and the General, and the secret society. "Black Honey" is thrillingly interesting.

If I were a doctor, there are many patients for whom I should prescribe "Happy-go-Lucky" by Mr. Ian Hay. People who despair of the British Empire, or are victimised by the hundred and one discontents of the day, ought immediately to make the acquaintance of The Freak and Tilly, of Connie Carmyle, and as merry a company of people as you are likely to find within the covers of a book this season. Dick Mainwaring, otherwise The Freak, is indeed a breezy fellow—inconsequential, good-hearted, and unspoiled by cakes and ale. How he finds and fights for the real golden girl, Tilly, the daughter of a broken-down scholar, and confronts his mother, Lady Adela, with some salutary facts in relation to life and love is imitatively told. There is no plot worth speaking of, but there is life and lively incident in riotous abundance. "Knockins-green Days" is another book that can be heartily recommended for those who are "under the weather," and like a good, rollicking story of Irish life. Carmichael, the young squire, his sister Kitty, Billy Devine, and last but not least, Jimmy McGaw, the old gardener, are characters worth knowing. There is a splendid account of a St. Patrick's Day celebration, among other good things, while the way Jimmy "holds up" his master's guests, provokes an uncomfortable amount of laughter.

As the problem of the Balkans is always in a state of settlement, any novel that traverses at all well that region of hectic possibilities, is sure to provide interesting holiday reading, even though it seems to be an echo of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. Rowe handles incident and adventure with zest in "Mr. Whybrew's Princess." It is diverting to follow Mr. Tedder, the London chemist—though a prince—and his daughter, Daniel, to the little

kingdom of Transiola, and the plot, fathered by Count Karstein, to put him on the throne. Thanks to the riches and devotion of Mr. Whybrew, wonders happen, and there is plenty of exciting "business" with Prince Demetrios of Transiola. The fight for the castle is really rousing, and the outcome of it all just what the sentimental reader would desire under the circumstances.

The author of "Thane Brandon," Mr. F. Bancroft, has previously done some excellent work in the South African field of fiction, and the present novel is another very able story in the same genre. The time is the close of the South African War. The conflict is seen at close quarters, and it provides a strong and moving plot. Thane Brandon, an Englishman, whose elder brother is married to a Boer, is in love with his sister-in-law, Johanna de Bruyn. Both lovers are loyalists, and she is forced to realise the struggle as "an actual living Presence that had invaded her path." They remain in opposite camps, and before peace is declared, another girl, Mabel Lane, is forced into Thane's life by the fatality of the situation. The Boer attack on the "Outspan" the home of the Brandons, and the *dénouement* is a graphic piece of work in a story of compelling interest.

The desert is an appropriate setting for the moving and passionate theme treated by Miss I. A. R. Wylie in "The Red Mirage." Here is no vaguely drawn environment suggesting laborious hours in the British Museum, but the hot tropical sands themselves, where the Foreign Legion, under Colonel Destin, wage their primitive warfare. The rivalry between three men for the beautiful and callous Sylvia Omney, parallels in intensity the desperate adventures of the lost men quartered at Sidi-bel-Abbès. There, by means of a well-contrived plot, are gathered Captain Arnaud, and Richard Farquhar, who are caught in Sylvia's toils before she meets Colonel Destin. All are men, not dummies. Gabrielle Smith, Sylvia's paid companion, a loyal and high-spirited creature, justifies one's best faith in womanhood. If the contrast between the two women is a little inartistic in its vividness, such strong contrast in characterisation is consonant with the colour scheme of this very human tale.

WILKINSON SHERRIN.

### THE SOUL OF THE WORLD.\*

"The World Soul" is an ambitious title, but then this is an ambitious book, not in any self-seeking conscious way, but with the amazing naturalness of humility. Mr. Fielding-Hall does not, however, quite stand by his title. His book is really, in its core, an examination of Christ's teachings in the light of the author's own theory of the definite and beneficent purpose of the universe. It is a very daring, very reverent, and often very beautiful humanistic interpretation of Jesus's sayings. The author gives us a psychological examination of the gospels *de novo* without regard to the systems that have been built upon them, and he has many striking points to make. He writes with a keen and piercing naïveté, a lucidity and humility which obviously owe much to the great exemplars—the gospels—that he has so carefully studied. He states the most heterodox views quite calmly and with something of the inconceivable conviction of the prophet. His book has an eerie effect. Rarely does one read a modern author so sure, yet so little inclined to swagger or be truculent. He does not trouble to prove the most of his statements for us, that is, he does not give us the steps in deduction and intuition which go to make up psychological proof. He says in his preface that he does not propose to do this, as such so-called proofs are only elaborations when one deals with hypotheses, and is beyond the help of fact or authority. The result gives his book a rarefied atmosphere that is very stimulating. But unfortunately, when he does treat of matters of fact, he is too apt to allow his *ipse dixit*.

\* "The World Soul." By H. Fielding-Hall. 10s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)



manner—acceptable enough for theories—still to command his pen. It is a curious and difficult book to criticize. Its perfect sincerity is obvious. . . It is written in charity and humility. Christ is spoken of with the greatest love, admiration, and reverence, and the author's intuitions are often vivid and illuminating. At the same time, the reader is badly irritated from time to time in his absorbed perusal. In spite of his wisdom and sanity, Mr. Fielding-Hall has an occasional trick of rant which repels us. He winds up one or two arguments rather in the vein of the captain at a Salvation Army meeting. One of the main theories which form the core round which much ingenious argument is spun is that "the world has been worshipping what it will become." This is not new of course, but Mr. Fielding-Hall's way of maintaining it is. He sees in Christ the greatest thinker and philosopher the world has ever known, but his interpretation of His life is simply a humanistic one. We are to realise the logos that was in the world from the beginning, and that is the purpose of all thought and all emotion. This is a serious and beautiful book, marred only, as I have said, by an occasional suspicion of rant.

### CROWDS.\*

Mr. Lee, whose "Inspired Millionaires" made quite a sensation a short time since, has given us now in "Crowds" a huge, incoherent, and optimistic study of democracy. It is really the most impossible of books to review in any detail, because it is just one enormous jumble of ordinary, fantastic, and acute ideas. Mr. Lee is American to his finger-tips, and he does not spare us an ounce of his nationality. He is cheerful, slangy, dogmatic, strenuous—and all the other things we expect from a typical American. And he is also, as I said, crammed full of all sorts of notions, which come tumbling on the heels of one another like an avalanche. His very first paragraph is a kind of trumpet-call of his beliefs; and that alone may very well prove enough for some of his readers. I give it in full.

"The best picture I know of my religion is Ludgate Hill as one sees it going down the foot of Fleet Street. It would seem to many, perhaps, like a rather strange half-heathen altar, but it has in it the three things with which I worship most my Maker in this present world—the three things which it would be the breath of religion to me to offer to a God together—Cathedrals, Crowds, and Machines."

So in these first sentences he gets started in his stride, which lasts with equal vehemence for very nearly six hundred pages. The man who wants a sustained, a logical, a clear argument, will get little out of "Crowds." It is apparently meant more as the confession of a faith than as an essay in popular philosophy. It is written with good-natured fervour, but its eloquence is too often the slave of vulgarity. For it is a "modern" book to the nth degree, and can't be bothered with the graces. It's like a great, clumsy, violent hand trying to tear out before us the vital secrets of life. An enthusiast wrote this book, and it needs an enthusiast to understand it. To speak frankly, in fact, no one but an enthusiast or a reviewer is ever likely even to get to the end. Two hundred thousand words of Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee is no joke!

And yet I don't want only to disparage this work. For, in its own way (and I don't quite know what that way is), it must be a remarkable performance. Reading it gives one an uneasy, bewildering sensation—rather like what one feels in a dream when one knows that something very important is taking place, but one can't actually realise what it is. For Mr. Lee is a regular fountain of energy. His thoughts bubble up from him almost before your eyes. You feel that he can't keep pace with them on the page. If only he would be a little more coherent, a little more critical, a little more condensed—and, may I add, a little less "modern." Disquisitions on Christ, on Pierpont Morgan, on Tom Mann, on Woodrow Wilson, on Allen Upward, on Rockefeller, on Carnegie, and on a great many other people, are jammed in amongst heaps of miscellaneous

\* "Crowds." By Gerald Stanley Lee. 6s. (Methuen.)

opinions, assertions, and incomprehensible doctrines. It is all the wildest cataclysm—and yet it has a certain vitality and fascination. And ever and anon Mr. Lee makes an aphorism that is well worth remembering. Here are a couple:

"When one is being pessimistic, one almost always has the feeling of being rather clever."

"Toleration is reverence. It is the first source of courage for other people."

So with this final note of qualified approval we can leave the astonishing author of "Crowds."

R. C.

### A FEMINIST COMPROMISE.\*

The feminist whose emotions are for ever at war with her ideas must have been strongly at work in Miss Willcocks' mind when she planned *Sophie Revel*. It is ours to find in the course of a full and complex story how far the author and her heroine make a compromise of the two forces in the end. The interval between Sophie's birth and the arrival of her second son is as crowded with revolts and experiences as any modern minded reader can desire. Nor could it well have been otherwise, considering her strain and her upbringing. Her mother was a Frenchwoman who forsook the English doctor she loved for fear of spoiling his career, and the curious amends she makes is to hand Sophie over for him to educate. A kind of west-country Quixote himself, he fills the girl with liberal ideas in regard to science, sex, religion, everything; and then commits suicide at finding himself the victim of a cruel suspicion on her part which he could have dispelled by a word. She

\* "The Power Behind." By M. P. Willcocks 6s. (Hutchinson.)



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee.



has declined to save his fortunes by marrying a rich young cub of a neighbour, and then when she finds herself thrown on her own resources, she marries a man very little his superior and, except for a bent towards astronomy, a replica of him in his egotistical ideas. Marriage now means tearing Sophie from a hearty and congenial home-life with his people, and planting her among strangers in a flat, like a stipendiary mistress. Release arrives unexpectedly in the shape of his death. Blame for this attaches in part to the physician, who is acting in a fuddled condition, and actuated by an old family feud. But this widowed medico, with a daughter as old as herself, has just enough of the Quixote in him to enlist Sophie's interest, and we leave her rich in a sudden legacy, and married to a man who too much resembles her dead foster-father to make him really bearable. Two grey-haired medical visionaries are too many in one book, especially when they dabble in suicide and homicide, and we cannot but feel that, except for certain outbursts of professional devotion in these two doctors, the balance of merit is all on the feminine side. The only injustice the author does her sex is selecting too many women about her who are fat, and, indeed, the procession of bulky ladies through her pages grows monotonous. Miss Willcocks is a little arbitrary in her incidents, as we have shown, and this agrees with her frequent descent into a zigzag style of thought; but there is no mistaking the vigour of her invention and her pen, or the power of her rather frequent descriptive passages. And her handling of a quick and volatile feminine mind shows true instincts in psychology.

B. P.

### SHAKESPEARE AND THE THEATRE.\*

Reading through this book one realises what the steady pressure of Mr. Poel's influence must have been for many years, even to those who thought they were working independently, and who had no knowledge of these articles of his when they lay in various weekly journals or in papers read before the Elizabethan Literary Society. He, more than any other, is responsible for the simple elementary logic of the statement that Shakespeare cannot be understood justly save under the conditions for which he wrote; with the corollary that the plays produced under his name by actor-managers with gorgeous accessories and star-parts are not Shakespeare at all, but ambitions of their respective producers. It follows as a natural deduction that the conditions that were capable of producing such plays as those by Shakespeare and his colleagues and confederates are clearly better worth attention than the conditions which produce each year a host of plays that perish with their production. Respect for the dramatist as the real and only arbiter of drama would seem to be a fairly obvious state of affairs; but it has taken Mr. Poel some time to win even common attention for such an idea with regard to the greatest of all dramatists. And it is not until we have surveyed attentively the conditions created by dramatists for themselves that any progress can be made with the reform of the theatre. For the theatre is the house of drama; and drama is the desire of the dramatist. Everything else—producer, actor, scenery, whatever it be—is to the point only as an auxiliary, that mars and obstructs in the degree of its ambition to be more than an auxiliary.

This resolve to strike back to Shakespeare's own conditions is finely characteristic of Mr. Poel's whole attitude. It is not confined to, though it is primarily concerned with, the question of the stage itself. It prevails with regard to the text of the plays, and the absence or presence of definitions in the form of stage-directions. Several of us have in our independent study discovered how hopeless it is to think of understanding Shakespeare in any of the modern editions of his plays, studied as they are with the impertinencies of such eighteenth century editors as Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Warburton, and the rest. The very

\* "Shakespeare and the Theatre." By William Poel. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

conception of the great gothic dramatist being harnessed and altered by the representatives of eighteenth century false classicism is a sufficient exposure of the position. It is they who have invented scene-divisions for him, devising different stage-directions to suit the altered case, whereas Shakespeare was not concerned with any locations other than the open stage of his playhouse, on which the play proceeded continuously.

It is not possible to see this in any modern edition. We need to strike back to the original editions. It is here that one parts company with Mr. Poel. As to his general contention there can be no disagreement. Others have independently come to the same decision in the course of study. But with regard to the respective values of the Quartos and the Folio, surely he pays them disproportionate attention. If it be true that the Folio has not Shakespeare's personal sanction, that is also true of the Quartos, many of which are clearly printed versions, the text of which was taken down from the lips of the actors. Whereas we know that Hemmings and Condell were friends of Shakespeare, that they held fellowships with him in the Globe (in modern tongue, that they were co-directors), one of whom, John Hemmings, had worked together with him since 1592 in the Rose in Southwark and in the Theatre, and both of whom lived near his lodgings in Silver Street. When these editors, therefore, included act-divisions it is fair to assume that these marked certain pivots in the production, and so in the construction. Whether these pivots were or were not intervals in the playing, we cannot say. In very few cases among Elizabethan plays need they have been; for the construction, adapted to the organisation of the stage, generally allowed the play to run continuously forward. But that they meant something in the intellectual apprehension of the fable is clear from a careful examination of Shakespeare's construction: a construction to which he is so uniformly faithful that it is possible, without reference to the text, to place the position of any incident by a discovery of its action value. We know, for instance, that the close of the third act marks the close of the crisis of the play; that the fourth act begins the counter-action, in which the antagonist reappears who disappeared near the beginning of, or before, the opening of the action in the second act; and that the play thereupon proceeds with swift pace to the climax in the fifth act. The internal evidence of the plays themselves, in this way, supports the divisions that Hemmings and Condell, who knew the playwright personally and professionally, have marked. Indeed, that some such organisation of the fable took place is obvious in the intellectual necessity of finding it an expressive form. That expressive form would find its occasion in the Folio, because the Folio made a boast in the ranks of authorship. It would not be necessary in the Quartos, even where these were authorised, because the Quartos were primarily handbooks for the playhouse.

In somewhat of the same way we may express the regret that Mr. Poel had not rewritten these articles as a book. More than once they overlap; and in several instances he could advantageously have widened the scope of some of the matter while letting other matter go that had served its turn. The book would have been better so. But, in any shape, we are glad to have these essays by the pioneer of a movement that may produce great results in the future. They are always provocative of thought; and usually they are simple and essential as clear things are when seen by a clear mind.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

### THE TRAGEDY OF EDUCATION.\*

The authors of those educational reforms which are at present in embryo at Whitehall, cannot, at any rate, complain of any lack of expert, if unofficial, guidance. Books lamenting the inefficiency of our national system of education are being published in a continuous stream, and Mr. Edmond

\* "The Tragedy of Education." By Edmond Holmes. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"The Public Schools and the Empire." By Dr. H. B. Gray. 6s. net. (Williams and Norgate.)

Holmes and Dr. Gray are but two among many writers. But they are a pair of exceptionally weighty critics. Mr. Holmes was until recently chief inspector in the elementary schools branch of the Board of Education, and Dr. Gray was not only headmaster of Bradfield for thirty years, but has had much other valuable educational experience. The careers of the two men, not unnaturally, have led them to produce books of a widely different character. Mr. Holmes is primarily concerned with the "tragedy" of education considered in the main philosophically but with occasional special references to the training given in our public elementary schools in receipt of Government grant, while Dr. Gray is principally occupied in analysing the deficiencies of the education received by the wealthier classes in the so-called "public schools." Dr. Gray's book, indeed, goes further than this. While the "public school" is the central theme of his threnody, he links it up with a review of the conditions obtaining also at the preparatory schools and the Universities, and thus he presents a general picture *ab ovo usque ad mala* of the manner in which the bulk of the ruling classes are fitted, or supposed to be fitted, for the task of directing the destinies of a large portion of the British Empire. The result of this survey is expressed in terms of profound pessimism:—

I regard the existing condition of English Education with anxiety, as being chaotic, inefficient, and ill-suited to the temper of the times and country in which we live. It is out of joint with the industrial needs of the times; it is too narrow for a country which aspires to keep intact the bonds of sympathy which tie the Overseas Dominions to the Motherland. I believe, in fact, that the future destiny of the Empire is wrapped up in the immediate reform of England's Educational System.

Great as are the manifest disadvantages of such a scheme, Dr. Gray is forced to the conclusion that the State must in the near future "take over the whole conduct of the scholastic world, the Universities included," and organise the profession as a branch of the Civil Service.

But this drastic step would not of itself solve the problem, and Dr. Gray, in his concluding chapters, goes down into the more fundamental philosophical aspects of the question. And herein lies the one gleam of hope, for it is obvious that both he and Mr. Holmes are working broadly on parallel lines. Both men are opposed, on educational, ethical and physiological grounds, to the excessive regard paid to visible "results" as exemplified mainly in the tyranny of examinations, to the evils of dogmatism ("I am a blessed Glendoveer, 'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear," are lines which apply to only too many school-masters), and to the mischief of much unnecessary competition. With such speculations, which he has already given to the world at greater length in his earlier work, "What is and what might be," Mr. Holmes' little book is mainly taken up, and that his theories are right there is little reason to doubt. But the spirit of educational reform, which he advocates so sincerely and so admirably, must perforce be of slow growth, and, indeed, on the very first principles which he advocates cannot be forced upon the country. But this at least can be said: its adoption at Whitehall would go far towards reconciling one with the assumption of all educational control by the Government.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

### THE LAND OF PROMISES.\*

"Let me frankly admit that this book has been written with a purpose. It is one that the people of South Africa will not like. . . ."

In those words, Mr. Ambrose Pratt gives us the keynote to his volume. He set out from Australia to discover the truth, and he has succeeded to this extent—he has put down in print quite a number of true things—unpleasant truths, so far as the South Africans are concerned—facts which will be the more unpalatable because there can be no questioning of them.

\* "The Real South Africa." By Ambrose Pratt. 10s. 6d. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)—"Afrikanerisms." By the Rev. Charles Pettman. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

He has done very well—surprisingly well, considering how short was the time at his disposal. He is a journalist, and his book is journalism; but it is the journalism of the trained observer, and only here and there is he at fault. He bores the reader with references to a Mr. Fisher, an Australian politician, who wrote a futile preface to the volume, and, occasionally, he goes wrong on technical points, as, for instance, when he speaks of "millions of deer, eland, springbok, and other fauna" at the Victoria Falls. Deer are, of course, absolutely unknown in the sub-continent, whilst a springbok in the neighbourhood of the Falls would be as worthy of note as would be one of the Chillingham cattle in St. Paul's Churchyard.

Then, too, he overestimates the capacity of the educated Boers. No South African-born has ever yet come up to the standard which Mr. Pratt seems to imagine some of them will attain. The brains have always been supplied by the imported Hollander, a cunning being, the Afrikaner substitute for political genius. On the other hand, he is unduly severe on the "back-veld" Boers. They have certain good qualities which he has failed to notice. He has made the mistake of expecting to find them wholly civilised men. He has not allowed for the deterioration which must, inevitably, result when the race has spent some three hundred years in the wilderness, under the hardest possible conditions. Really, instead of condemning the back-veld Boers, he should pause and ask himself what the people of his own Australia will be like after three centuries.

So far as the native question is concerned, Mr. Pratt's views are quite sound. He sees, perfectly clearly, the danger of that overwhelming black population, and he has grasped the possibilities underlying that most sinister of movements, the "Ethiopian Church" propaganda, the preaching of the doctrine of "Africa for the Africans." He has met some men, and listened to their views in a spirit of sanity. Englishmen who know South Africa may be annoyed by some of his conclusions, and more still by some of his minor errors, such as the addition of a final "s" to the names of the native races, but, on the whole, they will agree with him.

South Africa is an Imperial Bad Debt—practically speaking, that is the conclusion which Mr. Pratt has reached. He is absolutely merciless in his criticisms of the soil, of the pastoral possibilities, of the mines—and absolutely just. The book will raise him up a host of enemies, both in the sub-continent and in financial circles at home; but it will also secure him many admirers, of whom I am one.

There is no false sentiment about the author—no flag-waving Imperialism, no weak-kneed pro-Boersism, no sloppiness on the subject of women. In Capetown, and in Johannesburg, the Afrikaner ladies, the local "society," will be longing for a chance to meet Mr. Pratt, to meet him with hatpins in their hands—long hatpins. Perhaps he has no idea of returning to the Land of Unfulfilled Promises; at any rate, he would be unwise so to do, after having written of the Afrikaner women:

"They must either read, sleep, or yawn themselves into a state of boredom. They claim, and enjoy, a licence unknown, save in England's 'smarter sets.' . . . Their talk is broad, exciting and subtly challenging. . . . Their eyes brood, their lips murmur veiled criticisms on their fruitless lives. . . . Such women ought not to be mothers. They are a menace to the future of the race."

It is all quite true, but truth does not always tend to make an author popular.

Certainly, "The Real South Africa" is a book to be read by all who are interested in things African. It is, as I said before, journalism; but it is such good journalism that it was worthy of being put into its present shape—into book-form.

Probably, when the Rev. Charles Pettman started to compile his elaborate glossary of Afrikaner terms, he had no idea that it would make so large a volume. He has carried out his task patiently, thoroughly, and for those who desire a work explaining the crude phrases of a crude people it will be most valuable. Personally, I find

it difficult to imagine anyone being bitten with such a desire.

Still, for the casual reader, there is much of interest in "Afrikanderisms." The curiously involved, yet curiously childish, origin of many of the phrases is often fascinating. Through it all you find the influence of the native, who thinks on exactly similar lines.

The author quotes a number of writers on South Africa, but he has not been over-careful about his references. For instance—and it is a very glaring case—he puts down "Richard Hartley, Prospector," which is the work of the greatest of South African writers, Douglas Blackburn, to an unknown "Green." This happens in several places.

I should be inclined to assume that Mr. Pettman is himself an Afrikander, or that, at any rate, he is with the Afrikander people in spirit; otherwise he would not have put "Queenstown" under his name on the title page. It would be most interesting, and amusing, to hear him and Mr. Ambrose Pratt arguing publicly on the subject of "The Real South Africa."

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

### THE HUMAN FACTOR IN DRAMA.\*

The receipt of four slim volumes, on the covers of one or two of which appear an imposing array of other play-titles, impels the question—Have these authors adopted the book-method of recording their claims to rank as contributors to dramatic literature? One hazards the wild guess that some of them, in their desire to avoid the stigma of production-failure, have elected to emphasise their claims as dramatic authors by deliberately choosing the less perilous venture of book-format. It may be trite to say that the true test of a play is its qualities of appeal to an audience. Simply stated, a play is a complex collaboration of author, actors and audience. Wanting the two last-named factors, the claim of a play to rank as dramatic literature must always be in doubt. Spite of the gibes thrown at commercial drama, most plays of this description have achieved success because of their broad human appeal.

What, one may ask, is dramatic literature? I venture to say that it is reality expressed by means of dramatic technique. As with the content of all art-forms, that particular section of reality chosen by the author should be specially selected, but need not necessarily be abnormal, nor should it be so rare in its appearance as to be exceptional. It is an excellent ambition to write for a pit of philosophers, but as the author can never be certain of getting such an audience once in a hundred nights, it is safer and saner art to appeal to the public. A play should elucidate universal truths. Dealing with primary passions, its business is to exhibit these in action, and just in that measure of exactness which it succeeds in representing them, so will be the measure of its success, always provided that the number of ignoble passions it portrays is counter-balanced by a greater measure of nobler passions. An author should not allow his audience to think too meanly of human nature. Comedy, for example, should leave the auditor laughing with its characters, and not at them, for, as Meredith has already taught us, the test of true comedy is that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter. To do otherwise is to sever the sympathy of the audience from the characters and court dramatic disaster.

Mr. George Moore's incursions into drama have been intermittent, and their fortunes doubtful. In the play of "Esther Waters" he attempted too much. His characters did their own developing in the dark-room thrown open to them between the acts. His latest play shews his characters

being developed by an arbitrarily-chosen plot, instead of the plot arising out of the actions of the characters. In this way the rule as to reality is transgressed. "Elizabeth Cooper" is labelled a comedy, but the plot is pure farce. That an author of the standing of Lewis Davenant should permit his secretary to go to Berlin and appear as the author of Davenant's play, with all the honours attendant thereto, does not come within the range of the Aristotelian, highly probable event. I prefer to regard "Elizabeth Cooper" as the excursion of a literary man into the regions of high farce. The soul of a comedy resides in the idea it sets out to expose. Frankly, one hears the creak of the mechanism in this plot, and the idea, however it may appeal to the *dilettante*, is paltry. Gabrielle, the strangely romantic Teuton lady and author worshipper, is a type pushed to the extreme of farcicality, which only the elusive witchery and charm of the actress who performed it at the Stage Society's performance made possible. Godby, "second mate aboard the brigantine, the *Hannah Maria*; at your service," I refuse to believe in—because that stage-type died out twenty years ago.

A perusal of "Thompson" deepens my regret at the passing of so distinguished a writer as St. John Hankin. True, Mr. George Calderon has finished this comedy with a careful pen, but it is all to his credit that he has preserved much of that characteristic clarity of phrasing and mordant wit which distinguished Hankin's work. Much of its comedy consists in the humour of the mind—the quiet, polite smile that is all charity. Thompson was engaged to Helen Vaughan, much to her parents' disgust. Thompson went away to America, and the reports of a wreck, in which another Thompson proved himself a hero and got drowned, gave Mrs. Vaughan the opportunity of informing her daughter that her *fiancé* had died. But the real Thompson turns up again, the coolest of cards, and to those who did not see the performance at the Royalty Theatre I recommend an early perusal of this volume, to learn for themselves the diverting happenings that arise out of the *contretemps*. In it, as in all Hankin's comedies, our ideals are disturbed, lovingly enough, but common sense is justified of its children in that there is an eminent sanity pervading the whole of the types represented. The comic spirit flutters overhead, and in no character is it seen at a higher flight than in that of Mrs. Vaughan, one of the most deliciously irresponsible matrons ever created by Hankin.

"The Perfidious Marriage and Other Plays" is not meant for this gallery. It is difficult to know why the book was published, save that amateur players seem to clamour for plots that are obvious and types that are stagey. These demand little creative ability in the amateur actor. The play which provides the title, and two others, are evidently meant to fill in that dreary half-hour which theatre managers utilise by staging still drearier machine-made one-act plays. Their plots and personages belong to the realms of stage-land and can have no part in a criticism that should be a record of reality. In "The Dove and the Duffer" a good idea has been petered-out by a resort to cheap stagey methods, which seems a pity, because the author evidently is possessed of some imaginative insight.

Dedicated to "all who are growing, whether children or parents," Mr. Leonard Inkster's three-act play, "The Emancipation," makes good its claim to a place in dramatic literature, in that it has already stood the test of a stage performance. It belongs to the natural history school of drama, started into life by Shaw and Barker, in that it is a clever and acute study of a human soul in process of development. Jack Arrowsmith belongs to a family of provincial Philistines, whose moral, physical and emotional equipment jars continually upon a sensitive nature, and, in consequence, his wounded spirit is in constant revolt against the tyranny of their conventions. But, as frequently happens, the sheer futility of an artistically sensitive nature struggling against the coarser-grained natures that surround it is made manifest from the beginning. Ironically enough, the young man fails to emancipate himself through his own inherent weakness. The dialogue is easy and natural, and the psychology of the characters eminently

\* "Elizabeth Cooper." A Comedy, by George Moore. 2s. net. (Maunsell & Co., Ltd.)—"Thompson." A Comedy, by St. John Hankin and George Calderon. 2s. net. (Martin Secker.)—"The Perfidious Marriage and Other Plays," by Leonard Henslowe. 1s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.)—"The Emancipation." A Play, by Leonard Inkster. 2s. net and 1s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

right. If the play has failed to find its way to the ranks of commercial successes, it is because the author ignored the taste of the popular audience, to whom the protagonist in this case is entirely antipathetic. The public need not be abused for this—after all, the most famous of dramatists never allowed the sympathetic plexuses of his audiences to fall into a state of atrophy.

ROBB LAWSON.

### THE SEINE FROM HAVRE TO PARIS.\*

In his modest preface, the author talks of this as a "little" work, but, as it consists of 490 pages, and is full of maps and illustrations (mostly charming sketches), it seems hardly the correct adjective to apply. Sir Edward Thorpe has given us in this book a long and learned miscellany of topographical, architectural, and historical information of the Seine from its mouth as far as the city of Paris. He knows the river like a book, and is saturated through and through with its romantic associations. The story of his own cruises (taken mostly in successive long vacations) intersperses his serious descriptions, and makes the work one of a light and pleasing kind. It is a volume that should be on every boat that plies for pleasure between Havre and Paris.

Sir Everard Thorpe is decidedly a learned man, both on the tidal influences of his river and on the history of the river's banks. Nothing seems to have escaped his notice or his curiosity and his knowledge is precise as well as entertaining. His book would be useful to a mariner or an historian. There can be no doubt that Sir Edward will inspire numerous people to follow his example, and, indeed, it is obvious that this voyage must be a very fascinating one. We pass through such places as Caudebec, Jumièges, Rouen, Louviers, Nantes, Melun, Poissy, Conflans, and many another town and village, far-famed in local story. For these borders of the Seine were the home of a great civilization, and the archaeologist will find here much of high interest. Sir Edward writes of it all with enthusiasm and contagious good humour, even if without distinguished literary ability. It is a book for the holidays and has appeared at the right moment. May it have all the success it merits.

R. C.

### A CRITIC ON IMPRESSIONISM.\*

Very rarely does one find a critic who contrives to be interesting upon more than one art, for by its very nature criticism tends to specialism. That need not mean that the best critics are specialists, indeed the best critic ought not to be a specialist. The fact that criticism necessarily tends towards specialism is the main weakness of the function, for life can never properly speaking be separated from life in any one of its manifestations after the manner of specialism. Each of the manifestations are but illusions when viewed in segregation. It is only when they are seen in reference to the aggregate that they properly reflect the sum total of vitality. For that reason then I am always inclined to suspect the judgments of the critic of one art. The chances are that they will be probably out of proportion and of a certainty out of perspective. This is only natural because all criticism should be in the nature of interpretation, and no proper interpretation can be made of a thing merely in relation to itself. Interpretation depends also and perhaps in the main upon the relation of a thing towards the rest of life, or towards that section of life to which it corresponds. It thus happens that great critics have always held as associates one or more of the

\* "The Seine from Havre to Paris." By Sir Edward Thorpe. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

\* "The Pathos of Distance." By James Huneker. 7s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)



Caudebec.

From "The Seine Havre to Paris" (Macmillan).

arts and some small or large view of life. Ruskin, for instance was certainly wrong as an art specialist when he criticised Whistler; but he was right in his conception of the fundamental relationship between art and life. If he had been merely an art specialist he would have remained in the memory of man as the critic who made a mistake about Whistler, but as he was a great deal more than an art specialist he is remembered as one of the modern thinkers who showed us the organic relationship between art and affairs. This same test can be applied to all notable critics of life. But there is another type of critic who is related to life in a different way. He records in his criticism the way in which life strikes him, whether it be through one art or many arts, through ideas or through actuality. He has no ulterior purpose than to record such impressions, and consequently he stands or falls by his power to interest—in the long run by the extent to which he himself is interesting. No one wants to hear about dull people; no one wants to hear about shallow people, or foolish people, or the rag tag and bobtail of dufferdom. These are only interesting when seen through the temperament of an interesting personality. Charles Dickens could enthrall us by his descriptions of all sorts of indifferent people, not because they were particularly interesting but because he was of superlative interest. Jane Austen for the same reason could translate the humdrum punctilios of conventional morality and the superficial gossip of the drawing room into magical and attractive pages. A good critic of the impressionist type ought to be able to do the same with any of the objects that attract his attention. But to do this.

it is almost essential that his interests embrace many arts besides being broad-based in experience and observation of life.

Among contemporary critics of the type few fulfil these conditions so well as Mr. James Huneker. It is not so very long ago that he was introduced to the British public by a volume called "Iconoclasts." This book contains studies of a number of modern dramatists such as Ibsen, Hauptmann, Hervieu and D'Annunzio, and we were captivated or irritated, according to our attitude or mental equipment, by the emphatic convictions and frank egotisms of this assertive American. On the title page of his book he had quoted from Max Stirner: "My truth is the truth," and throughout the volume he had been consistent in his demonstration of that conviction. Since then he has written other volumes of a similarly assertive and self-revelatory type, such as "Egoists, A Book of Supermen," and, more recently, "Promenades of an Impressionist." His latest volume, "The Pathos of Distance," contains a great variety of diversions and interpretations in the same key. Since his first book Mr. Huneker has clipped the wings of his egotism without losing any of that penetrative quality which was his earliest and most important contribution to criticism. At first sight "The Pathos of Distance" suggests scrappiness. But on better acquaintance this is found to be merely an illusion of its infinite variety. It is not easy to imagine that a writer who crams into one volume of under four hundred pages essays and notes upon such diverse subjects as George Moore and Henri Bergson, Richard Wagner and Pablo Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec and John M. Synge, is going to say anything fresh or even anything profound about all of them. But all of these artists and writers and musicians are but details of the Hunekerian view of life. They are interesting as details because they are easily co-ordinated with that view. And above all when viewed in relation with Mr. Huneker's other books they are necessary to complete the full expression and interpretation of modern art which is the task he has, consciously or unconsciously, set himself to perform. One of the chief virtues of this writer is that it is not necessary to agree with him to be able to appreciate him. He achieves the grand result of impressionist criticism by making us interested in his own point of view. Besides this the book abounds with vivid little pictures of the personalities of the modern art world and rare glimpses into many a curious by-path of those novelties in literature and painting which nowadays are the causes of so many shocks to the unwary and so many pleasant surprises to those who are artistically awake.

There is one study in the book which reveals the many-sidedness of Mr. Huneker more than any other essay he has written and indeed more than any single one of his books. It is called "New York-Cosmopolis." The very title may be taken as symbolical of the critic's mind. It suggests at one and the same time the most modern and the most cosmopolitan of the haunts of men. Turning over the pages one finds the prose shot and dashed with the names of modern writers and painters, and with classical names both personal and geographical. And reading these pages one is convinced that one is in the presence of that fearful and wonderful thing, the American mind in all its omnivorousness and in all its eclecticism. It is the mind that has sprung from the whole world and fed upon the whole world and produced a variegated mosaic which is characteristic of itself and perhaps the only characteristic of American culture. It may be, however, what we in this country understand as American is only New Yorkist. The New York which Mr. Huneker describes so well. Speaking as a native he says:

"We fly at our music, at our theatres and pictures, as we fly after a tip on stocks. We bolt new ideas and invent new religions every season to match the gowns and hats of our wives. We swallow Beethoven and cry—What next? Wagner is speedily engulfed and we cry for Richard Strauss. After he is gone we try French and Italian sweetmeats. Ibsen is an old story, Maeterlinck a mere fable. Debussy begins to tire. What next? There must always be a 'next' in New York."

The author of "The Pathos of Distance" has put a great deal of this dynamic anticipatory temperament into criticism. And although his intelligence soars above that of the modernist art-tasters of the coterie, it reflects better than any fiction the mind of his cosmopolitan race and its age.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

### SIR GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL\*

Neither publishers nor reviewers need exert themselves unduly in sounding the praises of this fine novel by Sir Gilbert Parker. Its fame is bound to spread spontaneously and rapidly through those more intimate and powerful personal channels which are always at work feeding the inquiries of the insatiable reading public. When you have read it, you will recommend "The Judgment House" to the friends who invite you to name a good story, because "The Judgment House" answers exactly to that description. It is a good story, full of dramatic movement; a story thrilling with intensity of feeling and passion; a strong story dealing with the weakness of strong men and the strength of weak women. The central figure is Jasmine Grenfel, a beautiful, talented woman whose fascinating flower-like personality enthralled more than one man in her privileged circle. Capable of great love, she is capable also of dangerous coquetry, and it is this failing which is ultimately responsible for the dramatic chaos which overwhelms her little world. Ambition for place and power to set off to their best advantage the brilliant gifts which are hers leads Jasmine to jilt Ian Stafford, an exquisitely refined diplomat who is patiently waiting for recognition, and marry Rudyard Byng, a virile millionaire from the Rand, a man somewhat coarsened by his early struggles, yet not without breadth of vision and lofty ideals. The years pass, and Jasmine, vaguely disappointed in her marriage, seeks to recapture Stafford's respect and love. Her success in this quarter and her coquetry in another quarter culminate in a tragic and momentous sequel. Of the many arresting incidents which distinguish this capable novel, two stand out in vivid, almost brutal, relief: the scene in the millionaire's Park Lane mansion when in the presence of a group of Rand magnates Byng's Hottentot-Boer servant is thrashed with the sjambok, the "symbol of progress" in South Africa; and the scene in which Stafford and Byng are brought face to face with the apparent faithlessness of the woman they both love. The last part of the book is laid in South Africa in the time of the war, and here, perhaps the machinery which distributes and collects the various characters to suit the author's purpose is a little too obliging in its willingness to round off the story. "The Judgment House" embodies Sir Gilbert Parker's highest literary qualities and gives to the world a story of quite exceptional brilliancy and power.

S. H. W.

### THE LEADERS OF GERMANY.†

So vivid and forceful is the personality of the Kaiser, so various his abilities, and so truly does he constitute himself the mouth-piece of his people, that comparatively little, probably, is known by the average Englishman of those prominent Germans who have helped their Sovereign to give the Fatherland the proud position which she holds to-day in the world. Any such gap in one's knowledge will be to a great extent filled by Mr. Wile's informative book.

The book is not long, running only to 271 pages, and

\* "The Judgment House." By Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Methuen.)

† "Men Around the Kaiser." By F. W. Wile, 6s. net.



thirty-one different men are "appreciated" in chapters of an almost uniformly equal length (due, no doubt, to a number of the sketches having originally appeared in a somewhat similar form in the *Daily Mail*); but within these limitations Mr. Wile has succeeded admirably in giving the main facts about each individual whom he describes. His choice of subjects is excellent. Army officers, naval officers, politicians, bankers, men of letters, courtiers, musicians—representatives of all these and other callings jostle one another through his pages. The book opens, appropriately enough, with an account of Admiral von Tirpitz, "the real creator of the Kaiser's fleet," and we think that Mr. Wile's estimate of this really great man is considerably juster than that expressed by Mr. Price Collier in his recent volume on Germany and the Germans. Prince Fürstenberg is another excellent study.

The real power behind the throne, "Max," as he is intimately called, is a man of the most diverse attainments and of the most straightforward speech, and it speaks volumes for both men that he and the Kaiser should have been on such terms of intimacy for so many years. The chapter on Prince Henry of Prussia, too, is especially good. As Mr. Wile says, to fill the rôle of a monarch's brother is frequently a thankless part, and few have played it more worthily than "the Sailor Prince." He appears to have inherited the lovable character of the Emperor Frederick, and one or two little anecdotes about him show him in a particularly gracious light.

If one may single out yet another chapter, a special word of praise should be given to Mr. Wile's account of August Bebel. Not everybody, perhaps, will agree to-day that Bebel "was" the Social Democratic Party, but there is sufficient truth in the dictum for the average reader. It should be added that this book, which makes so timely an appearance in the Silver Jubilee year of the Kaiser's reign, is illustrated with excellent photographs of the personages described.

### AN ULSTERMAN ON IRELAND.\*

A pathetic interest always attaches to the last work of a man first published after the author's death, but the pathos is deepened if, as in the present case, the writer has been cut off in the prime of his intellectual vigour and with many great promises still unfulfilled. Mr. Monypenny was only forty-six when he died, yet he had crowded into his brief life more of experience and more variety of knowledge than fall to the lot of most men of affairs who have passed the allotted span of life. However opinions may differ as to his qualifications to be Disraeli's biographer, and doubtless most people take Lord Morley's view, Mr. Monypenny could claim a hereditary, as well as an individual, right to express himself on the subject of Ireland. He was born in Armagh county, where his father was a tenant-farmer, who afterwards emigrated to Canada. As a student at Trinity College he took little interest in politics, being vaguely a Unionist because he was a Protestant. His early association with *The Times* had the effect of crystallising his political opinions, which remained until recent years in consonance with the traditional policy of the Irish Unionist party. After he came back from South Africa he began to study Irish history, and to seek from it some explanation of the difficulties which had nonplussed and bewildered generations of able and well-meaning Englishmen. Of the student of Irish history, he writes:

"He will find England and Englishmen as often negligent as criminal, and by their blunders, as by their crimes, bringing trouble on themselves; and he will find a strangely malign fate

\* "The Two Irish Nations: An Essay on Home Rule." By W. F. Monypenny. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

intervening at every step to frustrate the purposes of statesmanship and prevent the growth of amity. Irish history is a constant tragedy, a tragedy in the deeper sense, not as the clash of right and wrong, but as the clash of two rights. Proximity to Great Britain forbade the free development of Ireland on her own national lines, her comparative distance and the strip of estranging sea hindered unity and fusion, and in the actual course of events no happy system of co-operation on equal terms or dependence was ever evolved. The original conquest was a conquest only in name, effective to disable the growth of the native civilization, not effective to secure its supersession by another."

To this no one who is conversant with the history of Ireland will object. Mr. Monypenny, however, does not appear quite to appreciate the effect which Catholic emancipation had on the movement for Repeal of the Union. As long as O'Connell devoted himself to obtaining Repeal he had all the Protestants in Ireland at his back; it was when he subordinated Repeal to Emancipation that the Protestants took alarm, and O'Connell lost his seat in Dublin.

The latter part of the book is taken up with criticism of the Home Rule Bill, and there is little, if anything, in it which adds to our knowledge. If the writer had lived in Ireland during his maturer years, and not viewed Irish affairs from a London office, he might have modified some of his opinions and developed a more constructive policy.

H. A. HINKSON.

### RECENT HISTORY.\*

The last half-year has produced a number of guides and handbooks helpful to the student-interpreter of modern history. One of the most important books from the original and documentary point of view is a biography which calls for separate treatment—I refer, of course, to Mr. Trevelyan's "Life of John Bright." But a position of the first rank must be accorded to Mr. Gooch's "History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century." This supplies a very complete survey of the whole field of modern history from Niebuhr to Maitland, it is the work of a specialist in the connoisseurship of written history, and is informed alike with enthusiasm and impartiality. The chief places are allotted, naturally, to German, French, and English historians, and the dictatorship of the republic to a German, Ranke—but space is allotted also to American, Italian, and Scandinavian writers; and the work is invaluable to historical teachers and students alike, while readable and suggestive in the highest degree to the general reader and the student of literature.

Mr. Hawkesworth, in his book on Europe from 1814 to 1910, slightly prejudices the reader by his omission in the Preface to say anything of the admirable set of French manuals that cover the period with the clearness, arrangement and impartiality which seem at times a monopoly of the best French scholastic work. He does not mention Monod or, among American books, Hazen's. There is no doubt, however, that for the student who wants a shorter book than Fyffe's and needs a *resumé* of events subsequent to 1878, the present volume is one of the most useful. It

\* "The Last Century in Europe—1814-1910." By C. E. M. Hawkesworth. 6s. (Arnold.)—"A Modern History of the English People—1880-1910." By R. H. Gretton. 2 Vols. 15s. (Richards.)—"La Revolution: L'Histoire de France Racontée à Tous." By Louis Madelin. (Hachette.)—"A History of Oratory in Parliament—1213-1913." By Robert Craig. 10s. 6d. net. (Heath.)—"The Genesis of Parliamentary Reform." By G. S. Veitch. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"A Short History of English Liberalism." By W. Lyon Bleasdale. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)—"The Making of Modern England." By Gilbert Slater. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Lectures on the American Civil War." By James Ford Rhodes. 5s. (Macmillan.)—"History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century." By G. P. Gooch. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)—"The Evolution of Modern Germany." By H. Lichtenberger. Translated by A. M. Ludovici. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"The History of English Patriotism." By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. 2 Vols. 25s. net. (Lane.)

is written with great lucidity and keeps names and dates in proper subordination to the drift of the narrative. The writer is handicapped at the outset by the self-imposed task of keeping all narrative of the Hundred Days out of the picture; but his account of the Napoleonic and industrial transformation of Europe during the first fifteen years of the century is admirably done. The parts played by Mehemet Ali and the Czar Nicholas are very sharply drawn. The confused history of Spain between Ferdinand's restoration and that of Alfonso XII is focussed in a way that makes it possible to the beginner. Recent events in connection with the Far East and the Triple Entente exhibit well the skill of the compiler in subordinating detail to the main story or effect that he wishes to produce.

For the reader who wishes to work backwards to the Revolution a word must be said in favour of Louis Madelin's book in Funck-Brentano's well-established series, "*L'Histoire de France racontée à tous*." The results of modern specialism are embodied in this narrative of 700 pages to an extent hitherto rare in popular summaries. The honesty of the old government is shown to be an insufficient justification for *un horloge qui retarde*. The anarchy preceding the fall of the throne and the indispensability for the time of something in the nature of the régime of the *salut public* is very clearly made out.

Mr. R. H. Gretton, in his two full volumes on the history of England from 1887 to 1910 has given us an exhibition of the minute-hand in history applied, not to the day before yesterday, as in the case of McCarthy, Spencer Walpole and Herbert Paul, but to yesterday itself. It exhibits for the first time a history based largely upon newspapers, newspaper summaries and year books, with an infusion of the pictorial gossip of the illustrated weeklies. When one reads in our annals of Jumbo, the Druce case and the Wee Frees, and the passion for ping-pong, one cannot help being afflicted to some extent with the sensation of perusing the diary of a Nobody. The frivolity of the big town populations, the ineptitude of our handling of the one big transaction of the period—the Boer War—conveys the idea rather of a nation playing at History. Mr. Gretton has not time to philosophise or to generalise as Lecky does, for instance, in his "*History of England in the Eighteenth Century*," for he is not eclectic as Lecky is, but tries to give a fairly complete picture or cinema as it were of national activity during a short period. The absence of perspective makes the book very difficult to assimilate. On the other hand, the author is an acute and impartial commentator with a very keen eye for the signs of the times. His work is a stimulating remembrancer and will be invaluable as a key to all kinds of cross-currents for the historian of the future. The impartiality of its judgment and the skill of the author in presentation may be judged by the following *A propos* of the assassination of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal, King Edward and Queen Alexandra attended not only a memorial service at St. Paul's, but also a Requiem Mass at the Roman Catholic Church of St. James's, Spanish Place.

"There was still, as we have seen in the matter of the Accession Declaration, a body of opinion in this country which regarded Rome as the Scarlet Woman; but that King Edward should be able to attend a Requiem Mass showed a considerable advance in national common-sense and national respect for the sovereign. He was extraordinarily careful of public opinion, and not at all the man to affront it in such a connection, however strong his own wishes might be. There were some who managed to regard the incident as one more sign of the general loosening of ties of authority; the bulk of the people, they said, sat so loosely to religious observances that it had ceased to matter what kind of service the King attended. It was at least equally true that a great part of the nation had infused a new life into their religion. If going to church had ceased among people of education to be a sign of respectability, if men of all classes used Sunday openly as a day of physical recreations, and stayed away from church without any sense of being outcasts, the converse of this state of things was that the people who did go to church did not go for conventional reasons, but for spiritual reasons. Hence there had arisen a new respect for all religious observances—a respect which ceased to regard them as mutually exclusive. King Edward could attend a Requiem Mass without being misunderstood."

This seems on the whole a highly judicious diagnosis. The summary and discussion of the Tariff Reform controversy shows an equally judicious mind in dealing briefly with a most thorny subject, into the abbreviation of which a good deal of thought must have been concentrated. The whole is a very ably performed piece of work, though it would have gained considerably, in our opinion, by the addition of a full synopsis of contents and by the incorporation of a greater number of biographical vignettes of the kind that Creighton and Mr. Paul elaborated and by means of which they did so much to enliven their pages.

Passing rapidly by Dr. Craig's "*History of Oratory in Parliament*," a rather sketchy outline of the activities of notable orators such as Pym, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Peel, Palmerston, Gladstone, and Disraeli, without any critical apparatus or description either of the sources of Parliamentary oratory or of the different series of debates and their relative value, the right way to use them and to appraise their representative value, we go on to three very interesting historical studies published this spring by Messrs Constable.

"*The Genesis of Parliamentary Reform*" embodies evidently a prolonged study of the reform movement up to and including the period of the impact made upon it by the revolutionary movement in France. Of the three great stimuli in the history of Parliamentary reform represented by the Wilkes campaigns, the Manchester school, and the activities of Gladstone, the book is mainly concerned with the first. Such compilations as those of Porritt, Erskine May and Oldfield are naturally drawn upon largely for the picture given of the representative system as it existed in Burke's time. But it may be doubted whether a more vivid picture has ever been drawn of the fantastic chaos of the franchise before 1832. The complete indifference of the nation to these anomalies before the reign of George III is instructive. The new spirit of criticism owes its origin primarily to three great changes or series of historical phenomena, represented respectively by the Industrial Revolution, the rebellious attitude of our American colonists and their cry for representation, and, thirdly, the reflections set in motion by the French Revolution of 1789. Mr. Veitch narrates with much lucidity and copious illustration the successive incidents of the campaign for a more equitable representation of the counties and the newly-formed big cities, the leaders of the movement, and the dead weight of inertia, aided by the reasoned opposition of such conservative parliamentarians as Burke, or such capricious reformers (who were irreclaimable Whigs at heart) as Charles Fox, which the new movement had to encounter. In spite of all opposition the movement seemed to be making good progress, owing to the enlightened support of Pitt and the influence which he exercised over city, country and court, when the French Revolution fell athwart its progress. Public opinion now, thanks to Burke and the war, became blindly hostile to the Associations and the Radicals, and the attempts to link the partisans of democracy in the two countries only led to the exasperation of conservatism in England. The subject, after 1795, becomes more and more difficult of exploration as the movement burrows underground.

A book which will appeal to a considerably wider public than Mr. Veitch's is Mr. Gilbert Slater's "*Making of Modern England*." As the author of "*The English Peasantry and the Enclosure of the Common Fields*," the author has already gained the ear of the public interested in modern social history. In the present work he presents us with a chart of the chief problems with which the nineteenth century has had to deal and shows us what progress the science has recorded. It is extraordinary, perhaps, when we reflect on the enormous advances made by the "wonderful century" in applied science to realise how crude are the results when we turn to what man has made of man. Man, it must seem, is far more intractable than steel or iron. Then again, at critical periods in his development the people responsible for the conduct and regulation of new powers, controls, trusts, monopolies or



what not, seem to be stricken with paralysis and stand by until it is too late. When invention began to be applied to manufacture old England was turned topsyturvy in a mad scramble from the bewildering evil and injustice, of which it has by no means recovered in the course of three half-centuries. It was the same when railways began their monopolies and the motors their murders. No ruler has the nerve to interfere with insolent, triumphant power until it is too late. Much is done in a dilatory way under the name of Reform. Mr. Slater unfolds and describes with succinctness the remedial process in connection with poor laws, municipalities, factories, Protection, labour, public health, education, the workers, Ireland, and the like. The campaign for public health as narrated here is quite a romance, and we learned for the first time the name of Edwin Chadwick, who seems to have been the hero of it. The reports of the Board of Health, the narratives given in such works as "Alton Locke," "Sybil," and "Mary Barton," give us some idea of the horrible state of the poor districts in the new cities during the 'forties, and leave us an impression that England in the age of Pickwick was a good colourable imitation of hell. Enlightenment is a poor thing until we can turn out a better average class of citizen than we do at the present day. But Mr. Slater's book is at any rate a guarantee that the old dismal science is devoting a considerable amount of its energy to the amelioration of "merry England." It seems a little singular that Mr. Slater, who is Principal of Ruskin Hall at Oxford, says so little about Ruskin as a prophet of most of the ideas of social betterment now current. He says little, too, about the significant disappearance of the small trader class, a process depicted with such poignant force by Mr. Wells in his "New Ideas for Old." Nor does he touch the "Christianization of the Churches." Our author is not over sanguine about the present trend of education. Our public schools he finds cursed by the tradition of class monopoly and by the low idea of education for individual culture and private advancement. The idea of a *Communitas* sensitive to the desolation and misery of each individual unit which forms a part of it, is an idea that evidently has yet to make itself understood. Christianity began with it, but seems to have mislaid it. Mr. Slater gives us a picture of humanity groping, often deluded, chewing statistics in lieu of nutriment, but still groping.

A valuable book for the thoughtful reader has been made available in English in the excellent translation by Mr. Ludovici of Lichtenberg's "Evolution of Modern Germany." The book is concerned with the development of German ideals rather than with the record of material progress, and as a picture of that popular artist, Success, it is of course less popular than the abstracts of Price Collier, Sarolea, Sidgwick, or Ellis Barker. It deals largely with the conflict of conceptions—Germany's conceptions of itself. In Frederick's time Prussia was a fortress against all Europe on the open plain. Napoleon came, and Germany was slow to adopt this ideal and remained still a "kingdom in the air." But Stein and Scharnhorst and then Bismarck enabled Prussian ideas to grow. Population began to increase by leaps and bounds, and the birthrate supplied the fittest and finest soil imaginable for a capitalism on the English pattern. Capitalism generates power, and the slow, heavy, plodding, thorough, robust North German character supplied the raw product *par excellence*. Here was an ideal basis for capital and Krupp. The serious, strong, stubborn worker, grounded in the rigorous school of military training, was the finest imaginable unit for a nation devoting itself to the cult of power. The methodical will to power, according to our author, has been the creation of modern Germany, and the typical German loves power for its own sake. He deliberately sacrifices the old aspiration for culture and art. All these ideals cool off as appropriate rather to fine women and delicate children than to grown men. And the serious, patriotic German becomes more and more an almost idolatrous worshipper of force,

not brutal, tyrannical, capricious force, but force exhibited progressively in the form of intelligent, deliberate power.

A discussion appropriate to the time of year has recently appeared in one of the French dailies as to which are the ten greatest works of fiction. A literary critic writes innocently to know whether so many as ten were known to exist. In a similar spirit one might ask of English Patriotism—if there were really enough of it to fill a book of twelve hundred pages. Amiel, I think, says that Religion is an "état de l'ame." The same might more truly be said of Patriotism. One asks oneself in vain—what is it? We thought we were patriots in 1899 when we shouted for our soldiers to go and fight the Boers, confident as we were that all would be over in three months. But the Boers were very obstinate, and it turned out that we had been duped by the money-power and had not been patriotic at all really. So throughout the history of a nation which pays fellows to fight for it, it is very difficult to distinguish the real thing from that professional kind of patriotism which Johnson denominated "scoundrelism." Of the crude patriotism of the Maoris, the Chilians, the Bulgarians, or the Japanese there is not, I should imagine, very much to be found loose among us. Were Henry V., Burleigh, Oliver Cromwell patriots? There can be no doubt about Chatham, Billy Pitt, Nelson. In literature patriotism abounds. Have we not our *Lyra Heroica*? But even here it is not the deliberate patriots that stir us to the depths. I can find nothing in Kipling or Newbolt to make the patriotic chord vibrate like the description in "The Trumpet Major" of how Maudy Anne saw the last of the *Victory* from the Chesil Beach. With such material as he has at disposal, however, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford has strung together a portentous ruminative essay on Patriotism. How many patriots will put their hands in their pockets for the twenty-five shillings necessary to purchase it remains to be seen. It is a high-class though incondite book, well-written. I predict that a good many copies of it will be available second-hand at no distant date, and that, as Disraeli might have said, and proved, it will be a "damned good book to steal from."

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

## Novel Notes.

"THE EIGHTH YEAR": A VITAL PROBLEM OF MARRIED LIFE. By Philip Gibbs. 2s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

Behold, Mr. Gibbs, our brilliant novelist and journalist, mounting the pulpit to discourse upon Marriage, its Dangerous Year, and the iniquitous selfishness of Men. The homily is divided into two parts—argument and illustration; and the text is derived from the words of the late Sir Francis Jeune, "The Eighth Year is the most dangerous year in the adventure of marriage." It is needless to say that Mr. Gibbs is eloquent, and makes the most of his particular theme. Unfortunately it is futile to generalise on marriages, because men and women are variable factors, and the same circumstances would not bring the same results with different pairs. That is a reality too little recognised by pastors or writers; and—venturing still further into the deeps—we think that Sir Francis Jeune would be surprised to see his fluent *dictum* made the text of such a treatise as this. Mr. Gibbs, taking it as *Vox Dei*, tries to prove too much. The Clare to whom he introduces us would have found out her fatuous, selfish husband long before the eighth year; and so would that ordinary couple, the Atkinson Browns. The eighth day is with some people the dangerous time; with others the forty-eighth anniversary may be passed and still find them lovers. Mr. Gibbs, of course, is striking the right note when he protests against the life in flats which causes moral indigestion, and what Mr. Roosevelt euphemistically calls race-suicide. Family life is as essential to healthy humanity as are leaves and blossom and fruit to trees. Restrict or prevent the birth of children, and moral decay must result. As the prophet

did not quite say, where no infants are the people perish. It is a pity that Mr. Gibbs has given us both a treatise and a short story. The essay would have been sufficient. The story is too slight, it is merely an outline. The At-Home of the Heywoods, with the wife absent, which in Shavian or Wellsian hands would have been a scream, is a fine occasion lost. Mr. Gibbs is too earnest a missionary, too stern a Jeremiah in his denunciation of Intellectual Mansions, to have realised the opportunities of his comedy. Nevertheless, he whets the reader's curiosity; and especially we wonder why he, a novelist, makes a novelist his villain, and also why, wherever fiction is referred to, it is in terms of contumely. "The Eighth Year" will certainly set the gossips talking and supply an absorbing topic for discussion at many a holiday table.

**SANDY'S LOVE AFFAIR.** By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Sandy is introduced first as a somewhat conceited but very self-confident young man who is about to leave his home in Galloway and seek fortune in London. As he never loses any of his self-confidence nor all of his conceit it is difficult to make him sound attractive. But somehow he is; his very *naïveté* makes one like him—as for instance when he thought of adding to his visiting cards the words: "Late President of the Logomachic Society, for the Culture of the Individual Logos," or in some of his passages with V.V., the girl he loves. The story, indeed, eventful as it is, centres entirely around the gradual development of Sandy Pryde, and the manner in which his rugged character becomes slowly polished by contact with the world. Mr. Crockett is always spirited, but his vivacity has seldom been exploited to better purpose than in "Sandy's Love Affair," which in many ways is one of the best books he has given us.

**THE SIN OF EVE.** By May Edginton. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To deserve popularity is not always to achieve it, but it will be a matter for surprise if "The Sin of Eve" does not find a very wide circle of readers, for the novel richly deserves to be known far and wide. It is a charming story of vivid human interest and emotional appeal. What is more, there is a grace of style and a happy vein of reflectiveness in the narrative, which lift it well out of the ordinary ruck of fiction. Ellen Flamartin is a fascinating heroine, and we defy the most blasé novel-reader to remain unmoved while he follows her in her brave, adventurous life, from Palmer Village in British Columbia to her beautifully contrived destiny in London. How she becomes involved in the lives of Henry L. Gibbons, a millionaire newspaper proprietor, and Max Bellamy, a "star" actor-manager-playwright, is vivaciously told, and the manner in which these rivals for the captivating Ellen are complicated in an unsuspected relationship to one another gives a well articulated backbone to the plot. "George"—her parson father—Mrs. Flamartin, Jane Wilkins, and Aunt Alice de Cordovic, and her daughters, are excellent examples of sensitive and well-realised characterisation. A good deal of hard individual thinking on questions of the day as they affect modern women has been done by the author, who makes Ellen ask her friend Jane: "Don't you wish the Lord made us women all very hard or very soft," But there are no chunks of irrelevant sententiousness to impede the flow of the narrative. Ellen's life as an ardent organiser for the W.S.P.U. is particularly well described. We fancy, however, that her ultimate development is a conclusion likely to be hotly contested by some members of that super-active organisation.

**DISCOVERY.** By Harold Williams. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Oswald Bouverie was told by a doctor in Harley Street that if he continued to live and work in London he would die in a few months. Therefore he goes away to hide himself and die. But before he disappears from London

he tells the heroine he loves her, and promises to write to her at the end of a year. He does write, and as the post mark on the letter is Barnstaple the heroine follows him there; only to find that he has disappeared again. Indeed, he forgets all about the heroine until he finds she has married a successful and child-like gold miner, some years later. Then Bouverie remembers that he loves her himself. He has, however, now acquired a habit of disappearing, and finds only a short struggle with his feelings necessary before setting out in a small boat to catch a steamer at Lynton and disappear further. The boat is swamped and Bouverie is saved from being drowned by the gold miner, but unfortunately the gold miner's head is dashed against the rocks. Thus the heroine becomes a widow, and at first she expresses some surprise that Bouverie should be still intent upon leaving her to continue his career of disappearance; but probably she reflects that his inveterate habit of vanishing might be incompatible with a well regulated domestic existence, for she relinquishes such lien as she has upon him and says: "Life plays for larger stakes than we guess." And that is the end.

**ROSALIND IN ARDEN.** By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Dent.)

Hollis, the American millionaire whose aggressive personality is the dominating feature of Mr. Marriott Watson's new novel, belongs to a familiar class. His character is well typified by his attitude towards the game of golf. "He took to it at once. He had got to make a resisting recalcitrant ball do what he wanted. That was the game that appealed to him. He had a native instinct to get the best of something; it informed his life, and had carried him to fortune." When Hollis desires a thing he gets it—by fair means or foul. The desirable object in the present story is Westwood Park, a fine old English estate, and the plot deals largely with a series of skirmishes between the astute millionaire and the comparatively poor young man who is struggling to prove his claim to the earldom and estate of Westwood. Incidentally, the millionaire from America tries to mould an English village to his will, and learns that even the power of money has its limits. As might be expected, Hollis is incapable of understanding women in general, and his niece Rosalind in particular. It is a leisurely-moving novel, wending its way for the most part among harmless and agreeable people to a tune suggestive of the pleasant chatter and clatter of a summer picnic.

**THE STRICTLY TRAINED MOTHER.** By F. F. Montresor. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)

Mrs. Betterton is an old lady of a type that is more often met with than read about. Yielding and submissive, all her life she has been under somebody's thumb. At first her husband tyrannised over her, and when he died her two elder daughters filled his place. Both of them are interested in "good works" and neither has the least idea that her mother is being unduly suppressed. Nevertheless, Mrs. Betterton longs to see the child of her heart, Ellen, who has run away from home and married a literary man of whom her father did not approve; and when Ellen dies, the old lady's affections are transferred to her granddaughter, Polly, a type of the modern girl. These are the principal characters in Miss Montresor's little drama, and they are handled in a manner convincing and truthful. In humour, in fidelity to life, and in insight into character, so far as we are aware no book has been published this year that is the equal of "The Strictly Trained Mother."

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Mr. Lunn, in his lavish use of adolescent high spirits and a most engaging form of school slang, rather reminds us of Mr. A. A. Milne, of *Punch*, but in the task he has undertaken here, to have dispensed with either would have been to fail. He gives us what is better than the mere raciness of dialogue, as actual a record of Harrow life as we are ever likely to get, and need not have paraded the fact (or is it his publisher who does it?) that the material is drawn from an actual school diary of his youth. But there is a story, just the same, and a stirring story, too, of the resurrection of tradition in an old school House, and we are brought to the conclusion, in spite of ourselves, that there often survives in a man more affection for his House than the school. At least this is so with Peter O'Neill, and when he returns after ten years of Shanghai and seats him down in his old familiar places to take stock of change and the new material, we get the explanation of the subtle way in which the book keeps in easy touch with two generations. And Harrow will see to it, we think, that the book lasts more generations still, for it is of the sterling stuff compact that English lads are made of, and it bears testimony to the influence of school on the whole of their lives.

**THE SECRET CARGO.** By J. S. Fletcher. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Chandler Wickersham is a young American millionaire of an obliging and unsuspicious nature. He has decided to take a long voyage on his yacht, with St. Petersburg as his ultimate objective, and to him comes a friend who he knows as Madame Bordelaine, with a long story. She tells him that she is really the Princess Sergius Paulovitch, an exile and revolutionary. Her husband had fled to the United States with her and had died there. But in his youth he had been a friend of the Czar, who had promised him that whatever happened his heart should be buried in the soil of Holy Russia. Madame Bordelaine presents Wickersham with a casket and informs him that it contains the heart of her husband. The unsuspecting young man consents to deliver it into the hands of the Czar in person, and starts on his trip. All goes well until the yacht reaches Great Yarmouth, where the casket disappears. In despair Wickersham engages the services of Campenhaye, the famous English detective, who, with his indefatigable assistant Killingley, is soon on the scene. The remainder of this story then follows lines which are not strikingly out of the common, but it is none the less intriguing and readable. Mr. J. S. Fletcher can do this sort of thing very well, and in some of its minor details "The Secret Cargo" betrays a hand considerably more skilled than that of the average writer of detective fiction.



Photo by Will Cudby, Bow Green, Kent.

Mr. Arnold Lunn.

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It is a matter for some doubt whether Mr. Ridgwell Cullum has chosen the best title for his new novel, in spite of the fact that here, in England, the open, free, irresponsible life of the prairie and mining districts of Western Canada is often alluded to as life in the Land of the Golden West. The truth is "The Golden Woman" to many persons will suggest a story or a musical comedy with a light and sparkling setting, whereas Mr. Cullum is nothing in this latest work of his if he is not virile and vocal and strenuous, painting his scenes in strong, convincing colours and making his characters live and move with all their instincts and emotions aflame with primitive power. Indeed, this is the weakness of his construction. He makes the pace for himself much too hot at the start,

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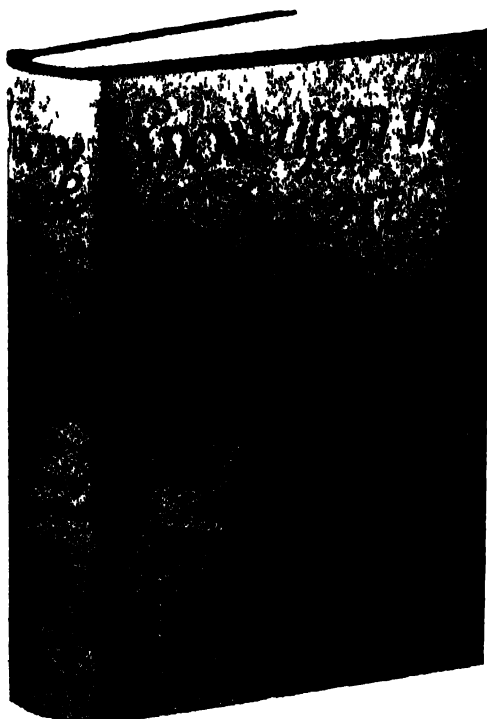
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Mr. Haldane Macfall is known as an art critic; as the author of several brilliant books on art and letters, and of two novels, "The Woolings of Jezebel Pettyfer," and "The Masterfolk," and if these two last are not the most remarkable of his works, they are none the less among the most remarkable novels of recent years. This new and carefully revised reissue of his first book reminds one of the deservedly fine things that were said of it on its first appearance and of the instant success it achieved with the reading public of a decade or more ago. It is a wonderfully intimate and realistic tale of the West Indies, written from the personal acquaintance Mr. Macfall made with the place and its people when he held a commission in a West Indian regiment, and its vivid, minutely faithful pictures of negro character alone make it a book of more than common merit. But beyond this it unfolds an excellent story of the life of one negro in particular, in all his relations with the men and women of his own colour and of the dominant white race, and it works out a great ethical problem fearlessly, with humour and pathos and mordant irony. Mr. Macfall's creed is that though celibacy is nearly as harmful to the race as promiscuity, "the man who lives chastely and faithful to his mate, is of the elect, and the nation that holds his like holds the dominion over the world." He enforces this view ably, cunningly, with a ripe narrative skill and understanding of humanity. His psychological study of an average West Indian negro is clever and subtle, and the powerful story he weaves about him, revealing the superstitions, the good nature, the broad humour and non-moral character of his kind, touched with gayest lights and sombre shadows, is everywhere alive with interest. We welcome this new edition of an original and striking book and look to see a large access to the number of its readers.

## The Bookman's Table.

**THE NEW FORESTERS.** By William Caine. 5s. net. (Nisbet.)

Mr. Caine has all the affinity of his namesake for the wild things of nature, and this book of his is filled with what in no offensive sense we know as paganism. It is full of sheer enjoyment of air and field, byway and woodland, especially woodland. It conducts us by divers and devious ways about the New Forest, and does it all in its own sweet way. It introduces us to Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, which gives it the character of an actual record; but it also introduces us to a woodland faun, which again promotes it to the ranks of fiction. But the author does not play as deftly with his faun as Mr. Charles Sims did in a certain academy picture, and not infrequently his method encumbers his material. He mentions a pair of riding-breeches, and then takes up a page of paragraphs in telling us needlessly how they would have affected him had he been a Buddhist, a Christian Scientist, or any other of half-a-dozen choice religions. This is whimsicality run riot, especially as the incident is slight and the sprinkling of humour wears thin.

**CHAPTERS AT THE ENGLISH LAKES.** By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. With 10 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Maclehose.)

**ODD CORNERS IN ENGLISH LAKE LAND.** By William T. Palmer. With 15 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (Skeffington.)

With the exception of London, the Lake District has probably given rise to more books than any other part of Great Britain, but that there are still fresh topics of which to treat is proved agreeably by Canon Rawnsley's latest book. Here the author has collected a number of random chapters on the picturesque and historical aspects of portions of the district, together with longer biographical sketches dealing with Dickens in Cumberland and at the Lake District, Coleridge at the Lakes, and the Life and Death of John Wordsworth, the poet's younger brother. It goes almost without saying that readers of Canon Rawnsley's "Chapters" will find themselves in the best of company.

Mr. Palmer is more of a guide, and one of the main purposes of his really excellent little book is to give hints for excursions to "those who are not physically fit for hard walking and climbing, yet who have a keen desire to see the country outside the little mesh of much-advertised routes." The book also contains rather sketchier and less useful, but none the less attractive, chapters on other aspects of the Lake District, and particularly on its sport. It is written in a concise and workmanlike manner, and though it may not appeal particularly to the general reader, every visitor to Lakeland will find it indispensable. Of its kind it is entirely admirable.

**IN PRAISE OF WINCHESTER.** By A. Audrey Locke. 5s. net. (Constable.)

And we have only praise for Miss Locke. It was to be supposed that in compiling such a book on Winchester there would be no lack of material; the difficulty would presumably lie in laying one's hand on it and in helping us to do the same. The few words which Miss Locke scatters about the book, as she marshals her multitudinous host, are worthy of Mr. E. V. Lucas. And, apart from the citizens and students of Winchester, these pages will appeal, one thinks, to all those who care to live for awhile in the intimacy of a grand old town. Thomas Hardy is only the latest of her inspired singers, and, by the way, we will not quarrel with Miss Locke for including a certain amount of rather moderate verse, since the object of this book would not be served if some beloved but bad poets were omitted. Apparently it is not within the scope of this series to include old maps and plans; but if an illustrated edition of this book is called for there would be old maps enough. Would it not be pleasant to have a book by this gifted and humorous lady on the country which surrounds Winchester, with its memories of Jane Austen? This is the way in which antiquaries should present their labours; this is the way in which life may be breathed into such of the ancient records as are dead and shrivelled. It seems to us that if Sir Walter Besant, whose best fiction was done in collaboration, had in his topographical works been able to collaborate with Miss Locke, it would have been a blessing for all of us. Now and then we are left gasping, as when Miss Locke invites us to "see various chroniclers" in order to share the belief that Edgar was not crowned in Winchester Castle. We will not judge between Miss Locke and Mr. John Wooll, who asserted the contrary in 1793. We came to praise, and that is our pleasure.

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Mr. Shaw, of course, lends himself admirably to quotation, and in this book of *Selected Passages from the Works of Bernard Shaw* (5s. net), Mrs. Charlotte F. Shaw gives us a delightful olla-podrida of wit, philosophy, humour and satire from his novels, plays, pamphlets, essays and letters. The extracts are well chosen and well arranged, and a full table of contents makes them all easy of reference. Here you have duly classified Mr. Shaw's opinions on actors, art, anarchy, the Bible, Bunyan, Heaven, Hell, Home Rule, Ibsen, Marriage, Money, Poverty, Prayer, Romance, Shakespeare, Snobs, Style, Woman, Work, and over a hundred other subjects. It is the very quintessence of Shaw; the best of him in all his moods—but it is needless to say more of such a volume than that it is an excellent compendium of the wisest and wittiest things that have been written by one of the wisest and wittiest of living authors.

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Frontispiece portrait from "An Irish Gentleman" (Werner Laurie).

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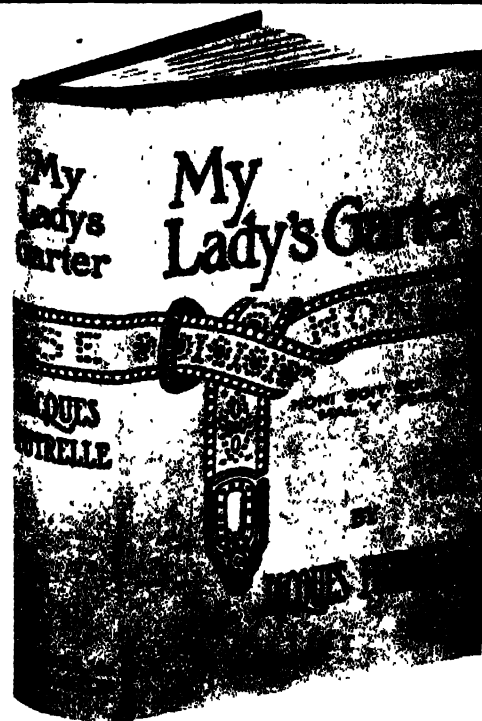
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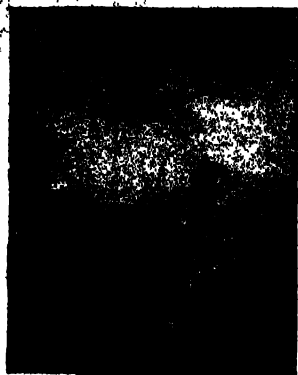
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Published Monthly.

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## NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

## News Notes.

The November BOOKMAN will be a Galsworthy Number, and will contain a special article on John Galsworthy and his work by Richard Curle.

At the dinner during the Borrow Centenary celebrations at Norwich in July last, Mr. Herbert Jenkins read a letter he had received from that "Prince of Borrowians," Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. Borrow's fame has grown enormously since Mr. Watts-Dunton's first article on him appeared in the *Athenæum*, in 1881, but "some years before his death he was, I assure you, so far forgotten," wrote Mr. Watts-Dunton, "that his first famous book, 'The Bible in Spain,' was taken

to be the work of an author long since dead." On one occasion, the letter goes on, Mr. Watts-Dunton spoke of Borrow in a brilliant gathering, including Browning, Swinburne, Russell Lowell, Fanny Kemble, and told of how he had walked with him in Richmond Park the previous Sunday. His narration was received with a curious silence, and when he called on Russell Lowell a few days later he learned that he had been suspected of drawing the long-bow and pretending to have walked in Richmond Park with a man who was long since dead. The fact was that the failure of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," entirely soured Borrow; "he especially shunned all literary men," and passed so out of their knowledge that they no longer thought of him as a living contemporary. "It is largely due to Mr. Watts-Dunton's spade work," as Mr. Jenkins remarked, "that Borrow is now coming into his own."

The Norwich Public Library "Readers' Guide," for July last (which is sold for a penny) contains articles on George Borrow, by Geo. A. Stephen, and

by Edward Pearke, and a full and conveniently classified bibliography, including some items not to be found in the only other published bibliography, which is that in Mr. Edward Thomas's "Life of Borrow."

The George Borrow Celebration Souvenir, from which we reproduce two of Miss Nichols' interesting etchings, is published by Messrs. Jarrold & Sons, and a few copies of it are still obtainable at half-a-crown each.

The satirical art of Mr. Bernard Shaw finds ample scope for whimsical utterance in the new *Fable Play* which fills half the evening bill at the St. James's Theatre. If the main object of the play is to induce laughter, loud and prolonged, there can be no doubt about its success; the magnanimous Lion himself, delightfully played, is out-roared nightly by his audience. If, on the other hand, this unconventional fable is intended to jolt the conventional outlook on what may be termed religious values, it is equally successful in this respect, and those whose susceptibilities are most severely shaken by the jolt will be the first to confess to having experienced, between their irrepressible outbursts of laughter, an invigorating mental stimulus. Androcles is presented as a Greek tailor, the meekest and gentlest of Christians—he is really most exasperatingly meek. There is much broad pantomime in the play, but there is also much shrewd characterization. The human weaknesses of Androcles' fellow martyrs, as opposed to their divine faith, are exploited with true Shavian brilliance and ruthlessness. It is a play that, always hovering daringly between the sublime and the ridiculous, sets people laughing and wincing in turn; it uplifts at one moment and prostrates the next. In a word, it is Shaw. The critics were in doubt about it, apparently, on the first night and some of the press notices were a little bewildering, but the public has taken to "Androcles and the Lion" wholeheartedly and the theatre is crowded nightly.

"The Country of the Ring and the Book," by Sir Frederick Treves, which Messrs. Cassell are publishing, contains a full and connected account of the Franceschini tragedy of 1697-9 and of all the circumstances that led up to the murder of Pompilia Franceschini, with others, in the Via Vittoria in Rome. "In this narrative," says Sir Frederick, "certain points are made clear which have been, up to the present, obscure. For example, Pompilia's wedding is supposed to have taken place in December and to have been secret. The entry of the marriage has been discovered, from which it appears that it took place in September, after the usual publication

of the banns and other formalities. The method of escape of Pompilia and the priest from Arezzo by 'the hill of the Torrione' is explained. The details of the flight of the two are given from one posting station to another all along the road." The various places connected with the story are identified, described, and illustrated by photographs, and the book concludes with a *précis* or abstract of the poem, showing how the various characters in the story presented themselves to Robert Browning.



(Phot.) by Reginald Hames.

Sir Frederick Treves.

We reproduced last month a portrait of George Bernard Shaw, at the Fabian Summer School. Mr. A. C. Fifield asks us to mention that this portrait is the frontispiece to Mr. Shaw's "Socialism and Superior Brains," which was published by Mr. Fifield for the Fabian Society in 1910.

We are not going to discuss the Library Censorship; there has been so much on that subject already in our daily and weekly contemporaries that probably everybody who cares to know anything about it knows by now as much as he wants to know. There is something to be said on both sides, and those concerned have been saying it pretty fully. For different reasons we sympathise with the banners and the banned, though we are disposed to put in a mild protest against the naïve idea which prevails

in some quarters that a really serious and thoughtful novelist must needs deal frankly with sexual matters that are common knowledge to every adult and reasonably sophisticated reader. Nobody wishes to hamper the great novelist by forcing him to write only for the young person, but when he is depicting life for mature human beings it is not necessary for him to analyse in bold terms those thoughts, feelings, emotions, of which practically all but young persons know as much as, sometimes more than, himself. The great novelist has always assumed a certain amount of knowledge in his readers, and always will. There is a fine art of saying things by leaving them



**Arthur, Count Gobineau,**

whose brilliant study, "The Renaissance" (Heinemann), is reviewed in this Number

unsaid; and no art is really involved in the teaching of one's grandmother how to suck eggs.

Students of Bergson's philosophy will welcome Mr. Darcy B. Kitchin's general sketch and summary of it, which is intended as an introduction to the original works and their English translations. The book has just been published by Messrs. George Allen, and its scope is sufficiently indicated in its title: "Bergson for Beginners."

Miss M. E. F. Irwin, whose first book, "How Many Miles to Babylon?" was recently published by Messrs. Constable, is one of our youngest novelists. Niece to the late S. T. Irwin, for thirty-five years a

master at Clifton College, and a cousin of the famous Dr. Jowett, of Balliol, she may be said to have grown up in a literary atmosphere. She was educated in England and on the Continent, and definitely took up the study of literature at Oxford. Her work shows that she possesses a real feeling for romance and gifts of imagination and style that should carry her far in the career upon which she has so successfully started. We congratulate her on the very favourable reception that has been accorded to "How Many Miles to Babylon?" both by the critics and the reading public.



**Mr. A. G. Gardiner,**  
whose new book, "Pillars of Society," Messrs. Nisbet are publishing this month

Two important and very interesting biographies that Mr. John Murray is publishing this month are "The Life and Letters of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough," by Mr. Stuart J. Reid, with an introduction by the Duke of Marlborough; and "Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope," by her niece, the Duchess of Cleveland. Mr. Reid founds

his study of the character and career of the great Duchess on unpublished letters and papers at Blenheim, and gives much more agreeable impressions of both the Duchess and the Duke than Swift and Macaulay have given us. The illustrations consist chiefly of unpublished pictures and tapestries at Blenheim. The other volume tells for the first time fully and authentically the romantic life-story of William Pitt's remarkable niece. Few great ladies outside fiction had a more extraordinary, more curiously interesting career than had the Lady



**Miss M. E. F. Irwin.**



**Canon Anthony C. Deane,**  
whose "In my Study" will be published shortly by Messrs. Nisbet.

Golding, who should also have been mentioned as the editor of the same firm's "Little Wonder Books," and of their admirable and popular annual, "The Wonder Book."

Mrs. Walter Tibbits, who has accepted a commission from Mr. Eveleigh Nash to write a book on "The Mysteries of Asia," has just sailed with Major Tibbits for India, en route to Thibet.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing to-morrow a volume of fifty caricatures by Max Beerbohm; and on the same day will issue Mr. John Masefield's new poem, "The Daffodil Fields," and the second volume in the Collected Works of Mr. Edmund Gosse.

A correspondent, from South London, sends us the following interesting communication:

*To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:*

SIR, Mr. Dixon Scott in his article on Mr. Bernard Shaw refers to the latter as having "strayed into one of the meetings of the myriad societies of that day, a body calling itself, for some no doubt adequate reason, the Zetetical Society."

Apparently Mr. Scott was unable to discover the "adequate reason;" and this is not surprising, as the actual name of the body in question was the Zetetical Society—a zetetic being, according to the erudite individual who unearthed and suggested the title, a seeker after truth. The name must, however, have been adopted with a due regard to modesty, since my impression is that the



**Mr. Tickner Edwardes.**

whose new novel, "Tansy," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing

majority of the members, with the confidence of youth, were firmly convinced that they had already found the truth and that their mission in life was to disseminate it.

I have before me a programme of the Society for the winter session 1880-1, and observe that it includes a lecture by Mr. Sidney Webb on the elementary subject of "The Ethics of Existence." Mr. Shaw's name does not appear, so his advent must have been later; but I well remember his first speech. A lecture had been delivered by some specialist on "Art," and for once the members seemed nonplussed; and there was a painful silence

until a tall, slim young man came to the rescue and aroused the greatest enthusiasm by a brilliant and fluent discourse, which left the impression (to quote what he subsequently said of Mr. Webb, as recorded by Mr. Dixon Scott) that "he knew all about the subject of the debate; knew more than the lecturer; had read everything that had ever been written on the subject; and remembered all the facts that bore on it." He may, for aught I know, have been "nervous, unready and sensitive" and "suffered agonies," but, if so, no one would have suspected it from his placid countenance and smooth delivery.

Yours, &c.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS.

The sermon on George Borrow that Dr. Beeching, Dean of Norwich, preached in Norwich Cathedral during the centenary celebrations is issued by Messrs. Jarrold & Sons in pamphlet form.

## The Booksellers' Diary.

### LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

October 1st to November 1st, 1913.

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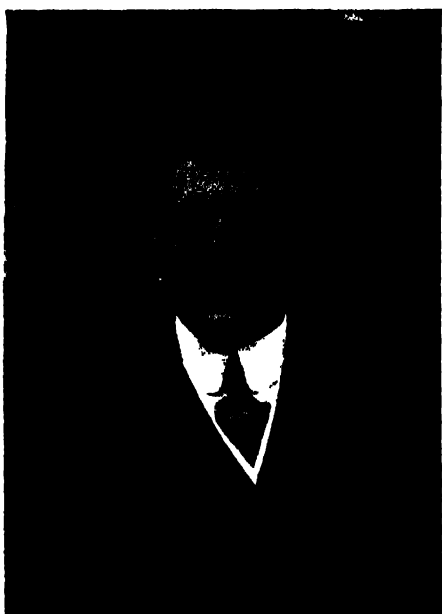
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Mr. Warwick Deeping.



So unique an experience—so grave an adventure may have left its mark upon the novelist's mind. It is the fortune of the literary artist with a soul that he can never be wholly impersonal. His attitude towards life unconsciously colours the treatment he metes out to his creations, and if he have a heart of grace he can never leave them like the blind puppets of Fate, butchered to make a novelist's bread. It is a calm and large philosophy that reigns throughout Deeping's work, never the jejune sentiments of a joy-at-any-price man, but the grim invincible faith in the inherent nobility of man. Moulded for good or ill, his characters follow their Socratic dæmon with mercilessly logical steps—carrying their Fate in their own weaknesses, but always that Fate is soundly motivated and forgivable in the most despicable of his men and women. Even the Devil is given his due. In "Fox Farm" for example, choosing, as an unconventional plot, the story of Jesse Falconer and his wife Kate, two incompatibles, as the jumping-off place for a trial of temperaments, he accords to the woman, who by implied action is guilty of the greatest breach of the marriage law, the justification of her own nature. These people dare and do the unconventional thing because he has invested them with a philosophy of their own, sometimes utilitarian, sometimes anarchistic, but never merely a label. And it is never the sentimental reason that drives them into action. Let those who suspect a sentimentalist in Warwick Deeping, read a few chapters of this book, especially that dealing with Falconer's blindness, and they will find the virile grip of a shrewd but imaginative man grappling with the dull mechanics of life. This part of the novelist's equipment is explained by his really scientific knowledge of psychology, a knowledge which never palls by being merely academic, but has all that sympathetic insight one expects in a lover of men. The passage describing the colours suggested to the blind Jesse by the various voices he heard is as accurate in its observation as Ribot would have wished, minus the tedious jargon of the text-book. "We are the slaves of our secretions and our excretions, and good living may be more a question of Bile than the Bible" is exemplary of an attitude that must be a salve for pseudo-sentimentality.

There is one aspect of Warwick Deeping's work that calls for note. I mention it because criticism mostly is a personal adventure. It is his love of nature. To the country-lover doomed temporarily to the prison of a city flat, a dose of Deeping might aptly be termed "country excursions by proxy." Some novelists use their scenery as a stage-manager might a set of wings and a backcloth, as mere picturesque adjuncts to glorify the movements of their characters. Deeping uses Nature as the background for the motives of his characters. Nature impinges its mood beneficently or menacingly on the minds of his creatures. Igraine, in her darkest despair, recalls her courage with the Dawn. Jesse Falconer, blinded by the hand of Fate, with an emptied world blinking Life into a negation, is recalled to the joy of life when his timorous hand clutches on a rose.

John Wolfe ("Sincerity"), an Anglicised Dr. Stockman

with a larger stock of sanity than the Norwegian zealot, finds a cooling balm in *Mother Earth*. And in his very latest novel "The White Gate," his heroine finds in Bordighera that balm for a hurt mind that no medicine may give. Wagner, the strenuous artist, seeking a mode of expression, had to create Music Drama. Amid the hurtling echoes of human conflict he caught the diapason of motif that ran like music through all sentient life. Whether it was the Maeterlinckean dialogue of the second degree, or the subconscious chords that sound through all human emotion, matters not—there at last he had gained the great secret. We must allow the artist his impersonality, so I am not going to saddle this novelist with the accusation of being a Pantheist. But it would seem that Warwick Deeping finds the subconscious demon that actuates men and women in Nature itself. In this he most nearly approaches Nature Drama. This at least is my impression, for none of the Deeping characters come away from their contact with Nature without being affected thereby. Nature will out. And it is so too, with human nature. I suspect that his characters start out with good intentions at the gestation of his plot, but they soon become the prey of circumstances. Indeed, Warwick Deeping has confessed as much himself and says he is sometimes powerless over their career. The quarrel I have with "The Lame Englishman" may be a sentimental one—it has no happy end. The bitter pathos of this brave little short-legged Englishman's end is pitiable, though I own to feeling its inevitability just as one does that of the final tragedy in the *Œdipus*. One feels that here human nature has conquered—and not the novelist.

In justice to Warwick Deeping's work, it seemed fitter to render some account of his personality and aims. But the last man to tell you about these is Deeping. When you try to draw him upon either of these subjects there always follows a deep incisive silence—a little shade of tedium passes across his face. Like Barrie and Masfield he is shyest when he comes to self. He has no purpose nor aims for exploitation. He is well content to listen at the Gates of Life and speak of what he sees and hears, clothing his record in that imaginative beauty which every real optimist cherishes. Common realism has not touched him nor has he bowed the knee to the Baal of sensationalism. A certain buoyancy of spirit and delightful naïveté endears him to many friends as witness, the dedications to his novels. Further than this there exists no other indication of either his gospel or outlook. "Humanity," he says, in his new novel, "The White Gate," "heals itself by being human." He, himself, is satisfied to be human; he has no affectations; no pose; he studies human nature because he is interested in it, and he writes of it because he finds pleasure in doing so. There is no need to pretend to any powers when one actually possesses them, and Mr. Warwick Deeping is no pretender. "The White Gate" is one of the cleverest and most interesting of his books, it is a strong and poignant story, and he has done nothing more finely sympathetic than his study in the character of its heroine, Constance Brent.

R. L.

## ST. JOHN LUCAS.

ONE does not readily call to mind many living authors who are so versatile as Mr. St. John Lucas, or who have put their versatility to such excellent use. There are, of course, Mr. Galsworthy, playwright, novelist, and poet, and Mr. Masfield, poet, playwright, critic and novelist; but there can be few others. And even the two writers whom I have just named are—at least in the popular estimation—less “various” than Mr. Lucas. There is always something of the social reformer either lurking or standing boldly forth in the plays and novels of Mr. Galsworthy; and, until at any rate quite recently, it was pre-eminently with the sea and with the mercantile marine that the name of Mr. Masfield was associated. But Mr. Lucas is not so easily to be labelled, even in a rough and ready fashion. Novelist and writer of short stories, poet, critic of French and Italian poetry, Mr. Lucas has successfully invaded all these different provinces of literature in turn, and yet it would be hard to say at the present time along which path he will ultimately elect to make his main advance.

It must not be inferred from this remark that Mr. Lucas' work is lacking in distinction and personality. The contrary, indeed, is the case. Without ever obtruding himself obviously upon his readers he contrives by subtle touches, by his choice of subjects and of characters, by his style of writing, to convey a pretty distinct idea of his own history and predilections. One need not go beyond his books to realise, for example, that much of his inspiration has been derived from his years at Oxford.

“O bride arrayed in rose and gold,  
O daughter of a thousand Springs,  
O dear, grey city, where of old  
I snared awhile joy's wayward wings.”

These lines from one of the volume of Poems which Mr. Lucas published in 1904 epitomise the passionate allegiance which he is constantly expressing for his old University. It is from Oxford that all the young men who figure in his early novel “The Absurd Repentance” hail; and, again, it is to Oxford that several of the leading characters in “The First Round” duly proceed. Now and again Mr. Lucas' reflections may induce a reference to “the Universities,” but for him clearly Oxford is a place which stands apart by itself. And it

must be acknowledged that he has made an admirable use of that training which is imposed upon those who pass through the school of *Lit. Hum.* The more obvious expression of the enduring impression made upon him by his studies of Greek and Latin authors is to be seen in the frequency with which Mr. Lucas alludes to a passage from Theocritus or Catullus, Lucretius or Homer. Indeed, at the risk of appearing somewhat paradoxical, I might almost say that for a short time he got too much good out of his classical studies. Even though it be granted that “The Absurd Repentance” is throughout

conceived upon farcical lines, yet the literary conversation of Max and his friends verges upon the precocious, and one feels that the book would have been better if its author had not been so carried away by recollections of the conversations of joyously intellectual undergraduates. But “The Absurd Repentance” was, after all, one of Mr. Lucas' earliest productions. His Plato and Theocritus may (and, in fact, do) bear recent thumb-marks, but he has realised that no imaginative writer can subsist solely upon pyrotechnic displays of academical learning. To the scholastic influence of Oxford has now been added the influence of the world, of a delight in French and Italian literature, in pictures and in music, in beautiful scenery and in the psychology of living human beings. The gulf which separates “The Absurd Repentance” from “The First Round”



Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

Mr. St. John Lucas.

is immense. This latter novel, first published in 1909, not only shows a marked technical superiority—a superiority which is the more remarkable that during much of the intervening period Mr. Lucas was practising Law and was, therefore, unable to devote himself exclusively to writing—but shows also how very much wider and deeper his interests had come to be. Its success was immediate and thoroughly deserved. The sympathy of Mr. Lucas with the feelings of different types of the “human boy” is exceptionally close. The highly-strung, proud, and self-sufficient Denis Yorke, the saturnine and precocious Lenwood, the brilliant and original Tellier, the heroically massive and bovine Arbuthnot, are all admirably drawn and go to make up one of the most essentially accurate accounts that have yet been given of public school life. Nor as the characters grow up does the story fall away. Denis in a local

solicitor's office, toiling away in deference to his father's wishes : Denis in revolt and plunged into the midst of the artistic world of Chelsea ; the charm of his little play-mate, Rosalind Durov, now become the beautiful young girl who gives herself body and soul to the painter of genius, Grimshaw, a man whom she could never marry : the love for Denis of the artist's model, Topsy ; the final determination of Denis to sacrifice a great opportunity of advancement in his musical career in order to go back to the father who has misunderstood him and whom he has equally misunderstood ;—all these episodes are treated in a manner which shows Mr. Lucas as a close observer of mankind and as a writer who is not afraid of the logical conclusions of his own imaginative premises.

But the association of Mr. Lucas with his writings comes out, perhaps, even more clearly in his books other than his novels. Of partially French descent, Mr. Lucas was naturally attracted towards the language, arts and life of that country. His edition of Ronsard and the anthology of French verse which he made for the Oxford University Press are both works which reveal him as possessing a measure of French scholarship which he certainly did not acquire altogether at Haileybury or at University College, Oxford. His introduction to the latter volume is especially masterly, for although it is compressed within a comparatively small compass it contrives to embody a reference to everything which is really essential, and contains often some refreshing piece of candid and original criticism. His kindred anthology of Italian verse is, perhaps, not quite so successful, and he will himself tell you quite candidly that, with the exception of Dante and one or two others, the Italian poets are not, in his estimation, nearly so charming as the French. If, however, his love for Italian poetry is qualified, the influence of the country upon him in other ways is very great.

There are a few parts of the country through which he has not tramped, and fewer still of its wonderful pictures which he has not seen. His love of pictures, in fact, it was which first drew him to Italy, and his knowledge of the old Masters is constantly apparent. The humbug of pretentious but ignorant art-critics has provided him with the subject of more than one short story, and, if one may judge from his most recent collection, "The Lady of The Canaries," this vein is by no means exhausted. It is a picture which has inspired what, in my judgment, is by far his best short story—"the Brandon Leonardo" which is included in the volume just referred to above. Did or did not the dead genius Merstham steal the Brandon Leonardo and leave a wonderful copy in its place ? That is the problem which we are asked to solve. The fundamental plot of the story is simplicity itself, but it is led up to and worked out (short of the answer to the problem being actually given) in a way which leaves nothing to be desired.

As a poet, Mr. Lucas has as yet attempted nothing on a great scale, and his output has not been large, but some

of his lyrics and ballads have the genuine poetical ring about them, and they are characterised by sincerity and directness. His address to "The Woodland God" in the volume of poems already mentioned is a good example at once of his skill and of a train of thought which is often present in him in one form or another :

"God of the garden of dreams,  
Mystical, voiceless, unviewed  
By the casual eye ; by the rude  
Incantation of men from thy streams  
And holy, inviolate woods  
Never evoked ; dim lord  
Of the country of unspun thought,  
Of the nobler knowledge unwrought  
In the web of the written word ;  
Almoner, giver of goods  
Known but to mortals who prize  
More than the obvious wealth  
Of music that Nature flings  
Wide, as from God-given strings  
A poet his verse, the notes  
That slowly and subtly rise  
Ghost-like, creeping by stealth  
Into the ear, till at last  
Sonorous, grand as the blast  
Of a myriad trumpet throats  
They rush, they soar, they are hurled  
From the length and the breadth of the world—  
Speak ! Art thou fled as they fled  
The others, the hapless Gods,  
Giant Necessity's rods,  
That are lost, irredeemable, dead ?"

And again there is a true lyrical daintiness in this stanza upon Oxford :

"And pearl-hued from the pearly foam  
Of morning mist, I see arise  
The sloping shoulders of the dome,  
The sharp spire's filmy traceries."

Mr. Lucas' verse, like his prose, is marked by a careful attention to form, and with a notice of this all-pervading characteristic of his work these rather rambling remarks may be brought to a close. That disregard for structure and cohesion which Mr. H. G. Wells and many other writers of the present day display is impossible to a man who has studied Maupassant and the best French authors as carefully as Mr. Lucas has done. Without a strict regard for structure and cohesion the short story is not to be achieved, and though, perhaps, "The First Round" is the best thing that he has yet done, it is to his short stories that I personally look as the form of writing in which Mr. Lucas is most likely to establish a great reputation. In this species of composition we are far behind the French, but if Mr. Lucas can continue to write tales up to the standard of "The Brandon Leonardo" we shall soon be in a fair way towards drawing level with them. That short stories are not a "paying proposition" will not, one may be sure, influence so conscientious a workman, and one can only hope that his inclination will lead him where his artistic opportunity is greatest.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

# THE READER.

GEORGE BORROW.

By THOMAS SECCOMBE.

1.

THE knowledge and faith of George Borrow has grown almost incredibly within the memory of men still living, and still in the youth of old age. Like fame of all kinds it is an airy fabric, the fabric that dreams are made of, and such fabrics are often blown about and scattered as rapidly as a cloud is dissolved by the sun and the wind. Yet the growth of the belief and the insertion of the Borrow clause in the literary creed of the modern bookman has proved an amusing thing to watch.

I have no sort of claim to be one of the old guard where Borrow is concerned. I can testify to the fact that one could be an omnivorous reader and subsist more or less in literary circles during the eighties and nineties of the last century without knowing anything at all about George Borrow. Almost the only person I knew at all well who manifested a deep interest in Borrow in my college days was Professor Tait, of Manchester. At his instance I read "The Bible in Spain," and liked it uncommonly, but my faith in Borrow was still rather in its infancy, for when I went on to "The Romany Rye," in complete ignorance of its relationship to "Lavengro," I found it too much for my enthusiasm. I did just dip into "Lavengro," but the only result was the discovery that gipsies and philology bored me rather easily. I hardened my heart against Borrow, and was rather sceptical about the professors of enthusiasm; he seemed to me an affected writer, and his claims to sovereign scholarship annoyed me. It was the editor of *THE BOOKMAN*, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who really converted me to George Borrow. He had, I presume, just been reading Professor Knapp's prodigious Life, and he had conceived the brilliant idea of extricating the Isopel Berners episode, which is the kernel of the whole screed of Borrowian autobiography, and making an integral volume of it. Seeing that I was young and docile, and for want of anybody better at the moment, he asked me to undertake it. I was

easily hypnotised by his prophetic enthusiasm about Borrow, and no doubt feigned a far deeper conversion than I momentarily felt. That year I took a holiday at Harrogate, and as I was one sunny afternoon bicycling back to my rooms from the neighbouring village of Blubberhouses, my machine ran away with me down one of the frightfully steep hills in that vicinity, and I had a bad spill, resulting in water on the knee and a round fortnight in bed. During that fortnight I read practically nothing but Borrow and about Borrow. Biography seems to be the indispensable key nowadays to literary fame, and it must always be remembered that it was the Transatlantic professor or monomaniac, William Knapp, that "massive sleuth-hound," as Mr. Thomas calls him, who first inserted the key in the lock where Borrow was concerned. It is hardly a libel to say that Knapp was a dead hand at a life where literature is concerned. But he was one of the most intrepid biographers that ever lived. He thought nothing of making bricks without straw. His dauntlessness was amazing; he marched slap-bang through the usual phalanx of outraged relatives. He got together an atmosphere of wonderment and curiosity. He put back George Borrow - the forgotten, discredited, vague Borrow of 1881 and after—upon the pedestal that he had occupied half a century before when the

"Bible in Spain" first dawned upon a delighted world. The faults of Knapp were obvious to everyone. But his book was a gold mine. The Borrowian pie was opened, so to speak, the birds began to sing, and the first piper was "Isopel Berners." I wrote the Introduction, which serves well still as an introduction to beginners in the cult of Borrow, with the enthusiasm of the convert and the eagerness of the disciple. Knapp's Life was food and drink to me. It was great for a Norfolk man to hear such good things about Norwich and to know that Borrow came from East Dereham and went to the same school as Nelson. I knew the road from Lynn to East Dereham well from the lips of a school-fellow at a dame's school, who ran away regularly once a term,



George Borrow.

From a painting by Henry Wyndham Phillips.  
Reproduced by permission of Mr. John Murray.



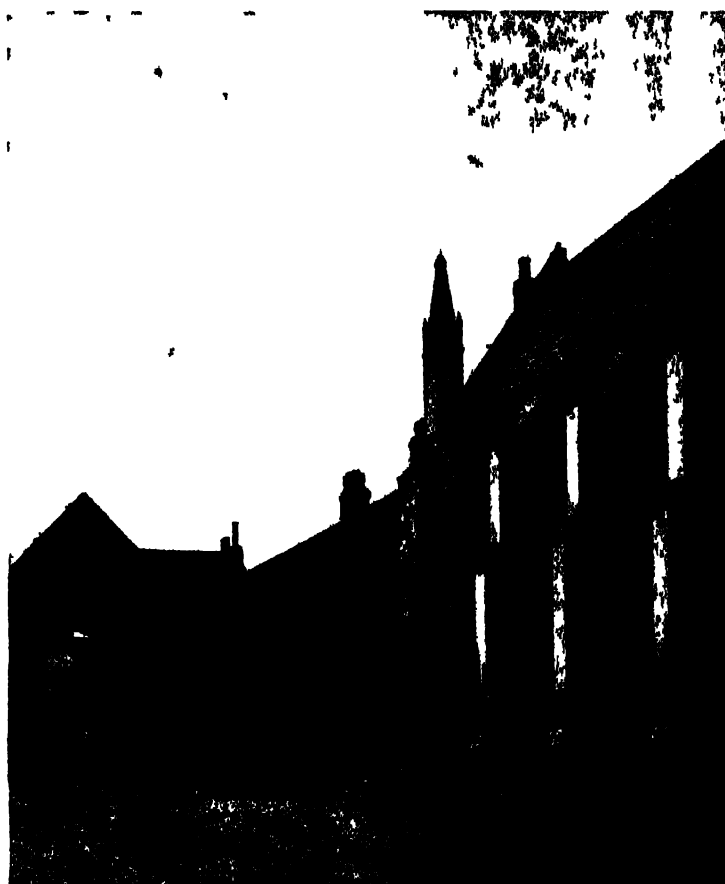
Photo by H. T. C. at East Dereham

**The Birthplace of George Borrow.**From *The Life of George Borrow* by Herbert Jenkins. By permission of Mr. John Murray.

and in his frantic attempts to get back home to Swaffham generally managed to get as far as East Dereham. At East Dereham he was intercepted and brought back, in sackcloth and ashes, to the academy in Stonegate Street. If you have escaped being steam-rollered flat by the orthodox upper middle-class public school education of to-day the fashion is to claim Celtic origin. We were all molithic once, I presume. This, at any rate, has been George Borrow's fate. The Celts have claimed him as their own. He himself was well satisfied to be a Norfolk dumpling, and always spoke of himself as English by breeding, birth and lineage. "Isopel Berners was a complete success from my point of view, as apart from the well-earned fifteen guineas which it brought its compiler, it immersed me deep in the Borrowian lake. It made me a collector of information regarding George Borrow, who was very soon to become the cynosure of every collector of biographical brick-a-brac. Borrowian knowledge and interest was relatively so scarce in the nineties that on these exceedingly easy terms I began and have hardly even yet quite ceased to be regarded as an authority on Borrowian subjects, and was much in request as a writer of notices, articles and centenary memorials. Within a brief dozen years and quite imperceptibly how things have changed! Essays, newspaper cuttings, magazine articles, introductions, studies, full-length portraits and standard biographies in library editions have tumbled over one another. In the last century it was enough to interpret Knapp. But now people have been collecting diligently, and many little additions have been made. The biographers have specialised in the several pockets of Borrow's career. Mr. Walling, in his biography, the first biography *in titre*, I think, to follow Knapp, has specialised upon Borrow's Cornish relations and the journey to

visit his Cornish kinsmen near Liskeard in December, 1853. Mr. Jenkins, in his very elaborate and conscientious narrative, has excavated deeply in the records and has thrown much additional light upon all the circumstances attending Borrow's missionary journeys in Spain and Russia. In this of course he was greatly helped by the publication of the precise text of Borrow's letters from these countries to the Bible Society. Then came Mr. Edward Thomas, who spoke up well for Borrow's work as interpreter of the gipsies and of the Welsh. His life interprets Borrow's writings as they should, I think, be interpreted — as a very puzzling and difficult but essentially fathomable autobiography. Borrow is to me one of the greatest and most veracious of mirror-workers. His life, as I make

it out, is presented to us in four panels, each as unlike the others as it is possible to be in size, shape, texture, and surface. The scale varies as much as that of the various series of Ordnance maps, now twenty-five inches to the mile, now five miles to the inch. The colours upon the palette are artfully changed, details are



Jarrold &amp; Sons

**The Erpingham Gate and the Grammar School, Norwich.**

We pass through the Erpingham Gate direct to the Cathedral, the Grammar School being on our left. Here it is on our right. Facing the school is a statue of Lord Nelson, who was at school here about 1768-70. Borrow was at school here 1816-28. From "George Borrow and his Circle," by C. K. Shorter (Hodder & Stoughton).

sometimes obtruded, at others significantly hidden. A casual glance obscures rather than reveals the fact that, whether he is writing of his early life and struggles ("Lavengro," chaps. 1-58), of one vivid Bohemian episode of his early manhood ("Lavengro" 59 onwards, and "Romany Rye"), of the crowning triumph of his mature manhood ("Bible in Spain"), or a vacation tour during the autumn of a disappointed life ("Wild Wales"), Borrow was always working upon the same model, with the same desperate and conscientious zeal, with the same extraordinary gusto and vigour, with the same genius, the same bias, the same limitations. Mr. Thomas has mastered and interpreted this autobiographical script wonderfully. He has penetrated, as no one else has, Borrow's sourness towards his own craft, his despair of expressing what he had next his heart, his melancholy, his misanthropy, and his at times profound hypochondria.

The present year was destined from the beginning of created things to be memorable in the story of Borrow's life after death. In 1913 Borrow's fame had become so contagious that it penetrated even to Norfolk. You would find it difficult probably to find two more unliterary capitals to-day than Norwich or Ipswich—where in the "White Horse" I have had much converse with a well-informed Suffolk man who had never even heard of Mr. Pickwick. But in July of this year the city of Norwich held a most elaborate celebration of the native of East Dereham, whose ambition it once was to repose under the shadow of its ancient cathedral. The Dean of Norwich preached a Borrow sermon, and promises to give us a contribution on Borrow to the English Men of Letters series—which I hope at some future date to have the pleasure of reviewing for THE BOOKMAN. In the meantime, Mr. Clement Shorter has given us a book on "Borrow and His Circle," in which he shows himself to be a Borrow collector of a diligence and success worthy to be associated with that of his great predecessor, Dr. Knapp.

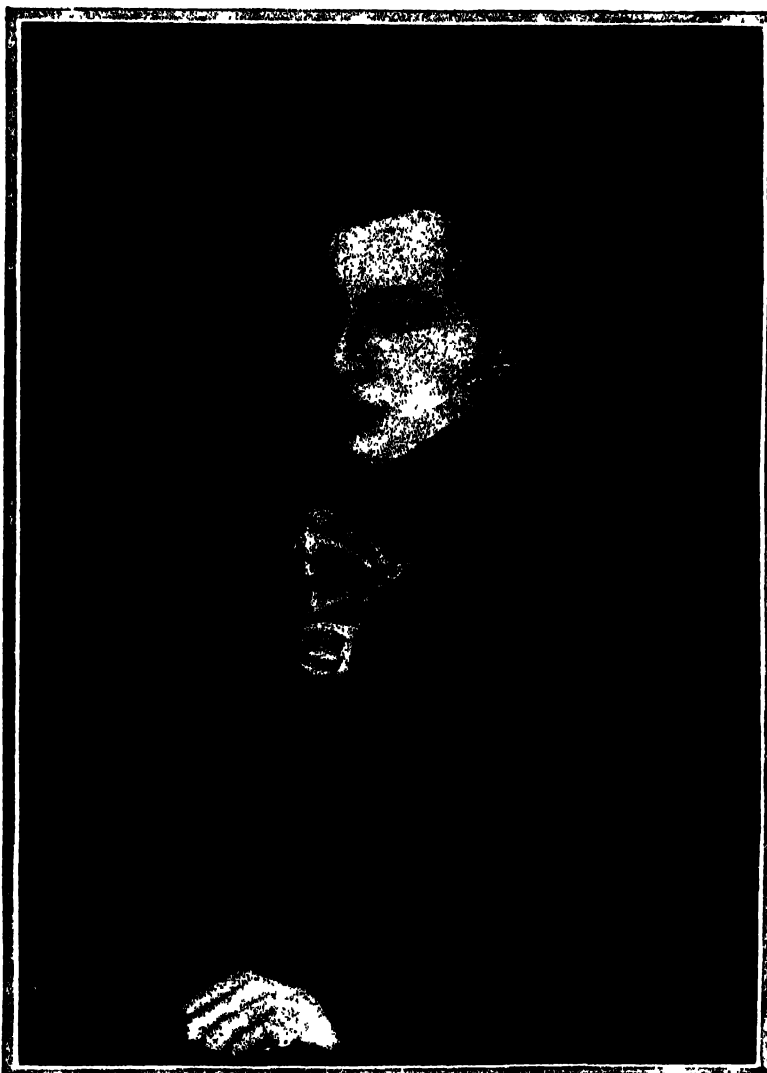
Borrow himself, I believe, divided biographies into two kinds—one a record of the facts of a life, the other a picture of a character, the portrait of a man's soul. Like Knapp, Mr. Shorter confines himself mainly to the collection and record of biographical data—to a large extent documents. He has a brief for documents, and believes in them to the exclusion of everything else. The faith in documents may be a sound one or the reverse. It depends entirely upon two postulates. The documents must concern a person of first-rate interest

and they must be interesting in themselves. There is no question either about their application or interest here. Mr. Shorter has been most fortunate in his quest, his documents are of primary interest, and he has used them deftly, with discretion and without dullness. The letters of Borrow to his wife, his dearest Carreta (Spanish, it appears, for Carrosse), are extremely interesting in themselves, and they throw much light both upon Borrow's married life and upon some of his later travels, in Hungary (1844), in Ireland, and in Scotland, in 1858 or thereabouts.

Here, for instance, is a very interesting and, so far as I know, quite new description of Borrow as he appeared in the mid-fifties to a pawky citizen of Orkney:

"In the evening Geo. Petrie called with 'Bible Borrow.' He is a man about sixty [really fifty-three] upwards of six feet

in height, and of an athletic, though somewhat gaunt, frame. His hair is pure white though a bit thin on the top, his features high and handsome, and his complexion ruddy and healthy. He was dressed in black, his surtout was old, his shoes very muddy. He spoke in a loud tone of voice, knows Gaelic and Irish well, quoted Ian Lom, Duncan Ban McIntyre, etc., is publishing an account of Welsh, Irish and Gaelic bards. He travelled—on foot principally—from Inverness to Thurso, and is going on to-morrow to Zetland. He walked lately through the upper part of Badenoch, Lochaber, and the adjacent counties, and through Mull, which he greatly admired. . . . In his rambles he associated exclusively with the lower classes, and when I offered to give him letters of introduction to Wm. F. Skene, Robert Chambers, Joseph Robertson, etc., he declined to accept them. His mother died



National Portrait Gallery.

George Borrow.

From a portrait by his brother, John Thomas Borrow, taken in early youth when his hair was black.

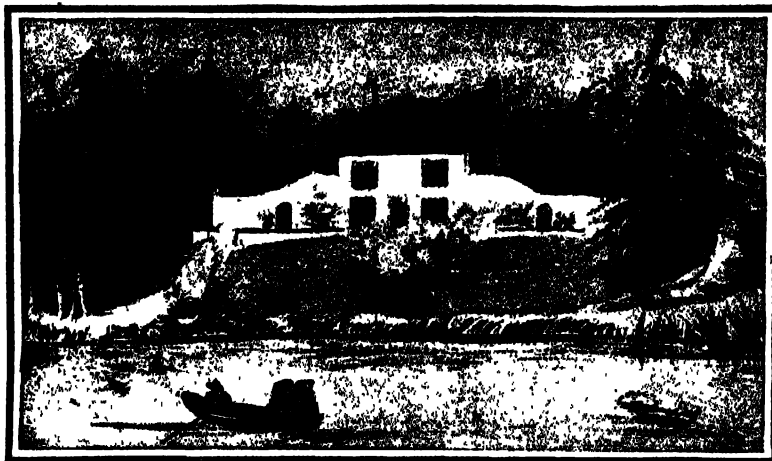
From "George Borrow and his Circle," by C. K. Shorter.

lately, and he was travelling, he said, to divert and throw off his melancholy. He talked very freely on all subjects that one broached, but not with precision, and he appeared to me to be an amiable man and a gentleman, but, withal, something of a projector, if not an adventurer. He is certainly eccentric. I asked him to take wine, etc., and he declined. He said he was bred at the High School of Edinburgh, and that he was there in 1813, and mentioned that he was partly educated in Ireland, and that by birth and descent he is an Englishman "

And here, again, is a very interesting beginning to a long letter, here cited in full for the first time, written to Mrs. Borrow from the neighbourhood of Tokay, in the heart of Hungary, and dated July 8th, 1844 that is to say, seven years before the publication of "Lavengro" :

" Debreczen

" MY DARLING CARRETA, I write to you from Debreczen, a town in the heart of Hungary, where I have been for the last fortnight with the exception of three days, during which I was making a journey to Tokay, which is about forty miles distant. My reason for staying here so long was my liking the place where I have experienced every kind of hospitality ; almost all the people in these parts are Protestants, and they are so fond of the very name of Englishman that when one arrives they scarcely know how to make enough of him, it is well the place is so remote that very few are ever seen here, perhaps not oftener than once in ten years, for if some of our scamps and swell mob were once to find their way there the good people of Hungary would soon cease to have much respect for the English in general ; as it is, they think that they are all men of honour and accomplished gentlemen whom it becomes them to receive well in order that they may receive from them lessons in civilization. I wonder what they would think if they were to meet such fellows as Squarm and others whom I could mention. I find my knowledge of languages here of great use, and the people are astonished to hear me speak French, Italian, German, Russian and occasionally Gypsy. I have already met with several gypsies ; those who live abroad in the wildernesses are quite black, the more civilized wander about as musicians, playing on the fiddle, at which they are very expert ; they speak the same language as those in England, with slight variations, and upon the whole they understand one very well. Amongst other places I have been to Tokay, where I drank some of the wine : I am endeavouring to bring



**Oulton Cottage from the Broad.**

Showing the summer house on the left, from a sketch by Henrietta MacOubrey. Here, Borrow lived when "Lavengro," and "The Romany Rye" were published. From "George Borrow and his Circle," by C. K. Shorter.

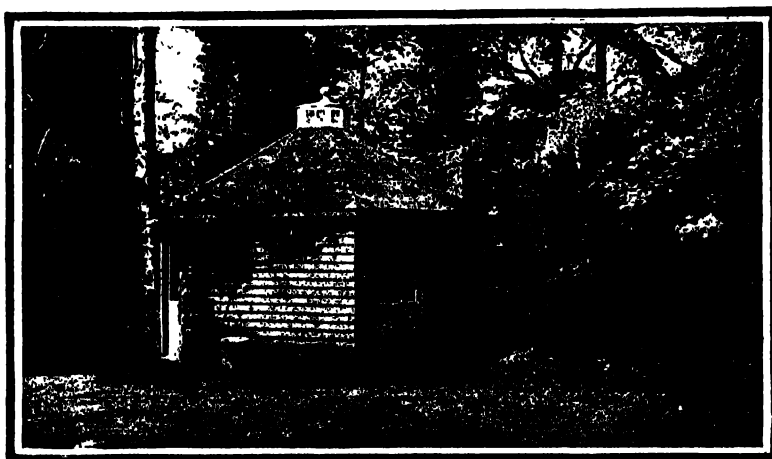
two or three bottles to England, for I thought of my mother and yourself and Hen, and I have got a little wooden case made ; it is very sweet, and of pale straw colour. Whether I shall be able to manage it I do not know ; however, I shall make the attempt." At Tokay the wine is only two shillings the bottle, and I have a great desire that you should taste some of it. I sincerely hope that we shall soon all meet together in health and peace. I shall be glad enough to get home, but since I came so far it is well to see as much as

possible. Would you think it, the Bishop of Debreczen came to see me the other day and escorted me about the town, followed by all the professors of the college ; this was done merely because I was an Englishman and a Protestant, for here they are almost all of the Reformed religion and full of love and enthusiasm for it. . . . "

## II.

Mr. Shorter manages to compress an amazing amount into his four hundred and twenty pages, for he gives us many new letters, many citations from old sources and much about the people with whom Borrow was at one time or another in contact such as the Gurneys, Thurtell, Hasfeld, Haggart, Haydon, Phillips, Taylor, Hake, Ford, FitzGerald and the like (including much that is irrelevant about Lady Morgan and the number of Lives of that lady which adorn his library), but he does not give us much about his own adventures in Borrowian fields, and apart from one or two emphatic but unsupported statements he tells us practically nothing about his own opinions on Borrowian subjects of controversy. He has indeed given us much new material of value, and he has welded this into a lively and vigorous texture ; but he has fused little, he has hardly reacted at all upon his material, he has not given any ply of his own to the

biography which he rehandles without substantially remodelling or revising at all. He allows his style at times to degenerate into great obscurity—to give one instance only out of many that I have observed, take the following : " With what distrust as we learn again and again in 'Lavengro' did Captain Borrow follow his son's inclination towards language, and especially the Irish language, in his early years, although seeing that

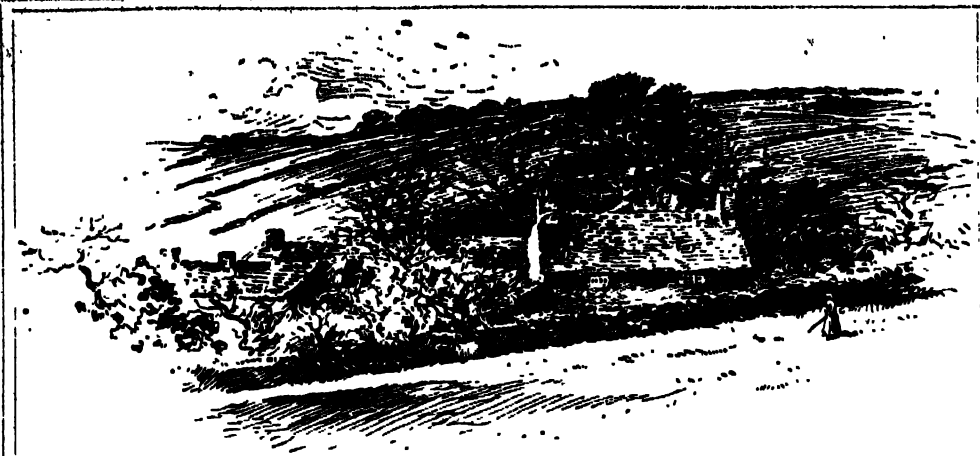


**The Summer House, Oulton, as it is To-day.**

Which, when compared with Mrs. MacOubrey's sketch, shows that it has been re-roofed and probably rebuilt altogether.

From "George Borrow and his Circle," by C. K. Shorter.





**Tretherwick,  
the home of the  
Borrows of Cornwall.**

Reproduced by Mr. Murray's permission  
from "The Life of George Borrow," by  
Herbert Jenkins.

**East Dereham,  
where Borrow was  
born.**

Reproduced by permission of Mr.  
Murray from his definitive edition  
of "The Romans Rye."



*East Dereham*



**The Swan Inn,  
Stafford**

("My Inn -  
A very large  
building with an  
archway.")

Reproduced by permission  
of Mr. Murray from the  
definitive edition of "The  
Romans Rye"



**Sir John Bowring  
in 1826.**

From a portrait by John King, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

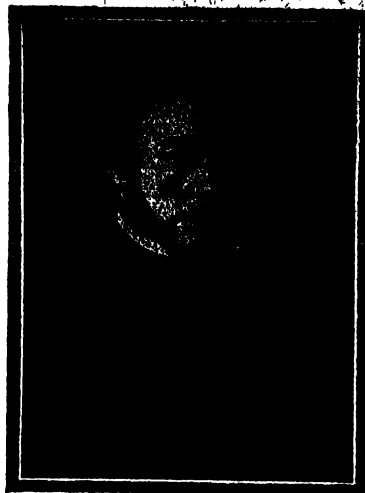
ing Borrow's last moments. Considering the value he attaches to documentation he leaves much to be desired in his own references. He seldom discriminates between new material of his own and material collected by his predecessors. The book would have gained greatly, and its value would have been augmented in every way by a more enlightened generosity in acknowledging and distributing, with care, in preface or notes (after the French fashion) the respective obligations which must have been heavy in the aggregate, to the chief previous writers on the subject, and particularly, of course, to the indispensable Dr. Knapp. Apart from documents in elucidation or expansion of points already known, he has, so far as I can ascertain, added very little to the outline of Borrow's external career. Nothing will have to be rewritten. George Borrow was born at Dereham on July 5th, 1803. The event took place in the house of his maternal grandfather at Dumpling Green, a farm-hamlet, twelve furlongs from Dereham Church. The best account of his father is given by Mr. Herbert Jenkins, and Mr. Shorter does not explain how this worthy got his commission, rather an important step. There is a good account of Borrow's mother, and of the house where he lived with her so long in Willow Lane, Norwich, and of Norwich Grammar School and its

he was well grounded in Latin." When he encounters any point of controversy, however small, he is perhaps deliberately extremely ambiguous. For instance, it is very hard to make out exactly what he believes about Borrow's relations with Thurtell, and, again, though he denounces the village gossip he does not make it in the least plain what he himself believes as to the circumstances attending

celebrated by Borrow in his "Romano Lavo-Lil." No encampment survives, but I was the recipient of not a few of those suspicious oblique glances which are such strong evidence of gipsy blood. Most Norfolk people can tell you a good deal about the Gurneys, and Mr. Shorter must often have come across the name when he was at school at Downham. Then we have the oft-told tale of the Grammar

School, the Taylors, the Kerrisons and the Martineaus. A characteristic trait is recorded on page 86, where we are told that Borrow in later life believed himself to be plagued to death by autograph-hunters. Borrow was by the zeal and self-denial of his father, himself of the humblest descent, articled to a substantial attorney in Norwich, but wasted the time he should have devoted to learning his profession to acquiring Irish, Welsh, German and Scandinavian languages. He had an enormous appetite for foreign vocabularies, and an almost delicious enthusiasm for northern ballads—often of very indifferent merit.

An entirely erroneous belief in the marketable value of Danish ballads, Welsh triads, Russian folk-songs and the like, in rococo English translations, after the Bowring pattern, led Borrow to exchange an attorney's office for a garret in Grub Street. His immediate ambition was something between Goldsmith's and Chatterton's. He was to produce outlandish ballads, Homeric odes, epics, plays; he was, at all hazards, to write something grand—"to be stared at, lifted on people's shoulders." He found his Griffith in Sir Richard Phillips, the radical alderman and philanthropic sweater, under whose tender mercies he rapidly developed a suicidal tendency, until in May, 1825, a windfall of £20 enabled him to break his chain and escape to the highway, and the dingle and the picturesque group of moochers and gipsies enshrined for ever in the pages of "Lavengro." The central portion of this marvellous composition is occupied by the Dingle episode, in which Lavengro (the "Word-master," Borrow's gipsy name for himself) is revealed



**John P. Hasfeld  
in 1835.**

From a portrait by an unknown artist formerly belonging to George Borrow.



**William Taylor.**

From a portrait by J. Thomson, painted in the year 1821, and engraved in Robbards's "Life of Taylor."

famous alumni, also some new details of Borrow's elder brother—in the details of father and elder brother there is always to me much reminiscent of Sterne and Lamb. The details of Ambrose Smith and David Haggart are very interesting. A few weeks ago I visited Yetholm, the capital of the Border Gipsies,

#### **Four Friends of Borrow's early years.**

From "George Borrow and his Circle" by C. K. Shorter. (Hodder & Stoughton).



**Sir Richard Phillips.**

From a portrait by James Saxon, painted in 1828, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

to us in conflict with "the flaming Tinman," and in colloquy with his Romany friend, Jasper Petulengro, with a subtle papistical propagandist, "the man in black," with the typical gipsy chi, Ursula, and with the peerless Isopel Berners. His account of his relations with her we take to be strictly and almost literally accurate. He was powerfully attracted by the magnanimity of spirit no less than by the physical charm of this Brynhildic damsel, tall, straight and blonde, with loose-flowing flaxen hair, and with a carriage, especially of the neck and shoulders, which reminded the postilion of a certain marchioness of his acquaintance. But Borrow was of a cold temperament, a despiser and mistruster of young women, whom he regarded primarily as invaluable repositories of nursery-lore, folk-song, tradition and similar toys, about which his male friends were apt to be reticent. The attraction was so strong that he had serious thoughts of emigrating with "the beauteous Queen of the Dingle," but he dallied with the idea with characteristic waywardness until it was too late. He sought to postpone awkward decisions to divert himself and amuse Isopel by making his charmer learn Armenian — the language which he happened at the time to be studying. Isopel bore with it for some time, but the imposition of the verb "to love" in Armenian convinced her that the Word-master was not only insane, but also inhuman. Love-making and Armenian do not go well together, and Belle could not feel that the man who proposed to conjugate the verb "to love" in Armenian was master of his intentions in plain English. It was even so. The man of tongues lacked speech wherewith to make manifest his passion, the vocabulary of the Word-master was insufficient to convince the workhouse girl of one of the plainest meanings a man can well have. When the distracted Borrow had reached the decision that it was high time to give over his "mocking and scoffing," and returned with this resolve to the Dingle, Isopel Berners had quitted

it, never to return. She ran away to the nearest sea-port, and took ship to America. Lavengro, with some anguish, steeked his heart against following her. The scene of these transactions was a wooded glen or dingle a few miles from Willenhall, in Staffordshire, where Lavengro and Isopel were encamped in their respective tents, having as their neighbour the gipsy clan of which Jasper was the chief. Upon the whole the Dingle chapters are perhaps the most brilliant and the most enduring that

Borrow ever achieved. Their interest is greatly enhanced by the fact that they are probably a naked transcript from actual fact, for Borrow was a poor hand at invention. He rarely, if ever, invented a character. His surest source of inspiration was the unadorned truth.

After the experience of a summer in the open, Borrow, who was now twenty-two, relapsed into the indifferent versification of Danish ballads and Welsh bards, was severely fleeced in obscure journeyings in Southern Europe, and so gained some experience for future use vainly sought a post, on the strength of his linguistic attainments, as an assistant in the British Museum Library, and was reduced to writing reactionary political lectures for a Norwich paper; he was, in fact, waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up, or, in his own graphic phrase "digging holes

in the sand and filling them up again."

His deliverance was effected in rather a singular manner. About 1832 he became acquainted with the Skeppers of Oulton Hall, in that splendid stretch of country which borders on the river Waveney. By Mrs. Clarke (afterwards Mrs. Borrow, the widowed sister of the owner of the Hall) he was introduced to the Rev. Francis Cunningham, rector of Pakefield, a fine type of the Evangelical clergyman of a past generation, who had married the sister of Joseph John Gurney. It seemed to this good man that Borrow's gift of tongues might well be employed in the service of the Bible Society, of which the famous Norfolk Quaker was an



The Borrow House, Norwich.

The house is situated in B. R. W. C. out formerly King Court Willenhall St. Giles's Norwich, and here B. R. W. lived at intervals in 1810 to his marriage in 1830. His mother lived there for thirty-three years until 1851, his father died there and is buried in the north wing, but B. R. W. lived there.

From "Geography of the City of Norwich."

influential member. The hour of the former would-be martyr to infidelity had now come; he was taken into the regular service of the Society upon an average salary of £250, in addition to expenses, and was employed as editor, translator, and colporteur of Bibles in strange lands. The labours of the next eight years of his life were as fruitful and honourable as those of the preceding eight had been desultory and obscure. His first commission was to go to St. Petersburg, and there edit and superintend the printing of a version done by a Russian scholar from the New Testament into Manchu. Borrow acquired the language and performed his task with an almost incredible expedition. He also learned Russian, and in the summer of 1835 proposed to the Society that he should himself distribute the work which he had seen through the press, upon the confines of the Far East. This scheme was scotched by the refusal of the Russian Government to grant him the necessary authorization and passports. But Borrow's energies were transferred to a project which scarcely, if at all, less deserves the epithet Quixotic. It was to disseminate a Castilian translation of the Vulgate (made by Father Scio at Valencia between 1790 and 1793) in Spain and Portugal. To disperse Bibles in Papua or in Park Lane were, it might be argued, an enterprise fully as hopeful as to scatter them in Galicia or La Mancha. But this is

neither here nor there, and the stimulus that was lacking in other directions was abundantly supplied to the Society and their emissary by the fact that, according to the *regla quinta* of the old Index, all Spanish versions of the Bible, or of any part of it, were absolutely forbidden, and that, as a necessary consequence, the Bible was a book as unfamiliar in Spain as it was held to be dangerous and revolutionary. Spain was to Borrow what the Harley Ministry was to Swift. It seemed to develop in him an almost superhuman activity and power; and, fond of cant as Borrow's employers too often were, it is infinitely to their credit that they not only tolerated, but even applauded the unconventional epistles which he wrote to them of his exploits during his three long journeys in Spain, which, with two brief intervals, occupied him from November, 1835, down to April, 1840. These letters, not unadorned, however, but greatly enriched by notes from his diaries, made up "The Bible in Spain," which was published by John Murray on December 10, 1842, when "El Gitano," as the enthusiastic Ford dubbed the author, literally woke up to find himself famous. His experience for a season was that of "the man Sterne"; he dined with peers, ambassadors, and bishops, and like Major Pendennis, was particularly complacent with bishops. We might here for a moment compare

his position to that of Johnson in 1763. He had gone down in the arena and fought his wild beasts, and had come up triumphant, as Johnson had done after the Dictionary. He still had difficulties to meet, and debts to face, for he had gradually become estranged from "the sub-committee," and the Bible Society suddenly found that "no sphere remained open in which his services could be utilised." Fortunately, he had provided for his future, not by obtaining a pension, but by marrying, in April, 1840, an old ally of his, Mary Clarke, a widow with a good jointure (over £400 a year), a skilful hand at dumplings and treacle posset, and "an excellent woman of business." He was now fifteen years older than when he had "lost" Isopel. The motives which prompted this scorner of matrimony to marry a woman seven or eight years his senior were similar, it may be surmised, to those which actuated Disraeli on his marriage. The compact was based upon convenience and mutual esteem, and there is no reason to doubt that it conduced not only to Borrow's comfort and security, but also to his happiness. There were no children. The "daughter" whose accomplishments Borrow celebrated in the exordium to "Wild Wales," was his step-daughter, Henrietta Clarke. He seemed now in an enviable position, with a small but agreeable freehold on the banks of Oulton Broad, able to indulge in "idleness and the pride of literature" to his heart's content. If he had had a "Club" or a Boswell about him, he might still have been tolerably happy. But he was not a Clubbable man, Borrow! Nevertheless it was during the years that followed that, like Johnson, he achieved his best title.



**The Devil's Bridge.**

From the drawing by A. S. Hartrick.  
Reproduced by Mr. Murray's permission from the definitive edition of "Wild Wales."



From an etching by C. M. Nichols, R.E.

**Staircase Doorway to Attic in Borrow's  
House at Norwich.**

Reproduced from the "Souvenir of the George Borrow Celebration," by James Hooper.  
By permission of Messrs. Jarrold & Sons, London and Norwich.



to fame, the wondrous five volumes of autobiography so capriciously planned and so strangely entitled: "Lavengro—Romany Rye." The stimulus in his case was largely, we believe, if not mainly, pecuniary. "Money is our best friend," he wrote to his wife in 1844. He wanted a purse of his own to travel and give dinners with, for the edge of episcopal hospitality was already wearing off. He desired, too, no doubt, to put a coping-stone to his fame. Already, in January, 1843, he wrote to his publishers that he had begun upon a Robinson Borrow, and Murray, Ford, and other friends threw up their caps. The publishers may have well seen a veritable gold mine in prospect. One has only to imagine the fervent curiosity which the personal element in "The Bible in Spain," so suggestive of mystery and romance, must have excited in the reading public of 1843, to perceive that any such anticipation was fully warranted by the facts of the case. Here was a book which bore upon its title-page its passport to Sunday reading as a good, serious missionary work; but for which it was manifest, as the surprised and delighted reader proceeded, that not Bishop Heber or the good Schwartz, but Mendoza and Lesage had been taken as models. May not people well have wondered (the good, pious English folk, to whom "luck" was a scandal, as the Bible Society's secretary wrote to Borrow)

what manner of man this muleteer-missionary might be? The incongruity was only heightened by familiarity with Borrow's Pharaoh-like visage, abundant grey hair, and tall blonde Scandinavian figure, which reminded those who came under his spell of those roving Northmen of the days of simple mediæval devotion, who were wont to signalize their conversion from heathen darkness by a Mediterranean venture, combining the characters of a piratical cruise and a pious pilgrimage. But if publisher and client were justified in believing that they had discovered an autobiographical El Dorado, they were, none the less, to be sadly undeceived.

To whatever cause the disappointment may be attributed, it was certainly not due to any lack of pains on the part of Don Jorge. The labour which he bestowed upon his Life was immense, quite disproportionate to his previous efforts. "The Gypsies in Spain," for instance, was built up upon already existing jottings, extracts, and notes very loosely thrown together; while

"The Bible in Spain" itself was, in regard to its composition, nothing more than an *olla podrida* of journalized letters. But he wrote "Lavengro," as it were, with his life's blood. It cost him the same agony that parts of "David Copperfield" cost Dickens, while he had none of Dickens' trained fluency or descriptive powers. His lack of ease in writing often gives a wrong impression of insincerity or artificiality. Most of his apostrophes, even the most strained, are expressions of genuine feeling, which he could not accommodate to the Gil Blas style of the bulk of his narrative. His determination to be original and to tell the truth, to avoid all padding and second-hand ideas, kept him on the rack; yet he persevered, working hard at the Life, with intervals of discouragement, for six years and upwards. "Lavengro" eventually appeared in three volumes, after many transformations of title, in February, 1851, and was received not merely with coldness and unconcern, but with hostile carping and even derision. To understand the extent to which Borrow ran counter to the prejudices of the Bright and Cobden age, which rejected the gospel of Carlyle, is to fathom the mystery of "early Victorian." A further stumbling-block was the peculiar "dryness" of Borrow's style. Borrow could respond to the thrill of natural beauty. He could enjoy and find utterance for his mood

when it came upon him, just as he could enjoy a tankard of ale or linger to gaze upon a sympathetic face; but he refused to pamper such feelings; he refused to become the creature of poetic ecstasy; he refused to identify an author with a bearded nun; he refused to indulge in the fashionable debauch of dilettante melancholy. Borrow again told his hearers nothing about the Great Wall of China, or the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod. You will find very little of the Eastern exotic in his work. Yet in it he is at his best—especially in the Dingle, in the open air, among the gipsies, with Jasper, Pakomovna, Tawno, Ursula, The Man in Black, and Belle Berners, gossips in colloquies of the greenwood, unrivalled since the heyday of the Forest of Arden.

Borrow was always contemplating the continuation and completion of his personal record, but his methods were so deliberate that the lifetime of a Methusela would have been needed to complete his autobiography. After completing the span comprised in "Lavengro—Romany



Death-Mask of George Borrow.

Copyright - Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.



Rye," he waited another ten years before issuing his record of his Welsh tour of six weeks. He wrote it on almost the same gigantic scale as in "The Romany Rye," but in a more genial and domestic mood. His sympathy for the country, its people and language, enabled him to create a feeling for "Wild Wales" as worthy as it was unfamiliar to the English of the early 'sixties. Not much new light is thrown upon the migration of Borrow to London, though we have an interesting new description of him on Westminster Bridge (Borrow was a great haunter of Thames and its bridges) in 1873. In 1865 his stepdaughter, the "Old Hen" of his letters, married William MacOubrey, and migrated to Belfast. Early in 1869 Mrs. Borrow died aged seventy-three. Borrow's existence was sadly broken. Some four or five years he lingered on in London, cheered at times by walks and talks with Gordon Hake and Watts Danton; and he then returned to Oulton—a most friendless and disillusioned man.

He bore his age badly did the dour old traveller, who had yet somehow never had his due share of exploration. In physical exercise, especially swimming, he had occasional flashes of exhilaration; he breathed again some of the old oxygen of the Bible in Spain. But he suffered terribly from the gloom of a muddled existence, and his step-daughter, though she meant well, was too literary and too little of a housewife and a manager to make him even comfortable. Cowell gives a most depressing description of the severance of his old interests. There was something of the tired berserker about his last years, though the legend of his solitude, unkemptness and uncared-for-ness has probably been exaggerated. His letters to Mrs. MacOubrey range down to 1877. Borrow died four years later. Mentally, if not physically, he had become a complete recluse in his later years. He was buried in Brompton, and very little that was formerly his remains to-day as he left it, with the exception of his works.

Mr. Shorter says somewhere in this book that if Dr. Aldis Wright had written Borrow's life there would have been no second biography. Why he says this I cannot think. The more biographies the better in a sense, so far as the curiosity about Borrow and, therefore, the stimulation of his celebrity, is concerned. Unless, therefore, Dr. Wright had discovered some artificial means of quenching all further curiosity as to Borrow I hardly see how Mr. Shorter's prediction would have been fulfilled. It can hardly be expected that he would have discovered half as much about Borrow as Dr. Knapp, a perfect monomaniac, who devoted his life and lavished his money by handfuls in pursuit of the phantom Don George. But even if he had found as much, new documents, new discoveries, new materials would still have remained for the Wallings, the Jenkinases, the Thomas's, the Shorters, and the Beechings of a later age.

Professor Cowell deprecated the idea of a biography of Borrow at all. "Surely it is best that Borrow should remain a name," and in a sense he was right. "The Romany Rye" gave us of his best, and his best is almost all autobiographical. Explicit biography only serves to dull the romance of the mysterious word-master. Biography nearly always tends in the end, it is my belief, to dull the edge of literature.

Borrow, however, does not stand exclusively for literature. His prose style is peculiar and inimitable, but it is not a good pattern; he is not a model stylist by any means. He is rather an enigma, he is a man standing athwart his period with something of the straddle of a colossus, and people will (as in the cognate case of a contemporary prophet, Carlyle) always be anxious and curious to read the riddle. There is a mystery about the fellow. He had a prescription, a narcotic, a drug, or something, capable of serving as a talisman against the "corruption" of modern civilization.

## THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1913.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

*Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best photograph illustrating the title of any recent novel.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

### RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Lyric is divided and we send HALF A GUINEA each to Mr. J. J. Geake, of St. Bernards, York Road, Guildford, Surrey, and to Mr. Howard Booth, of 134, Cemetery Road, Sheffield, for the following:

LOVE.

If Love come to thee in the morn  
Say "Love, why comest thou so soon?"  
And, if he turn, go—sow thy corn,  
And labour on until the noon.

If Love come to thee when the day  
Is brightest, say "Ah! Love, 'tis sweet  
To toil," and if he go away,  
Go also thou, and bind thy wheat.

If Love come to thee when the sun  
Goes down to meet the western sky,  
Say "Love, my hours of work are done";  
Then, if he hearken,—pass him by.

But, if he comes, whate'er thou ask,  
And labour, singing, by thy side—  
Rejoice, for Love that shares the task  
Alone is Love at eventide. J. J. GEAKE.

## EXILE.

God gave me the Garden of Eden  
And the river that through it ran;  
He gave me strength and beauty  
Greater than any man;

I stood in the midst of the garden  
Where none had ever trod,  
And I said "O Lord, I am happy,"  
But I lied in my heart to God;

For I longed for an English meadow  
With a stream from the hills above,  
And I hated the Garden's beauty  
For there was none to love.

HOWARD BOOTH.

We also select for printing :

## MY LADY'S GARDEN.

My Lady hath a garden fair,  
And all herself is imaged there.

White lilies are her thoughts untold,  
And bear like her, a heart of gold.

Forget-me-nots her blue, blue eyes  
That borrow from the summer skies.

The blush rose nestles in her cheek,  
Heart's ease I find when she doth speak;

And round about her feet there grows  
Sweet Balm of Healing for men's woes.

My Lady hath two names in one;  
Each sweet and dear—When day is done

I take them both away with me,  
One blessed comfort—Rose-Marie.

(Miss E. A. Jowers, The Beacon Hotel,  
Hindhead, Surrey.)

## REGRETS.

Where are the words that never were said  
And the thoughts that were left unspoken?  
They are buried deep down with the dreams long-dead,  
In a silence for ever unbroken.

In the caverns of Memory mute they lie  
Unlighted by star or sun,  
Where the little grey ghosts flit mournfully by,  
The phantoms of things undone.

Oh ears that are closed to the sounds of Earth  
Can you hear through the harps of Heaven  
The sighs of a soul that knew not Love's worth,  
And forgive—be it seventy times seven?

Oh eyes that have looked on the Face of God,  
Can you see through the long, long years  
The road of regrets that my feet have trod,  
And the slow unavailing tears?

Though Memory's ocean be wide and deep  
When the sea gives up her dead  
Unuttered longings shall rise from sleep  
On the wings of the words unsaid.

They will whisper secrets of long ago  
As you lean from the Golden Gate—  
I loved you on Earth—If I tell you so  
In Heaven, will it be too late?

(Violet D. Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)

## A LISTENER

In hammock slung beneath the boughs of knotted apple tree  
I listened to the purring of the kitten on my knee;  
To the whirr of little winged things, the murmur of the bee.  
I listened to the twitter of the birds beneath the eaves;  
The rustle that the tortoise makes in creeping through the  
leaves;  
To all the web of wordless song that early summer weaves.

As I listened, gazing skyward, where the branches dipped apart,  
A well-known football nearing broke my daydream with a start—  
And then I listened only to the beating of my heart!

(Florence Andrews, 108, Grenfell Road, Maidenhead.)



Mumper's Dingle, the wooded retreat  
in which Borrow met Isopel Berners.

Reproduced by Mr. Murray's permission from the definitive edition of "Lavengro."

## JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

O Love, that might have been!  
I worship thee, and go, a little sad  
To dream and not possess thy passioned wonder.  
Yet for such dreams I thank God; and am glad,  
For I have seen.

O Joy, not made for me!  
I thrill to know thee near, yet far away,  
Since flaming swords keep closed the gateway splendid.  
I dare not ask of God to stoop and say  
Why this should be.

O Life I may not live!  
Close to Love's strength, potent to heal and save,  
Clinging, yet with strange woman-power of guiding.  
I need so much to feel thee, and I have  
So much to give.

O Pain, thou quickening strife  
Raging between dark death and life's white strength!  
My lintels, Israel-like, thou shalt pass over,  
And I shall never smile to bear, at length,  
A little life.

Violet Gillespie, 114, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill,  
S.E.)

We specially commend the Lyrics sent in by Alice W.  
Linford (South Tottenham), M. F. Ackman (Glasgow),  
Mr. Nevill Heard (Swanage), John Carlton (Hornsey),

R. E. D. Donaldson  
(Putney), W. G. Priest  
(Norwich), B. Milner  
(Tonbridge), Marjorie  
Winifred Crosbie  
(Herne Bay), Mrs.  
Trevelyan Thomson  
(Middlesbrough),  
Kathleen Birch  
(Bexhill), R. B. Ince  
(Jarvis Brook), East  
Wind (Antrim), Elsie  
S. Mead (Burnley),  
B. C. Hardy (East-  
bourne), Thomas Law  
(Holytown), Silverpen  
(Ealing), Bernard  
Spencer (London,  
S.E.), Eric Dexter  
(Manchester), V. D.  
Goodwin (Gillingham),  
J. Isaacs (Hackney),  
E. W. Higgs (Clapton),  
Miss Foulger (Lang-  
port), Barnard R. H.  
Sparell (Hampstead),  
Bertram J. W. An-  
drews (Plumstead), C.  
Doriel Hay (Hamp-  
stead), Mrs. Delbridge  
(Canterbury), J. R.  
(Forest Hill), Louie  
Howle (Handsworth  
Wood), Doris Young  
(Derby), A. C. Mitchell  
(Glasgow), Emily  
Cornell (Upper Nor-  
wood), G. W. Turner  
(Burnley), Emily  
Sunderland (Fodmor-  
den), Helen K. Watts  
(Nottingham), Arbel  
M. Aldous (Saffron  
Walden), Athol M.  
Shephard (Forest  
Hill), Winifred M.  
Offord (Enfield), A.  
Mitchell (Devizes),  
Mary M. Wilshire  
(Victoria Park), Eric  
Chilman (Hull),

Launcelot H. Stuckey (Taunton), D. A. Boland (Glasgow),  
Rose Speight (Leeds), Beatrice Craig (Straidanan), F. N.  
Jellicoe (Stockwell), Monica Baines (Hereford), G. J.  
Holme (Great Malvern), H. B. Dawes (Birkdale), Eliza-  
beth Hearle (Tewkesbury), A. C. Harrison (Walsall),  
T. H. Storm (North Shields), Mrs. G. H. Leatham (Dur-  
ham), Miss A. E. Richardson (London, S.E.), E. Summers  
(Dukinfield), Maude Sanson Carter (Bristol), Joan A.  
(Framlingham), Beryl M. May (Farnham), Rhys Raworth  
(Harrogate), M. R. (Birmingham), Arthur S. Wilshire  
(Dalston), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), T. Whitehead  
Sefton (Bolton), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), G. M. Fife  
(Edinburgh), Margaret Durmett (Liscard), Anita Lee  
(Liverpool), C. Cooper (Streatham), Herbert Rogers  
(Hackney), Lucie C. Temple (Southsea), Doris Smith  
(Burton-on-Trent), Miss M. Peart (Tottenham), Eleanor  
Bull (Ludlow), R. W. King (Catford Hill), Guenn F.  
Newnham (Dover), B. M. Morris (Bath), Ion A. Grundy  
(Liverpool), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), H. A.  
Stuckey (Harrogate), Hilary Dane (Ashburton), Sinah  
Helen West (Plymouth), George Murray (Laverstock),  
J. R. A. Nicoll (Glasgow), Nemo (Wakefield), Dorothy M.  
Rawcliffe (Haigh), Hector S. J. Hughes (Irishtown),  
W. H. Colman (West Malling), T. B. Laudells (Edinburgh),  
Ernest S. Heron (Chester), John Earl Rose (Bristol), Hugo  
Irvine (Peterhead),  
Eric (Darlington), L.  
Ward (Broadstairs),  
Denys Alsop (Staf-  
ford), Jocelyn Ierne  
Ormsby (Pontypridd),  
M. K. (Axminster),  
Ethel Mary Casson  
(Finchley), Florence  
Whitehead (Bury),  
Agnes M. Bellhouse  
(Borodon), Jeffery  
Kisley (Alvaston),  
Lucy J. Taylor (Birm-  
ingham), Mrs. H.  
Welch (Aldeburgh),  
Katie M. Luck (Stony  
Stratford), Mabel  
Malet (Hull), Evelina  
Ida San Garde (Ac-  
crington), Annie Eller-  
ton (Liscard), Mrs. H.  
F. Hall (Sheffield),  
Harding Wood  
(Canonbury), Major J.  
Berkeley (Andover),  
Winifred Holmden  
(Ilfracombe), John D.  
Smith (Glasgow),  
Miss H. M. Barrow  
(Hastings), M. F. W.  
(Maidstone), Thomas  
Carey (Jersey, U.S.A.),  
A. S. Barnard (Wal-  
sall), F. J. Popham  
(Annan), A. C. Poole  
(Edmonton), G. M.  
Northcott (West  
Kirby), Marcella  
Whitaker (Dewsbury),  
Percy Thomas (Horn-  
sey), Alice Binks  
(Westoe), C. A. R.  
(Sheffield), J. S. Lewis  
(Liscard), Richard  
William Rogers (North  
Kensington), James  
Omerod (Farnworth),  
Laura Fane (St.  
Anns-on-Sea), G. M.  
Hennings (St. Albans),



Where Borrow Lived  
in Madrid.

The house of Maria Diaz in the Calle del  
Santiago. Borrow occupied the third floor  
front. A laundry is now in possession.

From "George Borrow and his Circle,"  
by C. K. Shorter.



The Calle Del Principe,  
Madrid.

Where Borrow opened a shop for the  
sale of New Testaments, which was  
finally shut up by the Government.

From "George Borrow and his Circle,"  
by C. K. Shorter.

H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), A. B. Johnston (Leith), Hyman Edelstein (Ontario), Arthur A. Legg (New Brighton), W. Siebenhaar (Streatham Hill), A. W. Say (Devonport), Hall Blithe (London, S.E.), Gwendolen D. Harold (High Barnet), J. W. Houchin (Shenfield), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), H. Beckett (Wolverhampton), Ruth Manning Sanders (Devon), Eleanor L. Clark (Maghera), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), S. T. McCabe (Patricroft), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), Eveline Swanson (East Finchley), A. E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), E. Margaret Lane (Kettering), Edmund Howard (Putney), A. Charlton (Derby), F. D. J. Waugh (Toddington), Miss E. A. Jowers (Hindhead), B. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Bessie Hawkins (Bath), Warren Cranmore (Knutsford), L. Aaronson (London, E.), Julia Rose Carling (Plymouth), Arthur R. O'Connor (Dorridge), C. R. Price (Wellington), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), Mrs. A. M. Reid (Motherwell), S. R. Noyes (Pontypridd), D. K. Boileau (Bath), Eleanor Littlewood (Putney), Chanticleer (Cape Town, S. Africa), Margot Balfour (London, W.), Archibald King (Greenock), Miss E. M. Wood (Huntly), Dorothy Plimpton (London, S.W.), A. M. Mackenzie (Isle of Lewis), Edith Jotham (Isle of Man), Winifred Webb (California).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Charles Powell, of 290, Oxford Road, Manchester, for the following:

CUPID GOES NORTH. BY MARTIN SWAYNE.  
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Not in utter nakedness!"

WORDSWORTH, *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*.  
(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

We also select for printing:

ONE SMITH. BY S. MURRAY JOHNSTONE.  
(William Dawson & Sons.)

"The novelty would striking be and must attract remark."  
W. S. GILBERT, *Bishop of Rum ti Foo*.

(Miss L. Mugford, 13, Ross Road, South Norwood Hill.)

THE POWER BEHIND. BY M. P. WILLCOCKS.  
(Hutchinson)

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,  
But—why did you kick me downstairs?"

J. P. KEMBLE, *The Panel*.

(Janet M. Smith, 70, Pembroke Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

THE TWO KISSES BY OLIVER ONIONS. (Methuen.)

"The boldest held his breath,  
For a time."

CAMPBELL, *Battle of the Baltic*.

(A. Ernest Smith, 104, Sheen Park, Richmond, S.W.)

YOUTH WILL BE SERVED. BY D. WYLLARDE  
(Stanley Paul)

"An infant crying in the night"

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE MEANING OF ART. BY PAUL GAUTIER.  
Translated by H. and E. BALDWIN. (Allen)

"In tingling impotence the Dauber drew  
As all men draw, keen to the shaken soul  
To give a hint that might suggest the whole"

JOHN MASFIELD, *Dauber*.

(Florence G. Fidler, 131, Abbey Road, London, N.W.)

TEARS OF DESIRE. BY CORALIE STANTON and  
HEATH HOSKEN. (Holden & Hardingham)

"With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size."

LEWIS CARROL, *Through the Looking Glass*.

(Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby, Pontypridd.)

PRESS CUTTINGS. BY BERNARD SHAW. (Constable.)

"The trail of the serpent is over them all."

T. MOORE, *Paradise and the Peri*.

(R. Speight, Parkdene, Armley, Leeds.)



Toledo.

From a drawing by A. H. Hallam Murray.

Reproduced by Mr. Murray's permission from the definitive edition of "The Bible in Spain."

III.—The Prize for the best letter in not more than 200 words on any volume of poems published in the last twelve months has been divided and Two NEW BOOKS are awarded to Mr. W. H. Littlejohn, of 9, Albion Gardens, Ravenscourt Park, W., and Two NEW BOOKS to Mr. Cecil Barber, of Highnam, Burley-in-Wharfedale, for the following:

DEAR SIR,

Though Mr. William Watson has entitled his book of short poems recently published by Herbert Jenkins Ltd. "The Muse in Exile," it might be claimed that "The Muse in Many Moods" would have been an equally suitable title. The poems are at once grave and gay, genial and petulant, gentle and ponderous, reverent and—breathe the word only frivolous.

Many of the verses are exquisite in both matter and manner of expression, notably those entitled "Dublin Bay" and "Part of My Story." The former ripples with delightful music, and the latter has an atmosphere of intense reverence—almost amounting to holiness—which is surprising in so slight a work.

We find the usual grievance of the poet against the everlasting powers that

" . . . turned blind eyes upon Keats "  
and a fearful attack on the wicked Turk, in which the lines

" . . . the little lands  
Have put the mighty thrones to shame "  
have, in the light of recent revelations of atrocities, acquired a meaning hardly intended by their author.

"The Rash Poet" and "On Pyrrho" are samples of some of the lighter verses contained in this refreshing little book.

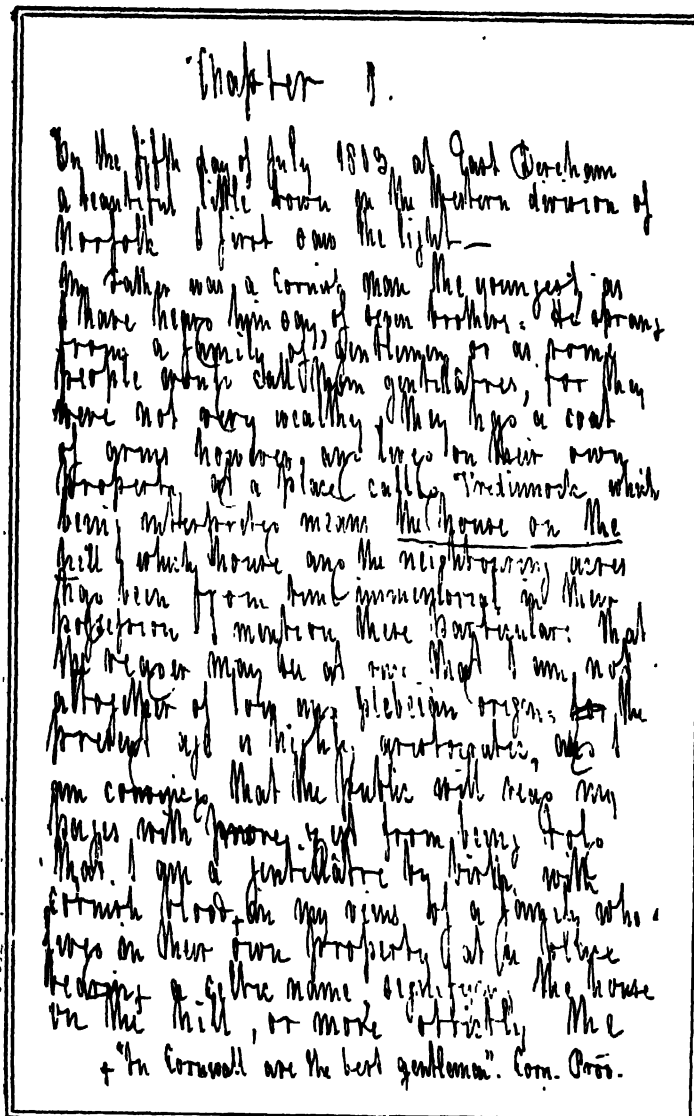
I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

W. H. LITTLEJOHN.

MY DEAR OLIE,

So you're head of the school now, and will leave next Midsummer and be "quite grown up." Have you read "Peacock's Pie" yet? Your auntie thinks it "drivel." Never mind. Get it. You remember those bits from an essay by Francis Thompson on Shelley I read to you the Sunday afternoon before you left? You stuck your little nose in the air, and (it might have been Auntie talking) called them "purple patches." So they are. But purple is a royal colour. Shelley himself, Blake ("Know you what it is to be a child?"), and all the rest who went to the making of Thompson, went to the making of Walter de la Mare.



Facsimile of page  
from "Lavengro."

From "George Borrow and his Circle," by C. K. Shorter  
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

too. Every good artist—and you say you want to be one—is a child at heart. He needs a child to understand him. So don't think you are in for a literary feast, because you aren't. Only half-a-dozen of the poems touch that high-water mark. And if you like the rest, you'll see, Ollie, why I don't want you to be in any hurry to put your hair into a hair-bob even, and why I hate for you to call me

Your old Uncle Edward.

CICIL BARBER

A good many letters have been received in this Competition and the poets chiefly recommended are William Watson, Alfred Noyes, Richard Middleton, Walter de la Mare, James Rhoades, Mrs. Meynell and John Masefield. Among the best of the letters are those by Margaret Peart (Tottenham), Marcella Whittaker (Dewsbury), Hadley Ford (Bristol), Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Beryl M. May (Farnham), Miss M. Escombe (Shawford), Eric Chilman (Hull), Elsie S. Mead (Burnley), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Stevens Binyon (Hastings), Peter R. Purdie (Birnham), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), Edna Smallwood (Highbury), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), Miss E. Moore (Liverpool), C. W. Rodmell (Sutton-on-Hull).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. J. M. M'Gregor, of 55, Talbot Road, London, W., for the following :

GEORGE MEREDITH: HIS LIFE, GENIUS AND TEACHING. From the French of CONSTANTIN PHOTIADIS. Rendered into English by ARTHUR PRICE. (Constable)

This translation is valuable partly because it enables us to study Meredith from a view-point not directly attainable by ourselves, and no less because of the light it serves to throw upon the Gallic attitude of mind. The book was written for Frenchmen—was written, indeed, to introduce its subject to French readers—hence, much of its expository matter is to us unnecessary; but for what remains, a sympathetic and acute interpretation and appreciation of the man and his work, it deserves to be widely read in England also, and should be in every Meredithian library.

We also select for printing :

IS THERE A HELL?—A SYMPOSIUM.  
(Cassell & Co.)

This book embodies the opinions of sixteen modern religious teachers; and though the subject is viewed from Free-Church, Anglican, Catholic, Socialistic and Jewish standpoints, yet, broadly, the writers are unanimous in returning an affirmative answer. Furthermore, they practically all agree that Hell is a state, and not a place; and that the appalling representations of Hell as a Limbo of torture so generally taught some thirty years ago can be considered merely as a "riot of imaginative genius." Instead of insisting on the Wrath of God, these modern teachers conceive that spiritual and moral perfection are best attainable through His Love.

(Percy J. Harris, Coventry.)

THE REGENI BY ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen)

"The profound pessimism of Mr. Bennett" appears to be a sense of the aimlessness of living, and it is as evident in this, his latest work, as in the famous "Old Wives Tale." For the whole story of this book is a mere episode, trifling in its beginning and ending nowhere; and such, the novel seems to imply, is the stuff that life is made of. The book is remarkable also for its characterisation. Machin and his family, and his theatrical and æsthetic acquaintances in London form a gallery of distinctive portraits, drawn by a master of cruel, detached penetration.

(J. S. Lewis, 6, Wilton Street, Liscard, Cheshire.)

SMOKE BELLEW BY JACK LONDON.  
(Mills & Boon)

This virile story is well worth reading—it savours of courage in dire straits, of grit and perseverance under hard conditions and of the meaning of "race" to the apparent weaklings of an old stock. The reader must perforce follow the thrilling adventures of "Smoke Bellew" with interest, and the personal is more than repaid, for the sense of reality is strong, and the tale cannot but get a grip of all who read it. The lighter "motif" is not absent, and the woman who means so much to the indefatigable "Smoke" is well portrayed as his mate.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Alan C. Fraser (Bridgwater), R. W. King (Catford Hill, S.E.), Hector S. J. Hughes (Irishtown, Co. Dublin), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall, Cheshire), Elsie Reid (Milnathort, N.B.), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Constance Ursula Kerr (Dirleton, East Lothian, N.B.), Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimshy), C. R. Price (Wellington, Somerset), F. R. Swan (Palmer's Green, N.), William F. Robinson (Histon, Cambridge), Victor Rienacker (Belsize Park, N.W.), Miss H. Harting (Chiswick, W.), Agnes Macaulay (Great Malvern), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), M. J. F. Bittleston (Tilford, Surrey), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Katherine J. Wood (Bournbrook, Birmingham), Miss H. Barrow (Hastings), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), Frances A. S. Holbron (Harrietsham, Maidstone), M. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row, Co. Durham), Bessie Eades (Scarborough), P. R. Purdie (Birnham, Perthshire), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), Lottie Hoskins (Moseley), Arthur Davidson (Nairn), Eleanor Littlewood (Putney, S.W.), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), R. G. Wyatt (Wimbledon, S.W.), and Beatrix Terry (London, S.W.)

V.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby, of Pontypidd.

## HENRI FABRE: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS.

## I.

OF the forty million inhabitants of the British Isles, I doubt if four hundred had ever heard of Henri Fabre before the publication of Maeterlinck's essay on "The Insect's Homer." I certainly was not one of these four hundred; but the essay stimulated me to immediate enquiries. I found that, at the time, the London Entomological Society owned only a part of the volumes forming the "Souvenirs entomologiques"; that there was a complete set at the British Museum and not, as far as I could discover, anywhere else in London; and that a condensed translation of the first volume had been issued by Messrs. Macmillan, in 1901, under the title of "Insect Life." I thought that it would be a desirable and pleasant task to translate the remainder; and I was preparing to negotiate with Paris for the English and American rights of the whole work, when Messrs. Adam & Charles Black sent for me.

It appeared that this leading firm of publishers had acquired the right to issue an English edition of "La Vie des insectes," an illustrated volume of extracts from the "Souvenirs," which had lately been published in France, and that they wished me to undertake the translation. This "popular" form of publication did not exactly coincide with my views, which contemplated a complete and uniform edition of the whole series of essays, uncurtailed and figuring in their order as written; but the agreement between the French and English publishers was already signed, and I accepted the offer of the translation, which received the title of "The Life and Love of the Insect" and appeared in 1911. It was arranged that, if the same house issued the English edition of a second, similar volume, I was to translate this also; and I was a little surprised, early in the following year, to see that Mr. Fisher Unwin was announcing "Social Life in the Insect World," by Henri Fabre, translated by Bernard Miall. I was also more than a little disappointed, not so much because the work had not fallen to me—for Mr. Miall is one of our very ablest translators and his version was admirably done—

but rather because this somewhat scattered method of publication threatened to frustrate my comprehensive plan of a uniform edition. It must be mentioned that the two volumes had also found different publishers in America, where they were issued by the Macmillan Company and the Century Company respectively.

I felt that, if the uniform edition was to be saved in both countries, I must take action without delay; and I accordingly entered into direct relations with M. Charles Delagrave, the French publisher of all Henri Fabre's output, who, on the strength of a very generous personal recommendation from M. Maurice Maeterlinck, ended by signing a contract that placed in my hands the sole control of the unpublished material for both England and America. I was now able to plan out my cherished scheme for a uniform edition in the English language of the "Souvenirs entomologiques" and found no difficulty in making the necessary arrangements with Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, on this side of the Atlantic, and, in New York, with Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., the publishers of the Collected Works of Maurice Maeterlinck. Obviously, as some forty essays had been picked at random from the ten volumes of the "Souvenirs" to form the two books of extracts, my original intention of preserving the chronological order had to be abandoned, as involving too many marked gaps in the sequence of the chapters; and I devised instead a

series of volumes each of which would be devoted to a specific order of insects.

The first of these has already appeared, under the title of "The Life of the Spider," and contains all that the author has written about many different species of spiders, which, although not actually insects, are fully described in the "Souvenirs entomologiques," as is the Languedocian scorpion, the only scorpion that has come within Fabre's ken. I could speak at great length, if the space at my command allowed me, of the engrossing character presented by my task of translation and also of its technical difficulties, which are immense to one who, like myself, has had no training nor the least experience as an entomologist. These difficulties would have baffled me to



Jean Henri Fabre.

From "Fabre, Poet and Man of Science," by Dr. C. V. Legros (Fisher Unwin).



some purpose if I had not been assisted in the first place by Mr. Marmaduke Langdale and afterwards by Miss Frances Rodwell and Miss Nora Power, while a young American engineer, Mr. W. S. Graff Baker, and a young English chemist, Mr. Edward Cahen, were of the greatest help to me in elucidating the mathematical and chemical technicalities that occurred in many chapters of this and the other books.

"The Life of the Spider" will be followed, in the autumn of the present year, by "The Life of the Fly," which includes all the chapters on the genus *Dipteron* with, interspersed in their order as first published, the ten or eleven purely autobiographical chapters, which may be numbered among the most fascinating contributions of Henri Fabre to the literature of his time. They are inserted here so that the book may be of the same length as the others, and also because I considered that Fabre's English and American readers would be well pleased to make the personal acquaintance, so to speak, of their author at this early, rather than at a later, stage of the publication. The next volume after "The Fly" will be devoted to "The Wild Bee" and will include a chapter on "The Red Ants"; and then, in due course, we shall hope to produce the life-histories of "The Beetle and the Weevil," "The Wasp," "The Grasshopper," "The Butterfly and the Moth," "The Bug" and "The Scorpion," some of which will make two volumes, while some, according to the amount of material at hand, will be collected to form one. Thus I propose that, before many years are over, the reader shall have the whole of the "*Souvenirs entomologiques*" at his disposal in a definite and permanent English edition issued in a worthy fashion.

## II.

It is time to turn to Henri Fabre's personality and career. I have never had the advantage of meeting him. Twice within the last ten months—in November, on my way to the Mediterranean, and in April, on my journey back to England—I passed within a few miles of his home at Sérignan; but I hesitated to intrude upon the privacy of this great old man, still busily engaged upon his normal activities in his ninetieth year. I, who was wholly incompetent to discuss his special subjects with him on any sort of terms of equality, had no real claim upon his time, his interest or his kindness, save that resting upon my efforts to make him a little better known in England and America—efforts which had evidently brought me their own reward. Every minute given to me would have been a minute stolen from his work, which is the property of mankind.

Nor could Fabre, with his amply-filled but essentially simple life, have told me much about himself that I had not already learned. Fame came late to him, but it came; and with it two "Lives," partly based upon and partly supplementing the autobiographical chapters that will be read shortly—and, I venture to think, eagerly read—in "The Life of the Fly." These two Lives of J. H. Fabre are in one and two volumes respectively, and are from the pens of his friend and disciple, Dr. G. V. Legros, and of his namesake and distant kinsman, M. Augustin Fabre. They tell us how he was born on December 23rd, 1823, at Saint-Léons, a small parish in the canton of Vezins, district of Haut Rouergue, forming

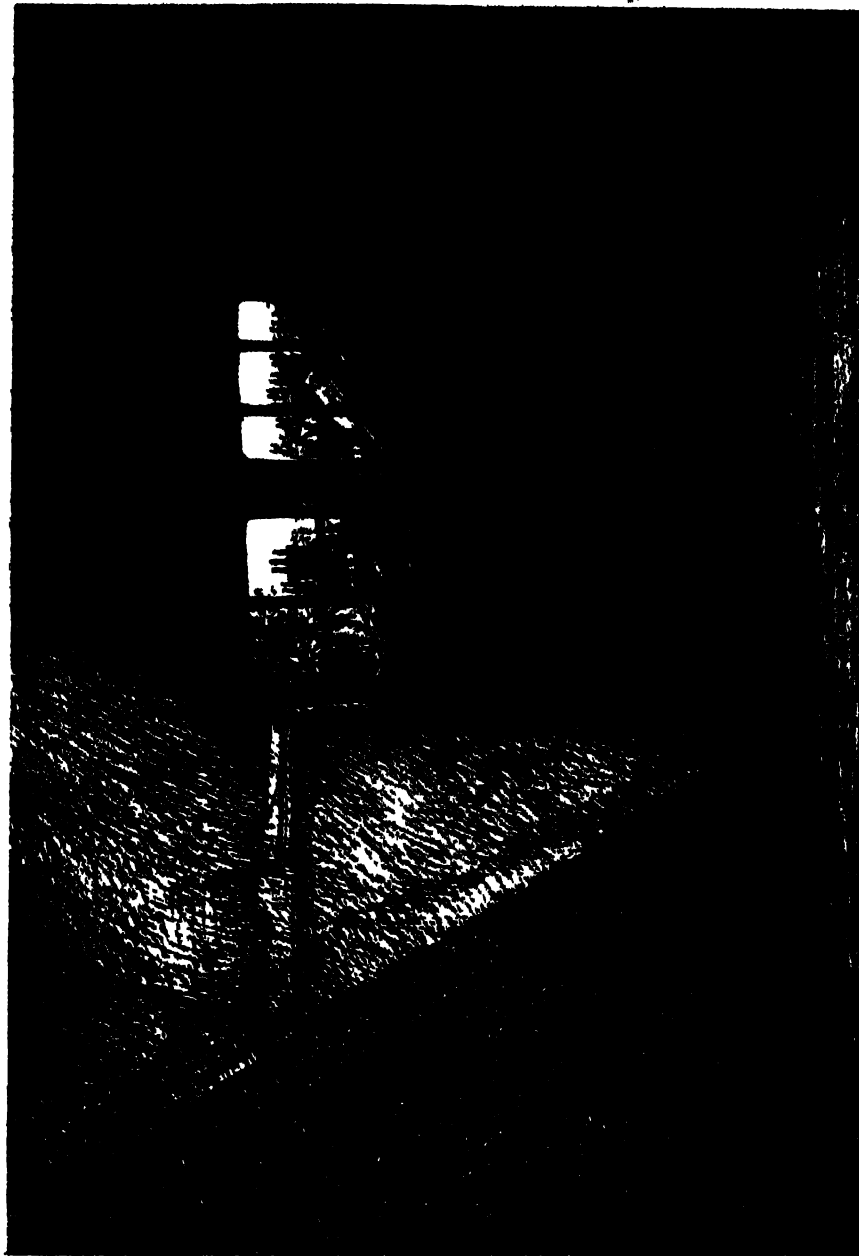
part of the ancient province of Guyenne, so that, though Fabre will always be regarded as a Provençal, he is not really a Provençal save by adoption. He came of peasant stock and of an exceedingly poor peasant stock, numbering no well-to-do farmers among its members, who considered themselves lucky when they held, by inheritance or marriage, a small bit of land to call their own. His paternal grandfather was one of these small farmers; his grandfather on the mother's side followed the calling of a process-server, or sheriff's officer. Henri Fabre's own father at one time had a farm, but in the author's earliest childhood became smitten with the love of town-life and kept a humble café at one provincial town or village after the other. Not many of his immediate forbears, and scarce any of the more remote, were able to spell out even a few lines of a newspaper or to write their own names. He himself cannot account for his love of learning, his love of literature, his love of nature, or his love of science by any explanation based upon the theory of heredity. He sees no "throw-back" in himself to a cultured ancestor or ancestress, however distant.

He was taught nothing at home, not even good farming, for, as I have said, the farm was abandoned in his infancy, and his sole agricultural experience seems to have been the driving of a flock of ducklings to and from the village pond. Nor did he receive any but the most haphazard education at the rustic school to which he was sent as a tiny boy, a school where the master was constantly called away by other duties and where the chickens and pigs made frequent inroads. He learnt to read mainly by his own efforts and initiative; he learnt a little arithmetic. When he had grown a year or two older, he received gratis instruction at a secondary school, in return for his services as an acolyte in church; and thus, little by little, he acquired knowledge—mostly self-taught—and the habit of learning, until at last he received his appointment as an assistant-master at Carpentras, to which was attached a wretched salary of seven hundred francs a year.

Meanwhile, his love of natural history had long asserted itself and, as he tells us, had to be suppressed, in order that he might apply himself to the study of mathematics for his degree. After a while he was promoted to the post of lecturer on physics at Ajaccio, at a salary of eighteen hundred francs, by no means a large income on which to support a wife and a growing family. Here, in Corsica, he came into contact with two travelling naturalists, Requien, of Avignon, and Moquin-Tandon, of Toulouse; and the latter perceiving the special bent of Fabre's mind, recommended him to throw mathematics overboard and "to get to the beast the plant." The young man acted on this advice, added a third degree, that of natural science, to those of mathematics and physics, and received, in 1854, his nomination to the college of Avignon.

Fabre's first notable entomological work appeared in 1855, when he was thirty-two years of age, and took the form of an essay on the cerceris-wasp, published in the "*Annales des sciences naturelles*." He had little time at this period for study or writing, though he had the greatest need for both, seeing that his stipend had fallen from eighteen hundred to sixteen hundred francs and remained at the latter figure during the whole of





From an etching by C M Nichols, R E

Reproduced from the "Souvenir of the George Borrow Celebrations," by James Hooper.  
By permission of Messrs. Jarrold & Sons, London and Norwich

Corner of George Borrow's Bedroom at  
Norwich, showing a view of the city roofs.



...twenty years, which he spent as an assistant-professor, at Avignon College. Fortunately, he was endowed with a positive lust for work; and on every Sunday and every Thursday half-holiday he escaped to Carpentras, there to prosecute his observations on insects in the open-air.

You will read in "The Life of the Fly," in a chapter entitled "Industrial Chemistry," how he tried—and failed—to earn an independence at Avignon by setting up a factory for producing madder-dye; how he was sought out by Victor Duruy, the Minister of Education; how he was dragged to Paris, much against his will, presented to the Emperor Napoleon III. and decorated with the Legion of Honour. You will have read in "The Life and Love of the Insect" (London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co.) how he was visited by Pasteur; and you will read, a year hence, in "The Wild Bee," how he corresponded with Charles Darwin and assisted him by making a number of complicated experiments on his behalf. Darwin called him "the inimitable observer"; Fabre, though he refers to Darwin as "the illustrious scientist" and so on, never entirely reciprocated the older man's admiration, and, throughout the *Souvenirs entomologiques* displays for the English naturalist a feeling which I would venture to describe as one of good-humoured but quite friendly scorn. You may agree with him or you may not; I agree with him and you may not; but you and I alike must love and respect and revere this humble practical observer tilting with undaunted courage at the successful and self-opinionated theorists whose views on the evolution of species, in which he refuses to believe, were rapidly gaining ground. He chaffs them merrily, but never bitterly; and his witty sallies against the exponents and adherents of evolution, transformism, mimesis and the rest of the "theories" will always count among the most brilliant and delightful passages in the *Souvenirs*.

I have a particular reason for mentioning Fabre's relations with Darwin at this point. There is no doubt that Fabre is a supremely Christian philosopher and that his quarrels with the evolutionists are due, in no small measure, to his belief that they are too prone to leave the will of God out of their reckoning. Now the irony of fate brought about that Fabre himself, because he talked to his pupils of the beasts and the flowers and the stars and all the wonders of nature, became looked upon, by the narrow-minded inhabitants of the provincial town where he resided, as a "dangerous" and "irregular" person. It also happened that, at this time, he had lost his protector, Duruy, who had himself fallen a victim to the persistent attacks of his obscurantist adversaries. The opportunity was seized to form a local cabal against Fabre; and his enemies made tools of two maiden ladies, a pair of elderly spinsters who owned the house in which Fabre lived, and induced them to give him a month's notice to quit. He held no lease, had not the least scrap of a written agreement to show, was without remedy of any kind; and he had to submit and go.

At that moment he was so poor; so utterly denuded of all resources, that he had not even the wherewithal to pay for the removal of his belongings. The Franco-German war was devastating the country; Paris was

besieged; and Fabre had ceased for the time to receive the meagre royalties which his school-manuals and his books of popular science for children were just beginning to yield. Owing to the retired life which his studious and laborious habits caused him to lead, he had no friends at Avignon; and he possessed no credit. In his distress, he turned to John Stuart Mill, with whom he had lived on terms of intimacy during the philosopher's many stays in the City of the Popes. Mill, who was now member of Parliament for Westminster, at once sent him three thousand francs, as a loan without security, to be repaid at his friend's convenience. Fabre thereupon shook off the yoke of the college, withdrew to Orange, and here, after some seeking, found a house to suit him on the outskirts of the town. He discharged his debt within two years, and to this day relates the story of Mill's kindness in terms of fervent gratitude.

Mill died at Avignon in 1873. In the same year Fabre received his dismissal as keeper of the Requien Museum, a subsidiary post which he had retained on leaving Avignon, visiting that city twice a week regularly from Orange. Such time as he could spare from the education of his children was now devoted to writing; but it was not until 1878 that he was able to collect enough of his serial essays to publish the first volume of his monumental "*Souvenirs entomologiques*," which, issued at rare intervals during the subsequent three decades, were to end by forming a work in ten volumes, consisting of over 3,700 pages and containing nearly 1,200,000 words.

In 1879 he left Orange for Sérignan, where he purchased a small house and garden and also the famous piece of waste ground, the wild paddock or *harmas*, to which such frequent reference is made in his writings. Here his wife died. His children were all grown up, some were married, the others were on the point of leaving him; and he foresaw the time when he would be left alone, with not even his aged father, the old café-keeper of Toulouse and Pierrelatte, for a companion. The son, moreover, had inherited the father's unpractical ways, his inability to cope with the exigencies of life, his domestic unfitness.

For this reason, after remaining a widower for two years, Fabre married again. He was over sixty, but physically and mentally as young as he had ever been, and he took to wife a young, industrious woman, full of life and vigour and in every way suited to satisfy that need of order, peace, calmness and moral tranquillity which was essential to his existence. Three children, a boy and two girls, were born in rapid succession and before long the youngest of his daughters by the first wife returned home. Thus a family was reconstituted to surround him with its cares in his old age.

From this time onwards, aided by his wife and children, he pursued without distraction the career of his own choosing, applying himself exclusively to the studies that have made him celebrated all over the world. He has survived his second wife, but his son and his daughters still live by his side. He has never known a state far removed above poverty, has always, even of late years, had to live very nearly from hand to mouth; but the stories of his pitiful destitution, which were promulgated so lavishly last year by a well-meaning press, are highly coloured and exaggerated. He has at no time,

since the publication of the "Souvenirs entomologiques" began, been in want of the necessities of life, necessities small indeed in the case of a man of his astonishingly simple ways; nor has he ever lamented the absence of life's luxuries. What has distressed him, from the start to the approaching finish of his career, is the lack of means with which to buy the finer and more expensive scientific instruments that would have been so useful to him in the pursuit of his studies. Time after time he describes to us the apparatus employed by him in his experiments and investigations; and these appliances are mostly of a makeshift character. The reader knows how stupendous the results have been, in spite of it all.

### III.

Fabre is, and will always remain, "the inimitable observer," an entomologist by the grace of God. It is an open question, however, whether posterity will not regard him rather as a mighty man of letters. There is a marvellous attraction about his style. Men more competent to judge than I, Frenchmen, have assured me that he does not write absolutely pure French, that Provençal idioms creep in here and there in his work, that he uses words occasionally in a sheer Provençal sense, that he writes, in a manner of speaking, with a

southern accent. This may be so. I cannot tell. It is true that, in translating him, I have many times come upon a word which I do not find in Littré, or which Littré defines in a sense different from that which Fabre intends it to convey. But how does this affect the question of style? We all know what a prig and pedant your Frenchman is in the matter of his own language. While he looks upon it as a made and perfect implement, he will often welcome a neologism, proudly labelling it as such; but the introduction of a provincial term, however happy, however mellifluous, however robust, from east, north, west or south of Paris, shocks him as barbarous. Let him be shocked: Fabre's style remains none the less delightful. It is as simple as Victor Hugo's, as lucid as Chateaubriand's; it trips along with a graceful lilt of its own; it has ever the right word in the right place.

Fabre's work translates into excellent English; and we have always thought that this quality—the quality of being readily rendered into a foreign tongue—is a test of good writing. It is the tortuous, laboured, fantastical would-be "original" style that hampers the translator. Fabre's style is invariably straightforward, radiant and magnificent; he writes as a classic from the moment that he takes up his pen.

## BERNARD SHAW: PART TWO.

BY DIXON SCOTT.

*"But whatsoever the failings on his part  
Remember, reader, he were that good in his heart"*—JOHN GARGERY.

### I.

THAT, or something like it, was really the burden of the long Bernard Shaw article which bored its way through last month's BOOKMAN, and which it is the firm purpose of these new paragraphs to end. It has been called "a brilliant attack": whereas it was actually a defence. It was an honest attempt to discover the cause of the disparity between Mr. Shaw's superb powers and his performances, between the work he might have done for us—the work he wanted to do for us—and the work he has actually done; and as it groped and tapped sympathetically it did come delightedly on evidence which seemed to prove overwhelmingly that the real villain of the piece was—not the author of *Androcles*—but that wasteful, wanton, mocker, whose present alias is The Life Force, which actually completed its frustration of Mr. Shaw's career by sardonically setting him to work to sing its praises. There is something positively conspiratorial in the cunning logic of events which drove this splendid Irishman astray. He was plucked about like a puppet—torn out of his true place—cramped when still young and tender into an inappropriate mould, and held there while circumstance, with a diabolical deftness, screwed the die down on his features ineffaceably; and his very air of arrogance, which makes this description sound absurd, was but one of the imprints received in that hour. That the man whose deepest desire is to heal and help humanity should have become a kind of

byword for mockery; that his altruism should seem egotism, his earnestness insolence, his mysticism materialism, his refusal to have living creatures slaughtered for his food a symptom, not of warm-heartedness, but of cold-bloodedness; that the man whose only quarrel with Christianity is its acquired element of cruelty, and who has preached and practised constantly an absolutely saintly code of private conduct and the strictest obedience to the Church's hardest rules, should yet be regarded as a dangerous enemy of morals and reformed (as he was by *The Times* itself the other morning, in a leader on "Androcles and the Lion") for ribaldry and irreverence in regard to sacred things: all these and their hundred kindred contradictions are explained when we watch his career from the beginning and perceive the frightful dexterity with which fate has always employed his best qualities to drive him along a road that must distort them. That was what we saw last month. We found the essential Shaw to be eager, idealistic, impulsive, romantic. We saw him flung, at exactly the most impressionable hour of his life, into the peculiarly priggish and self-assertive little world of the intellectual London of the eighties. We saw how his native eagerness and inexperience idealised that environment; and how his wit and his vividness and his love of picturesqueness urged and enabled him to reproduce all its elements in a single concentrated pose; and how the accent he then adopted, the attitudes he

struck as he hectored the world from rebel platforms, ate back into his instincts and affected his habit of mind, until at length intolerance, arrogance, contentiousness, contradictionness, became instinctively his imagination's weapons. And finally we saw how his very earnestness and craving for consistency forced him on to the concoction of a philosophy which would justify his policy of pert exasperation; and how he gradually perfected a theory which represented irritation as the only sesame to men's consciousness, and cold clear thinking as the weapon now most needed to cut us free from our pampering illusions, and which therefore laid on the man of genius as his deepest duty this thankless task of challenge and contempt. And we watched this adventitious creed drinking up vitality from his veins, dilating till at last it shut him in—trapped in a dense grove of ideas that slowly altered him until he matched them, as dungeon walls will do a captive. . . .

And now, as promised, we come to the climax which completes the cruel process with a clang. Those two consecutive lines of disablement and development are twisted together and welded abruptly; irony receives its iron crown. For we are now going to contemplate Mr. Shaw being compelled to proclaim and believe himself a dramatist, and, at the same time, by the self-same power and process, being carefully unfitted for the rôle.

## II.

The first half of this epitome, the way Shaw's early pose of rebel insolence placed him on a track which propelled him implacably towards play-writing, is easily traced by simply jotting down some dates. Recapitulate rapidly the early facts of his life in a straightforward string, and you see chronology creeping up to this crisis. In 1876, twenty years old, he crosses from Ireland to London, knowing more and thinking more of pictures and music than of anything else in the world. A couple of years later, entirely by accident, he hears a certain young Sidney Webb (exactly his own age) laying down the laws of life to an audience of awe-stricken adults; and resolves to become a platform speaker too. In pursuit of this fell purpose he permeates all the societies for scolding Society which were a feature of the London of that time, and by 1882 he has so out-woven Webb, has caught the trick of all-round truculence so perfectly, that even the most hardened and ferocious food-reformer,

dress-reformer, land-reformer, reform reformer, *et hoc genus omne*, will blench at the mention of his name. And in 1885, at the age of twenty-nine (perhaps feeling that this fearless independence had depended on his mother long enough), he is looking out for some settled job in journalism.

Now, what would you expect to happen? Naturally, he was made a musical critic. "I have never had a programme," he once said, "I simply took the job that was given me and did it the best way I could"; but in those days of alert editors a man who knew more about pictures and music than anything else in the world, and who had learned to express himself imperiously, was journalistically a dedicated soul. He

became art critic to *The World* in 1885, musical critic to the *Star* in 1888, and in 1895, following the course of nature, he was unhitched from the *Star* by Mr. Frank Harris and installed as dramatic critic to *The Saturday*.

The inevitability of all that is as evident as  $2 \times 2 = 4$ . What happens next has the same infernal neatness. It was a perfect repetition of his earlier innocent display among the societies and Socialists. He had taken rebelliousness more seriously than the rebels themselves, and played the part with an overpowering completeness. He now idolised the theatre in the same impulsive way, and was once more taken in by his own eloquence. For Shaw's besetting weakness is a certain stubborn pride of soul which cannot permit him to admit, even in a whisper to himself, that the cause he is engaged in is not crucial; and he now

reacted exactly as such a character could be counted on to react, with results distinctly startling to the stage. For no sooner had Mr Harris seen him settled in his stall than he sprang up declaring it a choir-stall in a cathedral. "The theatre," said he, "is a place where two or three are gathered together, with an apostolic succession as serious and as continuously inspired as that younger institution, the apostolic succession of the Christian Church." "The theatre," he said, "is as important as the Church was in the Middle Ages, and much more important than the Church in London now." It is "a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, an elucidator of conduct, an armoury against despair and dullness, and a temple of the Ascent of Man." Its plays were "identical with a church service as a combination of artistic ritual, profession of faith and



By Prince Paul Troubetzkoy.

**A plaster bust of Shaw, made in forty minutes.**

Reproduced by courtesy of the sculptor.  
From "George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Work," by Archibald Henderson (Hutchinson).

sermon"; and its players, to their own immense embarrassment were hailed as "hierophants of a cult as eternal and sacred as any professed religion in the world" Our Don Quixote, dear romantic was discomfiting the marionettes by taking them with unintended seriousness

The completion of the operation will be plain Mr Shaw may never persuade us that the theatre exerts a power equal to that which established Inquisitions and curdled Europe into Crusades and shot the great frozen fountains of Chartres and Rouen into mid sky but he quickly persuaded himself Just as his first intuition made his pride produce a theory which put the case for contentiousness so confoundingly convincingly that it enthusiastically endeared him to an attitude it was only intended to excuse so now his heated declarations of the supreme importance of the drama burgeoned out into corollaries so credible that he had to believe in them himself He became convinced that Drama was the thing best worth doing It was therefore the work worthiest of his powers He was already middle aged — but no matter In 1898 he stole away from his merc stall Before the end of the year he was known to the world as the author of *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*

### III

Nothing then, could be clearer than that Mr Shaw became a dramatist—not as a result of predilection—but simply because he was propelled into the part by circumstances Once one realises that one also sees the huge unlikelihood of him turning out the born dramatist he claimed to be and indeed it could easily be shown that even his power of conjuring up imaginary people in imaginary places and finding pretexts for theatrical

scenes between them" (on which he plumes himself in the Preface to *Plays Pleasant*) is much more the novelist's dramatic knack than the playwright's, that his mere sense of the physically dramatic, taking that alone, is far from being the true sense of the theatre But these initial native deficiencies wouldn't have mattered so much if it hadn't been for that other element the grim fact that the very circumstances which had made him a dramatist had simultaneously robbed him of his best right to be one Be one that is to say, in his own high sense of it a maker of works of art depicting the daily life of the world phials filled with essence of actuality. A man of his wit and force couldn't, of course, fail to contrive stage pieces with a good deal more pith and picturesqueness about them than the majority of plays turned out by the class of brains the stage deserves; but anything bigger anything adequate to his own definition he had already forfeited the faculty to produce He was tiebly disqualified—and the first of these three handicaps stares out at us so brazenly from the record of his life that the wonder is it never warned him off so plain is it indeed that it has visibly stamped itself into the framework of his house, making an ominous writing on the walls of his home 'They say What say they? Let them say These are the words (his biographer tells us) that Mr Shaw has had carved above the fireplace in his study They are sufficiently significant Admirable enough as the motto of a callow rebel the old contemptuous border battle-cry amounts to a surrender of his sword when heard on the lips of a dramatist For, being interpreted it really means that

I the underscated owner of this hygienic hearth, boast a deliberate lack of that imaginative sympathy which is the chief credential of the interpreter of character' And by sympathy, in this sense, one does not mean a slobbering pity for pity can be as partial as contempt By imaginative sympathy one simply means the jolly power of watching with a chuckling absorption and delight the doings of every sort and size of people and of this happy gift, if ever he had it, Shaw by now had been wholly dispossessed Sympathy is something hardly to be discerned in a man who has deliberately made disdain a working principle, who has learned to study human nature in the spirit of an opponent and whose idea of a generous passion has become a 'passion of hatred' for all the 'accursed middle class institutions that have starved, thwarted, misled and corrupted us from our cradles' *Tout comprendre cest tout pardonner* you cannot cut your enemy and know him too That is a sort of vivisection that is fruitless And Shaw really admitted his own incapacity for play-writing when he affirmed that the average audience was a set of soppy stupid, "part of them nine tenths chapel goers by temperament, and the remainder ten tenths blackguards" For the stage at its best is only a mirror held up before the face of the watching house The big play is composed of little playgoers it must comprehend them even when they don't comprehend it

That, then, is the first of Mr Shaw's three acquired deficiencies his socialism has made him unsociable: his confirmed habit of wiping somebody out, which he formed among the Fabians because it was so effective there, becomes here a disastrous obliteration of his



Photo by Hender & Grove

G. B. Shaw,  
at the age of 23.

Taken in Dublin, July 4, 1879  
From "George Bernard Shaw his Life and Work," by Archibald Henderson (Hutchinson)



Photo by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

From "Man of Mark," by Alvin Langdon Coburn. (Duckworth).

**George Bernard Shaw.**





model: he is like an archer (not William, though!) who has set up a target with care and then discovered it has used up all the wood meant for arrows. And now, on the top of it, driving it in further, comes acquired defect number two—one that limits still further his already narrowed range of subjects, and one that is all the more mischievous because it is masked by a quality that may have done much at the outset to convince him that drama was his line. All Shaw's early efforts as a writer were given, as we have seen, to the task of forming a medium of expression apt for physical utterance—a type of diction he could debate with and dictate with dogmatically, dealing it out from his hustings or stabbing it into his societies in successive sentences as pat and purposeful as neatly planted blows. Now, that meant good dialogue: and so, long before he had ever dreamt of turning dramatist, he had perfectly acquired the great trick which so many playwrights never do learn—the art of making all his words fit live lips and leap alertly off the tongue, as slick and natural as slang, fresh with the colours of actual intercourse. But whilst his platform-work thus taught him the acoustics of the stage and how to make his characters talk like human beings, it also confirmed him in a foible which reacted on those characters to make them human beings of one particular kind. For the essence of his own speeches had been their slitting, pelting, salience: it had been his work to resolve the old vague rumblings of oratory into a rattle of definite drops—and nothing, he found, sped a period so well as a core of cute meaning, self-contained. With the result that a crisp statement soon became essential to his sentences: he could no more begin to write one without an assertion to maintain it than a cabby could go a drive without a fare.

But though this confirmed inability to ask a question, or to suggest, or appeal, or submit, or discriminate, or qualify, or use art as a means of evocation, summoning a wisdom deeper than the artist knew he controlled although this limitation was an immense asset on a platform, it obviously became a fatal barrier to completeness when the habitual asserter set to work to write a play. For it meant that the stage-door of his theatre had to be shut in the faces of a throng of very necessary characters: all the dim folk and foggy folk, the puzzled and perturbed, the groping, hoping, helpless, humble, unassertive humans, who act by instinct instead of by reason and whose deeds speak so much more clearly than their words—all these he was compelled to turn away. He couldn't employ them—for he couldn't equip them with a part. His sympathies, we have seen, were already limited—but even if he were filled with a positive affection for such characters he couldn't take them on—no, not even to take them off; for although he understood them they did not understand themselves, and for people who don't know their own minds and can't communicate the knowledge clearly, Shaw has no form of speech that will do. He can write none but definite dialogue; and definite dialogue entails definite minds; and the result is that all the members of his cast seem members of one exclusive caste. *A specimen of the sensible highly educated young Englishwoman: prompt, strong, confident, self-possessed. . . . A man of cool temperament and low but clear and keen intelligence,*

*with the imperturbability of the accurate calculator who has no illusions. . . . A vigorous, genial, popular man of forty with a sound voice which he uses with the clean athletic articulation of the practised orator. . . . A dignified man, a born chairman of directors. . . . A strong man, with a watchful face. . . .* Pass them in parade, from Vivie Warren to Andrew Undershaft, and you find they have all had to be endowed with this rare faculty—a power of quick, precise and ruthless calculation and self-confidence, the necessary adjunct to the way they'll have to speak. Each has a ready point of view, bright and finished as a rapier; and the drama has to resolve itself into the ring and rattle of these weapons, the multiplex duel we get when they all unsheathe their points and prettily proceed to cross opinions. What fun it is, how exciting it can be, we all, to our happiness, well know. But we have to admit that the mirror misses much. It is odd to reflect that his democracy is the cause of this exclusiveness.

## IV

Yet if these are serious handicaps I fear the third is even heavier. It was bad enough to be compelled to insist on his *dramatis personæ* all coming clearly provided with opinions: but what was worse was the fact that the exigencies of platform work had compelled him to add a pack of neat opinions to his own equipment, and that his haste and his innocence and the highly peculiar circle of his friends made the pack in many ways a faked one. "*To be set too early,*" says Meredith, somewhere, "*is to take the work out of the hands of the Sculptor who fashions men. A character that does not wait for circumstances to shape it is of less worth in the race that must be run.*" Well, Shaw set too soon. The pressure of those early days of gleeful mutiny, the need for being dogmatic, precipitated his young ideas in a premature philosophy, to which ever since he has clung; and at the same time the material out of which he had to get his ideas, the personal experiences he turned into opinions, were quite unfairly lopsided, incomplete, artificial. The idiosyncrasy of his troupe he might to some extent have counter-balanced by picking their points of view with care and then arranging these so that they partly reproduced the pattern and poise of reality: but such ingenuity availed nothing whatever against the bias of his own point of view. He might (and he did) arrange his rapiers like spokes to look like a mimic Wheel of Life—but to no purpose, for the hub was out of truth. And it was out of truth because, quite literally, what he had taken as his centre was really eccentric, and what he had accepted in his innocence as a genuine axle was actually only a crank.

For remember, once more, where he was when he formed his views: remember the New Woman and "The Woman Who Did," and The Ibsen Society and rational dress, and the general, dank, indoor, snuffy, insincere atmosphere of devotees and defiance in which he formed his first impressions and made one. It was suburban in the worst sense—under the Town, shut in and overshadowed by its mass. "I am a typical Irishman," he once said, "my family came from Yorkshire." Actually, he is a typical Cockney: he came from the country before he had learned that Middlesex wasn't the middle; and what he ought to have said was: "I am a true Metropolitan: my views are so

very provincial." Shut up in one pigeon-hole, he felt he was surveying the whole room; he took it for granted that the highly specialised existence he shared was a fair sample of reality: he got his ideas of human society from the members of his societies; and innocently accepted the New Woman as woman. He knew nothing of the working north, nothing of pastoral England, nothing even of the genuine suburbs or the actual provinces, or the places where life does expand with some serenity, repeating its comeliest delights. Morris had had Kelmscott to use as a base, his grey manor with its immemorial beauties was his hub; and when he looked out from it he realised that Shaw's little London was a mere dirty splash on one of the spokes. But though Shaw took a Hertfordshire house many years later, and though a healthy Hibernian longing for the open has no doubt always been mixed with his motives, yet he never let that longing take him to his true kingdom; and his work has been far more a product of indoor dilettantism than that of Mr. Henry James. For Mr. James has travelled tirelessly, shedding old shibboleths and learning the non-existence of horizons; whereas Shaw has always remained complacently satisfied that his early contact with life was remarkably complete. He is constantly pluming himself in the breadth of his experience: "Like a greengrocer and unlike a minor poet, I have lived instead of dreaming and feeding myself with artistic confectionery." "Three times every week I could escape from artistic and literary stuff and talk seriously on serious subjects with serious people. For this reason—because I persisted in Socialist propaganda—I never once lost touch with the real world." So does he point proudly to the bars of his prison and boast of how they keep reality before him. He honestly believed that a brisk debate with Mr. Belfort Bax brought him very near to the simple heart of human nature. He felt that he understood the democracy because he knew so many democrats.

It was as a Fabian Meeting multiplied, then, that Shaw first beheld the race of man; and his views of life were largely formed to fit this fascinating vision. Let me give one example of the way he generalised, of the way he accepted a suburban experience as a symbolical episode and framed a law on the strength of it which he promptly applied to the rest of creation. Let it be his theory of the relation of the sexes—of woman as the huntress and man as the prey. It reappears constantly, for it is one of the several steel-yard rules which he can handle easier than golden ones; but its first appearance is in "The Philanderer." Now we have the assurance of Mr. Shaw's biographer that "'The Philanderer' exhibits an attitude towards women induced in Shaw by unpleasant personal relations with women prior to the time at which

the play was written. . . . The first act is a more or less accurate replica of a scene in Mr. Shaw's own life." There you have it! The core of "Man and Superman" is simply a twisted point of view manufactured out of the shoddy and unreliable material circumstances brought him when he had to take what he got to make opinions. Not all the adroitness in Ireland could overcome that initial drawback. He may declare that "Ann is Everywoman" as loudly as he will, and swear that her "demonstration, that the initiative in sex transactions remains with women," is a piece of pure impartial drama, the result of "a creative process over which I have no control." We know better. Falsified from the commencement, the piece had to be a fantasy. It is one of the most delightful variety entertainments ever witnessed on the stage, but it holds no mirror up to life. What it reflects is an impatient youth of genius being impeded by a pack of spinsters who can't spin, the female intellectuals peculiar to a little patch of London (and a patch which has by now been ploughed and broken), and deciding that his predicament must be typical of Everyman's, that he has discovered a Universal Law which nobody before him has had the honesty to announce. . . .

#### V.

Then his plays are an imposture? Pardon me; I never said so: What I say indeed is that he has acted with perfect sincerity, that all the errors in the result must be attributed to our time. It is because they are not a fair indictment that they do become a grave one;—But then, on the other hand, it is when we realise their vices that we discover his true virtues. For the fine thing is this—and this the only use of critics' efforts—that once the limitations of the plays are realised they cease to possess any; once you see that Shaw has done the best he could for us under the circumstances, then his effort is seen in relation to those circumstances and its errors instinctively allowed for. Recognise that a passion for purity, gentleness, truth, justice and beauty is the force at the base of all his teaching, and you will find his message one of the most tonic of our time. Realise further how he has limited himself by the philosophy he has expounded, and you will escape all danger of being hurt by its deficiencies. And instead of the irritation, the bewilderment, or (what was worse) the priggish complacency with which you regarded them, you find yourself turning to them with sympathy, with comradeship and eager friendliness, able to use all their strong medicine without being embittered by the taste. It is only when you regard them, in short (and this is the summary of the whole irony), it is only when you regard them with the very sympathy they doggedly deride that you receive the help which they hunger to offer.

## New Books.

### THE SECOND ROOM.\*

It is thirty-one years since Anthony Trollope passed away, in his sixty-eighth year, and during that period the only book that has given us any information about him is his "Autobiography," which was published a year after

\* "Anthony Trollope: His Work, Associates, and Originals." By T. H. S. Escott. 12s 6d. net. (John Lane.)

his death. That no one, in these days when biographies and volumes of reminiscences stream from the printing presses, has thought fit to write of Trollope the man, can be explained only by the supposition that no one thought the reading public interested in the novelist. For many years after the decease of Trollope this undoubtedly was the case, but in recent years there has been a marked revival of interest. Sir Leslie Stephen, Mr. Frederic



Anthony Trollope.

From a drawing by Samuel Laurence, in the possession of Mrs. Anthony Trollope.  
From "Anthony Trollope," by F. H. S. Escott (John Lane).

Harrison, and Mr. Escott were always loud in praise of Trollope, even in the period of his temporary eclipse—an eclipse due probably in great part to the fact that he was overshadowed by his great contemporaries, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot, who, not only by their work, but also by their personality, bulked more largely in the public eye.

Admirer as I am of Trollope, I cannot claim for him a place among the most gigantic of literary giants. It were heresy to name him in the same breath with Fielding, Thackeray, and Jane Austen; nevertheless he has his claims, distinct, undoubted claims, to a comfortable niche in the Valhalla of letters. Dickens was the novelist of the lower classes of the Victorian era, Thackeray of the upper classes. It may be urged that Trollope was the portrait-painter of the middle classes. Mr. Herman Merivale, criticising Trollope's rather unsympathetic monograph on Thackeray, pointed out that the lesser man resented the master's want of method in his writings, and said rebukingly, "Such admirable work is often done by the unmethodical." Now, Trollope was, above all things, methodical. He wrote regularly and steadily, and had the utmost contempt for the writer who waited for "inspiration." "To me," he said, "it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting. If the man whose business it is to write has eaten too many good things, or has drunk too much, or has smoked too many cigars—as men who write will sometimes do—then his condition may be unfavourable for work; but so will be the condition of a shoemaker who has been similarly imprudent. I have sometimes thought that the inspiration wanted has been the remedy which time will give to the evil results of such imprudence. *Mens sana in corpore sano*. The author wants that as does every other workman—that's a habit of industry. I was once told that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe in the cobbler's wax much more than in the inspiration." Trollope was severe on those whose methods were not his. He could—and did—

write three thousand words in three hours before breakfast. Therefore, every author should write three thousand words in three hours before breakfast. To do so was virtue, not to do so vice. Nevertheless, we may supplement Mr. Merivale's dictum, by saying, Such admirable work is often done by the methodical. After all, it is merely a question of temperament. Thackeray was by nature indolent—he required the spur before he could work; Trollope was by nature industrious.

At his best Trollope was splendid, and he was often at his best. The Barsetshire Novels are magnificent, and contain an extensive portrait-gallery which few authors would disdain to have created. For my part, I have always regarded as Trollope's greatest creation, Josiah Crawley, Vicar of Hoggstock. Not a pleasant fellow, Crawley, for acute poverty had roused in him a bitter, stern, unbending pride, that apparently nothing could subdue. But his wife falls ill, and at last sweet Lucy Robarts forces her way into his house, and nurses and tends her. Then, when illness has been vanquished, the man's noble nature conquers him, and he speaks, as some fine old patriarch might have done: "May God Almighty bless you, Miss Robarts. You have brought sunshine into this house, even in the time of sickness when there was no sunshine; and He will bless you. You have been the Good Samaritan, binding up the wounds of the afflicted, pouring in oil and balm. To the mother of my children you have given life, and to me you have brought life, and comfort, and good words—making my spirit glad within me as it has not been gladdened before. All this hath come of charity, which vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up. Faith and Hope are beautiful, but Charity exceedeth them all." So far as I am concerned, the man who could work up to that scene, and then write it, may indite his books regularly or unsteadily. I am content with the result.

Mr. Escott's admirable work, based upon information given to him by the novelist, will probably revive interest in Trollope. It is an admirable record of the life of the author of the Barsetshire Novels.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

## THE BAEDEKER OF CONSTITUTIONS.\*

A volume by the gifted President of the most logical republic in the world bids fair to be not only a guide but a philosopher and friend. We should expect to track a maze, however intricate, by a clue at once simple and surprising. That expectation, however, is hardly realised in a volume so small compared with the subject. Moreover, the style suffers (as it will be seen that the French system has suffered also) from a combination of dissimilars. It allies lecture to melodrama. No sooner has the professor, so to speak, raised his finger, than the showman invites us to come in and admire his moving pictures—of senate, or chamber, or law courts, or the rest. The result is something between the primer and the platform. We are guided through a foreign town with a synopsis of history, a map of the surroundings, and asterisks, as it were, for the best hotels. In a word, we are tourists, and M. Poincaré is the Baedeker of Constitutions.

The crux of latter-day France is, in truth, a conflict, veiled or prominent, between the genius for centralisation, which under every régime has always distinguished France, and the orgied issues of the Revolution. Unity has overpowered individuality, and "equality" has served as mediocrity's excuse. The theoretical logic which the Revolutionists worshipped under the name of Reason has swamped, or tended to swamp, the logic of action—of effective government. The result is more and more of a machine, less and less of an organism. To make the

\* "How France is Governed." By Raymond Poincaré, of the French Academy and President of the Republic. Translated by Bernard Miall. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin). Leipzig: Inselstrasse 20.

machine more organic, more national, may well prove to be the mission of M. Poincaré himself, who has already inspired his countrymen.

The real aim of France remains the same, whether now, under Louis XIV., the Revolution, the Restoration, or the Third Empire. It is, to repeat the Revolutionist phrase, "National Sovereignty." But constantly this national sovereignty has been confused with popular sovereignty, with Demos crudely predominant. Theory rhapsodises over this automaton of a Demos, and Victor Hugo could even exclaim that whenever the universal suffragist votes, the whole National France votes with him. But facts have put a less rosy and more prosy complexion on the admirably constructed, if constantly changed, wax-work. The local and sectional have abounded. And now French nationalism revives, not because of, but despite, the constitutional logic. A country of great traditions wearied of bureaucratic officialdom and yearns to reconcile real initiative with trim government, and to enlarge its career beyond the bounds of a glorified Bumble. In France, which from 1789 to 1884 has tried every electoral and mechanical experiment and expedient, the President himself has less power than influence, and little direct responsibility. The Republic, a "burnt child" always on guard against any recurrence of over-individuality, has favoured stagnation under a system that preaches what it fails to practice, which is at once doctrinaire and meddling.

It has been trenchantly observed of the French Constitution, or rather of the series of constitutions that settled down in 1884, that never was there such a complicated pagoda for so diminutive a god. It is indeed a paper pattern which the human spirit wears impatiently, a pattern over-machined. One "scrutiny" after another, delegations, all the mechanical monotonies of arrangement after arrangement—each, as it were, a fresh note to some difficult passage in a revised edition fail to secure any living representation. Indeed, the old "Estates," under kings who truly unified the nation, would appear far more really representative.

The French love of symmetry—their *savoir voir*—has been suffered to overwhelm their instinctive *savoir-faire*, and so too often the end has been obscured by the means. There is not enough vent for individual expression and self-reliance. There is too little leadership. But there are qualities in these defects of rigidity, and Trade Unionism, which was only sanctioned since 1884, can be stopped in its excesses. So again a ministry's resignation can be compelled. But on the whole an oligarchy—in the name of electoral majorities—rules without being able to govern. It is the old story. All the talk about "will of the people" only ends in the will of *other* people. The fact that the constitutional law of August 1884 forbids any revision of the Republican scheme—ever so keenly as the country might demand it—is one proof among many of this axiom.

That is the way with theories. M. Poincaré reminds us that the "Sovereignty" is "one and indivisible," according to the text of the Declaration of Rights, and from this he infers that "a group of citizens cannot . . . impose an imperative mandate on a representative." A few pages further, however, we read, in the capital translation, about the arrondissement-scrutiny, that it makes it easier for the electors "to supervise the execution of their mandate." And, contrasting this with the list-scrutiny in an election "by department," M. Poincaré himself deplures that the former tends to make the representative "see the interests of the country in too fragmentary a fashion." This is what comes of over-mechanism, disencouraging growth and super-stimulating regulation. He cites M. Foullys "Not being able to weigh heads, we must count them," the very dogma that provoked our Burke's finest indignation. What is this but to exalt wants above wisdom, and to deify the mob which its idolisers are ever the first to mutilate? It might have been perhaps more apposite to have cited a passage in a letter of M. Taine's which says: "Under the name of sovereignty of the people we possess an excessive centralisation, the intervention of the State in private life, a system of universal bureaucracy, with all its consequences.

Centralisation and universal suffrage—these are the two main characteristics of contemporary France, and they have given it an organisation which is both apoplectic and anæmic." Yet inherently the French are as conservative in habits as they are state-democrats in idea. But alas! they are tied and bound to the "State." Mr. Morton Fullerton, who quotes this passage, points out that of some eight million voters in France to-day, at least nine hundred thousand are employed by the State. Which things are an allegory for ourselves.

What I have ventured to term the melodramatic side of this suggestive, if sometimes superficial, book, is not without bathos. In describing the election of a President at Versailles, after bidding us to "enter the vast courtyard separated from the Place D'Armes by a golden grille," after recalling the marble reminders of historical giants, after asking us to "pass beneath the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. and advance towards the Stairs of the Princes," before, too, his picture of the tribune and the urn and the "usher with a silver chain" and "sonorous voice," he beckons us to "mount the three steps which precede the door on the left and enter. Here is a gallery of cloak-rooms. It is here that the Senators and Deputies hang up their hats and overcoats." Shade of the "Grand Monarque"! But, as in the case of Democracy itself, there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Let us be careful lest one day we trip over it.

WALTER SCHILL.

### MAGNIFICENT MARKSMANSHIP.

"Men of Mark" is the title of Mr. Coburn's new book of photographs\*—but the title is not Mr. Coburn's. His idea was "Men of Genus." But "No, no!" cried Mr. Arnold Bennett, all ablush, when asked to permit his own portrait to appear, "I am not a Man of Genus; I am a mere working author, I can't possibly come in unless you call your gathering something milder such as—well—let me see—why, Men of Mark." The neat name fits it to perfection. It's as good as "The Regent" for a theatre; the Card has trumped another trick. "Marked Men, by A Marksman"—it suggests associations such as that; and that is wholly right and apt and as it should be. For one of the great joys of the achievement, the plot that links the pictures all together, is the thought of this tenacious young American stalking our great men one by one—running them to earth, winning their confidence, overcoming their scruples and qualms—until at length they succumb to the extent of actually aiding him in the operation that will put him in possession of their heads. Less than ten years ago, newly out of his teens (but with a Latin Quarter beard that added lustres), Coburn landed on our shores armed with a camera like a packing-case and a careful list of all our best and brightest men. And ever since then he has been working down that list, until to-day every name on it is ticked, and he offers us his trophies, dished up from all his plates; three-and-thirty heads on one tremendous charger; a dish fit to set before a Book-club king.

Thirty-three; and of these at least one, Mr. George Moore, had never been photographed before; whilst another (George Meredith), hated cameras worse than motor-cars and plainly told Coburn, when the latter advanced against Box Hill, that he was determined never to be taken alive. Then what made them capitulate? Mr. Coburn's Preface partly explains: quaint, artless, cute, innocent, egoistic, modest, charming—when it comes to the confession "I make friends very easily," the reader feels he understands the reason why. But it is not until he turns from these opening pages to the wordless ones that follow, that the full force of Coburn's pull is explained. Personal

\* "Men of Mark" By Alvin Langdon Coburn. A Series of 33 Photographic Portraits of Eminent Authors and Artists. £1 5s. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

artlessness is very engaging—but what turned all these engagements into victories was the fact that Coburn was an immensely cunning artist. When he started out to capture Meredith it was with "some prints under my arm and a song in my heart," and without at all meaning to question the sweetness of the song, we are certain that it was the prints that did the trick. His work is really astonishingly beautiful. To the layman there seem, broadly, to be two sorts of photographs. Coburn's; and the other kinds. The difference has often been accounted for technically, in terms of special processes and what not; but probably Coburn's only special process is a psychological one. We have our born violinists; why not a born photographer? a man who expresses himself most easily in Photography's three-ply alphabet of natural objects, novel patterns, and new tones? That seems this man's way. His opinions and impressions, not of the sensuous world only, spontaneously find their perfect equivalents among the shifting combinations of his craft.

And they *are* all decided: that is one thing worth vouching for, there is no cheap mystery of muzziness; from Shaw to Matisse, every face shines firm and clear; yet within the daylight limits thus left he has found room for the expression of subtleties; out of the blend of the angle of the head with the direction of the lighting with the gradation of the gloom with the particular expression sought and caught, some special new happiness of poetry and criticism seems in practically every case to have been born. It was an obvious thought, perhaps, which posed Mr.

Henry James judiciously (looking, by the way, astonishingly like Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree); but who could have reasonably foretold that by getting Max Beerbohm in a corner, in the attitude of a man saying "Advance another step and I will ring for the police," Mr. Coburn would manage to extort a complete confession of the secrets of that perfect master's gold-point style? Mr. Coburn mentions that he is a deep admirer of Mr. George Moore's prose—and indeed his own writing sometimes has the Moorish naiveté. I suggest that when next he needs a title he might do worse than "Confessions To a Young Man."

D. S.

## THE ENGLISH NOVEL.\*

Amiel, in his *Journal Intime*, remarks on a history of poetry which he has just read: "It is a good thing to take these rapid surveys; the shifting point of view gives a perpetual freshness to the subject and to the ideas presented—a literary experience which is always pleasant and bracing. For one of my temperament, this philosophic and morphological mode of embracing and expounding literary history has a strong attraction." This is the kind of pleasure, and the kind of profit, which the reader will find in Professor Saintsbury's rapid survey of the English novel. Its rapidity, however, is in the exigencies of treatment only, the book is the fruit of a life time of novel-reading in which, apart from twenty-two years of weekly

and almost daily reviewing of fiction, Professor Saintsbury has travelled the long highway of English fiction from Beowulf and the Arthurian romances downwards. The stones of the fabric he knows intimately as a matter of course, but in these pages we are stimulated and interested by his equal familiarity with the rubble, to all of which he imparts an organic interest. In this vein his account, for example, of "Emilia Wyndham," a request for which at Audie's would probably send surprise round the lending counter. Yet Mrs. Marsh-Caldwell's novel, which was published in 1845 (the year of "Vanity Fair"), would repay a reading as being, in Professor Saintsbury's opinion, the most visible "meeting and overlapping place of the old and

the new novel." He cheerfully exposes its absurdities of plot, its conventionalisms, and its gasiness, but in this almost unread novel we shall find

"things very rarely to be found in any novel—even taking in Bulwer and the serious part of Dickens—up to the date. The scene between Danby and his mother, in the pretty house in Charlotte Street, when she discovers that he has been giving a hundred-pound cheque to a young lady is impressingly good. It is not absolutely unsuggestive of what Thackeray was just doing, and really not far from what Trollope was not for some years to do. There are other passages which make one think of George Eliot, who, indeed, might have been writing at the very time; there are even faint and fluttering suggestions of Ibsen's 'duty to ourselves.'"

\* "The English Novel." By George Saintsbury. (Dent)

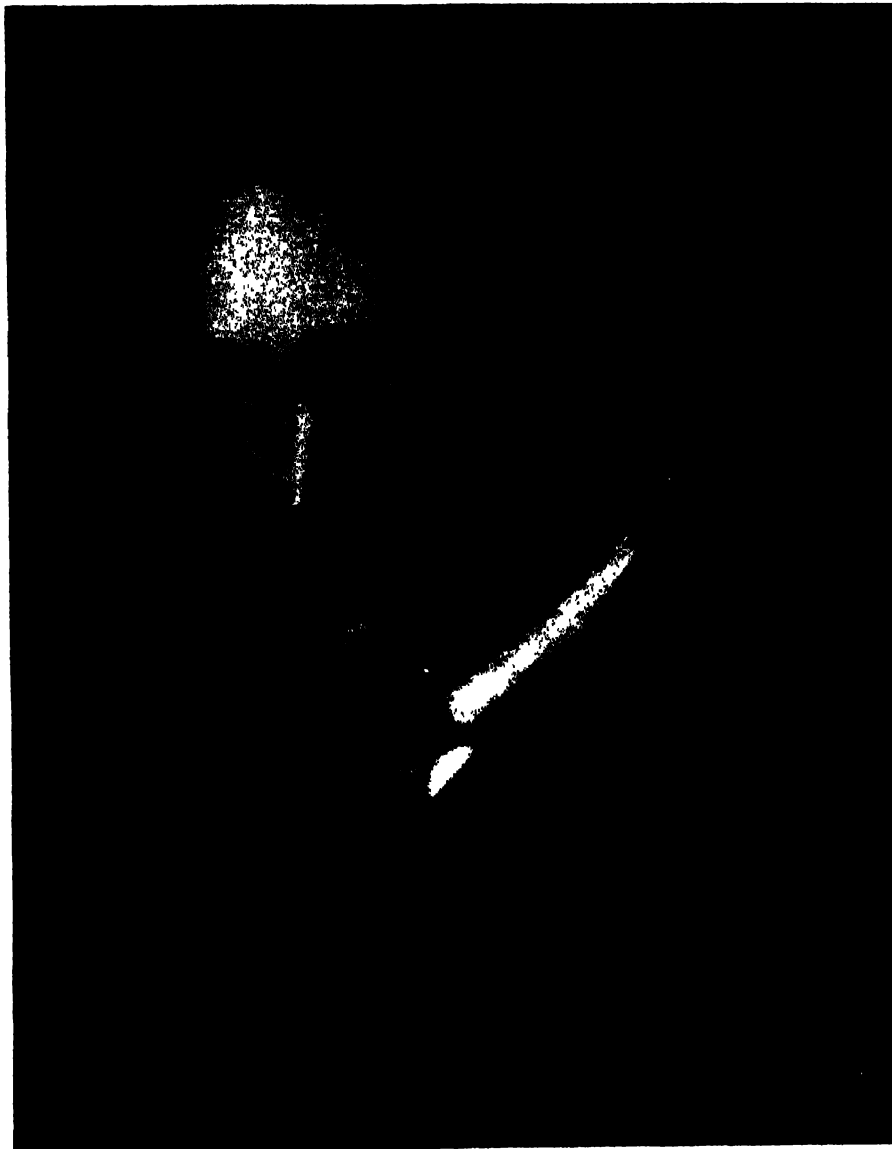


Photo by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

From "Men of Mark," by Alvin Langdon Coburn (Duckworth).

Granville Barker.

In such glimpses and provocations Professor Saintsbury's pages abound. Of Frances Sheridan's "Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph" (1761) we may not have forgotten that Dr. Johnson questioned with the author, "whether she had a right, on moral principles, to make her readers suffer so much," but here we learn the nature of the heroine's ill-luck. Miss Austen's satire, in "Northanger Abbey," of the cheaply lurid imitations of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances is localised and illuminated by descriptive reference to some of these amazing works. It is here, by the way, that we find Sarah Green, a moralist of 1810, asking her contemporaries—"as has been asked about a hundred years later and was asked about a hundred years before"—"Is it not amazing that the most licentious writers of romance are women?"

But Professor Saintsbury's illustrations and citations never clog his argument, which is devoted to tracing the English novel from its sources in romance, and through its thin Elizabethan streams, until, variously deepened and freshened by Addison, Swift, and Defoe, it became strong and full in Richardson. Although Richardson's fatherhood of the English novel is a commonplace, Professor Saintsbury startles us by his reminder that the creation of the modern novel by the painter of Salisbury Court took place literally not more than two long lifetimes ago. "It is quite certain that there are now living hundreds, perhaps thousands, of persons born when others were still living who drew their first breaths in or before the year when Pamela made her modest, but very distinctly self-conscious, curtsy to the world." For before Richardson we see not the development of the novel but the development, separately, of its elements. If, before Richardson, our literature produced anything that approaches a full-bodied novel, Professor Saintsbury would unhesitatingly identify it as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," to which he devotes several most suggestive pages. It has plot, character, description, and dialogue—pioneer dialogue. Before Bunyan, lively and life-like conversation is to seek. "Bunyan can do it as few have done it even since his time."

To follow the growth of the novel, as observed and illuminated here, were a vain endeavour. The chapter on Scott and Miss Austen to jump forward is perhaps the finest, as it is the least encumbered, in the volume. Professor Saintsbury corrects the too summary idea of Scott, now more established than ever, that he was an historical novelist only, and quotes with approval the remark of an acute French critic who said that there are many so-called "philosophical" novels which contain less keen psychology than Scott's.

The professed "Dickensian" will have to digest the following:—

"If you say that he (Dickens) cannot draw a gentleman, you are told that you are a parrot and a snob, who repeats what other snobs have told you; that gentlemen are not worth drawing; that he *can* draw them; and so forth. If you suggest that he is fantastic, it is reproachfully asked if poetry is not fantastic, and if you do not like poetry? If you intimate small affection for Little Nell and Little Paul, you are a brute; if you hint that his social crusades were often quite irrational, and sometimes at least as mischievous as they were beneficial, you are a parasite of aristocracy and a foe of 'the people.' If you take exception to his repetitions, his mannerisms, his tedious catch-processes of various kinds, you are a 'stop-watch critic' and worthy of all the generous wrath of the exemplary and Reverend Mr. Yorick. And yet all these assertions, objections, descriptions, are arch-true; and they can be made by persons who know Dickens and enjoy Dickens a thousand times better—who admire him in a manner a thousand times more really complimentary—than the folk who simply cry 'Great is Dickens,' and will listen to nothing but their own sweet voices."

Ardent Meredithians, also, have to deal with a critic who can fully appreciate Meredith's genius, but has no stomach for inner circles and cults. It is the first duty of a novelist to "enlist, absorb, and delight," to "let himself be read," and he finds Meredith wanting here, now and evermore: a case of genius, marred, "perhaps, by unfortunate education, certainly by undue egotism, by a certain Celtic *lapage*, and by a too painful and elaborate endeavour to be unlike other people."

It is curious to contrast the immense novel-reading public with the small number of those who are likely to read and study this survey of the English novel. Professor Saintsbury remarks that, for a vast number of people, "reading" simply means reading novels. He might have added that for a large proportion of these it means reading novels at the choice and recommendation of circulating library clerks, who well know that they can conserve the best novels, and their own energy, by the simple device of placing a row of second-rate volumes on the lending counter. This is lamentable, but, when all is said, criticism has not that authority in the field of fiction which it may claim elsewhere. If a man tells me he cannot read Milton I am compelled to doubt his intelligent love of poetry. If he does not relish Boswell's "Johnson," I am forced into an unfavourable opinion of his mentality. But if he tells me that he cannot abide Dickens, or Meredith, or does not want to read Smollett again, I can ask him to sit down and swap repugnances. All the more, on account of this sway of the personal equation, this haunting of fiction by Dr. Fell, is an organised and erudite survey of the English Novel welcome and corrective: this Professor Saintsbury has given us.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

### A NIETZSCHE BEFORE THE FACT.\*

This is a very welcome book, something of a revelation, something indeed of a portent. Whether we agree with its conclusions or not, it cannot but be read with stimulation, with searching of heart. Count Arthur de Gobineau was a Nietzschean before Nietzsche, an aristocrat of aristocrats, heretical to the democracy, of which he was the servant, heretical after the fashion of the grand heretics of the Renaissance, of whom we get so superb a revelation in the immense drama that gives its title to this volume.

Of this drama I shall here say but little, confining myself to an attempt, indirectly, to whet the appetite of the reader for his writings by rousing interest in the man and his philosophy, and confessing that, though the pen is the pen of the reviewer, the matter is boldly "lifted" from, is indeed in many cases the very text, of the able editor.

"Count Gobineau," rightly says Dr. Levy, "was one of those men, who, like mighty rocks, are only now beginning to appear above the receding waters of the nineteenth century"; one who in his day was regarded as a dreamer, but was in reality one of those rare men of robust and healthy imagination, those prophets and seers who are born before their time, and are unrecognized as such by their contemporaries; one of those columns of granite "upon which you of the New Age" (these are again Dr. Levy's words) "shall henceforth build, *must* build, for they alone, and not the pebbles and the sands which your forefathers thought eternal, will offer you a fitting and lasting foundation for the Palace of the Future." Fated to be a politician, and serving under de Tocqueville, that profound believer in democracies, at heart Gobineau was that apparent contradiction, a reactionary, a dreamer, and yet a man of far-reaching ideas; farsighted beyond his master, whose politics would be forgotten when his pupil's prophecies would find themselves being fulfilled. For empires vanish, but thought is immortal. He was a man, if not destined to give new blood and new beliefs to the future, destined at least to make some of us pause and think whether latter-day thought may not perhaps be leading to the everlasting bonfire, whether what we call progress may not in the end prove retrogression.

Not a mere man of letters, but a gentleman of letters, he perhaps owes the lateness of his recognition in France and England (in Germany this Frenchman is a god) to the fact that he was not given to talking overmuch of his printed offspring, by which now he stands to be judged.

\* "The Renaissance [Savonarola—Cesare Borgia—Julius II.—Leo X.—Michael Angelo]." By Arthur, Count Gobineau. English Edition edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. Illustrated. 10s. net (Heinemann.)



seared in the midst of the battle which was being waged between the spiritualistic and materialistic schools of the day—the spiritualistic which considered everybody perfectible, and possibly equal to everyone else, and the materialistic, which regarded human beings as creatures of chance and environment—he had the courage to declare, in opposition to them both, that the environment scarcely mattered, that the “eternal truth”—equality—was an impotent assumption, and that everything depended upon the blood, upon the race, coming to the same conclusion as Disraeli was independently coming to—that “All is race, there is no other truth.”

For Gobineau had noticed fifty years ago what many cultured people are only now beginning to suspect—that our moral values, the values of Democracy and Socialism, even of Liberalism and Christianity, may be leading to the survival of a type of man who, if he has any right to survive, ought only to survive on an inferior plane. Let him speak for himself. “If a nation goes down,” he says, “the reason is that its blood, the race itself, is deteriorating. Now, there has only been one race that was able to create a civilization, because it alone possessed the element of order and a certain healthy imagination, and that was the white race—the Aryans,” about which, by the way, new and marvellous discoveries are but now being made in Asia. To show how refreshing a whole-hogger he is, let me quote from his essay on the Inequality of the Human Races:

“If,” he says, “there had only been Aryans on earth, humanity would have been easily and for ever perfectible. . . . But the Aryan blood, again and again rejuvenating inferior peoples, has finally exhausted itself. There is consequently nothing left in the world but half castes, cowardly and impotent people, ready to adapt themselves to any law and any master, and not minding the loss of their personality because they do not happen to possess one.”

What, then, is his solution of the difficulty, his gospel, his way out of the *impasse*? His answer is unmistakable, though perhaps hopeless—the Nietzschean doctrine that the world must be saved and governed by the few supermen who have persisted through the purity of their blood, and not by the mob of superficial men; that the *vox populi* is not the *vox Dei*; that union, the panacea of the weak, the gospel of the democrat, is a confession of incapability; that “the great flourishing epochs of Humanity were those when the incompetent did not crawl upon the steps of power”; that character is the thing that will tell, and that the world will only be saved by the noble men, the giants, who, realising their obligations, work out themselves, raise themselves to the highest power of good, subdue what is evil in them, stifle, or at least shelve, their worst instincts, and seize the sceptre which is being filched from them, to the destruction of Humanity, by the motley tribe of vainglorious babblers and “detestable imitations of universal degeneration.”

I have tried, inadequately enough in the short space at my command, to give some idea of the Gobineau philosophy, not by way of commendation, but by way of sending the reader to a book which no one can read without the liveliest interest, whether such interest stimulate him to antagonism or conversion. I have confined myself to a general dissertation upon the author's doctrines rather than the specific work, “The Renaissance,” of which we have here no excellent a translation, because the latter will speak for itself better than ever I can speak for it, once the reader

has been induced by interest in the man to study his writings. I can only add that this is a volume of serious import, worth reading from cover to cover, a book which even a jaded reviewer closes with a sigh of regret that he has not got to read it all over again.

G. S. LAYARD.

## THE INQUISITION AND TORQUEMADA.\*

A more fitting title for this large volume would have been “The Inquisition and Torquemada,” because the book is chiefly an account of the rise and doings of the Inquisition, and despite Mr. Sabatini's praiseworthy and scholarly endeavour to give a living picture of Torquemada he remains abstract and shadowy. To a certain extent this is admitted by Mr. Sabatini when he says that the history of Torquemada is not so much the history of a man as of an abstract genius presiding over a gigantic and cruel engine of his own perfecting. In regard to that engine there are grim and full particulars which make it hard to bear constantly in mind the singleness of Torquemada's purpose and the fact that even the most ghastly of his devices were, in his opinion, brought to bear solely that good might be done. Descriptions of such tortures as were most popular with Torquemada and his men are, of course, not new; but Mr. Sabatini is a vitalising writer with a sharp dramatic sense; and he succeeds in giving new horror even to an account of that well-known awful engine the *potro* or water-torture. We read how the patient was placed head downwards on a sloping ladder, how his mouth was distended by a piece of iron, and how a long strip of linen was placed across his jaws and carried deep into his throat by the weight of water poured into his gaping mouth. As this water filtered through the cloth, the patient was subjected to all the torments of suffocation. In his struggles a little air did pass into his bursting lungs—just enough to keep him alive and conscious, but not enough to mitigate the horrible sufferings of asphyxiation, for the cloth was always wet and charged with water. Mention is also made of the torture by fire—which consisted in toasting the feet of the patient after anointing them with fat—and of victims who were made to stand with one hand nailed to an arm of a St. Andrew's Cross

\* “Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition: A History.” By Rafael Sabatini. Illustrated. 16s net. (Stanley Paul.)



Photo by Donald Macbeth.

Procession to Auto Da Fé.

From Limborch's “Historia Inquisitionis.”  
From “Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition” (Stanley Paul)

whilst sentence of death was being read to them. "As a rule, however," writes Mr. Sabatini, "both in torturing and punishing, the inquisitors avoided novelties." For "the question" they usually resorted to one of three methods—the rack, the hoist, or the water-ladder.

Typical cases tried by the Inquisition are given, and emphasis is laid on the part played by Torquemada himself. Now and again we get glimpses of the real man, but there is no telling human portrait. On certain points though, Mr. Sabatini is justifiably firm; as for instance when he tells us that whatever Torquemada's faults may have been he was perfectly consistent in them, just as he was perfectly, terribly sincere. He amassed great wealth from the confiscations that fell to his share, but that he practised his preached contempt for worldly riches seems beyond doubt. Mr. Sabatini's laborious researches do not discover that any of the wealth that accrued to Torquemada was put to any worldly uses or went in any way to benefit any member of his family. The case of his sister is cited (but obviously not as conclusive evidence) he refused to dower the lady suitably, allowing her no more than the pittance necessary to enable her to enter a convent. Torquemada himself followed a stern path of asceticism. He never ate meat, his bed was a plank, his flesh never knew the contact of linen, his garments were the white woollen habit and the black mantle of the Dominican. Dignities he might have had, but he disclaimed them. He devoted his riches entirely to what he considered to be the honour and glory of the religion which he served with such terrible zeal.

Torquemada breathed his last in his beautiful monastery of St. Thomas at Avila. "He passed away in peace," writes his dispassionate historian, "laying down the burden of life and sinking to sleep with the relief and thankfulness of the husbandman at the end of a day of diligent, arduous and conscientious toil. His honesty of purpose, his integrity, his utter devotion to the task he had taken up, are to be weighed in the balance of historic judgment against the evil that he wrought so ardently in the unflinching conviction that his work was good."

Torquemada's name has been execrated and revered at once. He has been vituperated as a fiend of cruelty, and all but worshipped as a saint. "There is bias in both judgments," concludes Mr. Sabatini "both are no better than gratifications of prejudice."

DAVID HODGE.

### THAT COMEDY CALLED HISTORY.\*

Dr. Dryasdust should certainly have nothing to do with the writing of history, which is far less an affair of dates, archives, and royal crownings than a comedy which sometimes soars into tragedy and frequently degenerates into farce. It has been a masque and a harlequinade, it has been many sorts of antics; it has sometimes even been dignified and serious. In these "Sidelights" Lady Blennerhassett has made study of certain picturesque aspects of human circumstance on this mad and amazing planet. She begins with the Siege of Paris by Henri Quatre in 1590, when the starvation of the people (poor wretches, they were between the devil and the deep water, the priests and the besiegers!) was such that children were chased, killed and eaten, rats and cats were devoured until none remained, and the makers of bread even endeavoured to grind the bones of the buried dead into powder for flour; and then proceeds to turn the historical kaleidoscope.

She gives us a passing study of Napoleon, emphasizing the importance of his Italian origin, his all-prevailing energy, his courage and infinite resource, his extraordinary kindness to his relatives. We have a sympathetic picture of Joshua Reynolds—there is nothing of Rossetti's "Sir Sloppity" about this portrait—uplifting the standard of art during a period of sluggishness, and with splendid

industry portraying on canvas hundreds of the leading men and women of his time. With Marco Minghetti we are reminded of the war for the liberation of Italy and its unification—that unification which Cobden prophesied could never be realised. Oh, why did Richard Cobden ever prophesy; the non-fulfilment of his predictions has caused much dust of words to be showered on his devoted head! But of such is the amusement of history. Statesmen prophesy; and the gods rejoice. A consideration of Spanish literature and its influence on Europe—here is surely a department insufficiently appreciated by English publishers—is the occasion for a brief but just and happy tribute to Cervantes and his glorious Don, "the brightest and most lovable book in the literature of the world"; and then we pass to appreciations (in order other than that of her ladyship's arrangement) of the German Reinhard, who did almost as much as any man to make the France which was established on the ruins of the Revolution progressive and business-like; of Chateaubriand, whose literary ascendancy and tangled political career are helpfully explained and largely justified; of Marie Bashkirtseff, the amazing egoist, whose reputation in her own day travelled over Europe, and will probably, for some baffling, insufficient reason, prevail for years yet. She seems to have been an unpleasant young woman, though the circumstances of her birth and upbringing, rather than she, are to blame for that. The translator might note a misprint in this article. If Marie died in 1884, as we are told she did, she could hardly have been growing deaf in 1886. Then, in contrast to these luminous essays on brilliant people, we are given a bright account of Lady Dufferin's viceregal experiences in India.

We can congratulate Lady Blennerhassett on this book of varied interests. The articles contained in it were written originally for German readers, therefore in the English rendering they contain some facts and assertions to us well-known. They are, however, written with balance and an appreciation of the entertainment wrought by contrast. History, as shown by these "Sidelights," is very like a pageant in motley. Humanity has played such games in the past that there is no knowing what games and pranks it will be up to in the future. It is often—very often—beyond the scope of Dryasdust.

C. K. LAWRENCE.

### NEW BOOKS AND OLD.

Whenever I go on a holiday I take plenty of books in my bag and, to provide for emergencies, arrange to have a few more sent after me. Thus I am fortified against bad weather, uncongenial company, and other misfortunes that await the pilgrim when he sojourns in strange places; for I may grow tired of walking and of talking, tired of looking at pictures and scenery, even tired sometimes of listening to music, but I never grow tired of reading, and I am so catholic and so easily entertained that it must be a very poor book indeed if I cannot read it with some sort of interest. In any event, I think that when a reader finds a book dull he should not condemn it too hastily—the dullness may be in himself; when it displeases him, it is always possible that his own sympathies may be too narrow, or his taste defective. Few readers are modest enough to realise this; therefore I am rather proud of my modesty, and cultivate it with care. I have not so many virtues that I can afford to lose one.

I am almost ashamed to say how many books I read on my latest holiday; two of them kept me indoors on days of sunshine, one held me reading when by rights I should have been asleep in bed, and none of them failed to give me some degree of pleasure. I can believe there are people who would say that "Tantalus" and "The Sale of Lady Daventry" are rather unpleasant stories, and so

\* "Sidelights." By Charlotte, Lady Blennerhassett. Authorised Translation by Edith Gülicher 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

1 "Tantalus." By the Author of "The Adventures of John Johns" 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

2 "The Sale of Lady Daventry." 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

they are, in one sense—they are about more or less sinful, sordid and unlovable men and women, but they are written with so much ability and are so true to the phases of life they depict that you lose sight of their unpleasantness in their sheer truthfulness. In each story you have a woman selling herself to a rich husband for the sake of his wealth and those snobbish little social glories that are the fatal stars for so many moths; and in neither of them does the sorry game prove worth the candle. The cleverness and tragic power of these two novels are undeniable. In "Tantalus" it is the man whose masterful schemings end in terrible failure, though they lift him to a peerage; in "The Sale of Lady Daventry" it is the woman who, growing to love his elderly lordship, her husband, yet stoops to subtle intrigue and nameless dishonour in order to put the seal on her triumph, only to find all she has won turning to dust in her hands and bitterness in her mouth.

Slighter in theme and pleasant in the pleasantest way is "The Flirt," by Booth Tarkington.<sup>1</sup> The story has its shadows; it walks once or twice on the verge of tragedy, but never slips over. All the members of the Madison family are admirably drawn: the placid, ordinary father and mother; the thoughtful, sympathetic elder daughter, Laura; the fascinating, wilful, irresistible younger daughter, Cora; and the natural, mischievous, tormenting son, the boy Hedrick, who delights in making inconvenient references to Cora's old suitors in the presence of a new one. For Cora is the flirt; seemingly a heartless one, till in the end she has a lesson that sends her into the arms of the man she loves, and he is not the one you had thought she preferred. It is a delightful tale, written with all the ease and sparkle and happy blend of sentiment and humour that are characteristic of Mr. Booth Tarkington's work. Like Mr. Tarkington, Miss Alice Brown is an American, and one of the most gifted of living American novelists. I like her short stories even better than her novels—which is saying a great deal—and I have not read any book of her short stories that gave me more enjoyment than I have had of her "Vanishing Points."<sup>2</sup> They are quiet tales, in the main, and it is the sentimental touch in them that is so charming; it is such a delicate touch, so charged with human feeling, so elusive and yet so effective. More robust, fuller of high colour and the melodrama of life are Richard Dehan's short stories in "The Headquarter Recruit."<sup>3</sup> These have less art than Alice Brown's, but they are ingenious, varied, and cleverly told. They are less short stories than novels in little; they are vigorously alive with incident and sensation, and make a thoroughly readable volume. Similar qualities of strong sensation and full-blooded interest mark the new romance by Rex Beach, "The Iron Trail."<sup>4</sup> Mr. Rex Beach has achieved an immense popularity in America, and is now coming rapidly into his own over here. His story, "The Barrier," has been dramatised and proved a great success on the London stage; but I think "The Iron Trail" is an abler, fresher, and even more interesting novel than "The Barrier." It is a study in character: you have for central figures two masterful men who engage in a fierce conflict of will over the laying of a new railroad through a lonely, mountainous region, and the whole story grows out of and revolves about this mighty rivalry. Into that clash of opposing interests comes a very charming love romance which gains wonderfully in charm and tenderness from the roughness and tumult of its environment. It is a realistic story of love and adventure in the actual world that lies on the skirts of our civilisation, and it is written with real imaginative power.

As interesting as any novel is M. Gastine's biography of

Madame Tallien.<sup>1</sup> Here, too, is no lack of adventure and wild doings, yet, I suppose, for all the horrors that were happening in it, the Paris of the end of the eighteenth century was still in the centre of the civilised world. Madame Tallien was not the kind of woman the idealist likes to see taking a hand in any revolution or helping to shape society anywhere; but unfortunately "that in the Captain's but a choleric word which in the soldier is flat blasphemy," and it seems to be accepted that a lack of morality which would render a poor charwoman too disreputable to scrub the floors of our respectable houses, leaves the more nobly born still fit to coruscate in good society and to share in the moulding of its manners and customs. The Comtesse de Fontenay had divers love affairs before she became the wife of Jean Tallien, but it is to her credit that she subdued the harsh and hitherto merciless nature of her husband, and somewhat humanised him, and she is traditionally said to have influenced him in the bringing about of Robespierre's destruction. However much you may disapprove of her, there is no denying the interest of her story, and M. Gastine tells it fully and ably, from the excitements of the last days of the revolution to her death as Princess de Chimay in 1835.

I took away with me in my bag, too, a couple of Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes's pamphlets,<sup>2</sup> one containing a reprint of Mr. Tinsley Pratt's excellent article, from the *Manchester Quarterly*, on Allan Ramsay and Robert

<sup>1</sup> "Madame Tallien" By L. Gastine. Translated from the French by J. Lewis May. With seventeen illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

<sup>2</sup> "Two Scottish Poets: Ramsay and Fergusson," and "Admiral Benbow" By Tinsley Pratt. 6d. net each. (Sherratt & Hughes.)



Madame Tallien.

From a portrait by Gérard in the Musée Carnavalet.  
From "Madame Tallien" (John Lane.)

<sup>1</sup> "The Flirt." By Booth Tarkington. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

<sup>2</sup> "Vanishing Points." By Alice Brown. 6s. (Constable.)

<sup>3</sup> "The Headquarter Recruit." By Richard Dehan. 6s. (Heinemann.)

<sup>4</sup> "The Iron Trail." By Rex Beach. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Pergumson, and the other a stirring broadside ballad by the same author—"Admiral Benbow." This last recaptures all the stark simplicity and rugged forcefulness of the old broadsides, and tells of one of Benbow's great fights with the French fleet when the captains of his other ships deserted him, and tells of it in the vivid, downright sailor fashion that carried the ancient broadsides straight to the popular heart. Another book of verse I had with me was Mr. J. C. Squire's "The Three Hills." We know Mr. Squire best for those brilliant parodies that he collected into his recent volume, "Steps to Parnassus," but he has a very graceful and delicate gift in this more serious vein. I like especially of these poems his "Florian's Song," the somewhat sombre "Town," and the lines beginning:

"When London was a little town  
Lean by the river's margin,  
The poet paced it with a frown,  
He thought it very large"

There is the true thing in many of Mr. Squire's poems: they have qualities of thought, fancy, and varied melody, and the individual note that sounds through them all is a welcome thing in these days, when so many of our poets are so very derivative.

In addition, I was provided with four new editions of older works that I knew I should re-read with undiminished delight. One was Butler's "Alps and Sanctuaries"—a unique travel book, in which Butler's wit, wisdom and whimsicality, and his vivid descriptive powers, find freest play; two were those most fascinating of anthologies, Mr. A. H. Bullen's "Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books," and "Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age," now re-issued by Messrs Sidgwick and Jackson in their dainty Pocket-Book series; and the fourth was the sumptuous new edition, in two volumes, of the Poetical Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden, edited by Professor L. E. Kastner. In an ample and scholarly introduction Mr. Kastner gives us a sufficient biography of Drummond and a careful and critical estimate of his poetry. He traces Drummond's indebtedness to the poets of France and Italy, and convicts him of conveying many of his ideas and thoughts from them and of "transplanting" some of his finest phrases from Sidney and Shakespeare, but confesses that "our researches, however, have not corroborated the suspicion we once entertained that a large number of the striking lines in his poems were stolen property, and that he had systematically, pen in hand, ransacked his favourite poets, jotting down the finest verses for incorporation in his own poetry." No poet, and Drummond was one, could write in that fashion anything much that mattered. His borrowings have gone, for the most part, into the uninspired poems that make up the major quantity of his work. Drummond lives, and will go on living, by virtue of less than a dozen of his sonnets, and these are among the great sonnets in the language.

"I know that all beneath the moon decays"  
"Ah, burning Thoughts, now let me take some rest"  
"Fair is my Yoke, though grievous be my Pains"  
"Sleep, Silence Child, sweet Father of soft Rest"  
"Fair Moon who with thy Cold and Silver Shine"  
"In vain I haunt the cold and silver Springs"  
"Dear Quinster who from these Shadows sends"

These and one or two other sonnets are Drummond's slender passport to immortality, but they are sufficient. Only the student will read the rest of his poetry any more, and to the student these two handsome volumes are indispensable. They give the text from the original editions,

"The Three Hills, and other Poems" By J. C. Squire. 2s. net. (Howard Latimer.)

"Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and the Canton Ticino," By Samuel Butler. With extra chapter and Author's latest revisions, additions and index, and eighty-three illustrations, chiefly by the Author. Edited with Introduction by R. A. Streatfield. 5s. net. (A. C. Fifield.)

"Lyrics from the Elizabethan Song-Books," and "Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age" Edited by A. H. Bullen. 2s. 6d. net each. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"The Poetical Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden." Edited by L. E. Kastner. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Sherratt & Hughes.)

with complete notes of all the variants, and to ensure greater accuracy the Hawthornden Manuscripts have been carefully re-examined. The illustrations include facsimiles of the title pages of many early issues of Drummond's poems, all the authentic portraits of Drummond, one hitherto unpublished, and others that are doubtful. It is a curious slip in the Introduction to say: "Among modern critics the appreciation of Charles Lamb, mainly because of the eminence of the author, deserves attention: 'The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.' The Laird of Hawthornden is here in good company, and the English essayist cannot be accused of meting out praise with a grudging hand." For in this passage, which occurs in his "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," Lamb is not praising anyone's poetry, he is merely speaking of the magic that resides in the sound of certain names. Reference is made to the admiration of Southey, Hallam, Masson, and Mr. W. C. Ward for Drummond's genius, but Hazlitt's fine praise of it should not have been overlooked. This, however, is of no great moment; what matters is that here we have the most exhaustive, the literally complete edition of Drummond. Professor Kastner has done his work ably, conscientiously, and so thoroughly that nothing remains to do, and this henceforth will count as the standard and authoritative edition of Drummond's poetry. A.

## FIVE NOVELISTS. LIMITED.\*

Any book is a good book which achieves within its prescribed limits the effect it has aimed at. Thus, the mere sensation-monger is successful just in so far as his story is genuinely sensational. But sensationalism in a novel of manners, or any attempts at high comedy in a sensational novel, however well done, are out of place and therefore bad. An out-and-out shocker, with no pretensions to literary grace, so long as it really shocks, is a better work of art than the most elaborately-wrought and delicately-finished romance that lacks the true romantic inspiration. I have read *Family Herald Supplements* that were, in their way, better things as literature than (say) "Evan Harrington," simply because they were written throughout in one key and exactly fulfilled their purpose from beginning to end. And this is perhaps the hardest lesson the neophyte has to learn: this lesson of consistency, as well in manner as in matter.

Now these five novels that I have lately been reading are all of them written by old hands, authors who should long since have mastered their technique. And four of them have mastered their technique, I think. Of the fifth it is impossible to say anything favourable. It would be easier, as it would be pleasanter, to say nothing at all, if silence were not sometimes a terrible liar. As it is I must express my amazement that any writer of any experience should have given us such a book as "The Lodger." It is a book about that homicidal maniac whose crimes horrified the world some twenty-five years ago and who was unpopularly known as "Jack the Ripper." Such a book might have been a great book. In the hands of a genius—and only a genius could deal adequately with such a theme—it might have taken rank with "Les Misérables" or "The Kreutzer Sonata": strong meat, not food for babes, but nevertheless a masterpiece. Instead it is a crude, coarse book, crude and coarse alike in conception and in execution, ill-written and ill-balanced. One can hardly think of a literary fault that it does not exhibit. It is devoid of force, colour, poignancy. The publishers claim for Mrs. Lowndes a "mastery of the art of thrilling... humour."

\* "The Lodger." By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Methuen.) 6s. —"The Watered Garden." By Maud Stepney Rawson. (Stanley Paul.) 6s. —"The Way of Ambition." By Robert Hichens. (Methuen.) 6s. —"The Devil's Garden." By W. B. Maxwell. (Hutchinson.) 6s. —"The White Thread." By Robert Halford. (Methuen.) 6s.

... observation of human nature ... a pretty love interest." But the book does not thrill, and it is utterly without humour. As to its observation of human nature: it is supposed to describe certain average Cockneys, but anything less like the Cockney dialect than that spoken by these impossible people I have never seen in print. And the love interest, such as it is, is not in the least pretty but baldly commonplace. But enough. The book will doubtless justify itself by having a large sale. I am glad it is not likely to be censored—as it should be—and so obtain a larger sale.

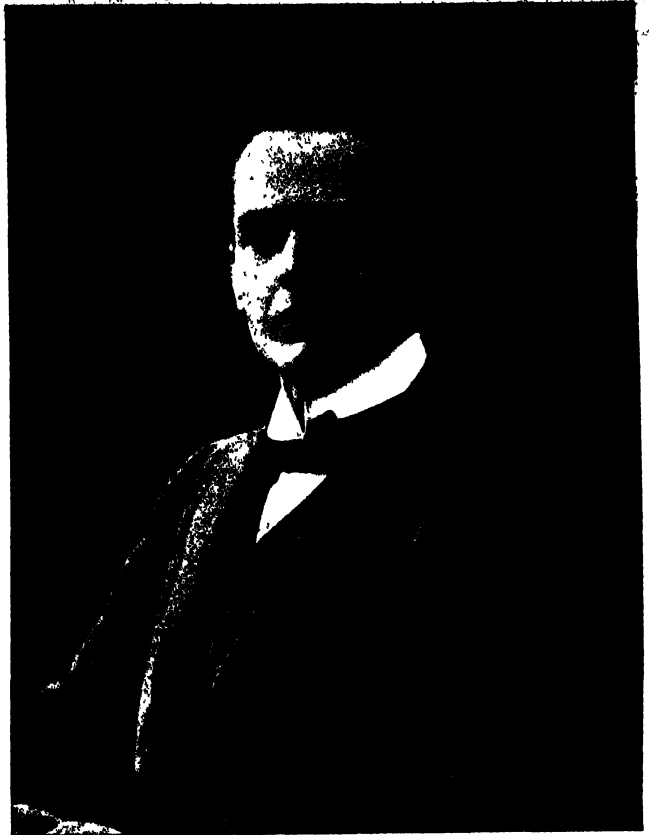
To turn from this to such an exquisite comedy as "The Watered Garden" is to feel almost as if you had passed out of a reeking butcher's shop into the cool sweet air of a bright spring morning. One has to congratulate Mrs. Stepney Rawson on a very fine novel of manners. There is something of the art, without any of the artifice, of Henry James in this smoothly-flowing story—which yet ripples with humour and sparkles with wit. It is the story of a garden and an ambitious quarterly and polite love-affairs and acroplanes and beautiful stones from Italy. It tells of real people: the kind of men and women we know, who live next door, whom we meet at our friends' houses. They are noble and ignoble, weak and strong, amusing and—no, never boresome, lovable and detestable, everything that we ourselves are, that all average, decent-living folk are. This is the first book of Mrs. Rawson's I have read; it most certainly will not be the last.

The other three novelists with whom it has been my pleasure to renew acquaintance are old friends.

I have followed (as the saying is) Mr. Robert Hichens from the days of his audacious "Green Carnation," through "Flames"—which was a poor thing, but redeemed from utter failure by that consummate study of fallen womanhood, Cuckoo Bright—into the rather unhealthy atmosphere of "The Woman with the Fan," and others, and out again into the blinding "Garden of Allah," unto this last, "The Way of Ambition," which is perhaps Mr. Hichens' best. Mr. Hichens is sufficiently well-established now to write about the things that interest him most, and clever enough to make them interesting to a public that normally is not really interested in them to any feverish extent, at any rate. So, his story tells of a great composer who was belittled by his wife's vulgar craving after notoriety. For "ambition" is almost too fine a word to apply to the mean longings of a Charman Mansfield. We are shown how a young, austere genius, living alone and aloof from the world, consecrate and dedicate to his ideals, falls a victim to an impulse, marries a woman he does not love, and is by her beguiled into prostituting his great gift of music to the low level of fashionable acclaim. And, as always happens to those who eschew the higher for the lower things of life and would barter their souls for a price, he fails even of the poor reward for which he sold himself. Incidentally the author depicts for our delight a variety of modern types, obviously studied at first-hand and drawn from the many small worlds-within-worlds that go to make up the Society world. All these people are very much alive with the peculiarly artificial liveliness characteristic of their class. But there are others—notably Madame Sennier, wife of a successful composer of grand opera, Armand Gillier, the violent, underbred, half-bred author of one sublime libretto, and the Yankee impresario, Crayford, in whom one glimpses the rich red blood and feels the heat of smouldering fires. In this book there are none of those filmy figures that drift like shadows through the pages of some of Mr. Hichens' other books, seeming to be nothing but a drawl and an eyeglass or a painted face and a languorous perfume. It would seem as if Mr. Hichens had made up his mind this time to have done with affectations, his own as well as his characters', and get at the elementals of human nature. He has succeeded, in a book which, within its rather narrow limits, is a very good book.

There is Mr. B. Maxwell. I have also "followed" from the days of his character novellette "Vivien," with which he scored his first success.

I know his work well and like it. I like it for its conscientiousness. Mr. Maxwell is never



Mr. W. B. Maxwell.

in a hurry, never slovenly, never banal. He has a sense of tragedy which only his lamentable lack of humour prevents him from expressing in more epic form. His theme is



Photo by Elsie & Fry.

Mr. Robert Hichens.

usually too big for his powers. He wants that opulence of imagination and breadth of outlook which would dignify and ennoble such really splendid stories as he always has to tell. In this his latest book for example, he comes perilously near to failure because of his poverty of invention. And toward the end after hovering precariously on the brink all through he tumbles headlong into the abyss of melodrama. Nevertheless 'The Devil's Garden' is a considerable achievement and judged by any but the highest standards would be worthy of much praise. Mr. Maxwell has only his own heavy-handedness to blame for his quite justifiable banning by the librarians.

Of a former book by Mr. Robert Halifax which I reviewed in these columns about a year ago I said that it rather failed of authenticity, but that the author would very likely astonish us all some day as he certainly seemed to have the root of the matter in him. I am pleased to be able to say now that in his new novel 'The White Thread,' Mr. Halifax has done much to justify my high hopes of his future. This is a better book than 'A Slice of Life,' because it is more coherent and more probable. Its parts adhere more closely together and there is a more sure effect of inevitableness in the movement and

firm and clear. The Cockney dialect is very cleverly managed indeed, being not too meticulously phonetic, and yet achieving verisimilitude. There is, perhaps, a little too much talk all the characters talk at inordinate length; but, after all, it is good talk, packed with wit and humour and a genial philosophy. And there is one delicious episode in which a sort of unlicensed pawnbroker is hoist with his own petard, which is imitatively done. The character of this sort of unlicensed pawnbroker, by the way, suggests another reflection in regard to Mr. Halifax's art. His people are all very human mixtures of good and bad. Bob Kingdom, in particular, is the sort of man who keeps you wondering all the time whether he is mostly rogue, fool, or saint, and finally leaves you—as people do leave you in real life—still wondering. Altogether a very creditable book, and withal an entertaining book, even though it has for its central *motif* so ghastly a theme as hereditary insanity.

EDWIN PUGH.

### A POET IN THE MAKING.\*

No volume of this handy little series has a better justification for its appearance than Dr. Chase's monograph on Poe. Although in his later life when he had got a firm grip on his works, Poe's poetry was wrought by rule and its spontaneity curbed by technicality, in his younger days he resigned himself to his impulses and wrote as he felt. A poet who sings what he feels naturally betrays or confesses his mental history. Dr. Chase is, therefore, justified in drawing many of his quotations from Poe's juvenile and less-known verse, as representative of the man. Poe's boyish and too much neglected 'Al Aaraaf' not only contains some of its author's finest lyrical work but is replete with autobiographical revelation so it is fitting that Dr. Chase should make good use of it. But no reason is given for ignoring 'Politian' in which some of its author's prominent idiosyncrasies are displayed. Monsieur Hughes, in his translation of this drama has pointed out how, *comme tous les grands écrivains Poe prête aux personnages qu'il met en scène ses sensations et ses sentiments personnels* and numerous passages might be quoted in confirmation of the assertion.

Although his poetry may throw sidelights upon a man's mental story, other documentary evidence is needed to fill up the gaps in biography and then his correspondence is the best testimony available. Robert Browning has said "Letters and poems may be used indifferently as the basement of our opinion upon the writer's character" both being acts of the same mind and supplementary to one another. Dr. Chase for his part gives but slight extracts from Poe's correspondence in some cases perhaps deterred by copyright limitations but there seems to be no reason why he should not have availed himself more largely of the poet's letters to F. W. Thomas as they furnish a view of their writer's nature quite unknown to the general reader. In their unshackled language Poe divests himself of the mysterious melancholia he donned of purpose when addressing his public and displays himself as an almost conventional man of the world as a genial friend, as fond of domestic life and as a natural hard-working man of letters. Of course, during the greater part of his life, Poe had to endure more than man's usual share of trouble and sorrow, but when he was in the society of congenial spirits, he could shake off, or rather forget to assume the character of a 'lost soul' and be as realistic and unaffected as his neighbours. Like Byron and other sons of song, he was wont to hide his natural disposition under a mask of romantic sadness such things being part of the poet's trappings.

For a work on Poe's mental and physical career, 'Marginalia' is invaluable, yet, outside French literature, no one appears to have made use of this rich storehouse of philosophical thought. It has not been used for French, yet 'Marginalia' supplies an index to many of the complicated problems of its author's mind.

\* 'Poe and his Poetry' By Lewis N. Clark  
'Poetry and Life' Series is net (Harrap)



Mr. Robert Halifax.

development of the story. It is a book with a purpose a purpose which may best be defined perhaps in these words quoted from a Blue Book by an incidental character in the story, 'Dr. Dempsey.' It is an admitted fact that, considering the population of London relatively there is more drink crime and inherited lunacy as a direct consequence of the former than in any city in the civilized world. And the doctor adds 'Keeping to the London figures alone we find that sixty six per cent. or two thirds of its lunacy is due to heredity. And the tainting process goes on unchecked. That is to say that slowly but surely, the mental cancer is permeating and absorbing the whole of society. You may trace it as you trace the wavering white thread in a block of mushroom spawn. And you can break the block scarcely anywhere without finding the thread. In short the book is in passing an indictment of our present Lunacy Laws which allow a person after he has been certified as insane and confined in an asylum, to re-enter the outside world again marry or renew marital relations, and so help to bring children into the world who are almost sure to be mentally deficient. But apart from this—I might almost say in spite of this Mr. Halifax's book is a piece of literature. The character-drawing is



Unlike so many of Poe's critics, Dr Chase evinces a desire to do justice to the poet's character, and frequently cites evidence in his favour, yet in too many instances, trusting to tainted testimony and malicious libels, he makes assertions which must jar upon the feelings of Poe's admirers. In one page he acknowledges that "Poe in daily routine was of simple, childlike habits and tastes, living for months at a time with apparent contentment upon frugal fare. *He was never an habitual drunkard*, but rather a regular abstainer with irregular lapses." In other parts of his works, in reliance upon fabricated statements, he tries to prove that the poet, whilst a boy at Charlottesville, "drank in gulps to get the effect, with as little of the taste as possible—a habit he kept up through life", and again, referring to his career at West Point Military Academy, he refers to Poe smuggling liquor to his rooms, "probably with the attendant consequence of drinking to excess more frequently than heretofore." This is not the time or place for an analysis of such refutable legends, but the matter should not be passed by without a protest.

There are other more easily preventable errors into which the author has fallen. Poems are placed out of chronological order which somewhat disturbs the continuity of the story. Statements are attributed to Poe which he never made, and the ascription to Mrs. Whitman at p. 73, of a remark made by Mrs. Osgood has a ludicrous air for those acquainted with the facts of the case. These matters, however, will not trouble the generality of Dr Chase's readers, who will welcome the interesting, portable little volume with its many new incidents and wealth of poetic quotations, although it is a pity the latter should include the conventional lines "Gratitude" which are not by Poe notwithstanding positive assertions to the contrary. The *raison d'être* of the book is truly summed up in its author's last words. Taken for all in all no nineteenth-century man of letters using English as his medium has influenced so extensively the technique of succeeding writers.

JOHN H. INGRAM

### PERCEVAL GIBBONS SHORT STORIES.\*

So far, Mr. Perceval Gibbon has put his strongest work into his short stories and the fifteen in "The Second-Class Passenger" include some of the ablest he has ever written, but we are still waiting for the big novel we are convinced he has it in him to write. "Salvator" was good, "Margaret Harding" was better, but they did not equal the grim power of "Souls in Bondage", and did not satisfy anyone who has followed Mr. Gibbon's career and judges of what he can do by what he has done. He has travelled and seen much of life in familiar and in strange places; he has imagination and insight; he has studied human character and has a subtle skill in portraying it; he has a vigorous, picturesque style and such an instinct for the value of words that he never wastes nor misplaces any. He has all the equipment of the great artist, and proves himself one in the writing of these miniatures, it is the very force and brilliance and narrative cunning that have gone to the making of these which make one think that he has gifts which will carry him beyond anything he has yet achieved, high as those achievements are.

There are plenty of stories that are interesting but not art, there was never an artistic story that was not interesting, for the triumph of the highest and rarest arts in this kind is that it subdues the reader to its spell and holds him absorbed. And Mr. Gibbon's stories are no lies in amber, no merely dead things preserved in an exquisite style, they are poignantly human, intensely alive—they are vividly real stories of vividly real men and women. There is rarely much of a plot in them; they are studies of character and temperament and are fashioned out of such incidents as make up actual though perhaps not common life.

\* "The Second-Class Passenger" By Perceval Gibbon (Methuen.)



THE BOOKMAN

Mr. Perceval Gibbon.

Take the one that gives its title to the book. Miss Paterson had bought a little Japanese idol in Mozambique and had entrusted it to Dawson who left it behind at the hotel. She is so disappointed that Dawson undertakes to go back for it and return in time to catch the boat. He goes, and strays into adventures that are not only exciting and thrilling in themselves but serve to bring out for the interval, a primitive underside of Dawson's character. And the manner of its telling delights you no less than the tale that is told. Read this description of how Dawson thinking to take a short cut loses himself that dark night in the filth-choked unlighted alleys of Mozambique.

Ten minutes sufficed to overwhelm him in an intricacy of blind ways. He groped by a wall to a turning, fired cautiously to pass it, found a blank wall opposite him, and was lost. His sense of direction left him, and he had no longer any idea of where the street lay and where the sea. He floundered in gross darkness, inept and persistent. It took some time, many turnings, and a tumble in the mud to convince him he was lost. And then the rain came down in earnest.

It roared, it pelted, it stamped on him. It was not rain, as he knew it; it was a cascade, a vehement and malignant assault by all the wetness in heaven. It whipped, it stung, it thrashed; he was drenched in a moment as though by a trick. He could see nothing but groped blind and frightened under it, feeling along the wall with one hand still carrying the bronze image by the head with the other. Once he dropped it, and would have left it but with an impulse like an effort of self-respect he searched for it, groping elbow deep in the slush and water, found it and stumbled on. Another corner prevented itself; he came round it and almost at once a light showed itself. It was a slit of brightness below a door, and without a question the drenched and bewildered Dawson lifted the image and hammered on the door with it.

That in its way, is the perfection of realism, and the bizarre incidents that happen in the house and after Dawson and the woman have fled from it are as curiously in keeping with the wild night and the strange place as the quiet, casually natural ending of it all is true to the character of Dawson and the ordinary way life has of doing things. I shall not say that "The Second-Class Passenger" is the best story in the volume only because "The Trader of Last Notch," "The Sense of Climax," "The Murderer," "The Poor in Heart" are equally good in widely different sorts, it is sufficient to say not in any moment of enthusiasm but deliberately, that except Kipling no living master of the short story touches a higher level than Mr. Gibbon maintains in this collection.

C. W.



### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF "HAMLET."\*

More than one acute critic has attempted to sum up in a single phrase the problem of "Hamlet." One thinks of Goethe's "the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it"; of what Coleridge, Schlegel, Hazlitt, Lowell, Raleigh, Lee and Bradley have had to say. It is mainly on the lines followed by such commentators as these, and in the light of recent developments in psychology, that Mr Trench has written this absorbing, brilliant, if in some respects debatable, study. He has nothing to do with "origins," with Saxo Grammaticus, François de Belleforest, or Thomas Kyd. Textual criticism concerns him—incidentally, not as it concerns the philologists so sternly castigated by Professor Churton Collins. He is not to be confounded with those satirised in the lines of Young:

"Commentators each dark passage scan,  
And hold their farthing candles to the sun"

It is the psychology that interests him; he only alludes to textual matters when he thinks the meaning of the author has been missed or misinterpreted. And the psychology is more intimate than comparative, though there is a comparison between Gertrude and Catharine of Aragon, also a curious reference to a King Akhnaton, who flourished in Egypt in the 14th century B.C.; and Hamlet is conceived as a possible collaborator with old Robert Burton in the compilation of "The Anatomy of Melancholy." Again and again Mr. Trench implores the reader to keep the text before him: "No right understanding of Hamlet will be attained," he says, "without first forgetting much of modern criticism and resolving to meditate afresh upon the text." Again, "The text is unexhausted; its content is vast; for just one thing more immeasurable there is than the heart of Hamlet, and that is the heart of his creator, Shakespeare." He holds that no intellect is alert enough to follow all the meaning except by study of the actual words. Shakespeare's dramatic effect is another thing than histrionic effect; and Shakespeare has little regard to the mere intellectual convenience of the spectator. A forgotten critic—Kames—hit appositely on the reason of Shakespeare's pre-eminence when he drew attention to the fact that where others have described passion Shakespeare shows it in action. Kames held, as Mr. Trench holds, that Shakespeare is not so much writing about a character as himself impersonating a character, and that the poet's beauties cannot be truly relished but by those who dive deep into human nature. In one of his most illuminating passages Lowell declared that, "Praise art as we will, that which the artist did not mean to put into his work, but which found itself there by some generous process of Nature of which he was as unaware as the blue river is of the rhyme with the blue sky, has somewhat in it that snatches us into sympathy with higher things than those which come by plot and observation." And on the point where Mr. Trench differs from Lowell, that of Hamlet's sanity, the latter really comes near the earlier commentator when he says, apropos to the weakening of will under the stress of circumstances being a form of insanity, "I can suppose someone asking, 'Do you mean to say that Shakespeare meant all this?' The answer is No; but I mean to say that what Shakespeare has written means all this." Mr. Trench throws considerable light on the relations between characterisation and plot construction. He believes Shakespeare agreed that the principles governing art are the same as those governing life. He analyses the plot arrangement, and contends that Act III. should end with our Act IV. sc. ii., on the ground that Act III. sc. iii.-iv. are the central scenes. He writes impressively of Shakespeare's irony, and no less thoughtfully of Shakespeare's benignity. He shows how Ophelia in describing Hamlet is actually describing herself; he makes acute comments on Gertrude's fear of both Hamlet and Laertes; he devotes much attention to the sub-play, and, by way

\* "Shakespeare's 'Hamlet': A New Commentary. With a Chapter on First Principles." By Wilbraham Fitzjohn Trench, M.A. (Dublin), Late Professor of English Literature in the National University of Ireland. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

of contrast to other critics, he does not hesitate to suggest that Shakespeare has given enough material to expand into a new play—"Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark almost left out, and the Ghost altogether left out." But the book is more than all provocative of thought and discussion in its meticulous analysis of Hamlet's mental processes. It makes one echo the author's "we may not feel very sure what it is that constitutes sanity." Indirectly Mr. Trench's volume reminds us that if man has no heredity of knowledge individually, heredity of knowledge belongs to man collectively; and the light gathered by individual students in varied walks of learning is preserved for the ultimate illumination of Truth.

W. F. A.

### INCARNATION OF ATTORNEYISM.\*

"Incarnation of Attorneyism!"—thus Carlyle sums up against Fouquier-Tinville, finding him with more hatred than accuracy "rat-eyed" and "ferret-visaged." Restless and attentive eyes they were, M. Dunoyer notes in his admirably clear account of Fouquier, and the glance "dark and oblique, so fixed that others could not hold out against it." At bottom, Carlyle was right in dwelling with emphasis on the attorneyism of this terrible instrument of the Terror. "An arbitrary, violent man, ill at ease within the narrow limits of a tribunal. A despotic character." Yes, but the strain of work night and day, often only three hours sleep, after the law of the 22nd of Prairial, would have made any man in his place arbitrary and violent.

"He had the education, all the education and habits of a lawyer, of a procurator, of a man brought up and trained in legal chicanery and procedure.

"He wanted to win his cases at whatever cost. He confused his part as Public Prosecutor with his old quibbling habits. He wanted to win his cases, and he won them all with a high hand during the Terror and until the 9th of Thermidor. But he lost one case, his own, and that in spite of a vehement defence, full of talent, in which he confronted an entire Government."

Thus M. Dunoyer. And what did this vehement defence amount to? "I was the agent of the Committees of Government. What else could I have done than what I did?" Fouquier's only defence, M. Dunoyer rightly says, is in those words. As agent of the Revolutionary Committees he drew the indictment against Marie Antoinette, hastened the deaths of Danton and the Dantonists (and this despite the fact that it was to Camille Desmoulins, a distant relative, that Fouquier appealed, humbly enough, in 1792 for some post under Danton, then Minister of Justice), was equally in earnest for the execution of Robespierre, Saint Just, Couthon and the other victims of the 9th of Thermidor, and had sent to the guillotine a long line of men and women, old and young, and of all ranks and professions. "And on the 14th of Thermidor he was preparing to be Public Prosecutor under the Thermidorian faction." If he had lived and kept his place, he would have been a diligent Public Prosecutor under the Directory, and he would willingly have made an Imperial Procurator under Napoleon. Others so survived and held office. Notably Barras, Tallien, and Sieyès. But Fouquier was not to escape. "Public vengeance was waiting for him. Too much blood had been shed." By his own indictments was Fouquier condemned. And by investigation of these indictments, carefully preserved in the National Archives in Paris, can we learn the truth of Fouquier's passionate haste for the death sentence, and his willingness to see conspirators and counter-revolutionists—fit only for the guillotine—in the simplest offenders. We may learn, too, that Fouquier could show pity and have mercy at times, and that he loved his wife. The book has all the high excellence of the French historian. The illustrations are well reproduced. The translation has been done with the skill and careful accuracy that Mr. Evans has so often displayed.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

\* "The Public Prosecutor of the Terror: Antoine Quentin Fouquier-Tinville." Translated from the French of Alphonse Dunoyer by A. W. Evans. 12s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)



Fouquier-Tinville.

From "The Public Prosecutor of the Terro-  
French of Alphonse Dunoyer by A. W. I.

(adapted from the  
Robert Jenkins)

### GEORGE DU MAURIER.\*

When du Maurier turned novelist at sixty years of age he wrote his autobiography in "Peter Ibbetson," in "Trilby," and "The Martian." "Peter Ibbetson" used to dream of an old château "dim and indistinct, as though seen by near-sighted eyes at the close of a grey misty afternoon in late autumn through a blurred window pane, with busy but silent shadows moving about." It was the Château le Maurier that "Peter Ibbetson" saw in his fantastic dreams, a château built in the fifteenth century and standing still; and the shades were the ancestors of George du Maurier who dwelt once upon a time in Maine and Anjou, and who belonged to a small provincial nobility, but were concerned with an industry too. This was glass-blowing, an art as well as an industry and one considered to be a monopoly of the well-born, we are informed. George du Maurier's grandfather was the last of the race described as *Gentilhomme Verrier*, and in the troubled times of the French Revolution when monopolies were swept away he was obliged to take refuge in England. His descendants were not wholly English, and George du Maurier was born in Paris in 1834. "Du Maurier says fellows write to him 'de Maurier,'" says a colleague of the artist on "Punch" in later years; "'give the devil his *du*.'"

Du Maurier received his due. He only knew ups and downs in life while he was yet too young to have entered upon his real career; and when he found himself he found prosperity also. His father started him in life as a mining engineer and the business came to nothing, so that at the time of his father's death George du Maurier was very poor, very dull, and very miserable. But he was only twenty-two years old and free to follow his own bent and join the elect company in those Paris studios he was to write about so jovially in the after years.

Nowadays, we understand, there is no Quartier Latin left; even the Boul' Miché is changed and later studios of Montparnasse are now no more; so the Paris of "Trilby" must be a matter of ancient history indeed. Du Maurier:

\* "George du Maurier." By T. Martin Wood. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

was already successful in London in 1863 when he married "on his prospects," that were so good and so comfortably realised he never knew financial trouble more. We are all familiar with his success as an author finally, and can recall the great "boom" of "Trilby."

The secrets of his popularity and his success are discussed by his present biographer in a critical essay so able, that one regrets the occasional intrusion of generalities that are not felicitous about the Victorian Age.

We know that Mesopotamia was a blessed word, but there are words not blessed; as suburban, for instance, a word to be highly suspect; and pedestrian, that somehow savours of affectation; and Victorian, that too often induces us to expect something feeble will be said, and something shallow.

It is significant that some of du Maurier's best work was done in his early illustrations of Mrs. Gaskell's book, "Wives and Daughters"; for this was described on the title-page as an everyday story, and when du Maurier had portrayed Mrs. Gibson, and Cynthia and Molly, he went on to depict other characters in a great story of everyday life which he unfolded in the now historic pages of "Punch." Week by week, as what his biographer aptly terms "The Tale of the House," appeared in "Punch," du Maurier captured our affections with his charming pictures of childhood, and was always genial in his satire. There was no bitterness in the inventions of Sir Gorgias Midas and the mimitable Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins.

The style was indeed the man. In du Maurier's life there was a tragic element, for he was threatened with blindness, and this apprehension always in the background might have poisoned the artist's well of happiness; but as his biographer admirably says:

"It was noticed of Charles Lamb that the very fact of preserving the little pleasures of everyday life only under a lease which Fate at any moment might refuse to renew, caused him to be the very poet of such pleasures, experiencing them with an acuteness that became to him an inspiration. Du Maurier had the genius for keeping tragedy at bay, for enduring such a dark cloud without claiming pity."

And perhaps he was endeared to us for this simple reason that he found the common daylight sweet, and never faltered at what Robert Louis Stevenson calls "Life's great task of Happiness."

F. L. PHILLIPS

### ON THE ADRIATIC.\*

There is hardly any point of contact between these books, except that both of them are concerned with towns upon or near the Adriatic. In the monumental works of Mr. Jackson, R.A., we have been given a complete and very satisfying architectural survey of the Austrian and Italian shores. Now we have Mr. Hutton devoting himself to one town, while Mr. Goldring touches on many. Mr. Hutton is serious, as befits Ravenna, he is deep in the lore of that wonderful place, and it must be acknowledged that his manner of writing is, even to the least antiquarian among us, a more charming manner than is the less serious method of Mr. Goldring. But the books are so utterly unlike that it is inartistic, it is too natural that we should let them be spoken of in one breath. Except in the hands of a master, the psychology of A and B, who jostle on another in Piccadilly, is not to be described, although a lesser master may be capable of doing justice to either one of these or the other, and it requires a very great master adequately to compare the two. And if we could make this claim for ourselves we should not shrink from comparing the student who is Edward Hutton with the butterfly who is Douglas Goldring.

When the writer of a book knows everything that is to be known about his subject, then the critic must confine himself to the tracking out of slips or printer's errors, or he may adopt the attitude which he has often been reminded is the proper attitude of critics. He may applaud. It seems as if with Mr. Hutton he need have no compunction.

\* "Ravenna. A Study." By Edward Hutton. 10s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"Dream Cities." By Douglas Goldring. 8s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

in playing this part. From the earliest times, and through the long years of her moving history, Mr. Hutton has recorded, in very appropriate language, the tale of Ravenna, whose decaying and imperishable splendour is the very theme for such a pen. If it be urged that he devotes too much space to ancient history, he may reply that Ravenna is not as many other ancient towns; owing to her geographical situation and other causes she has remained a portion of those ages. All books should be a labour of love to their writers, and it is not open to doubt but that this has been the case with Mr. Hutton. And in his various volumes on Italian towns we cannot think of any place which is more fitted for his pen.

Montenegro has been of late very much in the public eye, and Mr. Goldring gives a good description of the little capital. He is a very subjective traveller, which is rather perilous: we shall either be enchanted or impatient. The amorous episodes do not rival those of Sterne; we should advise Mr. Goldring to omit them from his next book. Sometimes, as at Budua, he brings out well the character of the place, which is so romantic as to seem artificial. But we do not care for the analysis of all the personages whom Mr. Goldring met. The old Englishman of Antivari will doubtless still be there, but why does Mr. Goldring say that we have no Minister at Cetinje? The most courteous gentleman who now holds that office was there at the time of Mr. Goldring's visit, and a good deal of his day was being spent, in company of an English architect, on the scaffolding of the Legation which is being built. "We have that intense dislike of each other's peculiarities," says the author, "which is one of the great charms of friendship," and we hope that in his next book he will write more in this strain and not refer quite so much to his own lackadaisical methods. He has it in him, we are sure, to write a good book of travels.

II. B.

### SOME AUTUMN NOVELISTS.

#### SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

"The Poison Belt." 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton)

Not even in "The Lost World" did Sir A. Conan Doyle write with such imaginative daring or with a more cunning command of the weird, the mysterious, and the terrible, than he writes in "The Poison Belt." Here you have "The Lost World's" little group: Professor Challenger, Professor Summerlee, Lord John Roxton, and the journalist of the *Daily Gazette*, with the addition of Challenger's wife, brought together in Challenger's house to make a last desperate fight for life against the deadly effects of a poison belt of ether, that has closed around the world and is death to all who breathe it. Foreseeing the general spread of this devastating force from the first manifestations of it, Challenger gathers those friends of his under his roof, and in an air-tight room, well supplied with tubes of oxygen, he makes all preparations to hold out until this fateful belt of evil atmosphere shall dissipate and pass.

They see for themselves the beginnings of this dreadful plague; and after they are shut up in readiness to resist its effects they have news over the telephone from terrified people in London of its awful progress, till at length towns and cities are desolate, the streets strewn and the houses filled with dead, and it looks as if all the world is to be depopulated. The whole narrative is unfolded with a minute, matter-of-fact realism, a plausibility and exactitude of detail, that have nothing to compare with them outside the pages of Defoe. The little company shut in their guarded room are pictured with an amazing vividness; you are made to realise how the danger gathers more ominously about their stronghold, how their confidence wavers and fails, and their dread of the end that seems inevitable increases on them, and all the while the resolute, indomitable Challenger towers superior to every alarm, even when at length the situation appears to be passing beyond his control, when the supply of oxygen gives out, and there is nothing for it but to stifle in the air-tight compartment, or throw open the windows and let the airs of death blow in.



Photo by F. O. Huppé

Mr. Oliver Onions.

It is a thrilling situation, and Sir A. Conan Doyle's powers of invention are triumphantly vindicated in the amount of variety he gets into it, and the unfailing skill with which he keeps the excitement and suspense of his characters, and of his readers, at high tension from start to finish. He has given us many romances, but none more charged with mystery and dramatic sensation than this.

#### OLIVER ONIONS.

"The Two Kisses." 6s. (Methuen)

For a writer who "does not advertise" Mr. Oliver Onions has a singularly keen eye for the uses of advertisement. He it was who—in "Good Boy Seldom," if we remember aright—first suggested this form of publicity as a medium of political propaganda; and he, again, it is who, in his new book, "The Two Kisses," makes a present to the big storekeepers of a colossal advertising scheme, a scheme which ought to earn him the eternal gratitude of any firm that is enterprising enough to adopt it. But Mr. Onions' "comedy of a very modern courtship" presents aspects other than those that are likely to catch the eye of Mr. Higham and his confrères. We get, for instance, an account of a second rate boarding-house's quaint menagerie, which is as droll and as convincing as anything of the kind that Mr. Arnold Bennett has described. We find a sketch of a female art-student, turned fashion-plate artist, which depicts that ingenuous fraud, "the economically independent woman," to the very life. While finally—as the novel's main *clou*—we are told the story of two art-students, who, being followers of "the new morality," fondly imagine that by chattering frankly about marriage, eugenics, and the white slave trade, they are helping to bring about the Emancipation of Woman, to inaugurate the New Age, and to found the New Jerusalem. It will be gathered that his latest novel—veritable little masterpiece though it is—makes no claim to rank as one of its author's bigger achievements; it cannot, that is to say, be put in the same flight with such a satire as "Good Boy Seldom," with such a collection of *contes* as "Pedlar's Pack," or with that great trilogy that has given Mr. Onions his rightful place at last among our leading novelists.

"The Two Kisses," indeed, is a tale which will rank with the same writer's story of "Little Devil Doubt." Both books diagnose a deep-seated social malady with unsparing thoroughness, the former scarifying "the day nurseries of the children of the well-to-do middle classes"—to quote Mr Onions' caustic phrase—in much the same witty and high-spirited fashion as the latter attacked the devious morality of Yellow Journalism. Himself a capable black-and-white artist and an art critic of no little distinction, Mr. Onions knows what he is talking about when he deplors the art schools' ever increasing output of artists who read instead of doing their jobs and living their lives, artists who chatter about Tchekoff and Strindberg as aimlessly as Matthew Arnold's *blues noires* chattered about Shelley.

"There's too much paper in their lives [says the Professor at the McGrath school] They read too much. Draw too much. Especially reading Lord, the books they get hold of! Weeks and months together I've heard 'em. Myers says this, and Galton says that, and Tolstoi says the other, and they make up a sort of world out of all that, and think it's the real one, and go on living in it, and never get out of it."

It must be admitted, however, that in his latest work Mr Onions makes no pretence of presenting his new men and new women with serene detachment or rigid impartiality. In dealing with *poseurs* and suffragists his is far too robust an intelligence, far too masculine a temperament, to err on the side of undue sympathy.

#### EDEN PHILLPOTTS

"The Old Time Before Them" 6s (Murray)

Fifteen short stories of Dartmoor and its folk, by Eden Phillpotts, who, as Mr Murray tells us on the loose cover of the volume, "has a unique knowledge of the romance—the humour and the tragedy—of that region. No one will hold the contrary opinion. These fifteen stories are all pitched in a sombre key and all deal with the stuff of life—life that dances to the same tunes on Dartmoor as in London town or Khatmandhu. Love, hatred, jealousy, simple faith, good courage, temptation, weakness, anguish, triumph and despair, are all among the themes upon which Mr Phillpotts works, and he is never trivial or lacking in understanding. The simple farm labourer whose harvest thanks giving piece is rejected by the proud curate and given the place of honour on the altar by the wiser rector; the elderly husband who tyrannised over his wife and nagged until despair over his baby brought him to his senses; the humane hangman, the coward who loved valour above all things but without ever losing his cowardice, and found a wife of surpassing courage: these tales are told with a veve and distinctness that are rare. Among the best is the tale of the little girl of seven, who, when a still smaller child in her charge was bitten by an adder far away from help, cut off her own finger to encourage the other to face the mutilation necessary to save her life.

Mr Phillpotts is a conscientious and laborious artist. He has in this book adopted what seems a needlessly difficult way of writing. Each story is told by Tom Turtle, the scene is always a Dartmoor inn, and is the setting for a tale told by Johnny Rowland, the landlord. Mr Phillpotts' aim may be to avail himself of the Dartmoor speech, virile, meaningful, musical. But even from behind the doubled mask we hear the authentic voice of Mr Phillpotts, and we cannot feel that he has attained the lovely melodious speech that was Synge's triumph for Ireland. And very often the character, the mask, is wholly forgotten.

I M A

#### COMPTON MACKENZIE.

"Sinister Street" 6s (Martin Secker)

Mr Compton Mackenzie is to be congratulated upon the best study of "The Human Boy" which has appeared for many years. In an apologetic dedication, he explains that this volume, which carries Michael Fane from early life up to the eve of his going up to Oxford, is only one half of the complete story, (the second half of which is to be published early next year), and he urges in extenuation

of his prolixity that a thousand pages are not too long for 25 years of a man's life, if one considers that "childhood makes the instrument, youth tunes the strings, and early manhood plays the melody." But no apology is needed for Mr Compton Mackenzie's leisurely treatment. His handling of his subject is from first to last both sympathetic and masterly, and his description of the great London public school, which is so thinly veiled under the name of St James', is so pitilessly worked out that there is certain to be an outburst of indignation from "Old Jacobean" and supporters of Dr Brownjohn.

The circumstances of the Fane family are tragic, in the strict Aristotelian sense. A cloud of mystery hangs over the heads of Michael and his sister Stella and though we can guess pretty confidently the sad story of their paternity, it is only at the end of the book that Mrs Fane explains to her children that Lord Saxby who has just died in South Africa was their father. The situation is worst for Michael. His sister was discovered in early childhood to be a musical genius and her life was almost entirely given up to her art but he robbed of the comradeship of his mother and sister is thrown back largely upon his own resources and plunges into one after another of those experiences which he ready to an imaginative youth, during those years when in John Keats words "the soul is in a ferment the character undecided the way of life uncertain the ambition thick sighted." For such a boy as Michael the English public school has little real attraction, and being a day boy he has unusual opportunities for indulging in all the love affairs and hankerings after ritualistic religion and decadent aestheticism by which he is successively enthralled. Fortunately however, Michael is a boy of strong personality and is endowed with a capacity for making friends among not only the less desirable specimens of mankind but among people of clean sane common sense and thus though his ship is often driven upon her beam ends by the gusts of his temperamental hurricanes, she always manages to right herself again and one never has any lasting fear that he will utterly disgrace himself.



Photo by E. O. Hoppe

Mr. Compton Mackenzie.

Michael, of course, is the protagonist of the story, but Mr. Compton Mackenzie has set him among a number of other excellent characters, each of whom is treated with skill and distinction. The beautiful and gracious Mrs. Fane, the kindly Carthew family, Alan and a host of the other boys at St. James', Lily the heroine of his most enduring passion, the tipsy cook who sat in St. Paul's Cathedral "eating nuts as peaceful as if we was in a real church"—all these characters are worked out with a power of pathos, humour, and acute observation that will enhance Mr. Compton Mackenzie's reputation. And to say that of the author of "Carnival" is to make a statement which cannot be put forward lightly.

M H H MACARTNEY.

#### H. G. WELLS.

"The Passionate Friends," 6s. (Macmillan)

Mr. Wells' new novel will disappoint his admirers. "The Passionate Friends" is not only rather poor as a story, but it is even rather poor as a pamphlet. It suffers from the worst of all artistic errors—lack of interest. The bright genius of "Tono Bungay" and "Marriage" suffers a severe eclipse in these drawn-out pages. Indeed, "The Passionate Friends" comes uncommonly near to being a positively dull book. The fact is, Mr. Wells seems to have fallen between two stools. Incident in his novel is so attenuated that he means, apparently, to concentrate interest upon the characters of the two chief actors, Stratton and Lady Mary Justin, and upon their ideas of life and society, but in that he has largely failed, because neither Stratton nor Lady Mary are particularly convincing, nor their views particularly striking.

"The Passionate Friends" reads like a book written in a hurry, and with a purpose that bored the author before he was through with it. It is an inert and lifeless book in its later pages. The earlier ones, on the contrary, contain many delightful and subtle things, typical of the swift mind of Mr. Wells. But the whole effect is of failure. The story is one of two people, the passionate friends, Stratton and Lady Mary. There are other figures, of course, such as Stratton's wife and Lady Mary's husband, but they are entirely subsidiary to the central two. Stratton and Lady Mary have played together as children, and have become lovers in due course. But when, in fiction, or, perhaps, real life, did the clergyman's son have a chance of marrying the earl's daughter? So Stratton's heart is torn while Lady Mary is led to the altar by the millionaire. The result is unhappiness for both, a liaison, discovery, more unhappiness, long silence, turgid correspondence, a further (innocent but incriminating) meeting, divorce proceedings, suicide on the lady's part, ultimate family peace for Stratton. Stratton's world-travel and his marriage to Rachel (whom he conveniently loves in one way while he loves Mary in another) are interwoven with the main love theme, but they do not excite one. They are credible enough, but humdrum. But, indeed, though the other affair may be rather incredible, still it, too, is somewhat dreary. The story is artistic and false. Lady Mary, in particular, does not hold together. She is entrancing as a shy girl, but as a woman she is not only "impossible" but hopelessly unreal. She speaks and thinks with a sort of mediocre and emancipated vulgarity that is absolutely nauseating. She is simply no relation to the delicious girl of seventeen Stratton used to meet in the park of Burnmore. But, in truth, one cannot take either her or Stratton seriously once they are mature. One soon begins to look upon them merely as mouthpieces through which Mr. Wells may enunciate views—not necessarily his own.

In its own line "The Passionate Friends" is as great a failure as was "Ann Veronica." There is a hasty crudeness about it astonishing in the author of half a dozen masterpieces. The whole coincidence of Stratton's meeting with Lady Mary in the Swiss mountains is surely inexcusable. Coincidences do happen in real life, but they must not happen in novels. That is a proper and recog-

nised convention. But, in spite of its fundamental weakness, this book gives many glimpses of Mr. Wells' real power. Stratton's story of his relations with his little son are acutely touching, and the early love making between Stratton and Lady Mary is very effective. As for the manly and strictly conventional curate, Mr. Siddons, we get too little of him, as we got too little of Mr. Pope in "Marriage."

What is curious about "The Passionate Friends" is not so much that it is a failure as that it does not even strike one as a very ambitious failure. One has an uncomfortable feeling that the author's heart is not in it. Perhaps that is the main reason of its not gripping one's attention. Mr. Wells could not help being remarkable up to a point but he has seldom scored more doubtfully than in "The Passionate Friends."

RICHARD CURLE.

#### ARNOLD BENNETT.

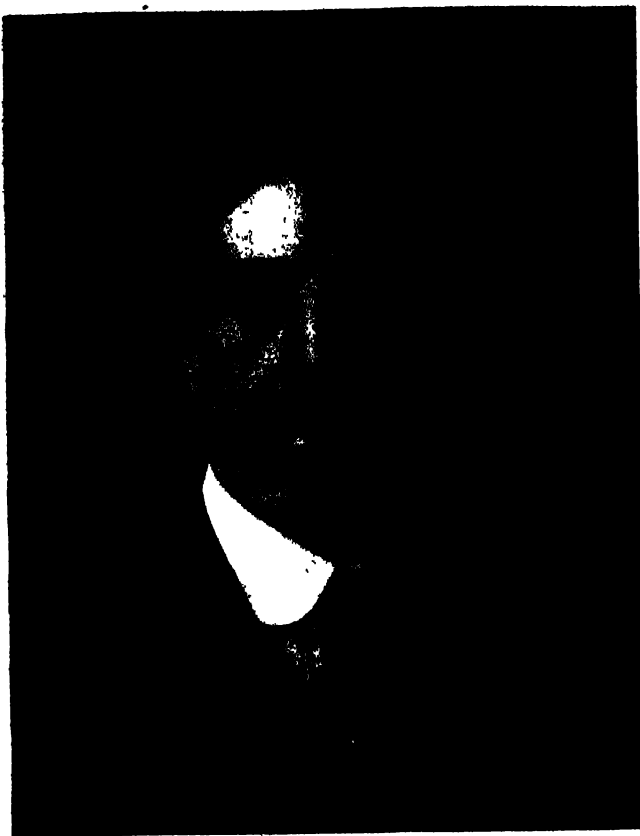
"The Regent" 6s. (Methuen.)

Not so very long ago Mr. Arnold Bennett made the by no means too acceptable announcement that he was putting a term to his famous series of chronicles of the "Five Towns." With the completion of his "Clayhanger" trilogy, the author of this, and that equally astonishing piece of realism, "The Old Wives' Tale," which evokes with no less success the manners and customs, the fashions and thoughts, the types and the ideals of life in the Midlands as it was lived in the Victorian era, was to bid, we were told, a lasting farewell to the scenes and to the sort of characters with which his art has attained its most convincing and masterly expression. Naturally all of us who admire Mr. Bennett for doing superlatively well with his "Five Towns" what no other English novelist can do much more than tolerably with a similar *milieu*, grieved over his decision, and begged him not to cut himself off too hastily from what has proved his surest inspiration. His answer has been to postpone for the present his record of the married life of Hilda Lessways and her husband, and to try his hand at showing that lighter side of the world of the Midlands which he has already exploited in some of his short stories. It is only past phases of this district of his birth that he seems able to associate with the deeper emotions and problems of humanity, and, in especial, that problem which always attracts him in his more serious vein—the problem of youth's quarrel with age; whereas the Five Towns, as he sees them to day, stir in him the comic spirit and set him smiling, if also admiring. A certain class of business man of those parts



Mr. Alfred Wareing.

From a caricature by George Whittell.  
Mr. Wareing is the original of Mr. Marrier, the theatrical manager, in "The Regent."



Mr. Arnold Bennett.

particularly affects and tickles his fancy. He at once likes and huckles over the Midlander who can use his wits to make a fortune and keep them after it is made, the man who combines impudence and not too much scruple with genuine commercial genius, yet is so little of a snob that he retains his local patriotism: is so shrewd and hard-headed that not all the temptations of wealth and luxury can rob him of the virtues that have lifted him from mediocrity. Such a self-made adventurer we had most genuinely and dashinglly portrayed for us in "The Card", and Mr. Bennett, it appears, fell so much in love with the hero of his invention that he has felt it impossible just for the nonce to submit to his self-denying ordinance. So William Henry Machin, transferred to London, there to enlarge the field of his operations, but still remaining faithful at heart to the town which has given him honour and fame, once more figures as the protagonist of a Bennett novel; and its author, for all his threats of shaking off the dust of the Potteries from his feet, still lingers there in the story of "The Regent."

Boisterous jollity no less than a knack of attracting adventures seems to be part of the atmosphere of the "Card," so that it will surprise no one who has read that book to learn that its sequel is a rattling farce. Never has Mr. Bennett revealed more exuberant spirits or a keener sense of fun than in his account of the risks and the luck which attended the Alderman while undertaking the business of London theatrical management. The whole episode is marked by daring; and yet the "Card's" "cheek" carries him through. He buys the option of a site; he builds a new theatre; he manages to get a good run for a play that is feebly poetic, and he finishes his experiment several thousand pounds to the good. It is "prodeegious," as Dominic Sampson would say, but it is all made vastly diverting—a very carnival of merriment. Nor is the tale merely burlesque and fantasy; it has behind it a hint of satire, evident enough to those who know anything of the haphazard policy with which too many of our play-houses are conducted, yet always insinuated with the best of good humour. Mr. Bennett sketches for us the kind of actress, the kind of posturing author, the kind of pretentious amateurs, who calmly expect to have their follies financed, and, what is odd,

often get them financed, by business men otherwise sensible and far-seeing, but in the case of the theatre too frequently blinded by its "glamour." Machin, however, is not long dazed by the footlights, and soon recovers his native 'cuteness. When he discovers that poetry does not "pay" on the London stage he maroons the author of his play in America, he makes a clean sweep of his leading actress, and he takes an express journey to the States and back on purpose to secure the one attraction that will save his theatre from disaster. She is a notoriety-hunting suffragist, who is known in two Continents, and he wins her consent—thanks to his cajolery and sound advice—to figure in his bill and pile up his box-office receipts. All this makes laughable reading, and, at the same time, points a very telling moral. Success, however, in London fails to induce the "Card" to be untrue to his type; he resolves that his right place is not amid the strangers and strange conditions of the capital, but in the Five Towns in which he is at home. The more so because his wife is of the same opinion, and has betrayed to him in unmistakable pantomime her censure of his audacious projects. Not the least amusing feature of Mr. Arnold Bennett's farce is the subtlety with which he indicates Midland reticence, even in such matters as a wife's dumb disapproval of a husband's venturesomeness. Mrs. Machin never puts her jealousy or her irritability into words, but "Denry" reads her every look, and his caution is inspired as much by the wish to placate her as by the feeling that he must not push fortune too hard. The novelist's suggestion that his hero can be fearless everywhere save in the bosom of his family is one of his most humorous and also one of his most plausible strokes of character-drawing. His fun needed just this steady touch.

F. G. BELTANY.

## W. PETT RIDGE.

"The Remington Sentence" 6s. (Methuen)

The plot in Mr. Pett Ridge's work is always the least important part of it. His recipe for a story would seem to be: Take a half-dozen or so of men and women, and a child or two: ordinary, everyday characters, the more ordinary the better, bring them together, let them act and react on each other as if they were really alive and stir in plenty of the sort of incidents that would naturally arise in the experiences of such people, keep them bubbling and briskly on the move until the story is done. It is a simple recipe, but whether it is also a successful one depends entirely on the art of the cook.

And Mr. Pett Ridge has the art to make it a successful one. A mere outline of the story of "The Remington Sentence" would tell you practically nothing about it. The Remington family of a sister-mother and three brothers, the youngest still a schoolboy, come from the country into the unknown world of London in search of a livelihood. Their father, who has lately died, was a man of means and has left some considerable estate behind him, but under his will their inheritance is deferred. Hitherto, they have lived too easily and it has not been good for them; they have developed a bad habit of quarrelling among themselves for lack of something better to do, and a worse habit of unpleasant arrogance towards their dependents and inferiors, and their father considered that if they had to rough it for a little and rub shoulders with the common world it would be a wholesome and humanising experience.

It is a hard and humiliating experience for them at first, it brings out all the worse qualities of the elder brother and ends for him in disgrace and tragedy, but for the sister, Helen, and the second brother, Walter, this having to face the stern realities of existence and arrive at a knowledge of their own strength and weaknesses is a liberal and healthful education. Geoffrey, the eldest brother, plays the man about town, drifts into doubtful society and passes through a divorce court episode on his way to ruin; to the other three life is a struggle to keep up appearances and make ends meet, but they win through. Helen's love affair is a point of light in the story; and the love adventure of "Snips," the youngest brother, who is the



historian of them all, when the innocent, piquant loves of his schoolboy days are over, is no less charmingly told. Walter is the strong man of the group, but it is the sound, practical commonsense and enterprise of Helen that really keeps them all going and carries them through. "The Remington Sentence" interests you because you are interested in its people; it is a strong and attractive story; the humour and pathos of it are true, and its studies of London life and character are in Mr. Pett Ridge's happiest and most shrewdly realistic vein. C. W.

#### GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM.

"General John Regan" 6s. (Houlder & Stoughton.)

Out into Ballymoy, a remote Irish village, goes Mr. Horace P. Billing, an American gentleman, anxious to see if a statue has been erected there, in the place of his birth, to the memory of General John Regan, the deliverer of Bolivia. Nobody in the village ever heard of such a General, but being reluctant to make a confession of ignorance, and so throw away the possibility of doing profitable business with this affluent stranger, Dr. O'Grady, Doyle, the hotel-keeper, Gallagher, proprietor of the local paper, and other residents, conspire to affect a knowledge of the General, to invent traditions concerning him, to point out his alleged birthplace, and to account for the absence of any statue. They get into and out of difficulties in trying to produce surviving relatives of the General, and embark upon a large scheme to raise a fund for erecting his statue, Mr. Billing (who is supposed to be writing the great man's biography) enthusiastically promising a handsome subscription towards that object. From inventing the General and details concerning his early life, they grow to absolutely believing in him; a statue is obtained, and it is only at the unveiling by a representative of the Lord Lieutenant that the whole legend tumbles to pieces, and it comes out that instead of the hustling Mr. Billing having been taken in by the leaders of Ballymoy, he had all along been taking them in, with a view to getting a move on the slow village and waking things up. This raw outline does the story no sort of justice, for it gives no idea of the delightfully quaint humour with which its characters are drawn, nor of the prodigality of farcical invention, and the irresistible gaiety and high spirits with which it is written. Those who saw the dramatic version of it will remember how the house rocked with laughter as scene after scene unfolded its glorious absurdities; and it is safe to say that those who read the book will find it to the full as droll, as whimsical, as ingenious, and as mirth-provoking as the play. In a word, it is a book that is joyously alive with the healthfullest, heartiest matter for laughter, and emphasises Mr. Birmingham's place among the very first of living English humorists.

#### EDWIN PUGH.

"The Proof of the Pudding." 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

In "The Proof of the Pudding," Mr. Pugh makes something of a new departure—he turns from those vivid, intimate studies of London life that we have learned to associate with his name to write a sparkling, cleverly contrived novel in which the story's the thing, and a varied, swift-moving, thoroughly enjoyable thing he makes of it. Tommy Johnson living in a Fitzroy Square boarding-house inherits a fortune and a title, and is reluctant to accept the responsibilities of either. He was born and has passed most of his life in Australia; has studied art in Paris, and is far keener to develop his talent and become a great artist than to coruscate in high society. Moreover, he is in love with pretty Penelope Embers, the typist, who also lodges in the boarding-house, and he doubts whether Penelope is not too independent to marry a man who is so much above her socially and financially. He would like a little of the money if it could be got without his having to shoulder the whole of his inheritance, and he hits upon the

expedient of securing somebody who shall personate him, acquire and enjoy his title and estate and allow him five hundred a year out of it. He finds a man for his purpose, makes terms with him, furnishes him with proofs of identity, and the scheme is successfully carried out up to a certain point.

But it happens that his substitute is a bigger rogue and more unscrupulous than Tommy had bargained for, and once he has possession of everything, he declines to allow Tommy the five hundred a year for fear these regular payments should eventually be used as evidence that he is an impostor, when the real heir wearies of the game and wants to come into his own. Tommy is so exasperated that he resolves to turn his ungrateful substitute out; but he has parted with all proof of his rights and, except for the one other man who has all along been in his confidence, can get nobody to believe his story. It is a piquant situation and Mr. Pugh makes the very most and best of it. Tommy finds that by his eccentric action he has almost precipitated Penelope into the arms of the rascal who is representing him; this makes him doubly eager to assert himself and recover what he threw away, and the succession of surprises and adventures that accompanied his efforts to do this make very delectable reading. The prevailing note of the story is of the happiest humour; the characters are well drawn; there are touches of pathos, sentiment, sensation, and the whole thing is told with a gusto that keeps the reader fully interested until Tommy has unravelled the knot in which he has tied himself and his affairs.

#### E. F. BENSON.

"Thorley Weir" 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

We should be glad if Mr. E. F. Benson would initiate us into his secrets of the art of novel-writing, as he proposes to do this month with the secrets of "Winter Sports in Switzerland" in a book which Messrs. Allen are publishing. It is no mean tribute to write of his latest novel, "Thorley Weir," that it impresses us as much by its unimpeachable craftsmanship as by its inherent qualities as a study of the modern world of art. The love story is not so striking as the picture which it presents of the way in which genius can be exploited at the present day. It would be interesting to know if the portrait of Arthur Craddock, the great critic who used the columns of his papers to boom his new discoveries, only to benefit his own pocket, is in any sense drawn from life. This Craddock had an astonishing *flair* for perceiving what the public would appreciate.

"Often he bought pictures, which from an artistic point of view he thought frankly contemptible, because he saw signs—so subtle that they were instinctively perceived rather than reasoned—that the public was going to see something in either an outworn mode, or in some new and abominable trickery."

Then, having nursed them in the Press, he transferred his purchases to a gallery in which he was financially interested, and gladly parted with them on advantageous terms. Yet Arthur Craddock, with all his faults, was only half a villain, and a patron who was always ready to bow the knee before genius; very different from the patron defined by Dr. Johnson in his abusive letters to Lord Chesterfield. Craddock did at least hold out a helping hand at the critical moment, however much he may have sinned by his dishonesty as a dealer and his meanness as a rival in his protégé's love affair. Many neglected geniuses would willingly bind themselves for three years on the terms by which Mr. Benson's two delightful young heroes were bound to Arthur Craddock. That worthy was sufficiently punished by the shame of discovery. His remorse, when he realised to what depths his unscrupulous ambition had led him, when it tempted him to betray the genius who was now hailed as the rising star of the whole artistic world, is depicted with the touch of a master's hand. "He felt as if he had been found picking Velasquez's pocket."





**The Pearl Tears.**

Drawn by Daphne Allen, at the age of 11.

From "The Birth of the Opal," by Daphne Allen (George Allen & Co.).



## THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL.\*

In her new book, "The Birth of the Opal," Miss Daphne Allen appears as both artist and author. There are three short stories, "The Birth of the Opal," "How the Pearls First Came," and "The Story of the Wind," and the charm of them lies in the quaint fancifulness and childlike simplicity with which they are told. You see the same quick, graceful fantasy, the same direct simplicity of thought—subtle sometimes in its very simplicity, as a child's thoughts are—delightfully at play in her work with brush and pencil. The second part of the volume consists of drawings for which, as Mr. Walter D. Ellis sets forth in his brief introduction, the artist "did not furnish any explanation, and I have done my best to supply selections from the poets which suggest similar lines of thought or imagination." These drawings, he adds, "are the pure fruit of the child's own fancy, done as the spirit moved her, without any purpose of publication," and the applicable poetical quotations are an afterthought on the part of the editor.

The paintings and sketches in this new collection do not show any advance in technique on the work of the earlier volume; that was not to be expected, for it is barely a year yet since "A Child's Visions" was published, but they maintain to the full all the spontaneous ease and grace, the happy, careless, poetic imaginativeness that characterised the other book. It is difficult to define the charm of these pictures: sometimes the slightest of them has a delicate beauty of line and form that is yet matched by the beauty of the thought or fancy it expresses. There is a delightful little sketch on the half-title page—"The Moon-Cradle"—showing six small babies asleep in the curve of a slim new moon, with an angel at each horn, rocking it; there is another—"When the Cloud Spirits dim the Moon," which is just an outline of the moon with a drift of light, flying figures clouding it over: the sense of quiet loveliness in the first of these, and of beauty and movement in the last are perfect in their kind. They have feeling and atmosphere and are intensely alive. It is the same with the painting of "The Golden Boat of Life," with the wash drawings of "The Storm Spirits," "The Pearl Tears," and "The Surprise Visit," and with the wonderfully vivid, vigorous little sketch, "The Spirits of the Wind."

None of the pictures are of this drab, every-day world in which people grow old and die, the girl and the child in the garden may be ordinarily human, but the dead autumn leaves dropping from the tree are little fairy-children; the rocks and fishes at the bottom of the sea are realistic enough, but there is a sea-maiden lifting the top shell of an oyster and disclosing a little weeping child inside it. Other healthily happy children play in the same fairy-land with the same airy, elusive fancies and bizarre imaginings, but one is put to it to name any other child of fourteen with so rare a gift for translating the thoughts and dreams of childhood into paintings and sketches such as these of Daphne Allen's. There are occasional technical flaws; it would be amazing if there were not; but the spirit and natural cunning of the work as a whole dwarf these into insignificance. We hesitate to make use of the word genius, but no other word can account for such art as this from the hand of so young and necessarily inexperienced an artist.

## THE GENIUS OF THE GAEL.†

There is no doubt that racial psychology is a study as full of quicksands as of fascination. For nations are liable not only to the extreme oscillations of prejudice and appreciation from their critics, but their own development is subject in itself to such violent inconsistency and to such warfare between the multiple constituents of the national character, that it is little wonder that the average

historian finds refuge solely in the bald exposition of facts and events, without venturing to infer or to generalize. But Mrs. Bryant, in her eloquent and persuasive analysis, plumbs deeper waters. Possessing the qualities both of introspective curiosity and logical deduction, she attempts to marshal the various aspects of Celtic activity—historical, literary, spiritual and personal into a consecutive whole, into a formula, which will justify the manifold calculations of which it is composed. She is certainly not immune from the charge of partiality, and the finished portrait emerges a little stiffed, a little more conscious of the burden of its excellence than the model virtually is. The Celt of her pages would, we fancy, be a little oppressive, if the verisimilitude were preserved in the flesh.

The pivot of Mrs. Bryant's investigation is her chapter on the psychology of the Celt, and on its summary she bases practically all the details of her speculations. It is therefore worth examining the more freely. Her salient contention is that in point of psychological emphasis, the Gael is much more vividly differentiated than the Teuton, with whom, though conceding the proper reservation, she classes the Saxon race. In some extremely able paragraphs, she mobilizes the particular virtues and stigmas that have been attributed to the Celtic nation and have passed into currency. There is the impractical dreamer, the Hamlet of the nations, which Mathew Arnold evolved; the practical genius, which as Mrs. Bryant might have told us Mr. Shaw both vindicates and represents; there is the conservative and the revolutionary, there is the primitive and the socially expansive; there is the concrete and the spiritual. All these opposing types Mrs. Bryant not only accepts and reconciles, but, with a paralysing astuteness and brilliance in the perception of idealities, shoulders into a common fold. The Celt, she says, is distinguished by his positive vitality, which by its tenacity of energy on the one hand and of memory on the other, implies a sense of "conservative progressiveness," linking him to the past and its essential character, and at the same time making him accessible and impressionable to ideas. Allied with this is his dominating trait of "facility of consciousness," which, on account of its concrete element, enables him "to react upon experience as a whole." Mrs. Bryant utilizes the subordinate characteristics which have been noted in him, with a similar aptitude of resource. His genius for domesticity and its associate qualities, his raciness, his imaginativeness, his sympathy, his individual and civic devotions, his variability, his dramatic sense divided from the histrionic by his acute apprehension of the significance of truth, and his spirituality, to illustrate some of her examples, are visualised by her in perspective and through the focus of a controlling, unifying idea. That is to say, she makes them generic and apposite. She defines the Celt (or the Gael, if we wish to preserve a rigid classification) in politics, in the religious life, in literature, and in his attitude to his ancient social institutions pretty well entirely from this point of view of a subtle amalgam in his disposition between self-consciousness and other-consciousness. Mrs. Bryant's theme, indeed, is so much of a synthesis, so masterly and plausible in its applications, that we almost forget that we are, as a matter of fact, treading upon highly controversial ground. For there are undoubtedly certain aspects in which she has understated and where she has overstated her case. She has assumed, for instance, that all the various estimates of Celtic temperament we have enumerated are *ipso facto* true. At any rate, they cannot be so correlative as she makes them, without being modified. Mathew Arnold's theories indeed are quite obsolete, it is dubious whether they were ever anything else but figments of his intellect—and Mr. Shaw's much more convincing thesis must be discounted in part from being a counterblast to the legend circulated by Arnold. Moreover, we frankly doubt whether it is the Celt's susceptibility to truth which balances his dramatic propensity, it is not so much that as his ironical sense, which goes so well with his competence. It is this slandered faculty which has made him take an

\* "The Birth of the Opal: A Child's Fancies." By Daphne Allen. 5s. net. (Geo. Allen & Co.).

† "The Genius of the Gael." A Study in Celtic Psychology. By Sophie Bryant. 5s. net. (Unwin.)

unfailing delight in the myths we English people have invented concerning him and (as indeed there is no reason on earth why he should not) to play unscrupulously upon them. And he has the sanity and judgment to detect the rays of that same irony upon himself. He qualifies himself by it in the same way as we suspect he would qualify Mrs. Bryant's whole-hearted appreciation of him. Mrs. Bryant again infers that the positive personality of the Irishman, which she so vigorously italicises, is ethical in its implication. It is a vital point, but actually there is no foundation whatever for it. This Irish exuberance, which has so many virile and engaging manifestations, may evolve ecstatically, but is not intrinsically ethical. In so far as the life-force itself is ethical, the Celtic vitality is the same, but the one does not by any means presuppose the other. The moral instinct is positive, but the assertion of vitality is not necessarily moral. Anyway, Mrs. Bryant, if she traverses debatable regions, carries fine wares in her wallet.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

### THINGS NAUTICAL.\*

To "Sailing Ships and their Story," "Fore and Aft," and "Steamships and their Story," Mr. Keble Chatterton has now added the present big and handsome book, which, so far as appearance and present handling go, is a credit indeed to all who have been concerned in its production. Truth to tell, not only is Mr. Chatterton taring sumptuously towards a fleet of battleships (or should we say: First-raters in books? For one reason, and in spite of its alliteration's artful aid, we would rather have said: Liners in literature), "all on his own"; but he must make the literary mouths of more humble penmen—dirty little smacks, by comparison—water with envy, when they contemplate his gorgeous, liner-like appearances, as he comes sailing now and then out of the harbour of the press and seems as if he must have a whole sea of a shelf to himself.

As to the subject matter of this book: Having separately and pretty exhaustively told the stories of windjammers, severally and generally, and of steam-driven craft (Steamship is an odious combination. There are old sailormen who won't admit such packets to be ships at all), from the A of Fulton down to the present-day litter of *Titanics*, *Imperators*, etc., Mr. Chatterton seems to have cast backwards, so to write, seen various interesting odds and ends, which had been omitted from the other books, recognized how, by certain additions and a little more literary privateering, he could put together (build up, we ought to have written) another of his rich-looking galleons from the El Dorado of things nautical in the Spanish Main of literature. Having done that and seen this, well, he did this also. And, lo, it no doubt looked as well in his sight as it is well in ours. His pictures are as profuse and as fine as ever, in fact, such pieces of black and white work as are found on pp. 49, 123, 162, 187, etc., are deserving of high praise. Mr. Keble Chatterton has again gone to the keel of his subject, as it were, beginning with "The Birth of the Nautical Arts" (Carthaginian, Roman, etc., of course), taking stock of the Vikings, of seafaring in the Middle Ages, in Tudor and Stuart times, and finally giving a glance at the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. And, so far as it is done, it is well done; but we would, indeed, that he, and all who go exploring the same literary waters, did give us somewhat of the depth and breadth of those seas. We are surfeited with the work of the literary dilettante; we are but little less impatient with those who can sail further and bring us of the wealth that lies afar, and Mr. Keble Chatterton is of the latter kind. He sometimes tries to cram a period into a chapter, and not with the brilliance of the really talented condenser. Let him, therefore, cover space somewhat equal to his pains in research. We don't

\* "Ships and Ways of Other Days." By E. Keble Chatterton. With One Hundred and Thirty Illustrations. 16s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

like the short in those writers who are not snappy naturally, because shortness without corresponding crispness is like eating overdry biscuits that have but little flavour.

J. E. PATTERSON.

### KAISER MAX.\*

Hero-worship is largely a matter of nationality. The present Kaiser will probably be remembered by his devoted subjects as William the Great, but to future generations of Englishmen it is not unlikely that he will be known as "Puffing Billy." In the same way Kaiser Max, as Maximilian I. was called in his own day and generation, was the darling of his German and Tyrolese subjects; but that is no reason why Englishmen should accept him, as Christopher Hare does in his new life of the Emperor, as "the very mirror of knightly courtesy." It is just four hundred years ago, be it remembered, since Maximilian helped young Henry VIII. to win his first campaign, and then betrayed him for the sake of Ferdinand's promise of help in the Emperor's plundering designs against Venice. It is true that Maximilian soothed his conscience on that occasion by the base assurance on the part of Ferdinand's emissary that Henry VIII. would raise no objection, but his was a conscience that was easily appeased. His daughter Margaret was a much nobler character than this needy and egotistical Emperor, and had a higher regard for the honour of the House of Hapsburg, of the greatness of which he was never tired of singing. It was Margaret of Austria who flatly declined to marry old Henry VII., though her father would have sacrificed her for a consideration to the monarch whose insecure throne he had previously sought to undermine by means of the spiritless pretender, Perkin Warbeck. She was not unwilling, at a later date, however, to flirt with Charles Brandon, the handsome favourite of young Henry VIII., while accompanying her father in the Terouanne campaign. Christopher Hare makes no mention either of Maximilian's futile championship of the English pretender, or of the diplomatic flirtation between his daughter—"Savoy's blooming Duchess," as Drayton calls her—and Brandon, with young Henry VIII. acting as a most enterprising matrimonial agent. This is the more curious as the author refers to the feminine touch in Margaret's letter from Lille to her father at this period, in which she says: "I am willing to ride thither if it will be for your good service . . . but otherwise it is not seemly for a widow woman to go trotting about and to visit armies for pleasure." The author mentions, instead, that Henry VIII. "was accompanied by the astute Wolsey, who had just been made Bishop of Tournay by the Pope." It was Henry who appointed Wolsey to this bishopric, but the appointment was never confirmed by the Pope. The French bishop-elect of the same See hotly disputed the Englishman's administration, and three years later Wolsey was content to surrender his claim for a pension of 12,000 livres.

The character of the last Holy Roman Emperor of the ancient régime is summed up by Christopher Hare in the title of her book, "Maximilian the Dreamer." He was always dreaming of impossible glories, the summit of his earthly ambition being to crown himself with the papal tiara and combine the spiritual and temporal rule of the world. But Maximilian's dreams soared beyond terrestrial heights. He assured his daughter quite seriously in 1512 that she would have to worship him after his death, as he fully intended to be canonised! On the other hand, he was not only an excellent soldier, and fearless as a lion at bay, but also a generous patron of art and letters. His supreme achievements were the organisation of his German troops into the famous Landsknechte, whose splendidly trained companies became the admiration, as well as the fear, of all Europe; and the restoration of the University of

\* "Maximilian the Dreamer: Holy Roman Emperor, 1459-1550." By Christopher Hare. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Vienna. The Emperor was, in truth, a strange mixture of good and bad qualities, and the only fault I have to find with Christopher Hare's study is that it makes overmuch of the one and under-estimates the other. Her hero was no more sincere in his dreams of a crusade against the Infidels than were the other reigning sovereigns of Christendom, who were all ready enough with their promises, but only made them as an excuse for arming themselves against one another. Maximilian gave every encouragement to the Renaissance in Germany, but unlike Albrecht Durer, many of whose priceless works we owe to his patronage, he failed to realise the significance of the Reformation. He had a poor opinion of English arms, but the highest regard for English crowns, as he proved on many occasions in the course of his impecunious career, especially when he served under Henry VIII as a common soldier at one hundred crowns a day. Nobody, as Dr Gairdner has said, ever settled anything with Kaiser Max without ready money.

FRANK A MUMBY

### ESSAYS IN REBELLION.\*

In Mr Wells' *Time Machine* there is a vision of a world from which strife, danger and rebellion have been eliminated a world in which peace is secure and lasting and man released at last from standing guard over his life and well-being. The people who inhabit it, having no longer any need for initiative and fortitude, have degenerated upon a fragile physical beauty and a childish ineffectuality, the race has been pampered to its undoing. In Mr Nevinson's view, as set forth in his *Essays in Rebellion* it is the function of the rebel working in the social body like leaven in the dough troubling it with its demoniac commotion to avert from mankind the danger and degradation of so sluggish a tranquillity. To justify and explain his rebel Mr Nevinson has written the admirable parable of the cat-fish—that devil of the seas which the wise fisherman used to introduce into his tank to stimulate and enliven the cod that else would have rotted and become unmarkable.

In the course of a career whose active and varied interest is known to most readers of newspapers Mr Nevinson has been a spectator of—and for all I know, a participant in many rebellions—he has seen streets closed by barricades and the current of a city's life dammed with violence and slaughter—but he is far from limiting his use of the word rebellion to these mere crises and culminations of the rebel idea. Hardly shall you find in casual paragraphs scattered through his pages an admission that he knows at first hand whereof he writes: there never was a less boastful book. The rebels he esteems for the efficacy of their rebellion are such as Carlyle, Swift, Rousseau, Byron and Cardinal Vaughan, he sets their names beside those of Garibaldi, Mazzini, the revolutionaries of Russia and the reservists whose refusal to embark for Melilla brought about the Barcelona rising. It has been an age of rebels in letters as in life, he says with a tone of congratulating the age upon this point in its character. Rebellion has been the characteristic expression of its most vital self. There is even a whisper of hope that the immediate future will not lack its rebellious quality.

"During a generation or so, people have looked to the Government to mitigate the oppression of poverty, but some different appeal now seems probable. For many despair of the goodwill or the power of the State, finding little in it but hurried politicians, inhuman officials, and the experts who docket and label the poor for 'institutional treatment'."

The Catalan reservists who refused to serve in the Morocco campaign in 1909 furnished a precedent which Mr. Nevinson considers "the greatest gain ever yet won for the cause of peace." The war was an ignoble one, none stood to gain by it save a few speculators in Paris and Madrid. The working people, the class that supplied

the reservists, for once in a way saw through the martial pomp that veiled the miserable truth of the matter, and rather than embark, set Barcelona in a blaze and held the city for nearly a week. Men of all countries have long since refused to fight for mere dynasties: "if they refuse to fight in the ordinary Government wars, either war will cease or it will rise to the higher stage of war between class and class." The latter alternative suggests to Mr Nevinson possibilities even of a world-war between the classes.

"I hat would take the form of a civil war extended throughout Europe, and perhaps America and the highly-developed parts of Asia. The allied forces in the various countries would then strike where the need was greatest, the French or English army corps of working men going to the assistance of Russian or German working-men against the forces of despotism or capital."

Mr Nevinson's range is a wide one—he is a cat-fish in many tanks. 'Institutional treatment of the poor, Imperial' methods of governing, the masculine oligarchy' against which the advocates of female suffrage battle so valiantly—these are but a few of the things established against which he stands in rebellion. But I should fail to convey the sense and flavour of him if I allowed it to appear that his rebel, his cat-fish, his leaven, were always and merely political factors in an eternal opposition set again the Government. Man is something more than a voter—something more than a reformer, too, for that matter. In *The Lion Crown*, Mr Nevinson takes for a text the case of Cardinal Vaughan, that fastidious and courtly Prince of the Church who moved in an entourage of state and worldly circumstance who was occupied with the arts, who was accepted in exalted social circles, whose life had the cast of dignity and sumptuous equipment—from whose arm when he lay dead, there was filed the iron bracelet he had worn for many years, with its fashion of rebellion, and another side to Mr Nevinson's mind. The Priest of Nemi is another most memorable paper in Mr Nevinson's best manner, yet another is 'The Underworld of Lime.'

*Essays in Rebellion* is more than an engrossing and strongly imaginative book: to read it is to add to one's mental equipment. It is the expression of a frank and courageous mind, which to a wide reading has added an unusual range of human experience and of a spirit which has been active for many years in the cause of liberty.

PERCIVAL GIBBON

### ITALY IN NORTH AFRICA.\*

The great adventure of Italy in Tripolitania has been largely forgotten or at least obscured by the more tremendous conflict in Europe itself that followed the Italian enterprise. Yet one was practically the logical and foreseen outcome of the other. Lord Salisbury in 1890 declared that on the day when the *status quo* in the Mediterranean shall suffer any alteration whatever Italy's occupation of Tripoli will become an absolute necessity, and again that an attack on Tripoli by Italy would be the signal for the dismemberment of Turkey. The *status quo* in the Mediterranean was certainly altered in 1911: there was a strong rumour that Germany had designs upon Tripoli. Italy found that the decisive moment had come. The curious scrambling campaign ended with the treaty of Lausanne, and as Salisbury prophesied was followed by the Balkan War. Now Italy is left with Tripoli on her hands and is faced with the problem of making the best of her bargain. It is an immense territory, mostly waste and unproductive, and occupied if at all by Arabs. Yet anciently it was a fertile land, and the modern descendants of the great Roman people may restore the province to something of its old prosperity. Italians are magnificent cultivators—a circumstance hardly sufficiently realised and very well understood irrigation and dry farming. Italy will have a

\* "Essays in Rebellion" By Henry W. Nevinson 6s net (Nisbet.)

\* "Italy in North Africa" By W. K. McClure 10s 6d net (Constable.)

great task to develop the resources of Tripoli, but she will succeed in the end with energy and patience. Mr. McClure's book is a *résumé* of the events of the recent war, with some reflections upon the country and its circumstances. Frankly pro-Italian in its point of view, it is moderate in tone and in statement, and if it praises not merely directly, but also "with faint blame," it is now of no good purpose to revive unhappy controversies

### THE PLEASANT LAND OF FRANCE.\*

It is the more pleasant to come across this book by Mr. Goldring in that it is such an improvement on another of his travel books which we lately read. Here are, indeed, a few references to adventures amorous, but one feels that they actually happened, and, therefore, never need to be forgiven, while his other adventures in a more distant scene were too palpably unreal. Here Mr. Goldring is a far more leisured traveller, he stays for many days in town after town—at Nevers he stood in some peril of remaining too long for his own comfort. We picture him lying, at each successive place, in bed, with a Baedeker on the floor, and afterwards he will rise, will furtively glance through this admirable author, and will be honest enough to praise him when he is not irritated by the thought of personally-conducted and other tourists who use him likewise. Then he will go forth and will describe very well and vividly and amusingly the various human and architectural matters of interest. It is rather surprising that while Mr. Henry James is rightly quoted on several occasions, yet at Angers there is no mention of M. René Bazin who, we fancy, lives there, and at any rate has often made that district his literary scene. Mr. Collins's illustrations, in colour and in black and white, are very attractive, though they all seem to have been done in weather more monotonously fine than that which Mr. Goldring encountered. We hope that books of this enjoyable, rambling sort will henceforth come from Mr. Goldring, who persistently eschews the ways of Augustus Hare and gives us his own meditations without requesting us to arrange our own. When he arrived at Muerces of the magnificent cliffs, we wish he had gone a couple of miles from the river—he had already tramped many score in search of various objects—because at La Seilleraye he would have found in a delightful old chateau, not only souvenirs of Madame de Sévigné, who used to stay there but, very probably, ourselves, and, anyhow, we go there now and it will give great pleasure, we are sure.

Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor is an Indian official who, on a holiday, visited the Pyrenees, and now has given us an excellent account of his explorings, both physical and of the spirit. This is very clearly a book which gave its author a great pleasure to write, and he completely takes us with him. That part of it which deals with the famous miniature republic—if republic be the word—of Andorra one naturally turns to first, and it is interesting to see that Mr. O'Connor is not one of those blind followers of the picturesque, to whom all that is exotic is laudable. It is the more interesting to read his remarks as to independence of a state when we remember that he helps to administer a part of our Indian Empire. And from the Andorran chapters, with their neat strokes and admirable observation, we see at once that no matter where Mr. O'Connor may travel we shall always be delighted to travel with him. Andorra is, no doubt, a rather sordid and mean commonwealth of smugglers, but if on his way from India the author should some day get off at Rimini and write a book about the Apennines, we hope that our own ideas as to San Marino will not be shown to be equally a delusion. There, at least, the executive is not so complicated, and the population appear to be devoted more to agriculture than to smuggling. With regard to the other regions of which Mr. O'Connor writes, we may refer to Perpignan,

\* "The Loire." By Douglas Goldring. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Travels in the Pyrenees." By V. C. Scott O'Connor. 10s. 6d. net. (Long.)

over whose faded glory he laments and then characteristically gives us an excellent sketch of the present Bishop, for whom he has much admiration. This prelate is, as we see, a scholar, and at the same time the inventor of a very profitable liqueur; also he has built his own tomb in the abbey. The old castles of the Pyrenees, the quaint inhabitants, Catalan or otherwise, the scenery—all are depicted to our great entertainment, and the line drawings are even more satisfactory than the photographs and the coloured reproductions, which is saying a good deal.

### THE HOMER OF INSECTS.\*

Many years ago there appeared a small book on insect life entitled "The Population of an Old Pear-tree." It was written in popular language and treated the insects almost as if they were human beings. Yet there was nothing superficial about it. Every page bore the marks of the keenest observation, as well as the most entire sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the insects. The illustrations brilliantly carried out the spirit of the book, and even added a touch of poetry and fancy all their own. Through this fascinating channel the work of the great French naturalist was introduced to English readers without their knowing it. Now, by the industry of Dr. Legros, they know their benefactor, and at the same time, plunge far deeper into the amazing world, the doors of which he has opened to us. With a cleverness which commands our admiration, the biographer has brought out all the most salient points, the most picturesque revelations, the most pregnant discoveries of the humble schoolmaster of the South of France, and at the same time has unveiled for us a character of rare charm.

There is a vague impression abroad that Fabre is merely a peasant with a genius for patient observation. There is an element of truth in this. He is by origin a peasant. In the home of his childhood "the only light, of an evening, came from a splinter of pine, steeped in resin, which was held by a strip of slate stuck into the wall; in times of severe cold his folk shut themselves in the byre to save a little firewood." Undoubtedly, too, he had a genius for patient observation—unfortunately, we must say "hâï," for he is now past work. For no less than forty years he was observing the habits of the *Scarabæus Sacer*. But Fabre is far more than this. He has been a professor of physics; he is a first-class mathematician, lying awake at nights while absorbed in contemplation of some newly-discovered properties of a curve. This knowledge adds enormously both to his value and to his enthusiasm. It enables him to describe the hunting-net of the *Epeira* spider, whose "terribly scientific" combinations realise the spiral logarithm of the geyometers. He applies the infinitesimal calculus of Leibnitz to the "transcendent spirals" of the snail. He has composed a beautiful lyric in honour of Number. The man is a poet as well as a scientist, a poet who has sung the praises of the Hyperbola, "the desperate curve which plunges into space in infinite tentacles." Poetic imagination and sympathy pervades his work, makes dull facts burn with a glowing beauty. Never has there been a naturalist better equipped for interpreting to the multitude the marvels and mysteries of Nature.

The marvels: here is the *Cerceris* wasp hiding its larva in a tunnel and providing it with a larder of meat that keeps fresh for months. How is this possible? The sting of the *Cerceris* is plunged exactly into the seat of those invisible nervous ganglions which make movement possible. The victim is paralysed, but lives on until the larva is ready for its meal. Another marvel: the *Sphex* compresses the brain of its victim so as to produce a passing stupor; the glow-worm anaesthetizes the snail, in order to immobilise it before devouring it. The *Philanthus* wasp, after capturing the honey-bee, "outrages the dying insect" by squeezing

\* "Fabre, Poet of Science." By Dr. C. V. Legros. Translated by Bernard Miall. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

honey out of it. Why? because the *Philanthus* knows instinctively that honey, which is her ordinary fare, is, by a mysterious "inversion," a mortal poison to her larvæ.

This brings us to the mysteries unravelled by Fabre, or partially unravelled. His experiments showed him that what is poison to an adult is harmless to the larva—"a fresh proof that metamorphosis modifies the substance of the organism to the point of changing its most intimate properties." Then the great mystery of instinct. Fabre proves how mechanical it is. The *Pelopæus* continues to store away spiders for a larva that has been removed; the mason bee continues to fill a cell already provisioned with all the honey its larva wants. Then the mystery of sacrifice, the submission of the grasshopper before the Praying Mantis, of the Tarantula before its almost despicable enemy, the *Pompilus*. Fabre accounts for it by supposing a Providential law of renunciation, of self-sacrifice for the collective interest.

Very interesting is Fabre when he comes to attack Darwinism, and demonstrates, for instance, that the supposed striking mimicry of wasps by the *Volucella* fly is baseless, that its brown and yellow bands do not provide it with a pass into the enemy's country, but that it is actually welcomed as an invaluable scavenger. Most interesting of all is this great naturalist when he deals with general principles, such as the equilibrium of Nature, the task appointed to every insect, the mercy of Nature and the imprint everywhere of a great eternal Power. This biography will have done invaluable service if it sends Englishmen to the study of the works of this great and fascinating naturalist.

W. A. F.

### THE DIARY OF LADY SHELLEY.\*

It is hardly surprising that the first volume of Lady Shelley's diary (which was published in the Spring of last year) met with so unqualified a success. The popularity of this book was well deserved, for its pages were lively and amusing, and they treated of people and events (belonging to that fascinating period of Nelson and Napoleon) that are just beyond the recollection of people now living. In journalistic phrase our author would probably be described as "a link with the past," because she touched life at so many vital points of modern history, kept a journal, and put into it much of what she had seen and heard. Lady Shelley died in 1873, not so long ago that there must be many now surviving who will have heard from her own lips some of the stories that are related in this book.

A second and final volume compiled from these diaries of Lady Shelley by her grandson, Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, has just made its appearance. It begins in April, 1818, concludes with the year of her death, and it hardly contains a dull page. Mr. Richard Edgcumbe deserves to be commended for his skill in selecting the material of which the two volumes are composed, and congratulated on having completed his task. As an editor he leaves nothing to wish for. Lady Shelley wrote up her journal with exemplary regularity, and evidently it was with a sense of genuine pleasure that she recorded every event of interest, and any amusing chit-chat of the day. Her dry humour is reflected in the stories that she has preserved. Anything whimsical, odd or incredible appealed to her fancy and was set down with exclamation marks. But her diary also reveals a generous and charming personality, a nature which proved so attractive to her irresponsible husband, to her friends and not least to the old Duke of Wellington. We are told in the first volume of Sir John Shelley's gaming proclivities; in the present volume we are able to follow his successes and losses on the turf, and to read of his passion for field sports. Lady Shelley's devotion to her husband never abated, and his interests remained to the

end the chief concern of her life. But her natural inclinations were towards politics; she followed all public events closely and criticised every promising aspirant to parliamentary honours. Married to a statesman she might have made a great figure in the world of politics. As it was Lady Shelley shared the political creed of the Duke of Wellington, who was ever ready to discuss his views with her, and the most genial side of his character is revealed in this correspondence; for every event in her life brought a letter from him with its old fashioned courtesy in neatly turned, clear cut phrases. It is interesting to compare his letters with the Duke of Rutland's pompous and wordy epistles: they both treat of political events and social news, but Wellington always remembered that he was addressing a woman of spirit, and he chatted entertainingly; whereas her other correspondent never forgot that he was His Grace of Rutland, and he succeeded in proving himself a sad bore.

The Duke of Wellington's duel with Lord Winchelsea is an old story, but it loses nothing in its telling by Lady Shelley.

She continued to entertain, till the Duke's death, an admiration for him almost amounting to idolatry. But her friendship with Wellington was not to endure without a cloud. The hero of Waterloo had singled her out for marked attention, and had, years before, ridden with her over the scene of his victory within a few weeks of the great battle; had permitted her the great honour of mounting his famous charger Copenhagen, and for many years had been on terms of close intimacy with herself and Sir John Shelley. In January, 1847, the Duke of Wellington wrote a long private letter to Sir John Burgoyne on the defenceless state of England, which he allowed Lady Shelley to see, and she with the most patriotic intentions exerted herself to make its contents generally known. It was a very grave fault, and it was the cause of an estrangement between herself and the Duke, who would not accept from her any explanation. This state of things lasted till 1850, when Sir John Shelley happened to meet Wellington at a party. "Good evening, Duke," said Sir John in his most winning manner. "Do you know it has been said, by someone who must have been present, that the cackling of geese once saved Rome? I have been thinking that perhaps the cackling of my old Goose may yet save England!" This wholly unexpected sally proved too much for the Duke, who burst into a hearty laugh. "By God, Shelley," said he, "you are right; give me your honest hand." Thus Lady Shelley was once more made happy.

In 1819 the Shelleys visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. This was before he had acknowledged the *Waverley* Novels, but despite his denial of having written them, their authorship was a stock topic of conversation wherever Scott went.

Mr. Edgcumbe tells the following amusing story about his mother, who was Lady Shelley's daughter. "One day" says Lady Shelley, "I gave a small 'breakfast,' which Scott attended. When most of the people had gone, my daughter Fanny stole up to Walter Scott, and, while the great man was intent on his conversation, she cut off a lock of his hair!" The lock of hair is still in Mr. Edgcumbe's possession.

Lady Shelley had no literary pretensions, and she did not cultivate the society of authors. She confesses, in 1819, that she had no means of judging of the gifts of her husband's young kinsman, Percy Shelley, as she had seen none of his "productions," but she was told that "he seemed to possess great talent" by Walter Scott. The following extracts are from a most interesting letter from Scott to Percy Shelley preserved by Lady Shelley; it is undated but apparently written when Shelley was beginning to write poetry. The elder poet breaks through his habitual rule never to advise young authors, and with much modesty offers some sound counsel:

"Above all, sir, I must warn you against suffering yourself to suppose that the power of enjoying natural beauty and poetical description is necessarily connected with that of producing poetry. The former is really a gift of Heaven, which conduces inestimably to the happiness of those who enjoy it; the record

\* "The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley, 1818-1873." Edited by her Grandson, Richard Edgcumbe. Vol. II. (Murray.)



has much more of knack in it than the pride of poets is always willing to admit, but at any rate is only valuable when combined with the first. These are considerations which may serve to reconcile you, sir, to any failure which you may have experienced in your attempt to imitate verses that pleased you, or to celebrate scenes by which you have been delighted. . . . With respect to the idylls of which you have favoured us with copies, they seem to me to have all the merits, and most of the faults, of juvenile compositions. They are fanciful, tender, and elegant, and exhibit both command of language and luxuriance of imagination. On the other hand, they are a little too wordy, and there is too much the air to make the most of everything: too many epithets, and too laboured an attempt to describe minute circumstances. . . . Upon the whole, I think your specimen augurs very favourably of your talents, and that you have not any cause for the apprehensive dejection you have experienced, and which I confess I do not think the worst symptom of your powers: since it is a frequent attribute of genius to distrust its own powers. . . . But, above all, be in no hurry to publish—a name in poetry is soon lost, but it is very difficult to regain it."

In 1840 Lady Shelley went to reside at Lonsdale House, Fulham, where she gave for nearly thirty years those morning parties which became one of the features of the London Season. Here she received some of the most notable people of the day, such as Gladstone, Matthew Arnold, Monckton Milnes, Abraham Hayward, and Samuel Rogers. In her eighty-second year the lease of Lady Shelley's place at Fulham expired, and she thereupon moved to East Cowes where she built a house. During her residence there she was honoured by the personal friendship of Queen Victoria. Mr. Edgcumbe tells us that towards the end of her life Lady Shelley "conceived the idea of collating her various journals with a view to their publication after her death." She made, however, but little progress in this work, which has now, forty years after her death, fallen into the hands of so able an editor.

ROGER INGFEN.

### SIX POETS.\*

Mr. Flecker believes that poets and critics to-day need a theory to redeem poetry from "foimlessness" and "didactic tendencies." His preface and his own practice recommend the theory of the French Parnassian, whose "desire in writing poetry is to create beauty; his inclination is toward a beauty somewhat statuesque." The Parnassian was saved from being Augustan only by having in his veins Romantic blood. Mr. Flecker is saved, and that very barely, by having not only Parnassian theory, but some modern blood. He will have to show still more modern blood if his theory is to make headway. It is not enough to be hard in outline, lucid in atmosphere, and to have subjects which a Royal Academician would be bound to recognise as beautiful. Messrs. A. E. Housman, Lawrence Binyon, Gordon Bottomley, Sturge Moore, Lady Margaret Sackville, Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor, and others, have done as well, and often better, without reproaching the age or drawing attention to themselves. But Mr. Flecker maintains a high level, spirited if uninspired, and reminds us of Tennyson in passages like the following:

Behind, the plain's floor rocks: the armies come:  
The rose-round lips blow battle horns: the drum  
Booms oriental measure. Earth exults.  
And still behind, the tottering catapults  
Pulled by slow slaves, grey backs with crimson lined,  
Roll resolutely west

Of their kind, Mr. Flecker's poems are all but flawless, but is "blue-shadow sweeping" the right word for a plain that blue shadows sweep over?

Mr. Fletcher is less certain of himself and less certain in technique; he has broader notions of beauty, if that word

\* "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" By James Elroy Flecker. 2s. 6d. net. (Max Goschen)

"Fire and Wine" By John Gould Fletcher. 2s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards)

"Visions of Evening." By John Gould Fletcher. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald)

"The Dominant City." By John Gould Fletcher. 3s. 6d. net. (Max Goschen)

"Eve and Other Poems." By Ralph Hodgson, and "The Two Wizards." By Richard Honeywood. 6d. each. (At the Sign of the Flying Fame, 45, Roland Gardens, S.W.)

troubles him. But he also has gone to foreign sources, to Baudelaire and Verhaeren, for example, for his poetical. He expresses himself through images that are largely sinister, shadowy, gaunt, terrific, disastrous, desperate, and in "Golgotha" says:

Christ only once trod Golgotha:  
Christ only knew one day of woe.  
Through life I feel my agony,  
And life is slow.

He will not have "patented magic casements, and copy-right nightingales," but satisfies his sincerity by saying to a woman: "I cannot love you but for an instant only," and of his art:

Welcome each sorrow with full heart,  
As freely as you welcome bliss;  
Never to flinch is the best art,  
And to receive all, giving is.

"The Dominant City" contains his best work. He is still experimenting, both in technique and in moods, so that his "dominant city," London, might be any huge city in the presence of a solitary, sensitive questioner. But already his words and his solemn or tortured feelings seem to promise an achievement that should satisfy readers, if not himself.

Mr. Ralph Hodgson cares nothing for Parnassian or any other theory. The difference between his chap books and Messrs. Flecker and Fletcher's bound volumes is the difference between a spinning wheel and a factory. But his spinning wheel is a genuine survival, not a revival. His is a blithe, truly lyric gift, swift and sweet, matchable to-day only in the best work of Messrs. Charles Dalmon and James Stephens. He is one of the few authors to whom it would be a pure compliment to say that they pipe but as the linnet sings, and as Tennyson didn't sing. Truly, as Mr. Hodgson says in a sententious moment:

God loves an idle rainbow,  
No less than labouring seas.

And the form of the little book, twenty-four small cut pages, with a few lines to each page and a decoration dropped on to it by Mr. Lovat Fraser, is perfect. They go into the pocket like a letter, and come out more easily. They invite reading. If Barnfield, Sedley, Prior, some of the "Oxford sausage" makers, Peacock, T. E. Brown, the early Masfield, were printed in this form—not to speak of Ben Jonson, Herrick, Blake, Christina Rossetti—a very large number of people would spend sixpence (again and again) on poetry of certain kinds. Mr. Hodgson's work is born for this form: how many kinds are not will be at once apparent to purchasers of the yellow-covered "Eve." Another poet born for this form is a Mr. Richard Honeywood, whose work is similarly decorated, and has the title of "The Two Wizards" on its green cover.

EDWARD THOMAS.

### MR. STOPFORD BROOKE ON SHAKESPEARE.\*

"It is always a new wonder," says Mr. Stopford Brooke, in the last of these ten more of his lectures, "how close Shakespeare is to human nature." That is not, to be sure, itself a wholly new or particularly wonderful saying. It may, very conceivably, have been said some few times already. When one reads, however—or, better still, listens to—any of Mr. Stopford Brooke's lectures, one is as an ancient Athenian exclaiming, as he listened to a Demosthenes, not "What an orator!" but "Let us march against Philip!" It is not the lecture itself, but its object, that appeals the more directly to everyone. No one can move people better to think and feel with him, in literature, about the immediate subject on which he is lecturing. And thus it is that in this series of addresses, which are now published as essays, he brings the reader directly to that ultimate source of "new wonder" in Shakespeare—his humanity.

It is of no use, he writes, to say that the poet is an

\* "Ten More Plays of Shakespeare." By Stopford A. Brooke. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

artist dealing in independence with his materials, with men's passions and principles. "He writes in a passion of pity for men, in a passion of resentment for their pains." That is the thought which recurs in these essays. It is brought out, in one or other of its phases, in each of the three great stages—in the comedies, tragedies, and the so-called "romantic" plays, and it is wonderful how, as the writer traces out this course of the poet's "passion of pity," the style of the writing reflects the successive moods of those moments. Indeed, in its fine quality of responsiveness, in the nimble turn of the thoughts and fancies, and in the central hold on main issues, Mr Stopford Brooke's criticism is something akin to creation. The reader is, so to speak, sitting at an ideal spectacle, held spell-bound by the acting. On no real stage, certainly, was ever presentment so moving. "I repeat," runs the essay on "Othello," "that Shakespeare was not in these tragedies the impersonal artist. He chose these grim, awful, piteous and fierce subjects because his mood towards humanity was grim with pain, because the questioning of mortal doubt and trouble which he did represent in 'Hamlet' had left him without an answer to give to the problem of misery and evil." It is however, when he goes on to show the essential sanity and healthfulness of true artistry that Mr Stopford Brooke is at his finest. He is on ground which puts him simply above criticism when he points out that if Shakespeare did falter once in his faith, and his sympathy to that very extent also his power as an artist faltered. "Measure for Measure," "Troilus and Cressida," "Iliad of Athens" are they not plays in which the 'hand wavers' and 'the view of the situation is not inevitably right'?"

But as genius may suffer, so also is it given to it to shake itself free of mere torments and, after treading the Inferno, to mount and behold once more the stars.

"In nature, not nobly built, who have not a solid foundation of healthy humanity, to whom cheerfulness and joy and love of human nature are not native, such cynicism when it comes is cherished, grows and finally masters them. But in nature that are of an opposite character—noble, healthy, joyous loving, such cynicism is transient. It is like a close and gloomy cloud veil, which after violent storm, makes grey the landscape and is silent from the exhaustion of the forces which preceded it. It broods like a curse over the land and takes all colour out of everything. Then a clear wind arises from the west, the black vapour thins, breaks upwards into soft cloud flakes, sun smitten into tender beauty, and in the quiet sky the evening sun is shining with a lovely and delicate light, more lovely and delicate than was its radiance in the morning."

These ten essays do not present in its fulness this beautiful twilight impression, for they do not deal directly at all with those last lovelinesses—"The Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," "The Tempest." What they do give however, of the gay and gracious, as well as of the grave mood in Shakespeare is always equal in treatment and attests the same quality of sympathy in Mr Stopford Brooke's insight. Amongst pure comedies, the book includes essays on "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Twelfth Night," while amongst histories it embraces "Henry IV. Parts I and II," thus bringing in "the wave-crest of good humour" on which Shakespeare was being borne along when he created Falstaff. "A triumph of imaginative and executive genius," Mr Stopford Brooke further calls that creation and the triumph which he means by that is not a triumph of art only, but of science also—of the science of true history.

"What Shakespeare did (in thus adding common life to history) for the ideal of true history was not realised by historians for some centuries. Only lately have some historians begun to realise that the doings, thought, and daily life of the burghers and the working classes and the poor of the country itself, their ways and speech, and above all what the literature of England was and made were also history, and not

rarely more important history than the doings of statesmen and armies."

They might have learnt that lesson earlier, Mr Stopford Brooke adds, from Shakespeare's "Henry IV." and "Henry V." They might also have learnt it, one may venture oneself to add, if they had considered certain of the actual characters who are more immediately in their special field of vision. Was it not Marlborough—or Chatham? who took his history from Shakespeare? No doubt either of those two would have worn his historical knowledge with some difference from the way in which Mr Stopford Brooke means that historians ought to have worn it. It is however distinctively instructive to find personages who have themselves contributed to real history turning for their own knowledge of times past and for their analysis of motive and of character in other great actors in that drama to that source which as Aristotle has it, is even truer than true history—namely, Poetry.

BIALMOAT FITCHER.

## Novel Notes.

SHALLOWS By Frederick Watson 6s. (Methuen)

Mr Frederick Watson has taken an excellent romantic theme for his new novel 'Shallows,' and has handled it in the right glamorous spirit of romance. There have been stories enough of the 'Young Pretender' in the days when he was young but Mr Watson takes him at the less known, less obviously picturesque period of his career when he was living obscurely in France, a discredited, dissipated,

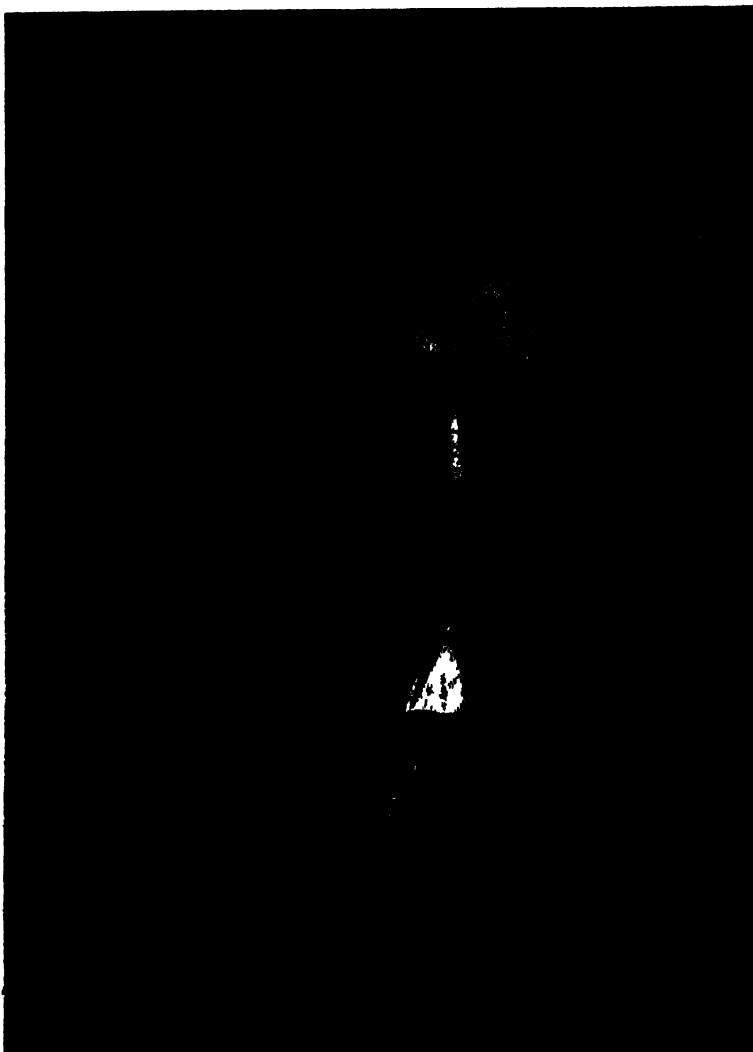


Photo by Elliot & Fry.

Mr. Frederick Watson.

broken, prematurely aged man. His identity is kept a secret from all but a faithful few, and one of the most tensely dramatic moments in the book is that when he is deterred from making insulting advances to Ethlena Murdoch, touched by her singing of a sad, gallant old ditty of Prince Charlie and the days of '45, and in a rush of shame and remorse, confesses, "I was Prince Charlie!" Even a realisation of his true character and the gross depths into which he had sunk cannot shake Ethlena's loyalty to her ideal of the banished king and in the futile rising that a very miscellaneous, variously-actuated remnant of his followers plan in his favour, she plays to this middle-aged, degenerate pretender the part that Flora MacDonald played to the Bonnie Prince Charlie of years gone by. The character of the Prince in all its pitiful weakness is drawn with unsparing realism; he makes a sorry, squalid figure for a hero of romance, but in the loyal faithfulness of Ethlena and the best of his adherents, the perils they face, the adventures they experience, the intriguing and outlawry in which they are involved for his sake there is no lack of romance that is full of colour and stirring incident. The pictures of Highland life and character are admirable. The love that awakens in Ethlena for the subtle Carmichael, before she learns that he is a spy, can have no happy ending and the grim tragedy of the close is in keeping with the shadow of thwarted hopes and inevitable misfortune, the sense of vain striving in a lost cause that haunts one all through the book. Most romances achieve the romantic by leaving out the fallible human element. Mr. Watson's men and women move in the very atmosphere of romance but retain their faulty mortal qualities, and it is this that gives their story its freshness and poignancy of interest. "Shallows" is a picturesque tale, well imagined and well constructed, and the power and pathos of it are heightened by the artistic restraint with which it is written.

**THE SPANISH MARRIAGE.** By Helen Mary Keynes  
(Chatto & Windus)

This is the first novel of a very young writer, and as such it deserves high praise. The construction of the story, perhaps, betrays a lack of experience, but the style is decidedly not that of an amateur. The ill-fated excursion into Spain of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Prince Charles makes capital groundwork for an historical novel. Miss Keynes acted wisely in setting her story in the Stuart period, for she is sure of a welcome from the lovers of historical novels. Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of the Stuarts, and the glamour of their misdeeds shows no signs of waning. The Duke of Buckingham becomes a most lovable man in Miss Keynes' hands, and contrasted with the boorishness of James the First and the sullenness and sensuality of Baby Charles, he stands, hero-like, head and shoulders above his masters. Whether it is a faithful portrait is a moot point. The author works up her climaxes well, particularly in the story of Buckingham's departure for Spain with Prince Charles. You can almost hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs upon the Dover road, and feel the intensity of the adventure when the rumble of coach wheels breaks in upon their ears, and at Rochester when the royal travellers are charged as conspirators, it is with a sigh of relief that you read of the resourceful "Steele" saving the situation. To use a North Country phrase, Miss Keynes "will do," and we shall look forward to her more mature work.

**THE ROAD TO VICTORY.** By Rose Schuster 6s.  
(Chapman & Hall)

Miss Schuster has chosen a very difficult subject and made an excellent historical romance out of it. Her young hero is Frederick the Great: she studies his character with the carefulness of a historian and the insight of an imaginative writer, and though she keeps close to facts, her work is as full of movement and excitement as a piece of pure fiction. It is a tale of the conversion of an arrogant young fop into the hardest-headed man of business that

ever sat on a throne. And interwoven with this theme is the problem of the transformation of a princely apostle of peace—the Carnegie of his age—into the most unscrupulous and successful of Royal robbers. It would perhaps be too much to say that Miss Schuster succeeds in making Frederick into a sympathetic character: even Carlyle could not do that, at the height of his genius and enthusiasm for the disciple of Voltaire. But she does humanize him a little, and his strange, enigmatical personality fascinates the reader, even if it does not win his admiration. Altogether "The Road to Victory" is one of those rare historical novels which are both good novels and good historical studies.

**THE BRAT.** By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Three of the most outrageously naughty and impudent children that one is likely to meet with between the covers of a book are to be found in Mrs. Penrose's lively and entertaining story, "The Brat." Callous and cruelly mischievous, they yet contrive to win the affection of all they come in contact with, and secure much undeserved forgiveness through their powerful and astounding sense of honour. The poor governess is the chief target for their torment; she is faded, broken-spirited, and middle-aged, and the pathos of a shattered love affair in her youth lends a grey background to a number of bright, amusing incidents. Strangely enough, her greatest tormentor, the Brat, is the one who unconsciously brings into her drab life a long-postponed happiness, and the story ends amid general rejoicings. Lightly told, but distinctly interesting, it makes excellent reading, and the unique children, with their pranks and daring, form splendid material for any quantity of unusual situations—material of which the author has taken full advantage.

**BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD.** By B. A. Clarke 6s.  
(Ward, Lock)

**A FORTUNE AT STAKE.** By Nat Gould. 6s. (Long)

Mr. Clarke's book consists of a series of rather loosely-connected sketches and stories dealing with the people who live in the vicinity of Trafalgar Road—which is two miles of the London end of the Great North Road. On the east live the working classes, whose stories, as related by Mr. Clarke, are invariably pathetic and sometimes tragic. Here the author is seen at his best. He handles his material with assurance and sympathy; his humour is unforced, and his sentiment never degenerates into sentimentality. On the west of Trafalgar Road are the middle-classes, which make good but less satisfactory material for the writer, who by the way shows himself to be quite at home on the cricket-field. In this second part, in fact, Mr. Clarke is best as a humorist pure and simple. But, although we prefer certain portions, the whole book well deserves to be read.

"A Fortune at Stake" is an astonishing contrast, though its characters are equally true to type. They seem to be interested only in their own amusements, with which even their love affairs are almost inseparably bound up. The hero is a millionaire who must surely be also one of the most successful amateur jockeys ever heard of. He spends his time solely in winning "classic" races and getting through his enormous fortune; he is not edifying, but he is perfectly harmless—a thorough "good fellow." Mr. Nat Gould can draw this sort of character with a precision which is almost alarming, and he has also an easy faculty for the invention of appropriate complications with which to pad out and make interesting his rather uninspired accounts of races. In fact, "A Fortune at Stake" is a typical Nat Gould story, breezy, innocuous, and very nice for people who like that sort of thing. It is published experimentally at six shillings in the hope that lady readers will borrow it from the libraries. Perhaps they will, for there is no reason at all why Mr. Gould's admirers should all be men.

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recipes and cookery "tips." We are glad to leave Cynthia in a model home, with a contented husband and two sons. We only wish she had paid Matilda rather better wages and saved it off the store cupboard.

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Mr. Gilbert Littlestone is much more deliberate than Mr. Dawe, and his new novel is if anything too long for rather an ancient plot. The hero is heir to an estate which the heroine enjoys, but he refuses to press his claim in order that the girl may get to love him for himself alone. His little plan very neatly fails, but the heroines of melodrama are not often normal human beings, and Miss Mary Dashwood Mallory is no exception to the rule. So after a good deal of trouble with another and fraudulent claimant she falls happily into the hero's arms in the last chapter of a book of which it would be very ungracious to say that it is unreadable.



The Seven Sisters and Coast-guard Station, Seaford, where Verity and Adam met.



"The Snake Valley." On the left, Hindon Hill, down the slope of which Adam rolled Dan O'Beady.

Views of Seaford, in and around which the scenes of Mr. Andrew Soutar's novel, "Magpie House," are laid.

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We question whether the romance of the kitchen has ever been transcribed before, at any rate it is new to us, and after reading Mrs Sidgwick's new book we do not advise novelists to dig with too much diligence in this quarry. This is not to imply that Mrs Sidgwick has not succeeded, but rather that she has done so well as to preclude other novelists from doing better. It is a real achievement to write a story of some three hundred pages about a servant girl and her experiences in different houses without having recourse to extraordinary events and situations, and yet at the same time gain the reader's sympathy and attention. Priscilla Day was the daughter of John Day, who totally lacked business foresight and ascribed his failure to bad luck and of Mrs Day a capable woman who had been in service in good houses and desired nothing better for her daughter than a similar career. The misfortunes of John Day necessitate a removal into a ramshackle old cottage in the village, with some disreputable folk of the name of Spillers as neighbours. Polly Spillers is the evil genius of the story and appears at a critical time in London when Priscilla had lost a situation. Priscilla "sees life" with Polly but her innate good sense saves her from disgrace. Priscilla's heart is eventually won by an old love on her native heath where she returns after many vicissitudes in London. Mrs Sidgwick's story makes a timely appearance in these domestically troubled days and will find favour alike with mistress and maid.

**THE BROKEN HALO.** By Florence Barclay 6s (Putnam)

As not a few novelists have shown pertinacity in adhering to one locality as a background for their study of character, so Mrs Barclay has not hesitated to use once and again the same situation as the inspiration of her sentiment. In the present instance we have some hesitation in describing the book as a love story, for Dr Richard Cameron, in the course of his professional duties as a *locum tenens* in the country, developed a tender attachment for one of his patients the Little White Lady, a widow for the second time, and old enough to be his mother. When Thomas Atkins has committed a misdemeanour he is said by his comrades to have "dirtied his ticket." In more polite and suitable language, Dr Cameron "broke his halo" by his unpardonable curiosity in making some research at Somerset House into the state of the Little White Lady's finances. Like the kind mother Nature intended her to be, the Little White Lady overlooked the offence, married Dr Richard, and lost no time in fading out of the story, in order to make way for the true love in the background, who was also a widow, it is true, but of junior standing. The manner of Dr Richard's breaking of his halo will put him beyond the forgiveness of many readers, but many more will doubtless yield themselves gladly again to the glamour of Mrs Barclay's pretty way.



Mrs. Florence Barclay.

**LILY MAGIC.** By Mary I Pendered 6s (Mills & Boon)

There is hardly an unpleasant character in "Lily Magic," but were it choke-full of them and Amaylis Whyte (or Mryll) remained, it would still leave a good taste in the mouth. It is no exaggeration to say that in the figure of her heroine Miss Pendered has drawn one of the most attractive girls we have met in fiction for a very long time, and considering the difficulties of making of a charming book-character really charming, it would be enough to recommend "Lily Magic" on Mryll's account alone. And in other respects,

to tell the truth, the book, although exceedingly readable, is not particularly striking. The plot is rather thin and it strikes us as improbable, notwithstanding the author's assurances to the contrary, and the minor characters are mainly conventional. The background—a Northamptonshire village—is particularly well done, however, and it—always, of course, with Mryll—makes the book one that will dwell long in the memory as one of the pleasantest and most fragrant that 1913 has given us.

**TIDE MARKS** By Margaret Westrup 6s (Methuen)

The strangeness and novelty of Mrs W Sydney Stacey's story are likely to please a large number of readers. The opening chapters struck us as being thin in quality, owing to the authoress having failed to realise her characters. Happily the minor poet and the gipsy woman soon disappear, and their daughter, who is a typical flapper, occupies the scene. Her audacity is equal to her inexperience, and she enters into the most extraordinary adventure with a lightheartedness that appals her friends. She marries a man on the condition that she shall only be his housekeeper—the man himself being forced to agree to this arrangement in order to prevent the girl from marrying an old cad of a professor on the same terms. The wilful irresponsible flapper is of course a maid of remarkable beauty, and her husband, passionately in love with her, has at first a tragic time of it. For until love touches her in turn she is a thing without a soul, who plays with burning coals as if they were bits of cold stone. Mrs. Stacey takes her strange heroine rather too seriously, yet draws her character so well that the story for all its strangeness remains a transcript from modern life. For one feels in the wildest part of the tale, that a flapper of the new school would do just what Philippa Hamilton does in the circumstances. She is a creature of secondhand emotions, versed in all the "advanced" thought of this age of moral anarchy, but afraid to trust her own feelings. Irritated realistically, the story would have ended in a miserable tragedy, but Mrs Stacey transforms it into a pretty idyll of the awakening of love in the heart of a wilful, fascinating girl.

**THE NIGHT OF MEMORY** By Edmund B d'Auvergne 6s (Lancet)**THE MAN IN THE CAR** By Alan Raleigh 6s (Long)

Mr d'Auvergne's hero is a distinguished aviator and inventor, apparently an American, who has survived an eruption on the island of Palmiste, in the West Indies, at the cost of his memory. He knows neither his name nor his antecedents but he works hard, and at the beginning of this story he is in the pay of the German Government. He runs across the beautiful Rhona Melrose the daughter of an English officer who has been found guilty of treachery and has died in disgrace, and, though not an impressionable young man, he falls in love with her. Rhona accepts him on conditions the most important of which is that he helps her to clear her father's reputation. The remainder of the book consists of a very skilful account of the enquiries made by Rhona and her lover and the gradual piecing together of the evidence collected. Mr d'Auvergne is a vivacious writer with a sense of character, and his first novel shows that he has more—and just as efficient—strings to his bow than the "library biographies" which he has written hitherto. "The Night of Memory" is a love-story with a detective interest, but "The Man in the Car" is a detective-story with a love interest. Mr Alan Raleigh understands the second type of story very well, and his book is one of the most ingenious murder mysteries we have read for a long time. It would be grossly unfair to the author to give away any portion of a very excellent plot, which is most carefully and interestingly worked out. The best thing we can do is to recommend everybody to read the book for themselves. It is almost, but—and here is the art of the detective story—not quite impossible for the reader to discover the true solution of the mystery before the author supplies his own explanation of it.



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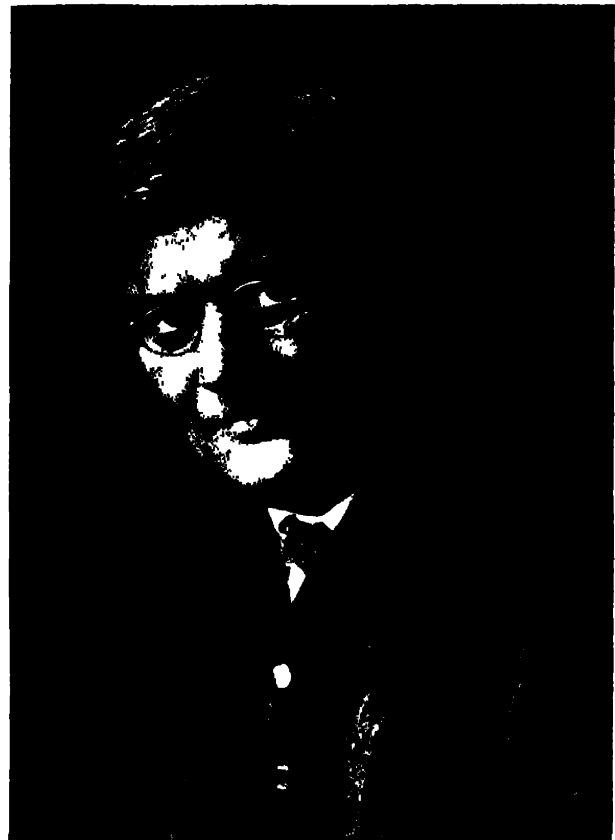
A prominent figure in this entertaining story is a Conservative Hertfordshire squire who, with his brother the vicar, insists that the old order changeth not, or that if it does, it has no business to change. Squire Paulet, as becomes an aristocrat of the old school, has nothing but contempt and hatred for Jews and tradesmen and rabble in general, he can tolerate Quakers, however, in moderation. The story tells how a Jew and a Quaker arrived in Leigh Oxleton, and ruffled the self-satisfied equanimity of the squire's household. The Jew is a wealthy provision merchant with an adopted son whose task it is in the novel to humble the pride and win the heart of the squire's superior daughter. These people are all admirably sketched but the outstanding character of the story is Reba, the Quaker—a charming maid and a fully qualified lady doctor withal. Mr Burgin has painted her gentle yet forceful personality in the most winning and delicate colours. In the smoothing out of Beatrice Paulet's troubled love-story Reba plays a noble part, and at the end of the novel the reader is left more sad by reason of Reba's sorrow than glad for joy of Beatrice's happiness. There is an amusing tramp in the story, and his opinion of Reba, after he has become reformed, is worth quoting as an example of the genial and tender vein which characterises the book. "She's got a knack of getting 'old of people, Miss. The love they 'as for 'er is the love that lasts. It's a wonderful thing, the love that lasts, Miss. I've ad four wives in my time and I ought to know. A wonderful thing, Miss."

**THE RED COLONEL** By George Edgar 6s (Mills & Boon)

In the matter of sensation and colour Mr George Edgar's new novel easily exceeds the lurid promise of the wrapper. Highly sensational, however as the story is, there are no signs of crudity or lack of skill in the telling. "The Red Colonel" is an excellent crime story of the breathless non-stop order, containing a succession of swift, powerful scenes. Mr Edgar's criminals have a dash and glitter about them which is irresistible. The Red Colonel for instance, in everyday life is a wealthy man of fashion, received in the most exclusive society, shooting, hunting, running his own coach on the Brighton Road, finding time also to dabble in politics and philanthropy. This is one side of the picture. When you get to know him better you realise that he is the head and front of a mysterious band known as the Red Four, whose brains and fingers have manipulated many a famous jewel robbery and who have a pretty way of marking the foreheads of the victims of their vengeance with a gash in the form of a cross. The hero of the novel is a young doctor who falls in love with the step-daughter of Paul Copeland, one of the terrible Four. Copeland, who goes in terror of the other Three with whom he has quarrelled, is himself sufficiently awe-inspiring in appearance. Here is a part description of his face. "Long and lean it was, yellow as the parchment of an old will, crinkled, faded, colourless. One eye was sightless. Where the eye should have been was a puckered slit in the skin, a little discoloured. You thought of that eye as having been torn out, violently, in some ruthless moment of brutality. The other eye was a pale, cold, shining grey." The plot thickens with the murder of Copeland when the young doctor becomes possessed of a clue to the hiding-place of the stolen treasures belonging to the surviving members of the Red Four. Then attempts to wrest the secret from him provide as thrilling and animated a story as has been written of recent years.

**DRUM'S HOUSE.** By Ida Wild 6s (Constable)

Drum's House is a strange and romantic old building inhabited by some amusing and interesting folk of the name of Millincoe who, having spent most of their lives at the gaming tables, resolve to retire to their lonely ancestral residence for the sake of two attractive daughters. The Millincoes are delightful company, and their family conversation promises well in the first few chapters. Papa

Photo by Alfred Douglas, *La Mait*

Mr. George Edgar.

and Mamma are an amiable couple and the reader will probably settle down in his chair with an expectant smile on his face. The county families refuse to countenance the Millincoes, but Papa rises to the occasion and renovates the ancient parish church, the disuse of which has compelled the inhabitants to worship at a distant shrine. One begins to anticipate some amusing situations, particularly when the choice of the new Vicar is being made. Suddenly, however, the story turns to tragedy. Barbara, the most winsome of the Millincoes, who has already been secretly wedded to a rather unromantic farmer, falls a victim to the charms of the new Vicar (a self-conscious prig) who has married a Professor's daughter. Eventually they are found dead in each other's arms in a burned chapel. The *dénouement* leaves us entirely unmoved, we are sorry to say. Barbara is far too charming a heroine to have succumbed to the Rev Ernest Crawshaw. We feel that Miss Wild might have written a clever and captivating society novel but unfortunately her gifts are not displayed to advantage in this strangely constructed story.

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## The Bookman's Table.

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**LORD LISTER: HIS LIFE AND WORK.** By G. T. Wrench, M.D. 15s net (J. Fisher Unwin)

Among all biographies one would perhaps expect that of a medical man to be the most technical, and particularly so when the author belongs to the same profession as his subject. Those readers who take up Dr Wrench's book in anticipation of finding in it a good deal of "shop" will be justified. Seeing also that Lord Lister gave to the world the antiseptic method in its highest form, readers will probably look for much about decay, gangrene, and such terms of evil import. Here again they will be correct. Yet anyone who, on account of these expectations, refused to open "Lord Lister: His Life and Work" would miss an interesting volume. It is well worth while to struggle

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with one's distaste for the horrors of hospital work in order to appreciate the career of the man whom Dr. Wrench takes as his hero. We can have no hesitation in calling the author a hero-worshipper. In Lister he sees "emphatically more than a great surgeon—far more than the founder of modern surgery—a great philosopher, whose thought never deviated from the central problem of life." And again, "in an even higher sense than of old he was a saint." Full praise, it might be thought, but not fulsome. Lister deserved the titles of both philosopher and saint in the practical rather than the idealistic sense of the words. To some it would seem hard to call a vivisectioner a saint, and Lister made abundant use of vivisection. We may add a third title—that of warrior. The champion of antiseptics was forced to be a fighter, but, for all his natural courtesy and consideration with him fighting cannot be said to have been against the grain. The opposition and abuse which he met, first in Glasgow, then in Edinburgh, and lastly in London, stirred him only to finer effort. His life is remarkable for his oneness of purpose, tenacity and faith in himself. Nothing shows the last named quality better than the story told by Dr. Wrench of how he tried a new experiment in the course of an operation on Queen Victoria at Edinburgh. He was confident of success. But what a nerve it showed in him to begin on his sovereign!

"His wide, rare smile is sweet with certainties,"

said of him Henley, one of his first Edinburgh patients in his sonnet "The Chief." No better armour could be found for a medical hero than certainty. It is strange that an idea has flourished—perhaps still flourishes—that Lister was a Scot. Dr. Wrench narrates that only recently one of the most distinguished surgeons of our time summed up his impression of Lister to me as a man who, chancing on a great discovery, pushed it with the pertinacity of a Scotchman. And, all the time Lister was born in Upton Lane, West Ham, being the son and grandson of London wine-merchants. The Listers were also Quakers and to the combination of profession and religion was due that atmosphere in which the boy was brought up of "comfortable affluence, earnest faith, and practical goodwill." It is worthy of note that his early days were unusually happy and serene, in comparison with the popular idea about the beginnings of genius. Joseph Lister brought his troubles upon himself later when he started to battle for the theory which, at the age of fifty-two, he forced the world to accept.

**LOVE LETTERS OF A WORLDLY WOMAN.** By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New Edition. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

It is not often that one can give so cordial a welcome to a book republished after twenty years as is due to "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman." Mrs. Clifford has unlocked the secrets of the heart of early womanhood with a sure understanding and with an almost ruthless frankness. We admit that girls, at a certain stage in their development, are in love with love before ever they have met with a lover and, in that uncritical period, they are liable to invest an unworthy material object with the qualities for which their hearts crave. But, with all respect to Mrs. Clifford, the spirit of romance is just as strong, though possibly not so concentrated in the heart of the young man as in that of the young woman. He has, or rather had, at the time this book was first published, more distractions and less leisure to indulge in love's young dream than his sister, who had not then discovered how greatly she could vary the monotony of her life by abandoning her traditional dependence and seclusion. Mrs. Clifford deals chiefly with the waste and disillusionment of girlhood's devotion before that girlhood has developed into worldly womanhood. The author is passionately on the side of her sex, and small blame to her if she have chosen unfavourable specimens of men. Here is a bit taken at random, but fairly representative of the whole.

She—"We had our summer day, dear, and it was good to live through, but now, go to your cousin Nell, contest

Carpeth, see to your tenants and good-bye. Yes, good-bye, dear Englishman. Only our own country could have grown you, and in a measure I am proud of you as I am of all its other goodly products. But for warmth and sunshine one goes to other lands than ours. For love and happiness I at least must go to other hearts than yours. Better for you that it is so, for I should have tried you sorely."

He—"I think you are vexed with me because I told you frankly that if you would not have me I should try my luck with Nell. But you can't expect me to keep single because you don't think me lively enough to marry yourself. I am getting on—thirty-six next January—quite time that I settled down. I feel that I ought to do so, besides, if I wait too long no one will have me. Of course, it is easy enough to talk as you do, but, take my word for it, your feelings are not what is wanted for daily life. They are all very well in the books you have got yourself into the habit of reading, but they won't work outside the covers in which you find them. I don't believe in Darwin, as you know. Not that I ever read much of him, I confess, but I made out what he was up to pretty well, etc."

**THE CATHEDRALS OF SOUTHERN SPAIN.** By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan). 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan is an authority on Spain as well as on the Woman question, and this is by no means her first book about that country and its art features. "Things Seen in Spain," "Spain Revisited," and "Moorish Cities in Spain" are all well known and deservedly popular works, and this latest book from her is characterised by the charm and grace of its predecessors. Mrs. Gallichan writes well, and she has the power to arouse enthusiasm on the subjects about which she herself is an enthusiast. To generate interest and enthusiasm in the cathedrals of Southern Spain on the part of one who has never seen them is not an easy task, but Mrs. Gallichan succeeds in this, as she doubtless also succeeds in interesting and informing those who have studied the entrancing subjects at first hand. The work is comprehensive, dealing not only with



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the history and the architecture of the cathedrals but giving particulars as to the bishops, rulers, and others personally identified with them. These particulars are never dull, and they are conveyed in an easy manner far removed from that of the sheer informer. An Introductory Sketch outlines the scope of the work, and has many noteworthy remarks. A point is that the cathedrals are, almost without exception, so hemmed in with buildings that it is difficult to approach them. To many this may seem a disadvantage, but the Spaniard has no understanding of the northerner's love of solitude, and the churches are placed in the midst of the towns. Mrs. Gallichan says that if this difficulty of view is to be deplored, it may yet be said that it is not of such disadvantage as at first it would appear to be. In Spain the church buildings are always in harmony with the landscape. Almost all the towns are dramatically built upon a hill, and the prominent feature presented by the outline of the cathedral at a distance causes it to appear as a crown to the buildings around, which form, as it were, a pedestal to its rising steeples and domes. The steeples with which almost every Spanish church is adorned are externally their finest features, and they give a character to the appearance of the town as beautiful as it is truly native and Spanish. The Spanish cathedrals are open all day. They still are, in a very special sense, the churches of the people. The book is illustrated by admirable photographs.

**OLIVIA'S LATCHKEY** By Hubert Bland 2s net (Werner Laurie)

Mr. Bland, with his unfailing sense of humour will forgive us the remark that he and his Olivia rather remind us of the conjuror with an accomplished puppet on his lap. It is true that he sets out to be a kind of secular father-confessor breathing worldly maxims to the ears of a fair and impressive penitent of twenty-three. He answers her appeal for advice about latchkeys and marriage, and ends by conceding her both for there is a murmur of wedding-bells and the registry office about the concluding letter of the correspondence, and he can hardly deny his fair client the liberty of a latchkey in face of his own liberal professions. But the book with all its cleverness, is slight in the extreme, and this is the chief impression it leaves on us, if we except its air of intellectual gaiety. It says a few profound things, but says them in a bamboozling way, and though Olivia seems to relish it and was doubtless created for the purpose we could find it in our hearts to prophesy that she would come to complain of it as trying after a year or two. Still we hope for the best, especially if the author contemplates a sequel in the shape of Olivia married.

**MEN AND RAILS** By Rowland Kenney 6s net (Fisher Unwin)

Mr. Kenney explains at the outset that he has written this book from "a desire to state the case for a more rational treatment of railway problems in the hope that it will lead to a more humane treatment of railwaymen." His own personal experience in bygone days as a railway worker in four years spent "in capacities varying from that of stable boy to shunter" not only explains Mr. Kenney's standpoint but is responsible for some very vivid descriptions of the hardship and dangers attendant on yard shunting by means of capstans (driven by hydraulic pressure) and hempen ropes. The official rules for protection against accidents were systematically disregarded. "I broke the rules every day and all day," writes Mr. Kenney. "We had to accomplish a certain amount of work in a given time, and to do this it was impossible to keep them." On one occasion the capstan was worked, "on a most dangerous crossing, part of the time in a blinding snowstorm, from six o'clock on Friday morning to two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, without a break except for meals. I was then getting 19s for a week's work of seventy-two hours, and overtime paid for at ordinary time rate." No wonder Mr. Kenney, with these memories, contends so stoutly for the welfare of railwaymen. But



Mr. Rowland Kenney.

the personal element, if the most interesting, is the smallest part of "Men and Rails." The book is really a tremendous indictment of railway management, and of the attitude from the first of Parliament and the nation towards the railways. Statistics are given by railwaymen's hours and wages, and of the numbers—workmen not passengers—killed and maimed on the line. There are several historical chapters dealing with Railway Origins in England, the formation of the railwaymen's trade union, and the recent strikes. The way out of the present distress is in Mr. Kenney's view not so much railway nationalization as "Guild Socialism"—the ownership of the railways vested in the State, while a guild—covering the whole of the labour required for railway working—"would be responsible for the carrying on of the industry." But this admittedly is "too big for present achievement."

**WILD LIFE IN WALES.** By George Bolam 10s 6d net, (Frank Palmer)

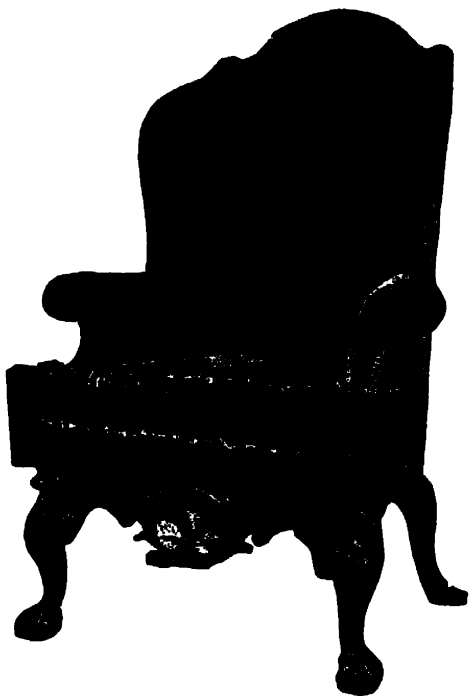
With the straggling village of Llanuwchllyn in Merionethshire, as his headquarters, Mr. George Bolam made excursions into the surrounding country, studying nature and the wild life of the fields and woods and mountain sides, of the lakes and streams, incidentally observing the characters and customs of the human dwellers in the little known district over which his wanderings extended. He gives a most interesting account of his studies of bird-life and into the habits of fish, especially those that inhabit the waters of Bala Lake. His descriptions of scenery and of the ways of the primitive Welsh people in those parts are admirable, and the sportsman and the student of natural history will find that his patient and careful observation of the furred and feathered creatures, who were the main object of his quest, has enabled him to make valuable additions to the general stock of knowledge about them. The volume is lavishly illustrated by a series of excellent photographs.

**THE SOUL OF A DOLL AND POEMS** By K. C. Spiers. 2s 6d net (Chapman & Hall)

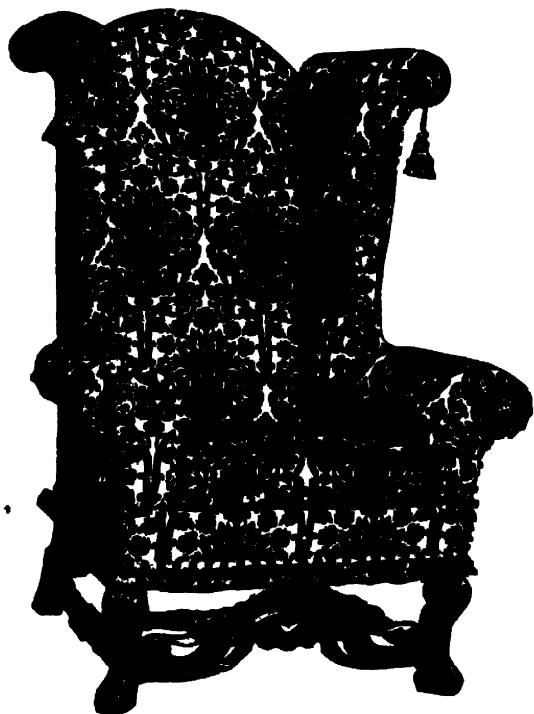
In his three earlier volumes Mr. K. C. Spiers showed not only the power to create striking imagery and fine phrases, but also the faculty for presenting a dramatic situation in a vivid manner. His new volume is not, therefore, a surprise, it is only a fulfilment of his earlier promise. Here he treads with constant foot the heights reached only occasionally in "Guido and Veronica" and "Durante and Selvaggia." Indeed Mr. Spiers has nowhere

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previously attained the sinewy strength of diction and the depth of thought which is shown in his fine poem "The Madness of Launcelot." It is Lennysonian only in the remote sense that any one who follows Malory and can tell a story admirably may be somewhat absurdly called a follower of Lennyson. The Arthurian legends are our great national storehouse and it would be little short of a calamity if others were to be deterred from using them for fear they may be called imitators of Lennyson. The story of Launcelot's madness has, moreover, not been dealt with by Tennyson, and, full of human passion and of fine adventure, though it is, is less known than most of the stories. Launcelot was led unknowingly into an offence against the Queen, and she in her rage forbade him ever to come into her sight again. Launcelot losing his reason for very grief, left the Court and wandered over the land. And then those about the Queen—"the silk ones with the jungle eyes"—

"sought the morrow morn to read untried,  
The Queen's deaf, dumb, and passion-burying face,  
And failing, spread abroad the latest tale  
Of Launcelot's golden guilt, then vied to add  
The coloured circumstance, as is the wont  
Of those who paint adultery with desire."

The story is told with great dignity and power, and it would be difficult to know where to look for its equal in contemporary verse. In "The Soul of a Doll" which gives its name to the volume, Mr. Spiers has dealt with a modern subject which restricts him to more prosaic language and imagery than do the romantic and mediæval themes he has hitherto chosen. In this sober garb he tells a story of human passion and character by which it is impossible not to be profoundly impressed. We have not space to speak of the other poems in Mr. Spiers' book. "The Toilers" has fine stanzas, and there are some good lyrics, though on the whole, we like Mr. Spiers better on the 'cello than upon the guitar or the tambourine. If he can write poems like this of Launcelot, and plays as strong as "The Soul of a Doll" he need not, however, trouble himself about either of these latter instruments.

#### IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BORROW AND FITZGERALD. By Morley Adams. (6s. net.) (Jarrold & Sons.)

In the spring of the year Mr. Morley Adams set out on a pilgrimage through East Anglia, and he has gathered into this substantial volume a delightfully gossipy record of the places he visited, the persons he saw, the legends and history and folk-lore he picked up in his wanderings over the great stretch of country lying between the Stour and the Wash. From time to time and from place to place, he takes you with him in the footsteps of Borrow, Fitzgerald, Bernard Barton, Crabbe, Cowper, Sir Thomas Browne, Robert Bloomfield, and many another. One wishes Mr. Adams could have given us a little more about that shyest of authors, Seton Merriman, who lived in Fitzgerald's Woodbridge, but there is so much, and so much that is interesting in the book that we are in no mood to find fault with it in such matters. Its main purpose was with Borrow and Fitzgerald, and it has gathered up reminiscences of them, and fulfils this purpose in the pleasantest possible way. To East Anglia belongs the remarkable story of Margaret Catchpole, and you have a full narration of this, and the same district seems to have had more than its share of unfortunate witches, and the anecdotes and chronicles about many of these add much to the interest of the book. There is admirable discourse of folk legends of quaint bizarre birth and marriage customs, of local ghosts and, when you come to Mousehold Heath, something of the peasant rising under that great tanner, Robert Kett in the fifteenth century. Mr. Morley Adams has done his work in the right spirit of enthusiasm, and he has done it well. His entertaining chapters are illustrated with thirty excellent photographs.

## Notes on New Books.

#### MESSRS. HODDLER & STOUGHTON.

Those who hope to find between the covers of Miss E. Shackelford's novel—*The Jumping-Off Place* (6s.)—a story as enticing and uncommon as the title suggests, will have their hopes more than realized. The people we are introduced to in the tale are each and every one of them exceedingly well drawn, so that we are interested in each one from their first appearance. "Most people marry an individual. But I didn't—I married a grandmother, a father, a brother, a sister, a huge brown stone house stuffed with the Civil War period of marble-topped furniture. And then, too, I married a few choice odds and ends like an established religion, the same old housekeeper whether I liked her or not, regular hours, and a 'proper idea of diet' " ruminates young Mrs. Ivanston, after she has run away from it all (the 'it' including her husband). She is proud, he is prouder, and his people are proudest of all, and so she stays away and becomes exceedingly bored with life altogether and very listless. "You have simply got to take a better hold on life," her physician fairly storms at her, and persuades her at length to get right away from the artificial atmosphere in which she lives in New York and go to the jumping-off place—a mining camp at Montana, where she rents a pretty little furnished bungalow high up on Copper Hill. And then, when she walks down the hill into the town she discovers the very last person in the world that she expected to meet. The plot is decidedly uncommon and entertaining, and the author's style is easy, sympathetic, exquisitely dainty.

#### MESSRS. HOLDIN & HARDINGHAM.

In *Love's Victory* (6s.) Miss Gertrude Hollis proves that she is literally—on the side of the angels, but it is a pity that her study of the character of a girl brought up "free from sectarian or purist letters," and "unshackled by creed and dogma," should end a good deal more weakly than it begins. However, it is a well-written and quite readable book, and we are entirely in accord with the lesson it inculcates.

*Anne of the Marshland*, by the Hon. Mrs. Julian Byng (6s.) is a second edition of a novel which was originally published under another title, and has been now almost entirely re-written. It is a strong and powerful drama, realistic and rather sombre, embodying a close study of several well-differentiated types of character, the best of which is that of Anne's amiable, stupid, and deluded husband, who is drawn in with assurance and sympathy. Although not altogether a pleasant book, it is one which well repays reading.

#### MESSRS. JOHN LONG, LTD.

The work of Miss Florence Warden is always readable, and her latest novel, *Love's Sentinel* (6s.) is no exception to the rule. The plot centres around the marital troubles of a High Church clergyman who is tricked into marrying a woman for whom he does not care, while his heart is engaged elsewhere. However, all comes right in the end, in spite of the machinations of a very efficient villainess.

Mr. (or, more probably, Miss) I. D. Henderson's *An Officer and a —* (6s.) has some fairly good dialogue, not unskillfully managed, but in other respects is less attractive. It is an amateurish story at best. *Light Fingers and Dark Lyes* (6s.) by Vincent Collier is also amateurish—these are both first novels—but its naively direct method of narration is not without humour, and is decidedly spirited. The contents of the book, which consists of three long stories, can be guessed from the title. Mr. Collier's gift of straightforward narrative certainly deserves encouragement.

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## NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E C*

*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.*

## News Notes.

The December issue of THE BOOKMAN has taken its place as one of the most important of the Christmas literary periodicals. Our last year's Christmas Double Number sold out immediately on publication, and the demand for this year's, which will be ready on the 1st of December, is already so large that we would urge all readers who are desirous of securing a copy to place their orders for it at once. In addition to four large and fully illustrated Supplements dealing with the new books of the season, this Christmas Number will contain a photogravure frontispiece portrait of Sir J. M. Barrie by Alvin Langdon Coburn; a series of beautifully reproduced engravings in colour, a presentation plate portrait of Ernest Thompson Seton, and numerous portraits, reproductions of paintings and drawings, and other black and white illustrations. It is the amplest and most interesting guide for the Christmas bookbuyer, and besides all THE BOOKMAN's usual

features and an unusually large number of shorter reviews, will contain articles on "The Work of Sir J. M. Barrie," by Dixon Scott, "Ernest Thompson Seton," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "Kipling's Songs," by Perceval Gibbon, "The Early Wars of Wessex," by Professor Collingwood; "Art and Morals," by G. S. Layard, "Butler, Pleasant and Unpleasant," by George Sampson, "Gerhart Hauptmann," by Darrell Figgis, "Pillars of Society," by Wilfred Whitten, "Edmund Gosse's Prose Works," by Francis Bickley, "A Bookman's Letters," by Thomas Seccombe, etc., etc.

It is two years since Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt's last book "Off the Main Track," made its appearance. This autumn we are to have two new volumes from him—"The Old Transport Road," a travel book which Mr. Andrew Melrose is publishing, and a novel, "The Way of the Cardinals," of which Mr. Werner Laurie is the publisher. Mr. Hyatt has spent much of his life in South Africa, he was himself a transport rider for several years, and the interest of "The Old Transport Road" lies in the fact that it pictures the lives of those who lived on the Great Road of South Africa before the railway came, and the number of men who can write of those days is small now, and grows smaller every year.

Mr. Frederick Niven, whose new novel, "Ellen Adair," we review on another page, was born in Valparaiso, Chili, thirty-seven years ago, he was brought home to Glasgow to be educated, and there studied in the Glasgow School of Art, his earlier leanings being towards painting and not letters. Wanderfret drew him away to Western Canada, whilst he was still in his teens, and some of his experiences of life there have been gathered up into certain of his stories. Last year he returned to Canada, accompanied by his wife, and thence contributed several admirable sketches of Western life to *The Daily News*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and *The World's Work*. Another novel of Mr Niven's



Photo by Miss Yvonne Farnol. **Mrs. Stewart Erskine**  
whose new novel, "The King of Necessity," will be published this month  
by Messrs. Alton Knott.

which is appearing over here this autumn "Hands Up!" (Martin Secker) was published some little time ago in the United States, both serially and in book form, and met with considerable success. It is an adventure story that tells of the passing of "The Apache Kid," already known to readers of "The Lost Cabin Mine," one of the earliest and ablest of his books. Perhaps he reaches the highest level of his achievement, so far, in "The Porcelain Lady" and "Ellen Adair", he has written nothing more powerful nor more poignantly human than the closing scenes in the last of these two books. Mr Niven has contributed a good deal of occasional poetry to *The Athenæum*, *The Academy*, *The Nation*, and other journals, and not a few of his readers, we are sure, would welcome a collection of this in more permanent form.



Photo by Walter Lennyton, 14, Conduit Street, W.

**Mr. Holbrook Jackson.**



Photo by James Thomson. Interness

**Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin.**

"Things I Rem  
published last

A complete edition in one volume of Francis Thompson's collected poems will be published by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton this month. In addition to the posthumous poems, the book includes the three volumes published during Thompson's life—"Poems" (with "The Hound of Heaven"), "Sister Songs," and "New Poems." The volume is to be sumptuously produced, and will be uniform in size and general appearance with "The Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling," that was published by the same firm last year.



**Irene Burn.**  
(Mrs Wilkins)

Madame Vernet, who appears in our portrait group of Mr Leonard Merrick and his family, is a grand niece of Horace Vernet, who painted one of the most famous portraits of Napoleon. She is a Professeur de diction du Conservatoire et Membre de la Société des Gens de Lettres.

Mrs Charlotte Cameron has recently returned from a long and adventurous journey across Africa, and has written an account of her experiences, which is to be published shortly by Mr Stanley Paul.

The first book published by Mr Herbert Jenkins—Mr W Riley's novel, "Windyridge"—is now in its tenth thousand, and a handsome new edition of it is to be issued shortly, containing six mounted plates of the Yorkshire village and its surroundings in which the scenes of the story are laid.

Miss Irene Burn, whose new novel Mr Fisher Unwin is publishing, is the author of two other striking stories of Anglo-Indian life, "The Unknown Steersman" and "The Unforgiving Minute," both of which were published by Mr Unwin. Miss Burn, who is the wife of an Anglo-Indian journalist, has



**Mr. Leonard Merrick, Miss Lesley Merrick, Madame Nancy Vernet, and Mrs Merrick (seated).**

Mr Leonard Merrick is engaged



resided in India since her marriage. She took good place in the Honours Schools of Classics. She is devoted to outdoor pursuits, especially riding and tennis. Her knowledge of Hindustani enables her to enter freely into the hidden life of the Indian woman, and the portions of her new novel in which she does so are especially vivid and true.

Last month we reproduced from the Borrow Celebration Souvenir two of Miss C. M. Nichols's drawings of the interior of Borrow's house at Norwich, and on the opposite page we now reproduce one of the four vivid and delicately finished etchings in the same artist's portfolio, "The Haunts of George Borrow in and around Norwich," which is published by Messrs. Jarrold & Sons. Miss Nichols was born in Surley Street, Norwich, and now has her studio in the same street. Her father, William Peter Nichols, practised in partnership with Dr. Edward Lubbock, a distinguished practitioner in his day, and their house was a meeting place for the leading literary and political lights of the town. Miss Nichols had no regular training as an artist; she had a year or two of tuition under an excellent drawing-

mistress at school, and afterwards continued, as she had begun, to train herself by painting natural flowers and, occasionally, birds at the museum. She taught herself by studying alone at the National Gallery, and in various foreign galleries during her travels; she painted much in Normandy, at Lourdes, in Cornwall, and these pictures are now in private collections. Then from painting she turned to etching. "The first thing I did," she says, "was hung at the Royal Academy, and I have since had three or four etchings and water-colours at a time on the walls at Burlington House. I have also exhibited in Melbourne, Munich, and in many English cities and towns. I have done considerably over one hundred plates—all printed by Mr. F. Goulding, of Shepherd's

Bush. As a rule I choose my subject among trees, whether in oil, water-colour or on copper. My father wished me to paint in oil, and left me money for that purpose. He had made a collection of oil pictures, and old Crome went frequently to my grandfather's and taught my aunts for ten years. I was thus surrounded by good colour all my life. I prefer oils to any medium, but water colours insist on being used for some subjects." When the Royal Society of Painter Etchers was instituted, Miss Nichols was made a Fellow—the first Lady

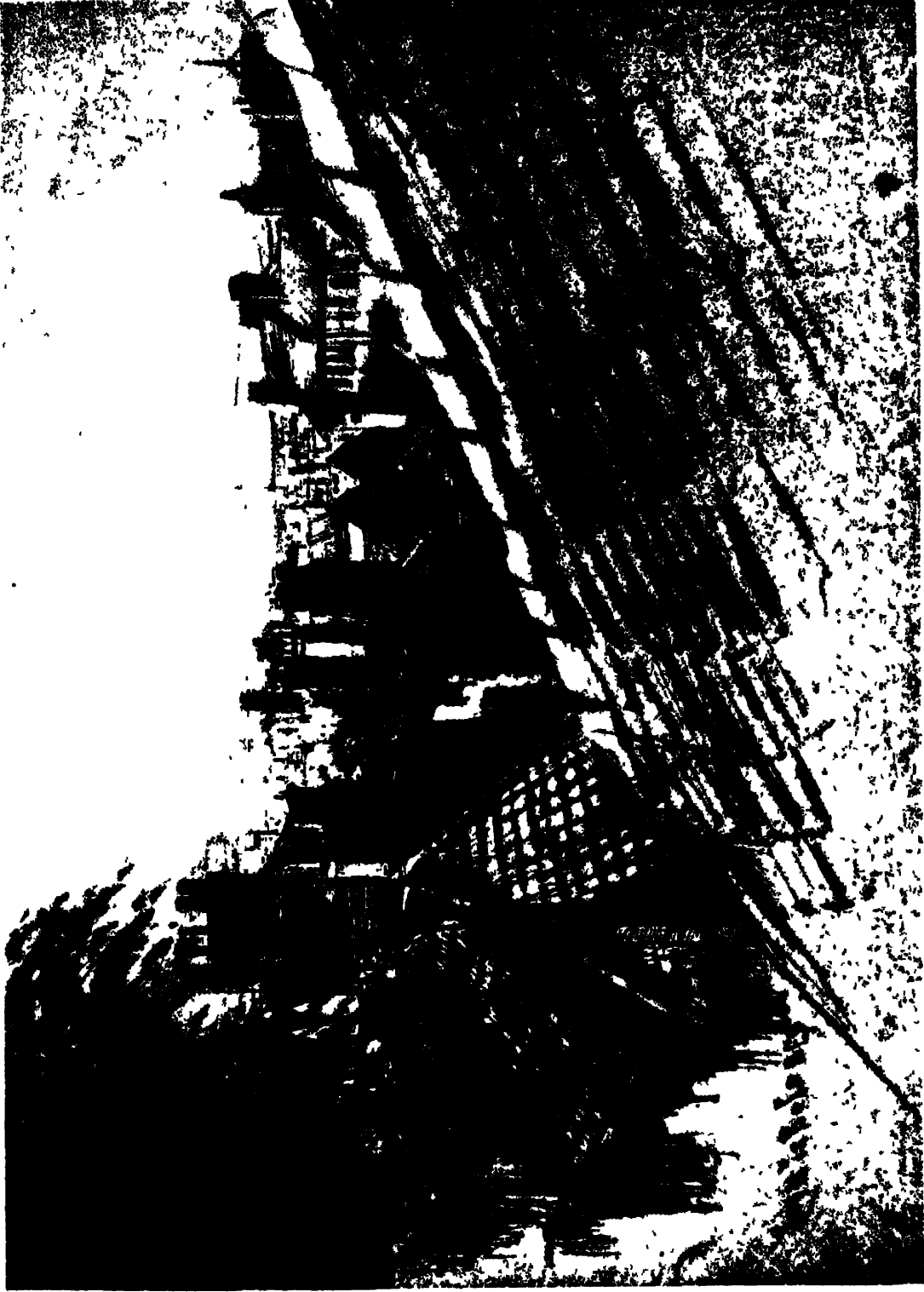
Fellow, and the only one for some ten years. Her etching has been chiefly dry-point work. She has done a great deal in charcoal, and likes the pencil as much as any medium. She never studied at South Kensington, but has taken prizes there for oil-paintings. "I am self-taught," she says. "No professors ever instructed me in the use of oils, water-colours or the etching tool, nor have I ever been taught miniature work of which I have done not a little, since I took it up a few years back." She has written from time to time for the magazines and newspapers and has published a novel, and a volume of poems, the latter being illustrated with her own etchings. She has had several very successful "one-man"



Photo. by Elliot & Fry.

Miss C. M. Nichols.

shows in London, and has several of her pictures on show at the Exhibition that is now being held in Norwich by the Norwich Art Circle, which should give her native city an opportunity to prove that, however it may be with a prophet, a prophetess is not without honour in her own country, so that Miss Nichols may no longer be moved to remark, "I have never received much encouragement in Norwich. It seems to me strange that, born of parents remarkable on both sides for descent, character, and social standing, and living so much of my life in the city of Crome, I should have been allowed to starve, so far as artistic appreciation goes—and had it not been for my own peculiar temperament, I *should* have starved. It is not owing to the



View of Norwich from George Borrow's window.

From an etching by C. M. Nichols, R.E., in "Habitat of George Borrow"  
A series of etchings (arranged & bound)

discrimination of Norwich that I did not." Miss Nichols is an artist of high and original gifts, and thus reproach of neglect is one that Norwich should make haste to remove.

Miss Olave Potter has collaborated with Mr. Douglas Sladen in writing "Weeds: A Story of Women Shifting for Themselves," which Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have just published. The novel deals with the difficulties in finding work for themselves experienced by educated women who have to make their own living without having received any commercial training. Miss Potter is the author of that delightful book "A Little Pilgrimage in Italy," which was published last year with illustrations by Yoshio Markino.

Frank Hamel, who has written for Messrs. Cassell a new volume on that mysterious personage "Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope," is a young lady whose masculine name has frequently misled critics and the public into assuming that she belongs to that privileged sex which possesses a vote. Her first book, "Famous French Salons," was published no longer than five years ago, and she has followed it with various other volumes, including one on "Madame du Chatelet," and one on "The Dauphines of France." She took up the subject of Lady Hester Stanhope a few years ago, but was deterred for a time from going on with it by the appearance of another book on the same theme, and it has turned out that the delay was rather fortunate, because two



*Photo by Canadian Studios,  
Sloane Street, W.*

**Miss Olave Potter.**

years back she was able to trace the whereabouts of new and important material, some of which she came across by sheer accident during her travels abroad. Miss Hamel has made a particular study of French history and biography, and as a reviewer and miscellaneous journalist has contributed articles to *THE BOOKMAN*, *The Globe*, *Westminster Gazette*, *I P's Weekly*, and other well known periodicals.



*Photo by J. Russell & Sons*

**Miss Frank Hamel.**

The first of *THE BOOKMAN* Extra Numbers "Robert Louis Stevenson: The Man and His Work," is now ready. It is a handsomely produced volume, strongly bound in canvas, of over two hundred pages, and among its literary contributions are an article by Stevenson himself on "Books that Influenced Me," and poems and personal or critical essays by Sir J. M. Barrie, William Watson, Edmund Gosse, C. B., Austin Dobson, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, Eve Blantyre Simpson, S. R. Crockett, Ian Maclaren, H. C. Beeching, Y. Y., Alice Gordon, Charles Lowe, and Neil Munro. There is a photographic frontispiece portrait of Stevenson, eight plates beautifully reproduced in colour, numerous portraits, from paintings, drawings and photographs, of Stevenson and his friends, photographs and sketches of places associated with him, drawings of scenes from his books and facsimiles of letters from him to Sir Sidney Colvin. All the illustrations, and there are upwards of a hundred, are separate from the text and printed on special art paper. The price is 5s. net.

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# THE READER.

## JOHN GALSWORTHY.

BY RICHARD CURLE

THE writings of Mr Galsworthy, divisible as they are into the three classes of plays, novels, and short studies (his poems are a mere recreation), have nevertheless a singular unity. For at the back of his work there lie two very strong motives, a moral fervour and a literary fervour. He has the instinct of the social reformer joined to the instinct of the artist. The conjunction of them gives to his presentation of life (especially in his later books) a marked restraint and balance. And this is due not only to his sense of artistic finish, but also to his knowledge that a cause gains immensely which can be proved out of its opponents' mouths. For this is what his method amounts to. Mr Galsworthy's detachment is, as a writer aptly puts it in an old number of *The Nation* "an artistic device, not a matter of divine indifference." It is not the serene detachment of a Henry James, but the self-conscious detachment of a man who wants to present a problem without the faintest suggestion of exaggeration. His aim, in fact, is to show that human failure is a result not so much of differences in intention as of differences in outlook. He is indeed fond of the startling method of making evident the well-meanness of everybody concerned with some gigantic social inequality or injustice. For behind all lives he sees the universal longings, hopes and disillusionments, and in the schemes of men the ideal so clouded under the prejudice of environment and superstition. For he is too much of a philosopher not to be aware that the aim of life—the pursuit of happiness—is essentially the same in all people. This tends to make his books more interesting in regard to the comparison of characters and the situations in which they find themselves than in the actual characters. His justice and comprehension are wide enough to embrace everyone, but it is rather in relation to the blindness and unhappiness of all persons than in sympathy with the individual humanity of each person. This is a pitfall into which artistic moralists are liable to tumble. For in spite of all his balancing of one side against the other, Mr Galsworthy loses in a double sense that aloofness without which it seems so impossible to create real people. To begin with,

his choice of subject has to be arbitrary, must be a defined problem, and secondly, he is too pronounced a reformer not to make it obvious as a rule on which side he takes rank. Although he endeavours to formulate the pros and cons of a question with a scrupulous fairness, it is not usually difficult to guess with whom his sympathies are ranged. This is all the more plain, because in some of his works it is true he drops altogether the cloak of watcher and adopts that of a partisan contemptuous of the other half. But this bitterness is more discernible in his earlier work than in his later. In "The Island Phantoms," for instance, he does not try to conceal how much he despises the wealthy English family (although even here the system of balancing is at work) whereas in his recent novel "The Patrician" it would be for once hard to say whether the democracy as represented by Mr Courtier or the aristocracy as represented by Lord Milton has his greater sympathy.

Thus the first thing to bear in mind in considering Mr Galsworthy is this intense but judicial treatment of the problems of real life. Whether he is social reformer turned literary man or whether he is literary man beguiled into social reform does not much matter. The strength and the weakness of it are apparent. His absorption with problems of this kind gives him impressive subjects for his art, but on the other side, it is apt to make him forget that the province of art is to create and not to preach.

Another peculiar thing which is observable in all Mr Galsworthy's work is the mixture of hardness and tenderness in his atmosphere. Perhaps his hardness arises from his way of looking at individuals in a rather inhuman collective aspect, as part of some abuse he wishes to point out prominently and not as being intensely alive, problematical, and obscure in themselves. Through all his compassion for suffering one cannot help feeling his incapacity to probe into minds beyond a conventional depth, that is to say, he does not as a rule have sufficient creative power to force us to see his people apart from a background of pronounced but rather general characteristics.

And yet in his descriptions of love and early



Photo by T. O. Hoppe

Mr. John Galsworthy.

spring he approximates very nearly to the spirit of Tourgeniev. He too is profoundly dominated by the beauty, the sadness, underlying the awakened forces of life, and profoundly aware of the inevitable change guiding the world and carrying along with it the romance and desires of youth. A melancholy yearning interweaves itself with his hard preciseness. Perhaps after all both arise from that undecieving process which so often dawns upon the believer in life. In his recognition of the injustice ruling a world so capable of happiness, in his knowledge of the fleetingness of all that is valuable in individual existence, he achieves possibly this practical and yet romantic outlook.

His pictures of warm summer nights in London are especially memorable. They breathe, as it were, the perfumed mystery of some new and devouring passion. This is the sort of thing in which his works abound.

"Outside, over the dark gardens, the moon hung full and almost golden. Its honey-pale light filtered down on every little shape of tree and leaf, and sleeping flower. That soft vibrating radiance seemed to have woven all into one mysterious whole, stilling disharmony, so that each little separate shape had no meaning to itself." ("Fraternity," p. 345)

This extract represents the kind of background to "The Island Pharisees," "The Country House," "The Man of Property," "Fraternity," "The Patrician," "The Dark Flower." Not that these books always treat of London or summer, but because the sense of the strange, waiting forces of Nature haunts his work and the minds of his figures, surrounds them with an essence of fatality and dim purpose.

Here is a similar type of extract, which is written of the country and not of the town, but still holds within it the same wistful spirit.

"Truly peace brooded over that garden. The night seemed listening—all lights out, all hearts at rest. It watched, with a little white star for every tree, and roof and slumbering tired flower, as a mother watches her sleeping child, leaning above him and counting with her love every hair of his head, and all his tiny tremors." ("The Patrician," p. 26)

This intermingled atmosphere then, this atmosphere severe and soft, is the second thing to bear in mind about Mr. Galsworthy.

And these two things together, his choice and treatment of subject, and the light in which he wraps them, give to all his work that feeling of unity, that singular cohesive quality, which is mentioned at the beginning of this article. They are not only the productions of one mind, but the productions of one progressive idea.

It is indeed impossible to judge Mr. Galsworthy from a literary standpoint alone in the same sense as we can judge de Maupassant for example. Almost everything he writes has that element of the tract about it which at once puts it on a different level. That he is the most artistic of moralists does not make him less a moralist, it only makes his moralising more weighty.

It is probably this very thing which causes his plays to be so arresting on the stage. Here is the one situation in which art is legitimately wedded to preaching. The

modern literary moralists have almost all taken to the drama as the pulpit from which to expound their theories on the decay and the reconstruction of society. The purely literary drama cannot now exist in England, as witness the failure of plays by Mr. James and Mr. Comrad, but the drama of literary moralising is growing increasingly influential, as witness the success of plays by Mr. Shaw, Mr. Barker, Mr. Galsworthy. Of this last group Mr. Galsworthy is perhaps,

the most impressive because he is the most natural and the most impersonal. Although it is not difficult to perceive that his unbiased presentation of all sides of a question is largely a ruse to press home more directly his point, still one cannot avoid seeing that he does admit that there are other arguable positions besides his own.

Moreover, he does give his characters an air of reality, does suggest that they are like people you really do meet. Mr. Shaw's characters however are nearly all Mr. Shaw or (which comes to much the same) exactly what Mr. Shaw would not like to be. He can create ideas, he cannot really create people. They all seem to fall back sooner or later into the one fatal rut. Like Meredith he is too clever to stifle himself, too brilliant to be a great artist. Mr. Galsworthy has escaped this. His characters are not bizarre, or, in themselves, concerned with righting the world. He, unlike Mr. Shaw, keeps his moralising for the plot alone. His figures are the dull, kindly people of every day caught in the web of circumstance and institution. Throughout his plays everything is plausible and unstrained. And yet over all there is evident a dogmatic hand pointing out the cankers eating into the heart of life.

In this respect it is very interesting to compare his two greatest plays, "Strife" and "Justice." On the stage "Strife" was infinitely more suggestive, for the simple reason that it was more subtly unbiased. In "Justice" one was so conscious throughout of special pleading



Photo by H. in Langdon Coburn

Mr. John Galsworthy

Wingstone, Manaton



(inevitable in the conception of the play) that a feeling of fatigue took the place of the excitement which was the outcome of watching the former. In "Strife" the balancing was remarkably skilful, but in "Justice" the very subject precluded all that, although the whole effort was to prove that it was the system, not the workers of the system, that was to blame. The harrowing scene in which the convict clerk is alone in the cell, not a word being uttered, was yet far less terrible than the scene in which old Anthony is thrown over by his Board in "Strife."

This last play is, in truth, Mr. Galsworthy's greatest achievement. The tense atmosphere, the comparison between the rich nervous Board and the starving, nervous strikers, the folly and despatch of it all, are very impressively unrolled. The stolid, unyielding Anthony in juxtaposition to the fiery, unyielding Roberts has a tragic irony about it that is rarely met with. The power of the play lies essentially in the fact that the leading figures do show creation and are not mere puppets. For creation is the one thing in art which really elates, and it is the one absolutely necessary thing. Without it there can be no survival, for without it all life and all deductions from lives can be nothing but an appearance and a mirage.

It is indeed in drama that the born moralist like Mr. Galsworthy is able to develop his theories to best advantage. For, after all, the drawing of individuality need not be so sensitive as in a novel (the actor largely building up the illusion of it), and the dramatist can



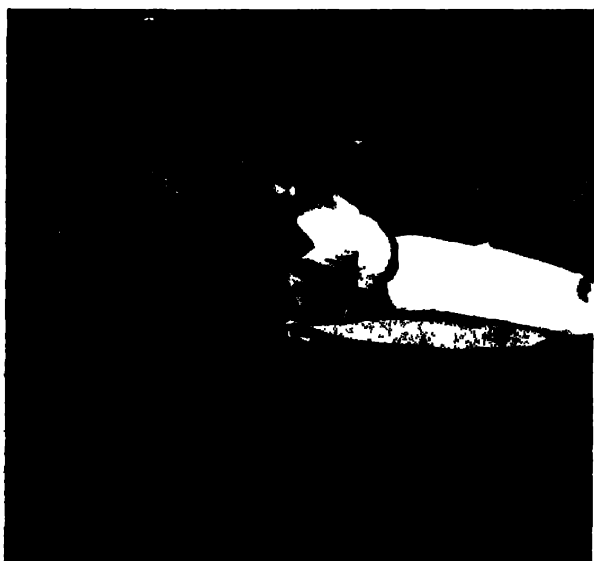
Mr. John Galsworthy.

on the part that plays a part in his "Riding in Mist."

devote himself to a thoroughly working out of the possibilities of a given situation or idea. When, as in the case of "Strife," the characters are so clearly visualised that acting only enhances a reality that is already there, the result is an actual triumph. The comparative failure of its successor "Justice" may be the first warning that Mr. Galsworthy is slipping away too far, not from the technique but from the spirit of art. For art, though with wider latitudes, imposes itself in a play just as forcibly as in any other form of literature.

Again, the theatre is the suitable ground for Mr. Galsworthy, because in it the psychology of situation is more important than the psychology of character pure and simple, and in all Mr. Galsworthy's works there is very strongly that dramatic feeling, which accentuates the former at the expense of the latter. A play like "The Silver Box" where there is a very definite situation is therefore much more successful than a play like "Joy" where there is a considerable vagueness.

It thus comes about that in judging of Mr. Galsworthy's novels one must imagine that to a considerable extent they are plays in the form of narrative. Roughly speaking, there is the problem in the middle, and on either side of it the two sets of people battling against it from different positions. That is the kind of impression one gathers from the perusal of such a work as the early "Island Pharos" and as the late "Patrician." The tone certainly has become much mellowed, much more judicial, but the impression does not alter. In



Mrs. Galsworthy.

who, besides being her husband's most delicate, drastic and punctilious critic, has set many of his verses to music.



Mr. John Galsworthy.

The spaniel in these two photographs is the dog of "Memories," and in some sort the original of the spaniel "John."

"The Island Pharisees" it is the English middle class which is the butt. On the one hand there is the uneasy, questioning Shelton, the cynical, enlightened Ferrand, both kicking against the social pricks, on the other, apparently everyone else in the book. At this stage Mr Galsworthy had not attained his impartial standpoint of to-day. His bias is energetically obvious, although in the preface of the new edition he more or less admits that Shelton at any rate is not much less of a Pharisee than Antonia and the rest. In "The Patrician," the contrast is between the comparative worth of aristocracy and democracy. On the one hand there is the independent, modern Courtnier, the courageous untrammelled Mrs Noel, on the other, the whole family and connection of the Caradoes.

Both these works are, essentially, plays rather than novels. Both might have been capital as plays, both are poor as novels. In the two books together there is in fact only one quite vitally interesting person—the Lord Miltoin of "The Patrician." He is a brilliant study of the ascetic, earnest young aristocrat, who every now and then issues upon politics, profoundly convinced that he has a duty direct from God for the governing of the universe. But apart from this figure, and, in a lesser degree, that of Mrs Noel, the books are crowded with dolls, active, opinionated, and lifeless. This is the danger of a dramatist writing novels. The books are neither convincing, nor, what is more serious still, even interesting.

If Mr Galsworthy had to be criticised as a novelist on the strength of those two novels and of his volume of stories "Villa Rubem," he would really take a very poor place, but this of course is not so. He has to his credit three much greater performances, so much greater indeed that they belong to quite a different order. These three are "The Country House," "The Man of Property" and "Fraternity." But in these books too, it is well to remember that they are the work of a man whose insight into character is dramatic rather than illuminating, that is to say, it is the insight which grasps the atmosphere of some event rather than that which creates. Mr Galsworthy is not an innovator, he is an observer. His figures lack somehow that breath of life which marks the most distinguished writing. Even Mrs Pendyce in "The Country House," the tenderest and most refined of his portraits, is as representative of the yearning love of motherhood in general as of the anxious solitude of the individual

mother. Her husband again shows absolutely the landmarks of a recognised type. Both of them are real in themselves, but both of them are too typical to be quite individual. The truth is, everybody in Mr Galsworthy stands for an idea as well as for a human being, and though this may add to their value as characters in books written with a purpose (which in one sense or other of the word his books most decidedly are), it does detract from their air of actuality. It is one of the several inherent snares awaiting the moralist in art.

Over this book, as over so many of his others, there lies that strange atmosphere of a summer evening. The visit paid by Mr Pendyce to her son's rooms in London

suggests very beautifully the kind of exhaustion falling upon hot London at close of the day and the exhaustion that has fallen upon the heart of her son. This is the most moving scene in the whole of Mr Galsworthy. The intuition of the mother is extraordinarily touching. George Pendyce's love affair with Mrs Bellow is tragedy of a high order. The slow change in her from passion to aversion and his perception of what is taking place, has that element of utter despair about it which one feels in reading of the death of Rima in the magical "Green Mansions" of Mr Hudson. Moreover, this book gains in value from the fact that the problem part of it is more blended with the current of customary events than is usual. It is, in fact, more natural. The idea of the social conflict is still there, but it is not put forward as the obvious structure of the work. It may, perhaps, be



Photo by L. O. Hoffé

Mrs. John Galsworthy.

called a satire on the county family, just as the "Man of Property" may be called a satire on the city magnate.

The wealthy Forsytes, the old brothers clinging to the family but secretly irritated with one another, secretly hoping that they are each the richest, secretly longing to have an actual proof of their own superior substance, are very ably described. The strange cruelty of aged people towards other aged people, even those they have known for life, and their pathetic warmth for youth, their set habits and their impatience with the set habits of others, their fifty-year-old grievances slowly smouldering in the hidden recesses of the mind, their intolerance and their tenderness—all these are portrayed with the hand of a master. The petty jealousies of a family, persistent and meaningless, augmented in old age by a sort of contemptuous envy of each other's children, and yet, beneath all, the desire to keep united as a family and to know all about the affairs of one another—that is the main idea on which this book is founded.

But here, too, there is visible that more-or-less ineffectual struggling of a woman against the circle she finds herself in, which is visible in most of his novels. In "The Country House" it is Margery Pendyce and Helen Bellew, in "Fraternity" it is Bianca Dallison and the little model (June Dallison is not really an example), in "The Patrician" it is Barbara Caradoc and Audrey Noel, and in "The Man of Property" it is Irene Forsyte. Her character is (with the possible exception of Bianca Dallison's) the most enigmatic in the writings of Mr Galsworthy, that mixture of the gentle and the passionate which is so arresting. Her husband Soames, a prig and a stupid cad, is, nevertheless, almost pitiable as a mate to this charming and incomprehensible woman. In the blindness of his soul he is aware of the deep unrest of an unsatisfied love, an unrest which reveals itself in fits of sneering and ferocity. But of these two figures the woman is at heart more intractable than the man, more unforgiving, more dangerous. Irene is almost Russian in her *abandon* and her indecision. The situation between her and June Forsyte (the young girl whose lover, Philip Bosinney, she has allowed herself half-unconsciously to steal) is a poignant one, a situation handled with that sensitive fineness with which Mr Galsworthy always treats the disasters and the happinesses of love.

Bosinney himself is not particularly good. The swing of the pendulum of his affections from June to Irene is convincingly imagined, but his own character does not stand forth clearly, and his death under the wheels of an omnibus fails to stir any profound sense of tragedy. As in all Mr Galsworthy's books, there are in this one, too, numerous people who are neither very striking nor very bad, the numerous people who, in a play, are real or unreal, according to the genius of the actor. Such a one is young Jolyon Forsyte, in whom it is impossible to acquire much interest. But the old brothers Forsyte are differentiated with a very skilful nicety.

"Fraternity" is in some ways a much simpler production than either "The Country House" or "The Man of Property." The canvas is more contracted, the number of figures is smaller. But in a certain lyrical fervour it excels them both, and in a certain rare delicacy of emotion and contrast. The old semi-mad father preaching his doctrine of a universal brotherhood in the very household where a real tragedy of passion is being enacted, the barrier widening with its deadly certitude between husband and wife, while, in the next room, the

Spartan optimist pours out his impersonal love in the endless and incoherent pages of his book, has something about it very thrilling, very ironical. And there is much refinement in the comparison between the households of the two Dallisons. Bianca and Cecilia, Hilary and Stephen are life-like in a way few of Mr Galsworthy's creatures are life-like. So too are the old father (a wonderful portrait of a man with an *idée fixe*, a man utterly inhuman, utterly selfless, and utterly devoted), Thyme Dallison, and Martin.

But Mr Pursey is one of Mr Galsworthy's typically false people, just a clothes-horse. Nor is the little model altogether satisfying. Hilary's intuition for

her has small air of probability about it, that is the weakest spot in this strong and remarkable book. The estrangement between Hilary and Bianca would have appeared almost more sad, more full still of bitter regret, had she never existed at all. For she is not the cause of the estrangement, but only supplementary to it. It is a much deeper, a much more inexplicable thing—an antagonism unconnected with hatred, an antagonism slow, hopeless, elemental. One of the saddest imaginable things is their moment of passionate reconciliation in the dark warmth of her room, a moment snatched fearfully by both from the memory of their love flowing away from them into a future without hope, a moment known to be fleeting, and, perhaps, only a memory even whilst it is being seized.

This book, owing to its compactness and finish, is

Mr. John Galsworthy

probably the most generally perfect of Mr Galsworthy's novels. As in all his other writings there is noticeable that hardness and softness, that atmosphere half French and half Russian, but here, more than elsewhere, there is an abiding romantic glow, the glow of the London summer spreading itself over the unrest of hearts, tormenting them with its longings and soothing them with its softness.

It is very unaccountable that after so rich a book, Mr Galsworthy should have produced so commonplace a one as "The Patrician." As was said before, there are indeed two striking figures in it, Lord Miltoun and Mrs Noel, and the whole atmosphere is of the same order as in his previous novels, but the other characters are little better than puppets. Courcier and the Caradocs are insipid and conventional types. They simply lack the breath of life. It is true that Mr Galsworthy's judicial impartiality is putter here than elsewhere (though there is too obvious a problem for the book to be great



art), but, all in all, the production is mediocre and quite unworthy of him— in fact, it very nearly approaches the obtuse

There exists here to a very marked extent a thing which exists more or less in all his novels— an incapacity for real dialogue. Mr Galsworthy never seems to have conquered a tendency to woodenness in the talk he puts into the mouths of his characters. In that he resembles Mr Hardy when he makes the upper classes converse (the talk of his peasants is life-like) Mr Galsworthy's impression of character is conveyed by action and implication much more than by conversation, which in his hands is far too liable to amplify the idea of the plot or moral instead of the idea of the character— another pitfall of the artistic moralist.

There is no space here to discuss Mr Galsworthy's most recent novel "The Dark Flower" (I have reviewed it separately in another column), but I will merely say that it represents powerfully the melancholy irony of his mind. It is a better book than "The Patrician," but it has the limitations of a novel in which the idea dominates the characters.

As a novelist his chief drawbacks are that he is not original in a great sense and that he is not sufficiently an artist. But against that it may be stated that he is philosophic, intellectual, and has a strong feeling for atmosphere. He is primarily not a novelist, but his novels are the work of an extremely gifted amateur.

There remains still to be discussed his three volumes of short sketches, "A Commentary," "A Motley," and "The Inn of Tranquility."

These suggest in an epitome his faults and successes as a novelist, though here the hardness and the softness are inclined to pervade individually a sketch instead of being mixed together. For instance, a miniature like "Comfort" ("A Commentary")

is hard and unsympathetic as an east wind, while "Old Age" ("A Commentary") and "Once More" ("A Motley") are gentle and melancholy. One

is very much aware in these three books of the mingled contempt and compassion in his views on life. Some of these little pictures are beautifully exact in their proportions, and as polished as prose poems, but they give, as a body, rather the impression that the author divides too sharply this line between those for whom he has contempt, and those for whom he has compassion. It is not an important point in itself, but it emphasises a fault which is easily observable in all his earlier work.

These little sketches are by no means a negligible item in Mr Galsworthy's work. In themselves they are at the best almost perfect, though at the worst curiously bad, but as clues to his opinions and trends they are invariably apt.

There is one minor thing that should be noticed particularly about Mr Galsworthy, that is his love of and sympathy with animals, especially dogs. In the spaniels of "The Country House," the bull-dog of "Fraternity," the terriers of "A Fisher of Men" ("A Motley") and in many other instances and stray remarks, there is evidence of this. He holds a theory about them, very far removed from the automata theory of Descartes, indeed he considers that they differ from humans not so much in intelligence, or at any rate force of character, as in kind.

And for trees too, for woods, for flowers, he has a genuine love. In his worship of Nature he seems to perceive a spirit lurking within the visible semblance.

That is why his descriptions, which though poetical, are not really very exquisite, do have the power of giving the sad and beautiful sensations of Spring and starry nights.



Snapshots of Mr. Galsworthy's garden and the country near his house in Devonshire.

The more you look the less you see  
Tis all a glowing mystery.

From "Tune Song of the West" (on John Galsworthy)

By

Mr. Galsworthy is a man of great talent, great depth of feeling, great comprehension, but he is not a great genius. One has only to compare him with a contemporary like Mr. Conrad to see the difference. It is perhaps difficult to express it in words, but it is entirely unmistakable. Nor is he, at heart, a novelist.

Other men of great talent like Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett are, at heart, novelists, but Mr. Galsworthy is not. His novels, excellent and unusual as they are, are always somewhat stilted. They are not eccentric, they are angular. They are the work of



Mr. John Galsworthy.

From a snapshot taken in his garden

a writer who has never quite learnt his trade, probably never quite could learn it. It is as a dramatist that his reputation is most surely held, and it is as a dramatist that he is likely to continue to hold it. The outward smoothness of his plays covers, but does not hide, the eloquence of a burning conviction.

If in his style and in his character studies there is no grand creative faculty, no first-rate original gift, there is, however, the clear reflection of a lofty and searching intelligence, an intelligence at once critical and humane. It is a precious distinction.

## WALTER PATER.\*

By T. E. PAGE

THE word "preciosity" is neither a beautiful nor a common word, but it starts to the lips unsought almost with the first glance into this volume. The subject and the treatment of it seem alike to be, if not "too bright," at least "too good for human nature's daily food," and the motto *Odi profanum vulgus* might fitly be set upon the title-page. The very first sentence immediately raises the reader above the level of everyday life into a region where phrases are the only realities. "Walter Pater," says the writer, "is a hero—our modern English half-hero, half-martyr of Style," and the plain man is at once set wondering whether Pater was or was not "a hero," and, if he was, why he should be at once degraded to "a half-hero" and even then only of our "modern English" type. If such there be—who are also "half-martyrs" to some divinity called "Style", though why they should stay half-way and not be at once complete heroes and complete martyrs it is impossible to determine. But perhaps Mr. Thomas should be excused for writing so curiously. He himself on one occasion describes Pater as "attempting to build up a scene out of sterilised words in a vacuum," and he has no doubt felt the fascination to do the like. For, indeed, the art of weaving words into strange patterns, purely from delight in the pattern, has a singular attraction for many minds, and of that art Pater was a devotee. He seems to care less for what he says than for how he says it, and he polishes to the utmost. He wrote, we are told, on ruled paper with the alternate lines left blank for corrections, and then "the revised work was copied,

again only on alternate lines, for further elaboration." He thus "tends to encourage meticulousness in detail and single words, rather than a regard for form in its largest sense." There is nothing big or daring about him. His pen never runs away with him and so he never sweeps the reader, as it were, off his legs, nor, indeed, has he the least wish to do so. Beautiful composition is in his judgment something to linger over, to savour delicately like fine wine and he would have "the susceptible reader" give it "minute consideration" and "find one of his greatest pleasures in the critical tracing out of conscious artistic structure." And the result of all this is that he is never simple, easy and unaffected while so far from being natural, he even "attained an exquisite unnaturalness." At least that is how Mr. Thomas puts it (p. 220) and then immediately goes on (p. 221) to apologise for the "irreverence of discussing Pater's style" while on his last page he says that this same style "is meant for posterity and stands on foundations above the tides of time." Plain folk however may perhaps wonder whether either posterity or the tides of time will fret themselves at all over such perishable stuff as "the exquisitely unnatural."

But the grave defect of many of Pater's writings seems to be elsewhere. He himself says that two things go to the making of style—"mind and soul." And "mind" he undoubtedly had—not a great mind but, as his criticisms of art and literature sufficiently prove, a mind of extreme fineness and sensibility. Of "soul," on the other hand, of that sort of force which, as he notes, animates "the Vulgate, the English Bible, and the Prayer-Book," it is hard to find anywhere a trace

\* "Walter Pater: A Critical Study" By Edward Thomas 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker)

But assuredly there is much of something very different – something which is the exact opposite of “soul” – For though in his own life Pater seems to have been sober, healthy, and even austere, yet there is in his writings a sort of sensuousness which discredits them. Whether he himself was a refined Hedonist, an Epicurean or a curious type of mystic, Mr. Thomas does not pretend to determine, nor indeed can any one do so, but the spirit which too often seems to hang over him as he writes is beyond question an evil spirit. It disguises itself, no doubt, as an angel of light, talks charmingly, has much to say of art and culture, of how life should “burn always with a hard gem-like flame,” and attain to “as many exquisite experiences” as may be. And then the desire for “exquisite experiences” leads on “to grasping at any exquisite passion” and then, for those who have more red blood in them than Pater, comes as one of his chief “disciples” found perdition and the pit. Listen to Mr. Thomas:

“Pater lived a sober, almost ascetic life. Yet his was the head upon which ‘all the ends of the world are come,’ the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the Middle Age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. Pater liked to think of the sins of the Borgias – they had enriched the pageantry of life by which he lived – and with the help of them and of Swinburne’s *Lausine* and *Dolores* he made his most famous piece of prose.

“He did not recommend their sins,” his critic goes on, “or any kind of sin, and there is no reason to suppose that he disapproved of the Ten Commandments or the moral ideals of the middle-class.” Not at all, the “sins of the Borgias” give colour to composition, and “the moral ideals of the middle-class” do not, and so Pater drew his picture of “*La Gioconda*” with “her eyelids a little weary” and that particular beauty which is wrought out from within – by strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions.” It is “his most famous piece of prose” and what matter if it conjures up devil’s dreams in those less artistic and more human than himself?

No doubt it may seem unjust thus to write. For there is much in Pater that is of unquestioned distinction, but this volume though often containing just criticism of his work yet, on the whole, seems to set him on a pinnacle. The writer is not content to confer

immortality on his style, but he also seems to honour him as a philosopher, and in his absolutely final sentence he writes thus:

“The philosophy is designed for those who would attain a beautiful and varied life by self-conscious effort at as many points as possible, following pleasure of every order, with a consideration of remote effects on themselves and others, with a self-control and decorum beyond the dreams of virtue.”

Surely if this is the outcome of Pater’s thinking, the only thing left is to exclaim with the dying Brutus:

ὦ τλήμων ἡμετὴ λυγρὸς δὲ ἦσθ' ἐγὼ δὲ σὺ  
ὡς ἔργασθαι ἤσκαυι

“Poor virtue you were but a dream”, and here is a new cult of the pleasant and beautiful that is beyond you, while if anyone wishes to know more about the hierophant of such strange mysteries he can find it in these pages. He can see him, for instance, at the Private View of the Academy “in a new top-hat and a silk tie of brilliant apple-green” or he can read a full description of the furniture of that room (p. 32), of which it is asserted, with cruel but unconscious irony, that “no saying of Pater’s is so expressive as that room”, or he can learn how this same room, “to behold which calls up the man’s spirit” appeared to one visitor as “greenish white,” and to another “all blue” and whatever in it was not blue seemed to be white”, and then he can picture to himself the owner “with an open bowl of blue china” before him, from which “it is just possible to detach the smell of dried rose-leaves,” as he sits framing some fine phrase about “that subtle and delicate sweetness which belongs to a refined and comely decadence.” But O! to turn from this *pot-pourri* of roses and sickly talk about “decadence” to writers like Isaiah, or the author of Job, or the rude herdsmen of Tekoa! To do so is to pass from the atmosphere of an orchid house into the free invigorating air. They were great men, great thinkers, and great stylists too. Put one of Pater’s sentences beside one of theirs and its frail prettiness would fade and shrivel into nothing. Set the description of “*La Gioconda*” beside that of the “*Daughters of Zion*” (Is. iii. 16-24), and let any honest man choose. And yet the son of Amos lived in uncultured days when men had not yet discovered that beauty which is “beyond the dreams of virtue.”

## “THE REAL LABBY.”\*

By G. S. LAYARD

IT has been said that nothing is rarer than the use of a word in its exact meaning. But surely it is equally true to say that an exact meaning is just the quality that a word hardly ever possesses.

Henry Labouchere was labelled “cynic,” but did we mean, with Antisthenes of Athens, that he looked upon virtue as the highest good, or did we mean, with Henry Ward Beecher, almost the opposite, that he never saw a good quality in a man and never failed to see a bad one? If we meant either of these things we were wrong.

Certainly he was not a cynic in the Socratic sense. That goes without the saying. As certainly he posed (characteristically making the worst of himself) as a sort of “human owl mousing for vermin and never seeing noble game.” Hence it came to pass that those who suffered most at his hands, wrong ‘uns and charlatans of all sorts, called him ignorantly and insolently, self-righteous. But certainly he was not ignorant, and as for self-righteousness, he whipped himself as unmercifully as he castigated others, miscalling himself, amongst other things, “a yahoo” and “an abominable and useless liar.” That was why those who feared him

\* The Life of Henry Labouchere. By Algar Labouchere. Thorold 18s. net. (Constable & Co.)



Photo Daily Mirror

Act I. of "Justice."



Photo Daily Mirror

Talder throws himself down the

Last Scene in Act IV. of "Justice."  
rested while on ticket of leave

Scenes from John Galsworthy's play, "Justice."



most at a distance admired him most when they were brought into contact with him.

Born an aristocrat, Labouchere was disillusioned of aristocratic shams and assumptions almost from the beginning. Having a keen nose for humbug, he had a keener wit for exposing it. With nothing conventionally sacred to him, he was a very Voltaire for disrespect. Loving fighting for fighting's sake, loving intrigue for intrigue's sake, loving the shindy above everything else, he yet took good care to crack the right skulls, to wield his mordant wit and biting pen for the righting of wrongs. Certainly he was the mustard in the political pie, but with his sardonic and satirical spirit there was mingled a fierce though carefully-concealed zeal for the public good.

Let us justify this from a quotation or two from Mr Algar Thorold's delightful biography, which, though full of solid interest, will perhaps disappoint, and will certainly surprise, those who merely look for frivolous entertainment.

Here is what he quotes from what Mr T. P. O'Connor wrote on Labouchere's retirement from Parliament:

"He was a far straighter, far more serious, far more effective politician than his own persiflage would allow people to think. With all his light wit, there was something stern and rigid in the man, as you could see from the powerful mouth, with the full compressed lips. He was perfectly honest in his hatred of extravagance, pretence, vainglory. He did immense service to his party in his time. He was a strenuous, manly, courageous fighter. And he never changed, he never concealed, he never explained away his opinion upon anything. He was a model of honest good faith and courage."

Read, too, how affectionately so out-and-out an opponent of his political views as the *Morning Post* wrote on the same occasion:

"What Parliament and public life will be without him I hate to think. The House has long counted Labby as the last of its originals, has prized him as a refreshing relish, has looked to him for the unexpected flavour. It gives a peculiar pang to realise that he will be seen there no more."

Here is what was written of him by one of his bitterest critics:

"Mr Labouchere has done a great deal of good in his life, more good and less evil than many so-called statesmen."

No victim of cruelty or injustice ever appealed to him in vain."

That is surely a fine testimonial, and yet of course there were flies in the amber. He could be bitterly and corrosively cruel when the fit was on him. "I do not mind Mr Gladstone always having the ace up his sleeve," he once said, "but I do object to his always saying that Providence put it there." And yet this was no mere Whistlerian quip, no carefully thought-out "impromptu," but the bare fact as he saw it, expressed cruelly, if you like, with the greatest economy of language.

When asked if he liked Madame X—, he said, "Oh, yes, I like her well enough, but I shouldn't mind if she dropped dead in front of me on the carpet." That was cruel and cynical too, but there was the sort of honesty in it which protested against conventional insincerity.

Labouchere was essentially a man of the world, a man who had "seen life." Playing many parts, welcomed

as a boon companion by men of education and men of little or none, full of eager curiosity, he had unrivalled opportunities of knowing and understanding his fellows. From Eton he carried away two cardinal convictions, which he never ceased to enunciate—first, that "an English education is the worst that the world has yet produced"; secondly, that, through the fagging system, a boy "learns all the tricks and dodges of the slave." At Cambridge he ruffled it with the "bloods" of the day, lost £6,000 in two years of gambling and horse-racing, and was finally sent down for alleged cribbing, a charge which he always stoutly and convincingly repudiated. With great liberality his father paid his debts, and Labouchere responded by taking up his abode at a tavern in London where, in two months, he lost several hundreds more at hells and casinos. From this tavern he was again rescued by his father and sent abroad with a mentor, who betrayed his trust by leaving him to his own devices. The result was another orgy of gambling at Wiesbaden and elsewhere. At twenty-two he became an attaché to the embassy at Washington, but discipline was so slack and his services were so little valued that he managed to slip away without being missed, join a circus, and appear on the playbills as the "Bounding Buck of Babylon," wearing pink tights, with a fillet round his head. Tiring of the circus, he joined a party of Chippeway Indians, "living with them for six months, hunting buffalo, joining in their work and sports, playing cards for wampum necklaces." From Washington he was transferred to the Legation at Munich. Thence to Stockholm, where he fought a duel with an Austrian chargé d'affaires. Abandoning diplomacy (if the part he played can be dignified by such a word) he became joint proprietor of the *Daily News*, and contributed no little to its popularity by his letters during the Franco-Prussian War, writing as a "Besieged Resident" in Paris. Twenty-four years later he sold his quarter-share, which had cost him £14,000, for four or five times that amount. About the same time he joined Alfred Wigan as partner in the new Queen's Theatre, gaining in this case more experience than money. Indeed, when *Truth* became his mouthpiece he made so much of the many contretemps that accompanied his theatrical ventures that the public could hardly take his productions seriously. That was characteristic of all he did. He loved the fun of the thing, the fun of playing the game. Here is how he discounted his production of an adaptation of "The Last Days of Pompeii":

"Everything went wrong in this piece. I wanted to have—after the manner of the ancient acrobats dancing on a tight-rope over the heads of the guests at a feast—our guests, however, declined to be danced over. Only one acrobat made his appearance. A rope was stretched for him, behind the revellers, and I trusted to stage illusion for the rest. The acrobat was a stout negro. Instead of lightly tripping it upon his rope, he moved about like an elephant, and finally fell off his rope like a stricken buffalo."

That was how he gave the show away, and it was not surprising that his theatrical enterprises were not taken seriously. In the same year that he entered theatrical management he became M.P. for New Windsor, only to be unseated for bribery on the part of his agent. Two years later he was returned for Middlesex, but, quarrelling with his colleague, Lord Enfield, he split the vote



Photo Daily Mirror

Joy, Maurice Lever and Miss Gwyn  
in scene at end of Act II. of "Joy."



Photo Daily Mirror

Last Scene of "Strife."

Mr Norman McKinnel as John Anthony and Mr J Fisher White as David Roberts  
been defeated by his own side

The two leaders confronting, each other after each has

Scenes from John Galsworthy's plays, "Joy" and "Strife."

at the next election and lost his seat. Finally he became "the Christian Member for Northampton," as he was euphemistically called, to his great amusement, in contradistinction to his atheistical, though really far more serious and respectable, colleague, Charles Bradlaugh. From this time he became a very real force in politics, would indeed have become a Cabinet Minister in Mr Gladstone's administration in 1892, but for the Queen's objection to his name being submitted to her. And here we come upon a striking example of his sincerity. For, as his biographer remarks in the Preface with disconcertingly rare insight, "He was a terribly sincere person, partly from pride and partly from indolence. Had he been willing to condescend to insincerity he would have been too lazy to do so for long." Here is the story. Mr Gladstone, greatly discomposed by the Queen's refusal, and more especially so because Labouchere's inclusion was publicly anticipated and desired, went the length of privately asking his would-be colleague to write him a letter stating that he would not accept office were it offered to him. This would have fitted in with his Radical principles, would have appeared to the superficial observer as a fine assertion of independence, would have improved his political position, and would have saved Mr Gladstone from an imputation of ingratitude to a follower who, through thick and thin, had done all he could to help him to win the cause of Home Rule, which the Grand Old Man had nearest to his heart. But Labouchere would have none of it. In his own words, he "couldn't stand the humbug of the suggestion." He was bitterly disappointed, and he wasn't going to pretend not to be.

I have endeavoured to give the salient points of Labouchere's character and career by way of inducing the reader to fill in the details for himself by going direct to Mr Algai Thorold's able Biography. It is, I admit,

a story without a moral, showing as it does by what bizarre and unpromising paths a man with an outstanding personality may arrive at an unique and remarkable position in the body politic.

It is a sort of apotheosis of the Idle Apprentice, who should, according to accepted moral standards, have come to an untimely end, but did, in fact, arrive at an honoured and distinguished old age. It is not a story that would make an "edifying" tract. But it is a story of outstanding interest.

There is no room here to tell of the prominent part which Labouchere played in the unmasking of the Pigott forgeries, of the strong and courageous position taken up by him at the time of the Jameson Raid and the South African War, of the power which he wielded mainly for good from his self-constructed pulpit in Carteret Street, of his unsparing criticism, in season and out of season, of Socialism as opposed to Radicalism. These things must be read in Mr Thorold's fascinating pages to be properly appreciated. It need only be added that, if, to one like the present writer, who worked on *Truth* for two years, this book makes engrossing reading, comes, indeed, as something of a revelation, it should make an even stronger and more romantic appeal to those who have hitherto looked upon "Labby" as a mere *faiçeur*, as a man who treated nothing seriously, as a man of no strong convictions.

In the daily Press I see that Mr Thorold has been hauled over the coals for not collecting in this volume all the "good stories" that were current about his distinguished uncle. I can only say that, had he done so, he would have held the scales unevenly, have sacrificed his duty as a serious biographer to a desire for a merely *ad captandum* success. He is to be sincerely congratulated on his properly-balanced and dignified reserve.

## W. T. STEAD.\*

BY RICHARD WHITING.

MISS STEAD'S book about her father is naturally written from the point of view of one who loved him well. But it must always have its value for students of character, whether they lean to or from him in the end. There was a complex personality indeed, a thing of radium all compact in its everlasting activity of inward life. There is really no knowing where to have him for a working scheme of generalisation. The wonder is that he was ever caught in a photograph for the illustrations—and where he is, we have sometimes only a sort of bird on the wing. He walks in his own garden like an athlete on the under path. He was a very chameleon of the changes that make for praise or blame. He had a fine idealistic nature with a great sense of great causes, but the "sainthood"—it was hardly less in his view—was crossed by the pushfulness of a commercial traveller, the ruthlessness of a reporter on the scoop. He was ready to lay down his life, as he always laid down his leisure and his peace, for an idea, with that, he had a self-satisfaction that verged on absolute conceit, and a plentiful lack of taste, or what some call

distinction for the benefit of a change. His acuteness in the ordinary transactions of business was beyond question, yet the bee was ever buzzing in his bonnet on the gravest affairs.

He was unique in a kind of belief that it was his mission to "boss," for morals, the whole human race—a prophet accredited not only to Palestine, but to the orb. "The idea that everything wrong in the world was a divine call to use your life in righting it sank deep into my soul." Thus when he was still in his teens, and under the roof of his father's manse. His programme was "Peace—Woman—Spirits," in the final summary, and in detail by the dozen causes, and he rushed from point to point of the compass in the service of them, with the energy of a victim of the St. Vitus dance. Such a mood, of course, precluded all the graces of literature, at the mature age of twenty he could celebrate his high commission in verses, to his mother, hardly worthy of a child of ten.

"Some may give sons an ancestry noble, that came with the Conqueror in,

But ah, what is blood the most ancient, compared to the soul that's within?"

\* "My Father." By Estelle W. Stead (nos nct (Heinemann))

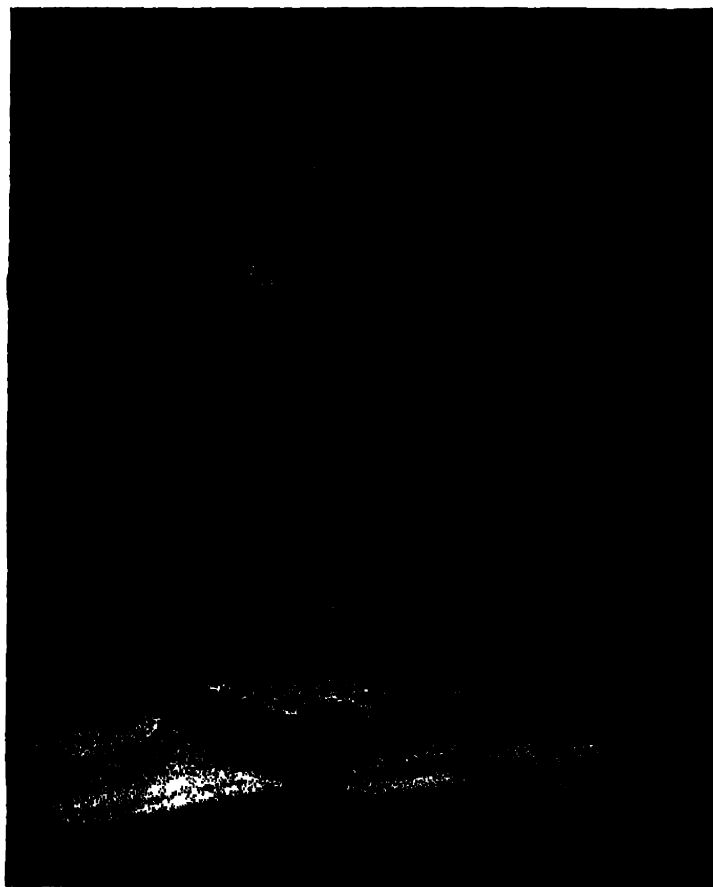
Some boast of the treasure they gave us, and high heaps  
of silver and gold,  
But compared with the dower you gave me it's metal  
both worthless and cold."

It was a case of the finger in every pie. In the infancy of the Salvation Army we find him lecturing General Booth on the management of the concern. He interviewed the Czar on the Peace question, the Pope on things in general, and especially by way of "enquiring at first hand how far my aspirations were shared by the Holy See." "Wake up, Vatican!" might have been the word. He admitted great possibilities in the mother Church of Christianity, you had but to "develop the good and eliminate the bad. Surely the solution is not difficult." The Pope showed but a poor sense of his opportunities, so his mentor has to found *The Review of Reviews* "to be to the English-speaking world what the Catholic Church in its prime was to the intelligence of Christendom." In the same way, he called in due course on the Sultan of the Young Turks, "and talked with him for a full half hour as if I were a prophet or disciple." It was good copy and at the same time it was the apostle glowing with the sense of his mission. The Commander of the Faithful was almost as slack about it as the Holy Father. "It was clear to me from the

outset that the Sultan had nothing particular to say to me." But that was only one chance more for his visitor. "The opportunity given me of speaking freely was one which I took advantage of to the uttermost. I confess I was more than once in doubt as to whether I had not ventured too far." The topics were "the function of Constitutional Sovereigns in the modern State, the advantages of their position as compared with that of autocrats, the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility, and the danger of confounding the person of the monarch with the policy of his advisers." Good going for half an hour! At another time, as we remember, he had a straight talk with the elite of Russian society on the right use of the Duma. In the very latest about him, received after his death, we are privileged to learn that he is now personally conducting his fellow spirits in the next world.

There was something uncanny in him, beyond a doubt. The blazing eye was not for nothing as an indication of a judgment ever tremulous for its balance,

and of a want of ordinary discretion that brought so many of his enterprises to confusion. The Maiden Tribute agitation was shockingly mismanaged from first to last. He could never prove that the child was really bought and sold. He could only say, and in all sincerity, that somebody had told him so, that somebody being a person of more than shady antecedents. His discovery that the mother of the child was not the wife of its father, though it might, as he thought, have saved him from the legal penalty had he been willing to employ it, would probably have involved a moral penalty of far greater severity. The woman had either sold her child for the vilest of uses, or she had not, and all question of her status was really beside the mark. In the circumstances, no judge and no jury would have consented to make it her reproach. In one of the portraits we find him in pose with such a fine confusion of properties as Oliver Cromwell's pistol, a statue of Gordon and a copy of the *Imitation*. It is a bit of a trial even for the warmest admirer. His Spiritualism was too often of a piece with this in its incongruities, and its want of all sense not only of the ridiculous but of the trivial and the vulgar. "Young man, you are going to be the St. Paul of Spiritualism!" not merely is he content to listen to this from a medium but he accepts it with the utmost com-



Portrait of W. T. Stead

From a portrait in "My Life"

W. T. Stead

placency as "one of the signposts on his journey through life." In his first seance Mother Shipton is the control, and informs him that "the state of things in Ireland is very bad and would have been worse but for the precautions the Government have taken" with much more to the same effect. *Excuse du peu*. Every ordinary incident in his life is a premonition. His sub-editorship of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, his subsequent charge of the paper. The dialogues with the spirits who have "passed beyond" are as a rule, disastrously trivial. It is Lucian's masterpiece without the wit.

And yet! and yet! set his successes against his failures, and what a man he was. He had a large share in rousing the country against the idea of another war with Russia for the benefit of the Turks. He earned many a stone for the building of the Palace that now thrones Peace at the Hague. His "Truth About the Navy," was the starting point of what is now the national and even the racial movement of the time, and, but for him, Admiral Fisher would have been only a plougher

of the sands. He sent Gordon to the Soudan, and that heroic misadventure, in its results, has set the land of Egypt where it stands to-day. In Imperialism he was Rhodes without freebooting and predatory war, and he found the formula at least for a policy that would make Big Englanders of us all. His services to the cause of purity, whatever their occasional misdirection of effort, have largely helped to make that

cause a bond between all the leading governments of the world. His death, in its majestic calm and simple devotion to the idea of self-sacrifice, atoned for all that lacked dignity in his life. The best testimony to the beauty of his character is to be found in the fact that those who knew most of him, down to his humblest dependents, were those by whom he was best honoured and best loved.

## THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1913.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

*Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV., and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric*

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best criticism of any new Christmas book in not more than twenty-four lines of verse
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted

### RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Lyric is awarded to Miss Dorothy M. Rawcliffe, of Culraven, Haigh, near Wigan, Lancs., for the following

#### DELILAH

Once your smile was a ray of light  
That made the darkest moments bright  
Now it is but a searing flame  
Which brands my heart with a lasting shame  
Once your voice was a heavenly song  
That charmed away all thoughts of wrong  
But now I hear in the simplest lay  
The hiss of the snake as it glides away  
Your breath on my cheek was an angel's kiss,  
The touch of your hand was a thrill of bliss  
But now in the touch of your hand and breath  
I feel the pains of eternal Death  
Go! you were true to your cause, I know,  
And I was false! But I bid you go  
I loved you once, 'twas a grievous wrong,  
But in proving me weak you have made me strong  
DOROTHY M. RAWCLIFFE

We also select for printing

#### A RIVERA RIVERA

We sat beneath the olive trees  
That cluster round Fiesole,  
And watched the distant mountains turn  
Deep purple in the setting day  
You leaned upon your arms and dreamed  
With brooding face, till night was down,  
Till silver stars shone out and gleamed  
Through violet mists above the town

But under other olives now  
I sit alone and watch the sea,  
The fragrance of an orange-grove  
Is carried on the wind to me,  
Along the bay Mentone shines,  
Cap Martin tells the further view,  
A little house with trellised vines  
Stands up against the sky's deep blue

The thick, long grass is warm with sun,  
I hear the browsing goats go by  
The very soul of you is here  
In scent and sound, in sea and sky  
A moment past your spirit seemed  
With sun and wind and leaves at play,  
Was this perchance the dream you dreamed,  
That hour in far Fiesole?

(M. W. Averay Jones, 2, Metchley Park Road,  
Edgbaston, Birmingham)

#### RENUNCIATION

And I must leave this garden of delight  
Where scented winds blow softly from the south,  
No more your arms must crush me to your heart  
No more your kisses burn upon my mouth

For me the narrow path winds straight ahead,  
That path where two may never walk abreast,  
My feet must tread its rocks and stones alone—  
Pray God it lead me to eternal Rest

My heart and happiness lie far behind,  
I leave them cold and dead as last year's snow,  
What joy has Heaven to give me in return  
For all the bliss that I gave up below?

(Guy Chester, Penarth, Glamorgan)

#### IF I HAD YOU

If I had you for evermore beside me,  
My soul would rise above the cares of day,  
I should not care whatever might betide me,  
Though skies should stretch above me, dull and grey  
If I had you, my heart would soon be heaping  
Bright treasures of love that you should safely store  
A harvest of joy I should be reaping,  
If I had you beside me evermore

If I had you I should not heed earth's splendour,  
Of riches and of fame my heart would tire  
If I had you, and felt your handclasp tender,  
And knew that I was Queen of your desire—  
Then, not till then, I'd know life's truest gladness,  
And satisfy the longing in my breast  
I should forget those bygone days of sadness  
If I had you, my heart would be at rest

If I had you, each hour I should be living  
Always for you in action or in prayer,  
My higher self to you I should be giving,  
And strive to make your present always fair  
If I had you for evermore beside me—  
Home in your arms I'd find on land or sea  
I should not care whatever might betide me,  
If I had you for ever near to me!

(Miss Marjorie W. Crosbie, The Balkans, Lancaster  
Gardens, Beltinge, Herne Bay.)

## LYRIC.

This world I did not understand,  
I comprehended not the skies,  
Until I pressed a woman's hand,  
Until I gazed into her eyes  
If there be deeper mysteries,  
Than golden suns and silver sand,  
It was the wonder of her eyes  
It was the beauty of her hand

(H. B. Egmont Hake, 11, Granville Place, Portman Square, London, W.)

## A SPINDHURF'S WISH

If it be said that I have loved the sun,  
Taken what God has given, without fear  
Lost in its beauty Wrong be lurking near,  
Ended in joy what was in joy begun,  
If this be said of me, I am content,  
Though I have died

If it be said from the full granary  
Of love poured out to me, I gave again  
To some poor hungry wretch, that not in vain  
That brimming golden store was spent for me  
If this be said of me, I am content  
That I have lived

(Guenn F. Newnham, 7, Avenue Gardens, Dover)

Competitors must please keep copies of their poems as, owing to the rather heavy extra labour involved, we cannot undertake to return any. Mrs. Sloane Thomson sends some good verses "My Gutter-snipe," but they form a long narrative poem, other competitors have sent sonnets, and one a dilutive effort in blank verse. The best of the other lyrics received are from C. Roy Price (Wellington), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Donald Bam (Buffalo, N.Y.), D. K. Boileau (Bath), E. R. L. (Durlam), Kathleen R. Wilkes (Stowmarket), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Miss A. Chambers (Birmingham), A. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Ethel Welch (Aldburgh), Chrissie G. Palmer (Corstophine), Edith Funniss (St. Meols), A. E. Barnes (Baconshill), Miss E. F. Parr (Aytun), Doris Dean (Bromley), Mrs. Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), Miss V. W. Ware (Gloucester), Mary M. Wiltshire (Victoria Park), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), Emily Kingston (Blangowrie), Evelyn L. A. Scott (Stratham), Miss C. Vera Amcley (Ilfracombe), Fred Tait (Leeds), Eleanor Bull (Ludlow), Albert Shackleton (Todmorden), Jas. (Aberdeen), Kate V. Jones (Ludlow), Thomas I. aw (Holytown), Maura Irwin (Leamington Spa), Winifred Holmden (Ilfracombe), Percy Thomas (Hornsey), Bernard Spencer (London, S.E.), Margaret Lane (Kettering), R. W. Fenton (Birstall), G. W. Turner (Burnley), A. Ruari Clarke (Ramsgate), E. Howard (Putney), D. P. Tweeddale (Birkdale), Mary G. Cherry (Matlock), R. W. King (Catford Hill), Frank Dale (Saxmundham), E. E. Wood (Ladywell), Elsie S. Mead (Burnley), Launcelot H. Stuckey (Taunton), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), L. Aaronson (London, E.), G. Thelwall (Middlesbrough), G. A. Mackinlay (Perth), Hubert Rogers (Hackney), Evaline Emily He (Plumstead Common), M. A. Newman (Brighton), M. F. Alexander (Battersea Park), A. Charlton (Derby), Oswald J. Francis (Barry), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Miss B. B. Friend (Sheffield), Kathleen M. Coates (Sherringham), Lillian Whitehead (Bury), Miss M. Spode (Newcastle), Margot Balfour (London, W.), Grace M. Measham (Newcastle-on-Tyne), John Carlton (Hornsey), Eveleen Pawle (Ware), Annie Newton (Carnarvon), Frederick Thomas (Ludlow), Arthur Hemingway (Northwich), C. W. Kent (Alderly Edge), Smah Helen West (Plymouth), Margaret E. Painter (Wimbledon), T. D. T. (Portadown), Dorothy Miriam Bunn (Hull), Sandy (Swinton), Frank Houghton (Bath), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), O. H. R. Leyton (Westgate-on-Sea), Emily Cornell (Up Norwood), John D. Smith (Millingavie), Aline Austin Austin (Bournemouth), E. R. North (Settle), Joyce Jones (Buckhurst

Hill), E. F. Shirley (Dumfries), Bunce (Yorkshire), E. Summers (Dukinfield), S. R. Noyes (Pontypridd), Annie Cowan (Galway), Frank A. Hellawell (Newbiggin), H. Becket (Oxford), Emily Sundeland (Todmorden), Rhys Raworth (Harrogate), Doris Rochefort (Stoke Newington), Carig (New Brighton), Miss M. Peart (Tottenham), Frank G. Greenwood (Bingley), Alex. M. Reid (Motherwell), F. H. Storm (North Shields), J. Macdonald (Bacup), Owen H. Carsburn (Sheffield), Jas. F. Snell (Dartford), D. M. B. (Liverpool), Miss Miniken (London, S.W.), Miss M. Troughton (Cape, S. Africa), H. B. Dawes (Birkdale), Eleanor L. Clark (Maghera), Rev. J. Wesley Houchin (Shenfield), Robert D. Roosmale-Cocq (Sandown, I. of W.), Florence Dunford (Bembridge), Maud Marion Burnell (Ashford), Mabel Malet (Hull), Lillie Laphorne (Southsea), D. M. Williams (New Mills, Derbyshire), Dora Duder (Launton), Violet Tootal (London, W.), O. W. Griffith (Cricklewood, N.W.), M. C. James (Hamstead, N.W.), Alice W. Linford (South Tottenham, N.), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), Mrs. Clara Swain-Dickins (Dulwich, S.E.), G. Lisle Hindmarsh (Cardiff), A. Ellerton (Liscard, Cheshire), Ion A. Grundy (Liverpool), Rosie Speight (Armley, Leeds), J. E. Compton (Studley, Warwickshire), William C. Pocock (St. Paul's, Bristol), A. J. Freeland (Kibworth Beauchamp, Leicestershire), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), I. Macnamara (Dublin), Leslie H. Allen (Melrose Highlands, Mass., U.S.A.), Mrs. Edith Ratten (Leatham, Durham), J. D. I. Waugh (Teddington, Beds.), E. Jothan (Port St. Mary, I. of M.), Fred Reynolds (Walmer), Miss H. M. Barrow (Stratham Hill, S.W.), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), Gladys M. Salter (Maidenhead), A. C. Laughton (Wakcheld), E. O. Call (Lennoxville, Que., Canada), E. F. Sandford (Saltash), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Harry Glazebrook (Birkenhead), Miss L. D. Potter (Prescot, Lancs.), Mary Eva Kitchel (Boonton, N.J., U.S.A.), F. V. Branford (Edinburgh), E. H. Kenney, jun. (Dulwich, S.E.), M. F. W. (East Farleigh, Maidstone), Alice Binks (Westoe, South Shields), Mrs. J. M. Delbridge (Canterbury), Barbara Drummond (Monmouth), Edward G. Nightingale (Edinburgh), Russell Green (Sheffield), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood, N.W.), F. Popham (Annan), Margaret Savoy (Clifton, Bristol), Miss H. C. Williamson (Galashells), St. George Best (Kenwood, Chicago, U.S.A.), R. E. D. Donaldson (Calne), Eleanor G. Chandler (Toronto, Canada), Hugh McIntosh (Murrayfield, Edinburgh), James Percy Gross (Neully, Seine, France), Edith Bull (Southport), Ernest J. Sumner (Bury St. Edmund's), Marsella Whitaker (Earls Barton, Dewsbury), Mrs. Monypenny (Bedford), and Maud McDonald (Enfield, Middlesex).



Prize Photograph illustrating title of some recent book

By Miss E. A. Pearson.

"Journey's End," by Katharine Tynan (Werner Laurie).

See Competition No. 3, page 106



Honourable mention  
Prize Competition No

Photo by  
**Irene Pollock Lalonde.**

"The Perfect Wife" by Joseph Keating (Heinemann)

II - The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Ellen Webster of 6, Warrington Road, Ipswich, for the following

WET MAGIC By J. NESBIT (Laurie)

"He sought to keep his spirits up,  
By pouring spirits down"

W. S. GILBERT *Bab Ballads*

We also select for printing

A TRAP TO CAUCH A DREAM By DION CANTON CATHROP (Hodder & Stoughton)

"It's that confounded cucumber  
I've eat and can't digest"

THOMAS INGOLDSPY, *The Confession*

(Kathleen Birch, The Cottage, Colebrooke Road, Bexhill)

IS THERE A HILL? A SYMPOSIUM (Cassell)

"O golfer, be quiet!"

BARRY PAIN, *Martin Luther at Potsdam*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester)

LOVE AND (200) A YEAR By MRS. ALFRED PRAGA (Laurie)

"How happy could I be with either!"

JOHN GAY, *The Beggar's Opera*

(M. J. Tindale, Woodcote, Worthing)

ONE SMITH By S. MURRAY JOHNSTONE (Wm. Dawson & Sons)

"My stout galloper"

R. BROWNING, *How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix*

(A. Ernest Smith, 104, Sheen Park, Richmond, S.W.)

THE LOVE THAT LASTS By G. B. BURGIN (Hodder & Stoughton)

Still hapning on my daughter"

SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet*

(M. Hasler, Brunswick Road, Douglas, Isle-of-Man)

THINGS NAUTICAL. REVIEW BY J. I. PATTERSON

"It's very odd that sailor-men  
Should wear those things so loose"

INGOLDSPY LEGENDS, *Misadventures at Margate*

(D. Bass, 3a, Somerset Road, Ashford, Kent)

III - A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best photograph illustrating the title of any recent novel is awarded to Miss E. A. Pearson, of Noss Mayo, Fleet, for the photograph reproduced on page 105

We specially commend the photographs of Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Ernest S. Heron (Chester), and Miss E. A. Bracher (East Southsea), which we also reproduce. Among the best of the other photographs are those by Miss Dease (West Meath), G. McCrohen (Wakefield), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Marie Russell Brown (Glasgow), Norah E. Goodbody (Kings Co.), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), and Miss B. W. Ramsay (Portes)

IV - The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss Evelyn M. Abbott, of The Croft, Old Malton, Yorks, for the following

BENDISH By M. HEWLETT (Macmillan)

This elaborate study of a novel written from an obviously equal to Mrs. T. Annet, but the novelist has taken some liberties with dates, the story opening in the year 1830, the eve of the Reform Act. Various characters re-appear, notably George Moore - particularly drawn from Shelley - and the Great Duke. The book ends with the publication of Bendish's "Wanderer" ('Childe Harold'), and his discomfiture in love, politics, and friendship. Mr. Hewlett dislikes Byron, and does him less than justice, but this novel is one of his finest, witty, epigrammatic, admirable in characterization and grasp of the period.

We also select for printing

THE BROKEN HALO By FLORENCE I. BARCLAY (Putnam)

This is a clean, well-written story, with plenty of humour and pathos commingled in Mrs. Barclay's own inimitable style. The two principal characters, round whom the plot moves with hints of tragedy, the 'Little White Lady' - a poignantly pathetic figure - and Dick, command our sympathies. The actions of the latter are not always commendable, but the author has the gift of convincing us that there are extenuating circumstances. Sentimental but not sensational, this book contains no discussions on sex problems, and herein lies one secret of its popularity - it may safely be given to young people for perusal.

(J. D. I. Waugh, Conger House, Fordington, Beds.)



Honourable mention  
Prize Competition No

Photo by Miss E. A. Bracher.

"The Boat," by Mrs. H. H. P. (Mills & Boon).



**MODERN CHILE. By W. H. KOEBEL. (Bell)**

Mr Koebel's book may be compared to a succession of beautiful landscape pictures with extracts from the descriptive catalogue, usually pertaining to all exhibitions of painting. His flow of words and wonderful wealth of language ensure a splendid variety of narration, and not only has the author himself caught the atmosphere of the country, and entered into the spirit of the people, but he has thoroughly enabled his readers to do so too. The practical chapters show careful thought and study, and the illustrations are an additional attraction.

(Mrs. Sybilla Stirling, Fordel, Glenfarg.)

**THE LURE OF THE LITTLE DRUM**

By MARGARET PETERSON. (Methuen.)

In "The Lure of the Little Drum," Miss Peterson has given us something to be thankful for. It is seldom one sees a character so pitilessly drawn as that of Esther Williams. One feels that her life is made up of trifles—each trifle, as insistent as the throbbing of the little drum, pushing her further from the happiness that was held out to her, and which she seemed incapable of grasping, as they sucked her further into the maelstrom, for which her forebears were responsible. The India, too, she draws with such a certain touch is not the India of the tourist and sightseer; it is the country of one who knows it well, knows it and, we should shrewdly suspect, loves it dearly.

(Mary Chadwick, 7, Church Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.)

**THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY. (Dent.)**

In closing these vigorous, stimulating and critical pages one only regrets that it is by no means likely that even half the novel-devouring world will ever read them. The book is such a fine appreciation of that "human delight in humanity," so steadily true in its values, so illuminating and humorous, that, though it most undoubtedly will be hugely enjoyed by the minority, it would enormously benefit the great remainder. And to those peculiar persons who "do not care for novels"—for such do exist—I strongly recommend the very able final epitome.

(D. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Jocelyn Terne Ormsley (Pontypridd), Sessie Hunter (Chesterfield),



Honourable mention  
Prize Competition No. 4

**Photo by Ernest S. Heron.**

"The Players" by Sir William Mynay (Houlder & Stoughton)

Wood, N.), Katherine J. Wood (Bournbrook, Birmingham), Miss H. M. Barrow (Streatham Hill, S.W.), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, near Birkenhead), S. Sundaram (Madura, South India), J. Swinson (Gunbridge Wells), Constance Goodwin (Clapham, S.W.), F. M. Nicholson (Bebington, Cheshire), James A. Richards (Tenby), Lettie Cole (Pontrefract), Arthur Davidson (Naun), Sybil Waller (Boscombe, Hants.), Miss Rickey (Belfast), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), E. Webster (Kingsdown, Bristol), M. Whitaker (Earlshaton, Dewsbury), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), J. R. (Forest Hill, S.E.), A. Ruan Clarke (Ramsgate), M. Nicklin (Winscombe, Somerset), F. Booth (South Norwood, S.E.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), M. A. Newman (Brighton), W. J. Honeychurch (Erdington, Birmingham), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow, W.), E. F. Parr (Clifton, Bristol), Frederica Mountford (Eastbourne), Horace W. Walker (Beeston, Notts.), M. J. F. Bittleston (Lilford, Surrey), and Mary (Island) (Overton, Ellesmere).

V. PRIZES OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" are awarded to Miss S. Hunter, 14, Avondale Road, Chesterfield, and to Mr. John (Arilton), 36, Effingham Road, Hornsey, N.

## New Books.

### THE DARK FLOWER.\*

"The dark flower" of Mr. Galsworthy's new novel is the flower of passion, springing up so wildly, so irresistibly, in the hearts of men. For this book is a study of passion in all its splendour and misery. The hero, Mark Lennan, at nineteen falls in love with and is loved by the wife of his Oxford tutor—an *affaire* strangled, almost at its birth, by the fascination of a girl of sixteen. It had blossomed fiercely, this flower, but it seemed to fade in a night—and with the fading of one passion the other faded too. So with Mark's departure for Rome, to take lessons in sculpture, the first part, "Spring," closes, and we are given a gap of seven years.

At twenty-six, in Monte Carlo, the real passion of Mark's life flames into bloom. Olive Cramer is the wife of an M.P., very beautiful, gentle, of his own age, and unhappily married. She is on the Riviera with her uncle and aunt. She returns Mark's love with the pure ardour of her repressed nature. He follows her to London, and they have a few sweet and secret meetings. But the husband—a violent, jealous and dangerous man—guesses all, and forbids them to see one another. She goes down to her

cottage on the Thames and he remains in Chelsea. But at last, driven to desperation, she telegraphs for Mark to come to her. They have one evening in the dark summer woods, and they settle to flee together on the morrow. But for her there is no to-morrow. Her husband has tracked them, and as they return in the boat he rushes at them in his, and upsets them into the river. Olive Cramer is drowned. So closes the second part, "Summer."

The third part, "Autumn," opens after an interval of more than twenty years. Mark Lennan is now a man of nearly fifty, and has been married for fifteen years to Sylvia Dorne, the same little girl who, so long ago, had stolen his heart from Anna Stormer, his tutor's wife. He has been happy all these years, but he has come now to the age when men begin to long for their vanished youth. He is restless and full of an unsatisfied and vague emotion. And it is in such an hour that he meets his old school chum, Johnny Dromore, who takes him home and introduces him to his daughter Nell—a girl of eighteen, fearless, sincere, and utterly without experience. With the strange *abandon* of youth she conceives a passion for him, and he, clinging desperately to his Indian summer, returns her love with mournful intensity. They are drifting fast on to the rocks of an impossible situation when, with the despairing

"The Dark Flower" By John Galsworthy 6s. (Hes)

face of his wife before him (she knows everything), he pulls himself up and settles to leave the country with Sylvia. Compassion has conquered desire.

"The Dark Flower" is a genuine, able, and eloquent novel. Unfortunately the first part is much the poorest, and makes an inauspicious prelude. Mr Galsworthy shows us skilfully the three stages of the disease—calf love, passion, and the yearning love of middle age. Mark Jennan is good in so far as he is typical, but poor in so far as he is meant to be a real creation. The best people in the book are Olive Cranmer and Nell Dromore—they have a breath of life in them. But most of the other characters are conventional, and have little distinct individuality. Of course that is the inherent weakness of a novel in which the theme is the most important thing. Mr Galsworthy has impressive powers of ironic melancholy, but much of his humour is crude—the description of Olive's uncle and aunt, for instance. But on the whole, "The Dark Flower" is certainly an arresting and curious work of art.

RICHARD CURRIE

### GEORGE ELIOT THE EARLIER NOVELS.\*

The appearance of a new edition of George Eliot's novels gives one an opportunity of taking stock of one of the pedestal-figures of the last century. George Eliot died in the same year as Carlyle and Borrow. She enjoyed for a time a supremacy in her own sphere as undisputed as that of Tennyson, but she was assaulted and hustled down far sooner than the Victorian poet by the iconoclasts of the *National Observer* and their kindred. The stories of which carpenters, millers, and weavers were the heroes captivated English taste completely for a time. They had a vogue similar to that of Dutch landscape painting when it first came in. But that did not prevent Hobbema from dying a pauper in the reign of Queen Anne, and the orgy of French naturalism, which reached a climax in Zola, created a decided ebb of critical taste which has receded from George Eliot and caused a strong set back among her veteran admirers. For a great writer who was also a great humorist George Eliot certainly had a singular gift of falling flat and producing prose that is primarily uninteresting. How flat is much of "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Daniel Deronda," "Theophrastus Such," and even "Middlemarch." How contemptibly bad and amateurish from the point of view of art are such stories as "The Lifted Veil" and the quasi-jocular "Brother Jacob." Dr Johnson would probably have said of this superior woman, as he said of the superior poet Gray, that she was dull—everywhere. She was certainly portentously dull in her letters and portentously solemn sitting as a sibyl and pontificating the round of her admirers. Mrs Olphand, I think, had a true insight when she observed that George Eliot (whom she admired to the green point of envy), took herself with tremendous seriousness, always on duty, never relaxing, certainly not in her letters, which are almost sepulchral in their gravity. I think she must have been a dull woman with a great genius distinct—something like the gift of the old prophets, exercised with only a sort of dim perception what it meant.

Contemporaries, for all that is said to the contrary, generally admire most and fathom deepest. The gospel concerning George Eliot is often dull enough. But it is the Word that tells truest in the end. And there are few Victorian writings that can "stand up to" Time like "Adam Bede," "Sister Maggie," and "Silas Marner." Go into the corner of any graveyard in the Midlands, where tombs of the 'sixties and 'seventies of the last century abound, try to evoke from their "brick graves" the typical, substantial figures of the fast disappearing bucolic England, florid gentlemen, energetically set by their mistresses with their heads above the level of the hedgerow, mounted on trim cobs, the Tullivers, the Dobsons, the Poyzers, the Lammeters, the Garths of those days will stand before you.

\* George Eliot's Works. New Cabinet Edition, copyright, in 12 shilling volumes. "Adam Bede," 2. "The Mill on the Floss," 2. "Silas Marner," 1. (Blackwood.)

Truer portraiture has never been in English fiction before or since. Mingled with these life-like delineations are many scenes, episodes, and flashes of feeling that touch the heart and the emotions profoundly. Who can forget the encounter between Adam and Arthur Donnithorne, or that between Mrs Poyser and the old Squire? Few delights are more vivid to the novel-reader than the visit of Maggie to brother Tom at school, or the reception by the family at the Mill of the news that Tom Tulliver is about to pay off his father's debts. There is, by the way, a distressing "literal" in the great scene of the last words and death of the miller. "I had my turn. I beat him. That was out fair" for "but fair." Nancy Lammeter, again, and Eppie in "Silas Marner" are figures worthy of the best in Scott, and without a touch of the mawkishness so common among fictitious heroines. Eppie's clinging to her poor home has a touch of the noble and quiet simplicity of character that makes of Jeanie Deans the unforgettable heroine she is. But the cosmogony of the Dodson family and their like is, perhaps, the greatest thing of all in these earliest and best of the George Eliot novels. The type of character elucidated in the analysis of the simple Dodson faith is one of the rivets of English History. In these wonderful books of her early prime, George Eliot gives us first her neighbours, then her family, then herself—subjects which after all, afford the surest models for the portrait-artist.

The best critics have condoned her defects as a constructive artist, common it can hardly be gainsaid, to most of the English school, for they see in her the greatest of realists of that best kind of realism which seems a speciality of the Low German latitude—the Dutch in painting, the Anglo-Celt in fiction. The Latin naturalists are too bitter, because they are so impersonal. George Eliot never omits the ingredient of *sympathy*, and this gives to the colours on her palette a permanence which all the artistry of Flaubert and Maupassant seems hardly able to attain. It is excellent to have this very neat and handy shilling copyright reprint, but we should have been more grateful to the publishers had they included a revaluation of George Eliot from the modern point of view, and omitted such poor substances as the minor tales appended to "Silas Marner." We hope to conclude our own revaluation when the later novels are issued.

THOMAS SECCOMBE

### THE CREED OF A CRITIC.\*

It is always a good thing when a critic of books will come out from the covered way of the reviewer, and show himself in the open field of general criticism; it is a token that he possesses not only convictions but the courage of them. Mr John M. Robertson in his "New Essays Towards a Critical Method," would have the critic make to his readers a confession of his habit of mind, his culture, and even his physical diathesis, politics and age, by way of enabling them to check the personal quality of his judgments. And Mr William Archer, in the introduction to his "Poets of the Younger Generation," not only accepted but followed this plan. Mr Scott-James, in his new book, "Personality in Literature," is not quite so explicit as all that, but at least he puts forward clearly and at length those conclusions upon the fine art of literature, and the nature of beauty which are at the root and spring of his critical mind.

Such a statement, by so well-known a critic and reviewer, is entirely welcome. It is not only that he is thereby identified, and the body of his work rendered subject to the code he has himself formulated—an excellent limitation for a reviewer—but there is also a contribution to that critical atmosphere in which creative work is most profitably born. The chief function of criticism is neither approbation nor appreciation; it is the furthering, the guiding, the provocation of creative art, and that function

\* "Personality in Literature" By R. A. Scott-James. (Martin Secker.)

is not to be accomplished save in the light of a clear vision and by the force of profound beliefs.

"I lay it down as a self-evident proposition," says Mr Scott-James, "that if we mean anything at all by creative literature, or literature regarded as a fine art, we must mean something which provides us with an addition to experience, an experience *sui generis*. We demand that it should be something which will occupy us, and engage our faculties which will come profoundly in contact with us when we are in fullest possession of ourselves, which will not merely stir us, but stir us to activity."

That activity, however, must be what Mr Scott-James calls "disinterested." It must be an activity within the four corners of art, neither moral nor immoral. The writer's business as an artist is to furnish an experience and any purpose he may have beyond making that experience emotionally true and complete is alien to his chief end and hostile to his art. It is his to create, not a reproduction of life and its people, but "to substitute for the dishevelled commonplace the choiceness of an ordered interpretation." In a later chapter, the author says of Mr Arnold Bennett that "he is aware that life is a spectacle, that to make it interesting you must make it vivid, you must show it as something that is intense and passionate." And that is true, even of the drab and trivial lives of narrow men, Mr Bennett sees and shows his shopkeepers and the folk about them as vessels of wrath and passion. It is not they that matter—it is Mr Bennett's vision of them, and of the changing world they inhabit.

There is in this book a brief passage in which Mr Scott-James touches upon the falsification of such words as "passion" and "romance"; he might have enlarged the list by the inclusion of "art," "beauty," and "literature." In the debased currency of the vernacular a tailor may be an artist, beauty is a slang term, and every advertiser produces and distributes literature. It is needful that writers and readers alike should clear their pockets of their false coin of language and realise once more that noble words have a noble significance. "There are many people of my acquaintance who think it almost indecent to talk of literature as a fine art," says Mr Scott-James. "They have the same distaste for the word 'art' as others have for the name of God." It is because the author himself, in this book which sets forth and elucidates his critical creed, goes back to things basic and essential to stark art, and sheer beauty, and pure literature, that his volume has its character alike of a confession and vindication. Instead of telling us the place of his birth like Mr William Archer, he shows us the plain ground on which he stands.

The book concludes with studies of a number of men of letters. Of Mr Bernard Shaw we read that "if he has not completely failed (as a writer of plays), that is because he has not completely lived up to his theories." Mr Gilbert Chesterton's philosophy is "a sort of sublimated public opinion, minus the opinion of the intellectuals." Mr Maschfield, Mr H G Wells, J M Synge and Francis Thompson, are others to whom Mr Scott-James devotes consideration.

PERCEVAL GIBBO.

## FREDERICK TENNYSON'S POEMS.\*

Frederick Tennyson was the eldest of the three brothers; his younger brother, Charles, was a finer poet and it is the greatness of the youngest, Alfred, that gives to the work of the other two a larger interest than it would otherwise possess. The man himself was greater than his poetry. "It is because there are so few F Tennysons in the world," Edward Fitzgerald wrote to him, when he was living out of England, "that I do not like to be wholly out of hearing of the one I know. . . I see so many little natures that I needs must draw to the large." And the chief attraction of his poems is that his own strong individuality is reflected

\* "The Shorter Poems of Frederick Tennyson." With Portrait. 3s. net. (Macmillan)

in them; he is no echo, in whatever he wrote he was wholly himself. His besetting weaknesses are a certain vagueness of thought and diffuseness of expression, but in his happiest lyrical moods his utterance is the perfection of simplicity and the thought shines out with a starry clearness, as in "Beauty."

"Like as sweet Voices linger in the ear,  
And Music that we heard not while 'twas playing,  
Comes back unbid for many a day and year,  
And haunts the heart like Spirits earthward straying

"When first I saw thee in thine own abode  
I saw that beauty without fear or pain,  
But now it rules my nature like a God,  
And in my vision rises up again

And yet beloved 'tis no longer thou,  
But something rare which Fancy in the brain  
Regrets on Memory could I see thee now,  
Thy beauty by its shadow could be slain

"If I should never more behold thy face  
Alas! if thou wert dead and lowly laid  
That shadow would rule over me in thy place,  
Methinks I still should love that lovely Shade

"Oh! let me look into thy deep blue eyes  
That if we part for ever if we part  
My soul may live upon felicity  
For ever shadows of the joy thou art"

You read these poems with quiet pleasure, there is not one of them that outdoes all the rest and put Frederick Tennyson among those lesser bards whom the gods in one great hour touched with the divine fire of inspiration, but there is hardly one of them that has not some felicity of phrase, something of reflection or feeling or fancy that lifts it above the level of mere verse. It is not great poetry, but it is poetry as the homely candle that brightens a little room is at one with that great miracle of the heavens which lightens all the world. A sympathetic introduction by Charles Tennyson gives a delightful character sketch of the poet, and a careful and discriminating criticism of his work.



Frederick Tennyson.

Frontispiece portrait from "The Shorter Poems of Frederick Tennyson" (Macmillan).

## CUPID GOES NORTH.\*

For all its wit and lightness of style, "The Sporting Instinct" had a serious side, but in "Cupid Goes North," Mr. Martin Swayne returns to the delightfully irresponsible humour of "Lord Richard in the Pantry." Once he has lured you into his mood he carries you on irresistibly and has you so under his spell that even the most whimsically burlesque behaviour on the part of his characters seems natural enough and tickles you to heartiest laughter without shaking your belief in them. The whole story arises out of Dr. Belascow's anxiety to cure his friend, Cecil Charteris, of certain growing habits of indolence and induce him to adopt a healthier, more active attitude towards life and the world in general. Cecil has inherited a handsome property, but is weary of living in the country and has taken a house in Harley Street, which he shares with Belascow, a doctor of a small but fashionable practice, and Belascow is beginning to find that the strain of living continuously in the same house with an idler, who is a minor poet, is just a little too irksome, and he becomes insistent that Cecil must marry.

"My dear Vladimir, I shall never marry," replied Cecil calmly. "When a man marries, his life ends. When a woman marries, her life begins. How can you expect marriage to be a success?"

Dr. Belascow took no notice of this remark.

"Why don't you go about more? Why don't you meet more people, Cecil?"

"I don't like people. People are a mistake."

"Oh, come, my dear fellow, it is absurd to talk like that. Let us go to Lady Algeinon's on Friday night. You will meet some of the best dancers in London."

"Lady Algeinon is a very tedious person, Vladimir. I dislike her brilliant unsuccessful smile, and her green satin stair carpets intensely. And besides, people take dancing too seriously nowadays. If one indulges in a little pleasant conversation, one is hustled out. Dancing used to be a medium for displaying beautiful dresses. Now it is merely a mode of exercise."

Nevertheless, after refusing to accompany Belascow on a holiday to Tilwhunny, a remote part of Scotland where there is good fishing—"It's such an awful nuisance moving, isn't it?"—he suddenly changes his mind when Belascow casually speaks of it as a pilgrimage. "Pilgrimage! You never mentioned a pilgrimage! That is a beautiful idea. Pilgrimage—it is an exquisite unhurried word. By all means let us go on a pilgrimage." And since "a pilgrimage without vows is absurd," he vows to take a stone off his weight and to read one of Scott's novels—"a dangerous, anguished vow"—before he returns. In the one inn at Tilwhunny, Marjorie Glenfiddoch is staying with her father and mother, and Cecil falls immediately in love with her, only to learn that the family has resolved to go away to Aberdeen on the following day. Mr. Glenfiddoch has had a most wretched time there. He had to lie up in bed with a cold as soon as he arrived, and on the very day he was well enough to get up he went out shooting with Lord Flashman, another guest, and as Flashman accidentally shot him in the back he had to hurry home and go to bed again. The only available doctor is laid up unwell, and Glenfiddoch's wife has had to nurse him until he is fit to get about again. Cecil sees at once that his one hope is to keep Glenfiddoch in bed and, as Belascow refuses to reveal his profession, offer to attend the patient, and insist on his not getting up yet. Cecil decides to pose as a doctor himself and achieve this end, Belascow undertaking not to give him away.

"There will be no necessity. You'll give yourself away."

"Nonsense. I have met so many doctors in our house that I can act the part perfectly. A doctor is only a manner and a list of half-a-dozen drugs or so."

"But you are a surgeon, remember. You may have to pick shot out of Glenfiddoch's back."

"Don't be so disgusting. I shall not do any such thing. My diagnosis will disclose the absence of shot in Glenfiddoch's back. I have arranged my diagnosis before seeing the patient, just like any great surgeon, Vladimir."

He carries out his scheme with complete success, even though he pronounces at first that the patient has an

\* "Cupid Goes North." By Martin Swayne. 6s. (Hodder Stoughton.)

impossibly high temperature, and later that he has absolutely no temperature whatever. When Glenfiddoch has become recklessly impatient and announced that he intends to get up in the evening, Duane, the eccentric scientist and traveller, who has lately arrived at the hotel and is a friend of Belascow's, readily undertakes to pose as a Scotch specialist, he goes away, an elaborate show is made of wiring for a specialist, and Duane, arriving in a motor-car disguised in flowing whiskers, examines the sufferer and emphatically insists that he shall not leave his bed for another week or two and alarms him into obeying. Before this, however, Cecil has discovered that Marjorie is not his ideal, he is disappointed in her, and she is evidently not drawn to him, which leaves Belascow free to confess that he is himself in love with her, and latterly it has been in the interests of his friend that Cecil has continued to prescribe for the unfortunate Glenfiddoch and detain him upstairs. And before this, too, a very charming young widow has come to stop at the hotel and Cecil has wholly and irrevocably given his heart to her. There are pretty touches of sentiment in this new and genuine love affair, but the prevailing note of the book is of the gayest and most whimsical humour, punctuated with generally satirical comments on the life we live and the people who are living it with us. The characters are cleverly and amusingly drawn, the dialogue is crisp and sparkling, and the whole story simply bubbles over with laughter. Novels are as plentiful as sparrows, but your humorous book is a rarer bird, and the reviewer is to be forgiven if he writes more words than were allotted to him when he finds he has found a real one. C. W.

## THE ROMP.\*

"Mrs. Jordan Child of Nature" makes the reader think he is taking up a lively gossiping story of the queen of comedy who was also the mistress of a king with whom the comic is in no other way associated. But the biographer seems to have been over much obsessed by the "mysteries" of his heroine's career, and, in natural disappointment over the failure to clear up certain of those mysteries, to have been a thought too zealous in quoting the various confusing and contradictory "authorities." The result is a work likely to appeal to those who want a careful collation of much of the biographical data concerning Dorothy Jordan rather than a realistic and lively portrayal of her personality.

That there are "mysteries" concerning Dorothy Jordan no one who has read more than one of the memoirs concerning her can have failed to perceive. When was she born? Where was she born? Who was her father? Such are some of the problems that face the biographer at the outset, and Mr. Sergeant seeks to deal with them by discussing the seeming probabilities on comparing the conflicting evidence. As to when she was born, her latest biographer accepts the date as 1762 though recognising that there is evidence that makes it uncertain, as to where she was born he does not state definitely, as the late Joseph Knight does in the "Dictionary of National Biography," that the place was "near Waterford," but leaves the rival claims of London and the Irish town as "not proven," saying that "in the absence of any evidence from a register of birth or baptism, it is impossible to go further." With regard to the parents of the actress, there seems to be little doubt as to the identity of her father, and Mr. Sergeant, with seeming justice, dismisses the story, too readily accepted by Knight, that he "was merely a stage underling"—otherwise a scene-shifter who, according to one authority, accompanied Dorothy when, still in her teens, she was acting at Cork. Mr. Sergeant dismisses this particular authority as "too loose a writer to inspire confidence," but it may be suggested that Dorothy's mother, after the supposed annulment of her marriage with Francis Bland, may have married again or, in some less binding form, have given

\* "Mrs. Jordan Child of Nature." By Philip W. Sergeant. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

another man the right to stand *in loco parentis* to her children, in which case the scene-shifter who accompanied the girl to Cork might well have been her actual or putative stepfather.

To turn, however, from the preliminary "mysteries" to the subject itself, there is much of varied and pathetic interest in the story of Dorothy Jordan's life, and her latest biographer has been at considerable pains to bring together all that he has been able to ascertain from contemporary journals and magazines bearing on her career as an actress and as mistress of the Duke of Clarence (afterwards King William the Fourth). The result is, as we have suggested, a work that is more conspicuous for carefulness than for vivid interest, for the author is almost over-careful to introduce "chapter and verse" for every statement, to give extracts *verbatim et literatim* rather than digest them and give a less broken story of his heroine's career. It was in the autumn of 1791 that Mrs. Jordan, having failed to make Richard Ford, later Sir Richard and the chief magistrate of London, make her in law that "Mrs. Ford" which he had led his friends to believe her, began her liaison with the Duke of Clarence; at least, it was then that the outspoken gossip-loving Press of the day began making paragraphs concerning the Royal Duke and the actress, though there are not wanting indications that it was only then that an arrangement entered into earlier became notoriously public. In speaking of the way in which the sons of George III. were brought up, the author, by the way, slips into a pun, the significance of which is more notable than the wit. "There is a story that the boys were brought up to do wo sted-work. It would indeed have been well if they had never been taught to do worse." For twenty years the Duke maintained Mrs. Jordan as the mistress of his home, and showed himself in quite a favourable light as a domestic character, and a fond father of the ten children of the irregular union, that he did so makes the story of the breaking off of that union and of the actress's closing years the more pathetic and the less creditable to him. Despite all that his apologists—the egregious John Barton, "official of the Royal Mint," Sir Jonas Barrington, and James Boaden—wrote, it is impossible to feel that he behaved with common decency towards the woman who had given the best years of her life to him who was the mother of his children. He could write smugly of being "a sincere friend and well-wisher to the Navy," as breeding up sons for the quarter-deck, but he does not come out well from the story of the later years of the mother of those sons. If, at the time of the commencement of the liaison, the Duke suffered more, as Mr. Sergeant says he did, from the scurrilous paragraphs of the day than did the actress, had he behaved better later he would have given less opportunity to the successors of those paragraphs.

As Mrs. Siddons reigns supreme in the annals of our stage as queen of tragedy, so does Mrs. Jordan—there appears no adequate explanation of her assumption of that name—in the realm of comedy (the tragedy with her was real in the closing years of her life), and Mr. Sergeant's carefully-prepared volume should serve to stimulate an interest in her personality and the story of her career.

### A PERSPECTIVE OF POLICIES.\*

This is an absorbing volume, packed with intuition and experience, penetrating, stimulative, statesmanlike. Mr. Fullerton has the rare gift of seeing the whole, and the parts so often mistaken for the whole, in true proportions and relations to it. He has given us a perspective of policies which combines the painstaking panorama of a map with the vivid brilliance of a picture.

The book handles the themes of past, present, and future, of realms, commonwealths and empires, under two

\* "Problems of Power: A Study of International Politics from Sadowa to Kirk-Kishinev." By William Morton Fullerton. 7s. 6d. net (Constable).



Mrs. Jordan.

From an engraving by J. Heath  
From "Mrs. Jordan," by Philip W. Sergeant (Hutchinson)

heads. Postulating that money and public opinion underlie modern history (of which an art but no "philosophy" is possible), he considers that history as displayed in national character and international policies. But here again two several aspects prevail. Nationality asserts itself the more as the modern internationality tries to thwart it while in its turn the 'international mind' is frequently forced into some accommodation with the national mould. All along too, the stern facts of economics are effective modifiers of nations and internations.

There is no space to do the scantiest justice to Mr. Fullerton's presentations of and variations on the subject. Under the first aspect, for example, he shows how, with republican France—the fear of a *man* 'has been' the beginning of wisdom—and he shows also to what defects this has led though the republic of 1875 was itself an 'accident' whereby the façade of Government with its Napoleonic scaffolding was reinforced by 'fresh beams' of administration.

The inelasticity and over-bureaucracy, the lack of individual development under this system, are exhibited not only as they are but as they work in foreign relations. As Bismarck put it, France is still under the sway of 'the ten thousand.' Not so the sister republic of America, for which Mr. Fullerton has perhaps an inordinate admiration. And the recent revival of French nationalism dates, he thinks, from Roosevelt's declaration that there is no liberty without institutions. Under the second head the author shows the psychological effects, not only of Alsace and Lorraine, but of the Russian alliance which, by abolishing the hopes of *ranchie*, threw France back into 'positivism and resignation.' Then, again, he points out how the fascination of his kintion cousin for Tsar Nicholas II led to M. Hanoteaux's *rapprochement* with both Russia and Germany for the imitation of England. And how, thereupon, Edward the Seventh with a stroke of the stage initiated that successful *entente* which his genius for tact and comity commended.

The characteristics of Germany, Russia and America are pursued in analysis and proportions that are so animated as to form almost a melodrama in which (with exaggeration) Germany plays the necessary villain, England practical if oscillating, now the hero now the *ami-mutuel*, France and Italy the somewhat incompatible heroines. Very much

to the point is the emphasis laid on the fact (which Disraeli, by the bye, foresaw at the time) that America's Civil War forced her to emerge as a great power affected by each shifting international situation. The preludes and sequels, too, of the Balkan War are followed and interpreted with masterful insight, while the future of Central America, the complications of Japan and China, with their manifold bearings, are more than indicated. Mr Fullerton believes that future struggles for power, after the opening of the Panama Canal will be transferred from the stage of the Mediterranean to that of the Northern and Eastern Pacific.

As befits a lover both of thought and action, the author has little patience with the "idealogue" who precipitate wars by pacific protests. Well does he know and show the dangers of the international mind that would save every country but its own, and he quotes Spinoza to prove the true foundations of a State. "Liberty or strength of soul are the virtue of private persons, the virtue of the State is security." He would have small practical sympathy with the almost Jansenist messages of Lord Haldane, "urbi et orbi," with the men of pens who think to write away thunder and lightning or the demagogues who imitate Canute on the sea-shore. Still less does he sympathise with the wrestlers round parish pumps, who are always too late for world emergencies, and would sacrifice national character to a vote-catching humanitarianism. The perils of sentimental neurosis are excellently dissected.

Perhaps the commanding, and continuing, if subterranean, activities of Russia are not sufficiently pursued, but on the whole this condensation of much in little, is complete. Nor—if only as a corrective to the prevailing "shallowness" of anti-national "democracy," can any one who would understand the wide forces that, amid all the tattle, are still driving the world afford to leave these poignant pages unread. For Mr Fullerton knows what he writes and feels what it means. That is a rare quality.

WALTER SICHEL

### MR. GRANT RICHARDS' NOVEL \*

"Caviare" was delicious—a whimsy, a whet, "Valentine" is both soldier and wilder. It has nothing whatever to do with the fourteenth of February, for Valentine stands for Valentine Barat, and he, though a lover, is "English, very English, English in all his ideas, sympathies, prejudices, a very John Bull mentally." In other words, a brick,—and bricks make but heavy love-missives. Art has probably never yet compelled Mr Richards to exercise a sterner self-denial than in his chapters recording Valentine's verbal love-making. But bricks do make the very best of building material for a novelist with a dizzy plot: their psychology is so simple they act as per invoice so reliably, that he can plan out successive tiers and courses of ascending circumstance without any fear of them suddenly playing him false—revealing sudden oddities of behaviour or unsuspected foibles of temperament. And Mr Grant Richards had a plot when he sat down to "Valentine," a plot of Grand Babylonian bigness—you think of "Hugo" and "The City of Pleasure" and the other excellent early Arnold Bennetts when you read of the "lordly pleasure-house, a home for all our colonies, a market place, several times larger than any building in the world," which Valentine's father, the famous architect, is spending his life-blood in erecting on the north side of Leicester Square, to be "a tower and lighthouse of Empire, dominating London." The building soars up, is opened and occupied—music-halls and synagogues, theatres and swimming-baths, a hotel "that alone dwarfs the Waldorf Astoria" are negligibly embedded in its wings. And then Valentine, as his father's heir and representative, discovers a flaw in the dead man's designs. That terrific topmost tower, brooding over London, apparently as solid as Ben Nevis, is based on a mathematical error—at any instant it may crash down, a monstrous flail of death, on the swarming city beneath. That is a nice strain to be thrown on a brick!

\* "Valentine" By Grant Richards 6s. (Grant Richards, Ltd.)



Photo by F. O. Hoppe

Mr. Grant Richards.

On the one hand he is the guardian of his dead father's honour—on the other, he bears the weight of London's safety, and the tension is complicated by the transverse tug of love,—for disclosure means ruin, and ruin, to brickish minds, makes marriage immoral, especially marriage to an heiress. Does the triple wrench break him? You must explore the book and see. You will find it an entrancing undertaking. For that is only the corner stone of a structure which, like the Palace of Empire itself, easily embraces betting-rings and Turkish baths, countless restaurants, an aerodrome as broad as the Channel, and a glittering reproduction of the livelier Paris of dead years. "Caviare" was really a dramatic disquisition on the art of decorative living. "Valentine," though still decorative and disquisitionary, gives its chief attention to the art of drama. It has beauty, but no priggishness; it is melodramatic without noise. It is fastidious extravaganzas, rarest of art forms—a "Grand Babylon Hotel" finished like a "Cardinal's Snuff-box."

D. S.

### OUT OF THE ABYSS.\*

Those of us who as medical men have to do with the treatment of inebriety realise the truthfulness of the story told in "Out of the Abyss." The horror of the degradation, physical and mental, is fully exposed. In the poverty to which through the drunken habits of a wife and mother a family is reduced, the change in the character and disposition of the person addicted to drink, the constant attachment of blame for befalling misfortunes to almost every person other than the recalcitrant herself, and in the overpowering insistence of the craving for alcohol, before which the finer instincts of wifehood and motherhood have to give way, is given a picture in which the telling effects of an all enslaving appetite are vividly portrayed. While we cannot but feel for, and deeply sympathize with the writer of the autobiography, and share with her in the joy which is hers on delivery from the thralldom of alcohol, we cannot but express our admiration of the patience and tenderness of the husband, also of the love of children for

\* "Out of the Abyss: The Autobiography of One who was Dead and is Alive Again" 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

a mother, under protracted circumstances of a most trying and heartrending nature. The family has had its reward.

The drink question is all important from a personal, social and racial point of view. Humanly speaking, the recovery of the writer of the manuscript was effected through the magnetic influence of one of her own sex. This chosen messenger was successful in her appeal to all that yet remained best in her degraded sister. The changed life begun was continued and sustained by aid from a Higher Power, which the autobiographer fully and gratefully acknowledges, and without which there could have been no lasting success. The writer of this short note can recall instances of similar recovery, one by the simple grasp of a hand and the encouraging words spoken by a comparatively unknown friend, others, where self-determination enabled the individual to rise to higher things and to a return of the Christian Life.

THOMAS OULVER, Kt., M.D.

### ELLEN ADAIR.\*

From the working class life of a big city, an anything but circumscribed sphere, Mr. Niven has taken the material for this skilfully told story. The Adaurs are typical of thousands of decent, industrious, ambitious, pleasure-loving families in and out of Edinburgh. "Father" is head porter with a firm of decorators, but in the presence of the bank and insurance clerks and students who throng the flat during the jolly Saturday teas and the more sedate Sunday evenings he is referred to as their manager. Mrs. Adair's aim is the capture of gentlemen husbands for her daughters, persons able to take them shopping in Princes Street and to cosy luncheons in quiet but 'tony' grill rooms, and with this end in view they cultivate assiduously the accents and deportment of Queensferry Road and Rothesay Terrace. The portraits of the five members of the little household in "The Meadows" are etched with power, Mr. Adair blundering and at variance with the social nonsense, Mrs. Adair, beaming, pushing, shrewd, and worldly, Tom, stolid, unobtrusive and undemonstrative, Louise, staid, well balanced, a fine girl, and Ellen vivacious, pretty, alluring, revelling in high spirits and the joy of life, fully conscious of her power over men. The ruin of Ellen at the hands of "the Scotsman with Lascar's eyes" is no doubt in keeping with the development of her character, but nevertheless it and the heavy shadow cast over the rest, comes as a distinct shock to the reader, whose affections they have taken by storm. Depending upon incident and description rather than plot, it is no small tribute to the writer's art to say that never once during the reading of these three hundred odd pages does the interest slacken.

### THE TEACHINGS OF TOLSTOY.†

The task of discovering what Tolstoy came to know or believe in regard to the meaning of human life and the universe is fascinating, arduous, at times perplexing if not a little exasperating. Mr. Bolton Hall, a devoted student of the master, says in the introduction to his expressive collection "Anyone may reject Count Tolstoy's teaching, no one can ignore it, his doctrine is dynamic, revolutionary, fatal if false, a message of peace if true." The matter is by no means so simple. One may readily accept Tolstoy's central and essential faith or vision, not finding it at all revolutionary. One may be often exceedingly dissatisfied with the way in which he develops it or applies it to immediate issues and problems. The trouble of many of us is not over the acceptance or rejection of Tolstoy, but over the fact that having seen a great light he cannot serenely and steadily follow the

gleam and let us go calmly and gladly in his wake. He stops again and again to argue, like a theological controversialist or a politician, about that initial vision which we do not question at all. The over-emphasis and repetition become wearisome and painful, as in the book, "On Life," which Mr. Hall has so faithfully summarised in the first part of his work. And when Tolstoy recovers from the passion for argument about what we do not want to argue, and proceeds to work out his intuitive philosophy, he does not carry us so far as we hoped and he has not the poise, ecstasy, and power of revelation that we expected. His leading is not as definite as his light.

He is at some pains to show that the essence of the vision and gospel of the great world-teachers—the Founder of Christianity, Buddha, Zoroaster, Lao-tze, etc.—is similar, though the forms and accompaniments may differ. This is unquestionable. And one cannot believe that anybody deeply versed in Hindu, Buddhist, Hermetic, Esoteric mystical Christian, neo-Platonist and kindred philosophy would find the great Russian in the least degree revolutionary. The core of his teaching is of dateless age. He expresses at one stage his belief that he is older than recorded time, that, adopting a phrase from the "Bhagavad Gita," he never was not and never shall cease to be meaning, of course, the diviner self, the eternal consciousness within him, and not the transient actor, the animal man or personal self. But save on rare occasions he cannot quite transcend this personal mundane self. The Tolstoy who became a seer was more plagued than he knew by the memory of the Tolstoy who was not a seer. He often argued with his own past when he thought he argued with contemporaries who did not see the light that had come to him. If he could have put away from his everyday consciousness the disturbing thought of his faults and

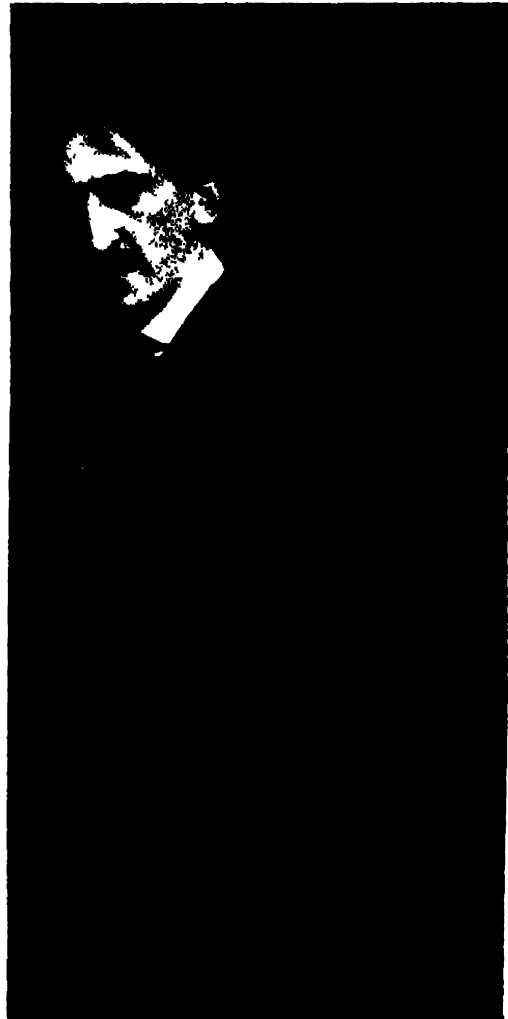


Photo by ANNAN.

Mr. Frederick Niven.

\* "Ellen Adair" By Frederick Niven 6s (Eveloigh Nash)

† "What Tolstoy Taught" Edited by Bolton Hall 6s (Chatto & Windus)



folies, the years he had wasted, and gone onward joyously to let his enkindled self, his exalted consciousness realise itself and give forth its tidings, he would have proved a more fruitful and convincing prophet.

So he is like and unlike the great teachers. He affords beautiful gleams of higher truth, but he lacks serenity, steadiness, sureness, and consistency. He falls too often from the plane of enlightenment to that of argument. The great seers unfold what they see and know. They do not argue. We may not always be able to follow them because we have not succeeded in developing anything equal to their faculty of spiritual sight. However we have realised something of the Way that leads to the Truth or part thereof. But we know what Tolstoy often forgets, that the further progress is a question of interior development, not mere argument. We cannot be argued into (that soul state called) the Kingdom of Heaven. We must grow, suppressing or shedding or keeping strictly as a garb or vehicle—the mundane personal self.

Tolstoy late in life discovered the limitations and the illusion incidental to the animal man—the everyday mundane personality. He came to possess a sense of the higher individuality which is timeless. But apparently he did not realise more than a little of its wonder and its mystical deities. He has made the mistake not unfamiliar in mystical or rather psychic history of assuming that an accession of supernatural light or vision is the very radiance of absolute divinity. He scarcely realised that on the psychic and spiritual plane souls must still go on labouring, discovering, achieving. The added gleam is not the All. In my Father's House there are many mansions.

The second part of Mr. Bolton Hall's collection consists of citations from Tolstoy on a medley of issues and interests. They show his occasional confusion as well as his vision and insight. It is manifestly impossible to consider even their salient aspects in a review of this character. It is a varied and complicated study, for great and wise on so many lines, Tolstoy sometimes palpably misinterprets or distorts truths till he makes them seem preposterous. 'The command resist not evil' for example. The real meaning is doubtless resist not evil. That is to say, do not become obsessed by passion and hatred thereof, for these are blinding, vitiating and mean spiritual deterioration and ineffectiveness. But fight and remove the evil calmly and scientifically, keeping your soul serene through the whole process. This is like the Hindu philosophy of "detachment," so nobly enunciated in the "Bhagavad Gita."

Mr. Bolton Hall's introduction and selection form a worthy work that is really needed. They do not wholly explain Tolstoy—the great writer himself does not succeed in doing so. The main material, however, makes for thought and enlightenment, and some of it is peculiarly valuable to-day. But to know the Russian teacher well we have need to go at times from Tolstoy to the masters of Tolstoy, who saw more surely and steadily than he.

W. P. RYAN.

### HARRIET HOSMER.\*

Nowadays one does not often hear the name of Harriet Hosmer, American sculptor of the nineteenth century. One hears more of St. Gaudens or even W. W. Story, her compatriots and fellow workers in the classic style. Yet Harriet Hosmer in her day enjoyed a reputation that in many respects transcended theirs. She is represented in the United States by some big public works, mammoth statues of notable personalities (Lincoln was one of them), and by some imaginative statuary that made the critics of the time lift up their eyes in admiration. Perhaps a little of the admiration was due to the fact that the sculptor was a woman. Some of the criticisms in these memoirs are as much compliments to her sex as to her art. It was a more wonderful thing, in the 'sixties and 'seventies, than

\* "Harriet Hosmer: Letters and Memories." Edited by Cornelia Carr. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

it would be now, that a woman should venture, let alone excel, and Miss Hosmer certainly ventured. At the age of twenty-two, she went to study in Rome, where she became the pupil of John Gibson, then at the height of his fame. The young, enthusiastic American girl was prepared to worship at his shrine. The English sculptor's ideals quickly became her own; she set herself to be, as he was, a faithful, unquestioning disciple of the Ancient Greeks. Rome henceforth was to her, as to him, the centre of the artistic universe, and a headquarters for life. An intimate friendship sprang up between master and pupil, unmarred by any *arrière pensée*; Gibson had dedicated his life to art, so had she. Her letters abound with respectfully affectionate references to her master, while to his 'dear little Hosmer' Gibson unburdens his soul as much as his dour, restrained character could permit. The latter's letters, by the way, in this volume emanate a warmth of feeling and appreciation of his brilliant pupil that contrasts rather strangely with the three brief and wholly non-committal references to her in his own autobiography.

But Gibson was only one of many in her crowded life. Miss Hosmer's breezy outlook and her lively wit soon made her a welcome recruit to the English colony at Rome. She knew the Brownings before and after they became the talk of cultured society. Robert Browning addressed her as "dearest Hatty," and then correspondence leaves one with the impression that she helped materially to keep the lighter side of the poet's personality alive. Leighton, then a student in Rome, was of their circle; Mrs. Fanny Kemble she had known in America and frequently corresponded with. Mrs. Anna Jameson, Sir Henry Layard, Gladstone, Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake, were but a few of those who never came and went without visiting her studio. The Crowned Heads who favoured her included the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales. "I think he will make a good king," wrote the sculptor naively in 1901, "because he has got two of my statues." To follow her social progress would require a volume, enough that the ramifications of the Rome 'set' extended so far and her personal popularity was so great, that when she visited England she was feted as if she had been a foreign monarch or an important municipal council. One may read the secret of her social popularity and her artistic success in her letters. They are singularly free from any note of bitterness, querulousness or uncharitableness. She is bright, whimsical, humorous, interesting—sometimes chastened, but never doleful. These qualities added to an undoubted talent for the then popular style of sculpture explain her vogue. The book is delightful reading for the light it throws on the dilettante Society that pilgrimaged to Rome, and for its intimate glimpses of notable figures in nineteenth century art and literature.

F. J. M.

### THE OLDER UNIVERSITIES.\*

It is scarcely to be expected that so complicated a question as University Reform could ever be satisfactorily determined in one volume. Mr. Tillyard attempts here both history and prophecy, or rather suggestion. He approaches the subject with accurate knowledge and sound judgment. It is, of course, in the very nature of Reform that it should be continuous and progressive. No live institution can ever stand still, and it is impossible that what is sufficient for one generation can altogether satisfy the next. Conclusion, however, would be more decisive, and less difficult, if we were all agreed about our aim.

The danger of idealism everywhere to-day is its strong leaning towards adaptability. Whether the main object of a university be teaching or learning (and authorities on this point remain diametrically opposed), it may direct its energies towards either on different lines. At every stage of

\* "A History of University Reform, from A.D. 1800 to the Present Time, with suggestions towards a complete scheme for the University of Cambridge." By A. I. Tillyard. 10s. net. (Heffer.)

education we may be more, or less, disinterested we may pursue knowledge for its own sake or in the quest of fitness for life, which covers more than mere wage-earning. Mr Tillyard appears to us not always conscious of the distinction. At any rate he fails to emphasize the unique supremacy of our older universities, which, unlike the new, may not wholly concentrate themselves on efficient training. He assumes as an Ideal—the teaching which busy men want.

Remembering this qualification, however, we may go far with him in retrospect and anticipation. He has explained, with a sure touch, many points often misunderstood concerning the mighty battles of olden time. He shows us how those strangely allied yet independent institutions—the university and her colleges—have grown to maturity, side by side, engaged apparently in one object, yet often acquiring interests which have proved stubbornly antagonistic. He traces the progress of education and finance, from their simple curriculum and single chest to all the multiplicity of boards and bursars by which they are now controlled. He summarises the various measures of Reform—often more far reaching in effect than design—by which Parliament has striven to put our House in Order, and regulate, by legislation, our management of a great National Trust.

Despite prejudice, backsliding, and the powerful drag of vested interests, it is a record of which every Englishman has a right to be proud. Oxford and Cambridge have moved with the times without sacrificing their heritage. They are still Centres of Light.

The question of what should be done next remains uncertain. Here Mr Tillyard is greatly daring and eminently practical. He has ready for us a complete, but elastic, system of universal economy for students, an attractive scheme for the raising of all salaries for teachers, a bold measure for unification in authority, instruction, executive, and finance. He faces the problem of the non-resident.

Undoubtedly his numerous suggestions merit very careful attention—but as we have indicated already, they fail—like his criticism—by not recognising any ideal beyond the creation of an efficient teaching machine. We may become that, but we must remain something else.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

### THE CORYSTON FAMILY.\*

"There was only one comfortable chair in the room, and Lady Coryston never sat in it. Here, in a sentence, you have the title-character in Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, and a happy example of the author's gift for hitting off in a few unforgettable words the personalities of her characters. Sometimes there is a pleasant echo of a past *jeu d'esprit*, as in a remark of the disinherited son of Lady Coryston, in reference to his brother James. 'But nobody could be as wise as you look.' The portraits of the Prime Minister's wife and the Radical Chancellor are bitten in with acid. There is no doubt that Mrs. Humphry Ward retains her unique power of fixing her reader's interest. It is a power that is felt by us all, however much we may agree in or dissent from the author's particular thesis. The particular thesis in the present case seems to be that "other things matter more than politics—especially to women", or that "tyranny is not good for man or woman either." The choice depends rather upon your own political, social or religious point of view. Consideration will possibly compel some readers to the conclusion that if Mrs. Humphry Ward has set out to satirise the suffragette, or condemn the newer spirit in the trend of social, political or religious affairs, she leaves an impression more favourable on the whole than antagonistic to the new order of things. But whatever your point of view, whatever your more serious conclusion, you will not, once you have opened the book, put it down unread, for

\* "The Coryston Family" By Mrs. Humphry Ward 6s (Smith, Elder)

the story is endued with the vivacity, the charm, the arrestiveness that we have come to look for and to admire in all that Mrs. Humphry Ward writes, and to those who are her admirers it will be quite unnecessary to state that no outline of the plot could possibly convey any adequate idea of the hold of the story upon the sympathy and the imagination of the appreciative reader. The family whose fortunes we follow consists of Lady Coryston, representative of the "Matina potestas", her three sons, and one daughter. Lady Coryston has been left in uncontrolled possession of the immense estates of her late husband, and of all the family traditions. Her first born, Corry, who is like his mother, though "with a difference"—he becomes a Socialistic agitator—really loves her better than do the others. He is a splendidly-drawn character. The favourite son, Arthur, falls in love, unhappily, with the daughter of the unspeakable Chancellor. The other son, James, hardly counts. The daughter, Marcia, drives a High Churchman into religious celibacy through an embittered dispute over the divorce question, but finds happiness elsewhere. She is a charming girl. The house divided against itself in life, is brought into partial reconciliation just prior to the mother's death. Individual readers will necessarily differ in their judgment of the book, but one is perfectly safe in saying that it will not be the least popular nor the least remembered of the author's studies of contemporary life.

W. F. A.

### EVERYBODY'S BOOKS.\*

We have twenty-four new volumes added to "Everyman's Library" this autumn, another eighteen to the cheap and popular re-issue of Bohn's Library, another five volumes of the "Home University Library" series, and a dozen of the equally handy and useful "People's Books." It is too late in the day to eulogise Bohn. To those of us who are unfortunately, getting middle-aged, his volumes were a familiar boon in the days when cheap books cost more, as a rule, than we are asked to pay for them now, and, carefully re-edited and re-issued at less than a third of their original price, they will be as great a boon to-day to the new generation of readers. They are well printed, strongly and neatly bound, and, by the time the series is finished, will include practically all the great books of the past that are essential to the scholar's and to the book-lover's library. These eighteen give you Fanny Burney's early "Diary," Ranke's "History of the Popes," Carlyle's "French Revolution," Mignet's "French Revolution," "Marcus Aurelius," two more volumes of Emerson, Trollope's "Barchester Towers," and "The Warden," "Fiddlers," "Tom Jones," Montaigne's "Essays," and Mrs. Jameson's "Shakespeare's Heroines."

With the four-and-twenty latest additions, Mr. Dent's great enterprise reaches a total of six hundred and sixty-four volumes. Some of the most attractive books in the new bundle are "A Century of English Essays," a well-selected anthology compiled and introduced by Mr. Ernest Rhys; "Dostoevsky's Letters from the Underworld and Other Tales," a further volume of Ibsen's plays, containing "The Pretenders," "Pillars of Society," and "Rosmersholm"; "Rousseau's Essays," "Balzac's Lost Illusions," with an admirable Introduction by Professor Saintsbury; "Neale's Fall of Constantinople," G. W. Russell's "Life of Gladstone," "Swedenborg's Divine Providence," an Encyclopedia in twelve volumes—a very full, concise and serviceable work of reference—and a re-issue of Madame Calderon de la Barca's more than half-forgotten "Life in Mexico" for which Mr. Henry Baerlein has written an interesting Preface, in which he gives us a biography of the author and bears testimony

\* "Everyman's Library" 24 Vols. 1s net each (Dent) —  
"Bohn's Popular Library" 18 Vols. 1s net each (Bell) —  
"The Home University Library" 5 Vols. 1s net each (Williams and Norgate) —  
"The People's Books" 12 Vols. 6d net each (Jack)

to the truth and value of this record of her experiences in a distressful but fascinating country. Mr Ernest Rhys' "Century of English Essays" ranges from Caaton to Stevenson, and includes a round dozen by living writers. It is no use to talk of omissions. We would sacrifice two of Leigh Hunt's four for one by Alexander Smith, and one by Matthew Brown, but there is to be a second volume, and until we get that we have no right to be anything but thankful for a catholic and thoroughly representative first selection.

The "Home University Library" and the "People's Books" are in a sense the complement of the other two series. In the latter you may buy reprints of Coleridge, Goethe, Kant, and Shelley, and in the former obtain new books dealing critically and biographically with those authors. To the "People's Books," Mr A. D. Lindsay contributes a scholarly monograph on Kant's "Philosophy." Professor Herford a sound, lucid, and informing study in little of Goethe, and Mr S. I. Benson an adequate sketch of the poetry, philosophy, and baffling personality of Coleridge. It disquiets you a little to find him in his preface linking together Coleridge and Southey as poets who, "outside the ranks of professed students of poetry, are no longer read." Southey was a finer man than Coleridge, but a poet he never walked on the same level with him, and nobody is to be reproached for reading his verse no longer. There is, however nothing to fear, if Mr Benson seems to over-value the poetry of Southey at the outset, he does not under-value that of Coleridge. He does not attempt to gloss the errors of Coleridge's life, but writes of them with sympathy and understanding, and as a brief introduction to a study of Coleridge his book is as interesting and helpful a thing as one could desire. Others in this seventh dozen of the "People's Books" that will appeal particularly to the general reader are Mr M. M. C. Calhrops on "The Crusades," Mr W. T. Waugh's on "The Monarchy and the People," Professor Hearnshaw's on "England in the Making" (a brilliantly brief survey that is at once good history and good reading), an excellent account of "The Stock Exchange" and its functions, by Mr J. F. Wheeler, and an acute, but impartial, consideration of "Spiritualism and Psychical Research," by Mr J. Arthur Hill who is neither a spiritualist nor a sceptic, but keeps an open mind on the subject and states and weighs the evidence for and against in the best judicial spirit.

The "Home University Library" arrives at its eightieth volume with these new five, and each one of the new five is a real acquisition to the series. One feels a certain diffidence in praising "Euripides and His Age," because it is by Professor Gilbert Murray, and his name on such a book says more to commend it than could the needless commendation of critics, most of whom, on such a subject, stand towards him as pupils towards their master. Equally authoritative in their widely different ways are Mr Ancrum Williams' lucid and timely exposition of "Co-Partnership and Profit Sharing," Professor Fraser Harris' study of "Nerves," and his practical hints to those and they include most of us nowadays who are troubled with them, and "The Ocean," in which Sir John Murray gives a general account of the science of the sea. To the literary student, and to those who are interested in the great democratic movements of our own time, we especially recommend of these five Professor Murray's "Euripides and His Age" and Mr H. N. Brailsford's striking and masterly little book on "Shelley, Godwin and Their Circle." You might say of Shelley, Godwin, Tom Paine, and other great rebels who figure in Mr Brailsford's pages, what Professor Murray says of Euripides. As a thinker he is even to this day, treated almost as a personal enemy by scholars of orthodox and conformist minds, defended, idealised and sometimes transformed beyond recognition by various champions of rebellion, and the free intellect. No apostle of freedom has been more misrepresented and maligned than Tom Paine, and Mr Brailsford's record of his career does noble justice to a man who was almost quixotically honest and idealistic. Mr Brailsford sketches

vividly the influence of the French Revolution on Shelley's and Godwin's England, he marshals and summarises his facts very skilfully, and his knowledge and breadth of vision, and the charm and strength of his style, make his book an authentic contribution to literature.

S. J.

### THE MORNING'S WAR \*

There is always something heart-breaking about perfect beauty, and Mr Montague's book exquisitely hurts. The constant keenness of its spirit is alone accusatory, like 'the reproachful purity of early dawn', and as the pages flash unconquerably the reader is found fallible—perhaps even to the extent of meanly, mutely, hankering for something, slurred or blurred, or second-rate, or padded. No use! The pace holds. There is no marking-time anywhere. In the whole of the book there isn't one ready-made phrase nor a single stock simulacrum stuck in to stand for a thing seen, faces, places, moods and motives, are all realised anew, with a pledged integrity that never wearies or fails. And thus realism is ruthless, just because it finds nothing but good. The world we had been dozing through so cosily, complaining of so complacently, turning the results of our own mistakes into martyrdoms and blaming the blotches in our sight on the scene, becomes imperatively positive, a challenge we can't refuse willy nilly, pride pricking us, we have to bestir ourselves, waken and prepare to do something adequate. And the aboriginal slug-a-bed in the veins of us all whimpers resentfully. It was much peacefuller to be a blind man receiving alms passively, sighing self-pity for our handicap, than to have the shield plucked away and be shown we can see perfectly and are as fit for a good day's work as any man. "The Morning's War" does that. Of all the books published this year, whether in verse or in prose it is by far the most sensually beautiful, and yet (though 'and therefore' would be nearer the mark) much the most ascetic.

And, indeed, the central situation is itself the supreme ascetic one of that battle between love and religion which is the concentration and symbol of all the countless lesser daily human skirmishes between desire and duty. June Hathersage, a radiant Catholic of the sort that makes saints and martyrs loves Aubrey, a most love-worthy pagan. But Aubrey, as he discovers after their love has interlocked, is the son of a Catholic priest who has broken his vows—the very result of that fracture. In June's eyes, therefore (so he feels, humbly worshipful), he must seem, when she knows, a live profanity, an incarnated affront to all she holds highest, an ambassador laden with insults to her Cause. She cannot come to him now (so he argues, alone) without deserting her own best, without compromise. 'He entered, he thought he was entering, into June's steadfast horror of him as he was, he heard it like music, it had the mounting, passionate urgency of some great strain drawn out on violins, one long importunate scaling of illimitable height, he saw it as a preternatural spire that never ceased to reach up further at the retreating sky.' Not from him, certainly, must come the tragic statement of alternatives that might make her yield to human tenderness, desert her faith's pinnacle, and lessen the distance between them by descending. Her heights may seem artificial erections to him, but none the less they give the best of her foothold, they keep her spirit poised at its highest pitch. Here, it may be, in this refusal of Aubrey's to let the woman make the choice for herself, there is some narrowing and specialisation of the motive. It sounds, perhaps, like psychological ingenuity. I confess I don't feel that it belongs indivisibly to the book. The Aubrey who would have let June solve the problem for herself, confident or careless of her consistency, would not have been the son of his father, the unfrocked priest, made newly and morbidly conscious of the driving force of desire.

\* "The Morning's War" By C. E. Montague 6s (Methuen)

—and of the unhuman abhorrence of the faithful for their traitors. It was for just this suppression that he was born and bred; it is just this suppression, in its turn, that produces the rapid drama of the last six chapters. And of these chapters two alone (XXIV. and XXVI.) would justify any means employed to make them. XXV is the garden-scene where Aubrey plays Iscariot to desire XXVI, trimmed and trowelled by a poisoned dagger snatched up hastily (and yet no instrument less humbly horrible could have done the work desired) is a breathless switchback from sunlight to the very swamps of death and up again to the topmost cairn of living Aubrey, wounded mortally, learns from June's lips that her creed lies much nearer to his honest earth than he had dreamed, Aubrey, wounded mortally, in the moment of that discovery, defeats the creeping poison in his veins. We get, that is to say, the three most powerful forces in man's universe playing simultaneously upon these two perfect human instruments—and as chord curves after chord, interweaving and augmenting, the artist's utterance follows the mounting emotions infallibly till it soars at length, to hang sustained until the curtain softly completes it, into this unforgettable crescendo.

"He looked up at June. They had come through, unbroken, they had not squared fate, they had each kept pride clean, to bring to the other. And no poor life was ahead, romance had begun it, romance it would be, not the old farfaring romance of the cheering lists and the sun on the plumes—the trumpeting boys' paradise and the unassayed girl's—but romance strung afresh to the pitch of the grown strength of women and men, even of woman and man, the unmanned unit the two-chambered heart of the race, the twin-power-house of desire and will, the romance of new harder, unpraised feats to do, of dark places to traverse without any fairy lamp in the hand, of glamorous risks to affront of all the flintier flints that there were for steeper steel to strike the old fire from."

Even in isolation it is a passage that whips the mind. Reached in due order, at the close of the book, the clear resolution of its themes, it exerts, on the reader, an almost dedicatory power, pledging him to old virtues anew. For by that time the book's method has given him a clairvoyant consciousness of the transforming power of pure, glamourless sight. He has seen musty habitual things turned into marvels and splendours by the sheer honesty of the eye of the artist and the integrity of his uncompromising hand. It is another application of the main meaning of the tale. Integrity, in the story, wins a hard victory—and then finds that the prize of the conquest is the very gift it had longingly forgone, and that it could have been gained in no other way. And absolute integrity, in the workmanship, gains the very gorgeousness to which extravagance was supposed to be the only key. It is a wonderful book—this note on it is quite inadequate. I do not think I forget anything that nineteen-thirteen has given us—the new Wells, the new Galsworthy, 'Androcles,' "Sons and Lovers"—when I say that it seems to me the noblest work of imagination of the year—the wisest in conviction, the clearest in perception, the most scrupulous in aim, and, in technical accomplishment, immeasurably most exacting and exquisite.

DIXON SCOTT

#### IN LATIN AMERICA.\*

Mr Forrest has already illustrated at least one other book on adjacent regions, he is primarily an artist, and in this volume the very numerous drawings give an impression of wood-cuts. In books on tropical countries the rather glaring results of the three-colour process are sometimes much more appropriate than the average reader supposes, but when one comes to deal with buccancers there is no comparison in the advantage of wood-cuts or pictures which resemble them. And the novelty of a whole book thus illustrated—and not in the inky coloured pictures or with photographs—lends a great attraction to this volume. The whole of South America would, indeed, be too great for proper treatment in one book, and there are parts which Mr. Forrest merely skirts, and other parts which he omits.

\* "A Tour through South America." By A. S. Forrest. 20s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul).—"The Southland of North America." By George Palmer Putnam. 10s. net. (Putnam.)

altogether. Yet we must be grateful for what we receive. The chapters, for example, on Paraguay are singularly fascinating. "There is little life," he tells us, "in the rugged streets of Asuncion at any hour of the day in normal times, but during the early mornings, when a revolution is in progress, a few dogs, cats and fowls have undisturbed possession of the thoroughfares." Mr Forrest makes no attempt at what is called "fine writing," but he continually interests us.

Mr Putnam also refrains from attitudes. He describes what he saw during a brief but crowded tour of some of the Central American republics. This is a much shorter and slighter book than Mr Forrest's. It covers in part the same ground as Mr Frederick Palmer's "Central America," but it is an amusing chronicle. He tells us that since the Palmer interview, Manuel Estrada Cabrera, Guatemala's famous tyrant, has refused himself to such ordeals, but surely Mr Putnam is wrong when he asserts that two attempts have been made upon Cabrera's life. We were told that sixty and six is more like the number. A great deal of ingenuity has to be displayed, because the President has for two years not been seen in public, and the knowledge of electrical contrivances, with which we hear some of the latest attempts have been made, is not yet sufficiently advanced in Guatemala. The tyrant has moulded himself upon Porfirio Diaz, it would have been interesting if his views on present Mexican affairs could be ascertained. The probability is that after Cabrera's death there will be an upheaval in his fertile but unhappy country, and that the Monroe doctrine will actively assert itself. In the Central American states either civilization is at such an ebb that one can only hope the Americans will speedily adopt them, or else, as in Salvador and especially Costa Rica, the civilization is more advanced, there is industry and prosperity, so that the interference of Uncle Sam will probably be much slighter, since his energetic sons will have fewer opportunities. By the way, there is a delightful account, from the lips of a Costa Rican lady, of how she was wooed and married by a "Mashar," that is to say, an American, though she had vowed never to have one of his restless nation. "Well, he sit near an' eat his soup. I see him look at me. I look again, he is not eat his meat. Next I look an' smile—so leetle. He does not eat his *enseleda*." Mr Himmel, the patriarchal German, who fell from the sky on to Cornito years ago when there was no Cornito, and where now is one of Nicaragua's comparatively busy ports with a real wharf and so forth, is only one of the queer personages whom Mr Putnam encountered. And since it is troublesome to visit Central America, and all books on those parts are pleasant reading, and likewise for its own modesty and merits, we are glad to have his souvenirs of travel. The illustrations, in this case, are from photographs, and include a view of the celebrated relief map at Guatemala City, and of the astounding Temple of Minerva, which the half-caste tyrant, with his severely classic taste, has presented to his countrymen.

HENRY BAIRIEN

#### KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S NEW BOOK.\*

Those of us who have found so many friends in Kate Douglas Wiggin's former books, will hasten to welcome this opportunity of meeting Waitstill Baxter, and the little group of people who are most nearly concerned in making-up her life. In her usual fresh and fascinating style—with its tenderness and power and delicious humour so skilfully blended—the author tells us the story of Waitstill, Waitstill, with the quaint name, beautiful face, and the undaunted courage, spending her girlhood's days cleaning, and scrubbing and sewing and baking, and looking after her father's farm and mothering her step-sister, Patience. Their father, Deacon Baxter, whose "extraordinary, unbelievable, colossal meanness" is common talk in the village, has a farm at the top of Town.

\* "The Story of Waitstill Baxter." By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

House Hill, and a stores shop at the bottom by the Edgewood Bridge that crosses the Saco River. The first short chapter of the book is a little gem of descriptive work, deftly placing before our mind's eye the scenes and times among which Waitstill is presently to move. There is a wonderful sense of time and space conveyed in these opening pages of the story, as they tell of the varied sights and scenes that the river has witnessed in its journey from its source in the granite hills of New Hampshire, through vales and fragrant brakes and woods, flowing on its way under the Edgewood Bridge watching and listening, then hurrying on towards the sea with its story of to-day that will sometime be the history of yesterday. Deacon Baxter has married and buried three wives, for his bullying and nagging and meanness make it well-nigh impossible for anyone to stand him for long. Waitstill is the daughter by his second wife, and Patience the daughter by his third wife—who has been dead some seven years when Waitstill reaches her twenty-first year. "You've got more courage than ever I had," the third Mrs. Baxter said on her death-bed, to the weeping Waitstill. "Don't you s'pose you can stiffen up and defend yourself a little mite?" Your father ought to be opposed, for his own good but I've never seen anybody that dared do it." The step-sisters are devoted to each other, and gay seventeen-year-old Patience is all impatient for laughter and girlish pleasure of which she gets hardly any at all. But Deacon Baxter's opinion of girls in general, and his daughters in particular, is very poor. "I never saw anything like the girls nowadays," he says. "Highty-tighty, flauntin', traipsin', triffin' trollops, ev'ry one of 'em, that's what they are." The story has a strong love interest, and the book is full of delightful character studies. We wait anxiously, longing for someone to "oppose" Deacon Baxter, and at length—but it is all so good and so enjoyable that it is not fair to Waitstill, nor the Deacon, to say nothing of the author or the reader, to "tell what happens in the end." One who has read and enjoyed the book from beginning to end can only advise those less fortunate to get a copy of "Waitstill Baxter" at the earliest possible moment.

### THE NEW MAN \*

Nowadays the publisher considerably offers upon the wrapper of his book a concise resume of what the reader ought to discover within. Most people like a lead, even the critic sometimes finds it useful. We are informed that in this book Mr. Gibbs "presents a very intimate psychological study of a new type in English life reveals under his searchlight the new problems which have arisen among us owing to the temperament of this type, in its relation with women, in its home life, and in its moral attitude. He devotes a chapter to the Education of the New Man" and he searches the soul of his type in a study called "The Religion of the New Man." "The book is a graphic portrayal of many phases of modern life as seen by a journalist. It is instructive and challenging."

There is really a great deal of truth in this attractive declaration. The book is "challenging," though it is not, to my mind, quite so "instructive." A chapter is "devoted" to the Education of the New Man, and the book is written by a "graphic journalist." Now that is just the trouble with it. It contains swift flashes of brilliancy, but it is just graphic journalism embroidered upon some well-stated generalisations. And the opinions set forth in the book are not unified, they preserve a general point of view, but the sections seem to have been written more to develop the theme of each separately than with relation to the plan of the whole volume. The result is that there appears to be a great deal more significance in each section than in the book as a whole. But it is good reading, witty and crisp. Mr. Gibbs thinks England is changing very greatly, and on the whole, one gathers, changing for the worse. The summing up is contained

\* "The New Man. A Portrait Study of the Latest Type." By Philip Gibbs. 3s 6d net (Pitman)

in a query. "Is it possible that out of all this new tenderness and sensibility, out of all this seething turmoil of unsatisfied desires, . . . this rebellion against authority and discipline, . . . there may be evolved another Nation, built upon a wiser, better scheme of things . . . ?" and in the answer, "Yes, by miracle . . . but otherwise we must expect all this discontent with life, all this feverish quest of pleasure, all this shirking of discipline and duty, will lead to some great national disaster which will shock us to the very foundations of our social system." But is there no hope, Mr. Gibbs? Yes, the New Boy may save us. The Boy Scout is our one hope. "If he fails us we are finished." So ends a lively, readable book, a very excellent piece of "graphic journalism."

F M A

### A PICTURE OF RUSSIA.\*

We all know the usual polite Academy pictures—the landscapes that resemble a railway company's advertisements, or (in Mr. Shaw's lively words) the familiar portraits of masters of hounds, in cheerfully unmistakable pink coats, mounted on bright chestnut horses. No one would dream of associating them with any serious revelation of truth or criticism of life. They are merely pictures of what comfortable, well-fed people like to imagine that life is like. They belong to the land where it is always after dinner, and the artist—playwright, painter, poet, or historian—who produces them prettily enough is sure of all the patronage that Bayswater can bestow.

The Academy picture has its equivalent among books, and especially among books describing the life of foreign countries. The comfortable citizen demands that his illusions shall be respected in politics, in history, and even in geography. In particular he demands that Russia shall be shown him as the Russia of his imagination, fond or otherwise. He is not sure about Germany. Germany is too new yet to have made a fixed impression, but Russia—everybody knows what Russia is like! Mr. Alexinsky is not out to preserve such illusions in this present volume. Indeed, he does not concern himself with illusions of any kind, his business being solely to tell the story of his country in such a way as will clearly inform the intelligent foreigner what the Russia of to-day is like in all its aspects. He has succeeded completely, and his book is a model of its kind. It is more than informing—it is fascinating, and it should do much to evict the academic or melodramatic Russia from the British popular mind.

Russia has always lent itself to the unreal, sophisticated picture, because, though with us in Europe, it is not of us; it is all so strange and bizarre, with the glitter of unformed autocracy against a background of fur-clad sleigh-drivers, snowy streets, and coloured churches that look like mosques. True, there is the other side—there is the Nihilist, the knout, and Siberia, but even these grim facts are, to the general Englishman, merely properties or a change of scene in a melodrama, as much a part of the illusion as a beautiful virgin martyr and a handsome pagan lover in a story of first-century Rome. The real picture of Russia, as the readers of Mr. Alexinsky's closing section on literature will be reminded, is that moving picture to which the great Russian writers have all contributed something. We have already dwelt, ourselves, in these columns, upon the peculiar interpretative power of the Russian artists, and Londoners have had, in the recent Russian opera season, yet another glimpse of this national revelation. Such a work as Moussorgsky's "La Khovantchina" could have come from no country but Russia. It is genuine autochthonous art, the product of purely Russian emotions and conditions, and wholly impatient of that kind of transmutation that enables the amorous tenor in Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" to be called indifferently Gustavus III., or the Count of Warwick, or the Duke of Olivares, and the

\* "Modern Russia." By Gregor Alexinsky. Translated by Bernard Miall. 15s net (Fisher Unwin.)

scene to be placed, as the manager wills, in Naples or Boston or Madrid. We do not wish to make any comparisons that are unkind or unfair, but when we turn from this interpretation of Russia by means of a Russian story in Russian words set to Russian music, to find some British story in British music interpreting the spirit of Britain, our memories encounter nothing but the "Children of Don", and, oh! the difference to us!

Obviously a country that has this intense nationality deserves more than casual study, and intelligent people will be glad of such a book as the present, which gives them the facts that the artists leave out. Statistics, however startling, are not properly dramatic, and though they may be as true as a proposition of Euclid, they do not belong to the order of truth with which poetry is concerned. Mr. Alexinsky, in one sense, handles his facts as if they were fictions, for no one could desire to read a volume with more varied and sustained interest. He presents a real, vital, unsophisticated Russia, not a polished Academy composition, with the even lights and the swept and garnished air of the studio. Not, indeed, that he sets out to make our flesh creep. His book is not a manifesto. He conceals nothing, but he sets nothing down in malice, as we shall presently illustrate. He deals with facts, and his knowledge and literary skill are so happily combined that the book is both an indispensable encyclopædia and a collection of vastly readable essays.

It is history and criticism in one—as all good history must be. A hundred pages of introduction makes the reader clearly acquainted with the general course of Russian development, and the author then passes to a well-arranged review of the existing institutions and conditions, closing with a sketch of modern Russian literature and its illustrations of Russian life. The book is so thoroughly up-to-date as to include a reference to the shooting of the workmen in the northern gold-mines, and so comprehensive as to include all phases of public activity, yet nothing could be more unlike a dull, professional treatise, on the one hand, or a lurid journalistic sketch on the other.

That it is an illuminating commentary upon all the allusions of Russian literature and journalism is to be expected, but it illustrates other matters of general interest, not specifically Russian. When haughty young gentlemen preach to us about the revival of aristocracy and the necessity of keeping the herd in subjection, it may be worth our while to recall the conditions of Russian life in the mid-nineteenth century, when aristocracy could exhibit all its qualities without let or hindrance. Perhaps, some day, we too may emerge upon the higher plane of herd-control, and be able to solve the servant problem as one proprietor did in 1852, by keeping a peasant woman chained for five years to a post in the kitchen, or to amuse ourselves, as a certain Prince did in 1850 by playing billiards with his friends while, as a sort of side-show, a young girl was whipped before the other female serfs, until the last sacraments had to be administered. Mr. Alexinsky is so far from taking sides that, after several pages of horrors, from which we have selected merely the first two examples in order, he proceeds to point out calmly the value of serfdom in certain aspects of Russian development. We cannot pretend to that degree of disinterestedness, but we are glad to be able to read his examples "Aristocracy" and "the herd" are large and vague abstractions.

It is well to have glimpses of these aspirations translated into crude fact  
GEORGE SAMPSON.

### AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN AMERICA \*

Characteristically English and delightfully womanly is this frank, breezy, breathless, inconsequent commentary on the America of 1913. Mrs. Alec Tweedie tells us in her Preface that she has "purposely not read any book on America by anyone, not even by Dickens." That was a good plan, probably. She was able thus to see things more clearly for herself and to talk about them more freshly and naturally. Now that her book is written and published, however, it might divert her to compare it with the books of some of her predecessors in this field of literature with Mr. J. F. Muirhead's, for instance, "The Land of the Dollar," and Mr. William Archer's, "America to-day." These two volumes, published ten or twelve years ago, offer a peculiarly piquant contrast to her methods. Whereas Mrs. Alec Tweedie, like the lady in "The Egoist," throws out her remarks "for apprehension, not dissection," these two accurate and analytical Scotsmen will not be found to have penned a sentence by which they could take their stand in the witness-box. Logical, judicial, large-minded, and in a dryly humorous way epigrammatic, they show themselves (in the best sense of the word) as masculine as Mrs. Alec Tweedie, in her exuberant, impressionable, irresponsible way, is feminine. Whereas they are skilled and careful writers, who probably, like most men of letters, are less effective in speech, she strikes one as the born conversationalist—the arch-type of the agreeable rattle. Her book is one long, voluble, extraordinarily animated monologue. It is very easy and pleasant reading, but one feels that it would be pleasanter still *vis à voce*, with an accompaniment of infectious laughter. One has seen Mr. Archer's austere features relax, and one can imagine a twinkle in Mr. Muirhead's eye, but their books do not make us picture them, like Mrs. Alec Tweedie laughing infectiously.

Would her American readers catch the infection? It would be very interesting to know. If they did, if they showed a real, hearty enjoyment of all her observations and reflections, she would owe it to them to re-consider her principal verbiage upon them, reiterated throughout the

"I saw it." By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. 16s net (Hutchinson).



The Niagara Falls—Summer.

From "America as I Saw It," by Mrs. Alec Tweedie (Hutchinson).



volume and expressed with all the emphasis of capitals as the last line of the last page—thus

"HYPERSENSITIVENESS IS THE AMERICAN SIN"

For really, with all her genuine admiration for some aspects of the country and the people, she does manage to administer a wonderful number and variety of sharp pin-pricks! "I love America," she tells us, "her women, her oysters, her grape-fruit, her roses, her express elevators, and her quaint ways, her eager life, her kindness to the stranger within her gates, and dare I say it?—her serene satisfaction with all and everything American." Dare she say, it indeed! Some of her transatlantic readers will hold that she would dare to say anything! She dares to say that "American hustle is a myth", that in reality the Americans "show their slowness by not understanding how slow they are", that the American people are literally fed on headlines "which suggest nothing but insanity and criminality", that "America is not only the country of conventionality, but the country of fads." And here is a little example of what George du Maurier used to call "felicitous amenity" which perhaps will prove an even more trying test for the good humour of one section of her audience. "American women are delightfully entertaining, they talk all the time about their interests, their families, their homes, their aspirations—so all one has to do is to sit and listen."

But faithful are the wounds of a friend, and throughout the greater portion of her book Mrs. Alec Tweedie shows herself an affectionate and enthusiastic friend of her late hosts and hostesses. Did space permit, many cordial tributes to their charms and virtues might be quoted to counterbalance the above asperities. It is a book put together at odd moments, its author herself tells us, "often at lightning speed and under all sorts of circumstances and conditions." Naturally, it reflects the varying moods in which it was written, but they are for the most part the happy moods of a woman overflowing with vitality, interested in everything, and making friends with everybody. Not every English visitor to the New World could have established cordial relations with men so different as Edison, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Carnegie, and Mr. Bryce. She has interesting things to tell of them all. She asked a darkie once what he thought of Mr. Roosevelt. "I never knew any man make so many soapbuds and do so little washing," was the reply. To sum up—a very entertaining and stimulating book by a very English Englishwoman—a woman so English that if she lived in America for a hundred years she would not be assimilated by that "Land of Assimilation."

FREDERIC WHYTE

THE SOUL OF A SUFFRAGETTE.\*

Seven stories, mostly quiet in tone but curiously natural and, to use a much abused term, real, make up Mr. W. L. Courtney's new volume. Most of the stories are suggested by a subject in which the author is, it would seem, keenly interested, though in one of them he expresses something like despair as to a mere man ever being able to deal adequately with that subject—the psychology of women. "No man of experience will ever say that he understands women. They are infinitely diverse, remember, as compared with men who are, for the most part, alike." This we are explicitly told in the second story, "It Once Might Have Been", but the idea underlies many of the episodes presented in musing analytical fashion. In the opening sketch we see a girl joining the modern army of martyrs, giving herself up fanatically to the cause which she has espoused, refusing the love which has come her way that she may prove herself worthy of that cause. She obeys the orders of headquarters, is sentenced to two years' hard labour, and leaves prison with nothing more than the pitiful career of a chronic invalid to which to look forward.

\* "The Soul of a Suffragette, and other Stories." By W. L. Courtney. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Courtney presents the simple story with something of the style of dignified tragedy, and muses over it in a philosophical spirit that is as far removed from "anti" intolerance as it is from "pro" fanaticism. "There is much waste in Nature and in Life. Wastefulness is indeed Nature's characteristic method in carrying out her evolutionary processes. Just as she squanders hundreds of acorns in order to produce a single oak, so, too, many human lives are sacrificed in the effort to secure an isolated reform. Who shall say, therefore, that fanatics are wrong or martyrs thrown away, in the great processes whereby Humanity or the Immanent Will works out its obscure destinies?" The understanding sympathy which underlies this is a characteristic of each of the stories, of those which successively tell of the actress who feels that she has sacrificed her art in her marriage, of the suffering victim of man's inhumanity to woman, of the lonely vicar happy in a sudden death, before the deterioration of which he is aware has become obvious, of the devoted Breton girl who gives herself in a Faust-like bargain that her English lover may win the success he covets. Though there is tragedy—not always of that sudden-death kind popularly understood by the term—in several of the stories, the general effect is that of a quiet reality, psychological rather than merely descriptive, and the whole book is one that will be read with interest and remembered.

FOLIAGE.\*

The first, and almost the best, poem in his new book tells us something of Mr. Davies' way of work.

My mind has thunderstorms,  
That brood for heavy hours  
Until they rain me words,  
My thoughts are drooping flowers  
And sulking, silent birds.

Yet come, dark thunderstorms  
And brood your heavy hours  
For when you rain me words  
My thoughts are dancing flowers  
And joyful singing birds.

Other pieces in the book must have come to the poet midway between two thunderstorms. They do not lack a line or a verse good enough to excuse the poet's error in admitting them, such is the last verse of "Morning."

I see no Christ  
Nailed on a tree,  
Dying for sin,  
No sin I see  
No thoughts for sadness,  
All thoughts for gladness."

but they abound in the faults to which Mr. Davies is peculiarly liable. Thus the charming poem that opens

"Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-Content,  
Thou knowest of no strange continent  
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep  
A gentle motion with the deep."

is lowered somewhat by the dulness and commonness of the phrase, "as far as eyes can go," and the dulness and looseness of two lines in his defence of "Sweet Well-Content, sweet Love-One-Place."

"For thou hast made more homely stuff  
Nurture thy gentle self enough."

Mr. Davies can be plain without being common, and loose yet expressive at the same time, but one who knew him only from this book might doubt it. There are too many lame or tame things like

"That Pleasure life wakes stale at morn,"  
and

"So will our love's root still be strong  
When others think the leaves go wrong,"

too many places where the simplicity comes down to saying that in spring the birds "would rather sing than

"Foliage." Various Poems by William A. Davies. 2s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)



eat" and the sheep "would rather bleat"; where the concerts are merely conceits, as in

"The stars in ambush lie all day,  
To take her glances for the night;"

where I am not glad to meet for a second or third time the idea of a nightingale singing amidst thunder, a duchess bathing in milk, a blind man finding his way in fog, a homeless man stirred by an organ, the softness and warmth of a woman's hair, and

"There's no true joy in gold,  
It breeds desire for more"

I do not suggest that Mr Davies should try to remedy these things. He is free to be as plain, as loose as concerted, as extravagant, as his Maker likes. We must be patient while he writes like this

"Man is a bird  
Eagles from mountain crag  
Swooped down to prove his worth,  
But now they rise to drag  
Him down from Heaven to earth!"

For in the past this freedom has been one of his great advantages, and when his imagination was strongly moved it led him to some of the purest poetry. There is no reason to doubt that this will happen again. Several of the poems here would have been delightful had they not been echoes of more beautiful things in his other volumes.

Twice Mr Davies has paused in his career, but this pause is less than the first, which was in "New Poems" and it need give anxiety neither to him nor to his admirers.

EDWARD THOMAS

### THE DAFFODIL FIELDS.\*

Mr Masfield has now published four of those narrative poems which have not only brought him the recognition he had long deserved, but also helped to give poetry a vogue unprecedented in recent years. But as their number increases, it becomes no easier to pass adequate judgment on them. One ever lives in hope that the next example will either be a triumphant vindication of the method, or else justify the conservatism which hankers to condemn it as incapable of achieving that highest excellence.

Our suspense started with "The Everlasting Mercy." "The Widow in the Bye Street" was easily the best of the four, and may well take its place among the finest of English narrative poems. But even that did not quite carry our critical defences by storm as, considering the largeness and poignancy of its theme, it should have done. Nor did "Dauber," though it had unique excellences, settle the question. "The Daffodil Fields" leaves us still undecided.

Is it, one is bound to ask, that the poetry of democracy cannot rise above a certain level? For these poems may fairly be called democratic, not only because they deal with the annals of the poor—neither so short nor so simple as were dreamt of in the academic philosophy of Gray—but because they are written in a language and a spirit which can be appreciated without any special training or tradition, and should appeal to all not prejudiced against the art by its old exclusiveness. Hitherto most poetry dealing with humble life, Wordsworth's, Tennyson's, almost all, except Burns's, since the Middle Ages, has, however sympathetic, had exactly that implication of insult which exists in slumming and rescue work. Fortunately we are outgrowing that spirit. We begin to recognise that superiority and inferiority reside in individuals rather than classes. The way, therefore, is open for art of a more universal appeal. There is nothing wrong with poetry because it does not address itself to a specially prepared audience. The age is democratic, and its art will not be vital unless it is democratic too. If we have not yet had the great poet of democracy, we may hope with some confidence that he is to come.

Why Mr Masfield is not that poet is simply—so far as one can judge at present—that he is incapable of being so.

\* "The Daffodil Fields." By John Masfield 3s 6d net. (Hememann.)



Photo by Hoppe

Mr. W. L. Courtney.

whose book of short stories "The Soul of a Suffragette" (Chapman and Hall) is reviewed on page 120

He lacks certain great qualities, and chiefly the well-knit strength which compels acceptance. There is a prolixity, sometimes a flaccidity, in his work which weakens its reality. It is rather futile to suggest that one poet's work were better done in the style of another whose habits of thought and of writing are entirely different. One realises that Mr Masfield needs space to get his effect of slow-moving time, but it is difficult to avoid considering what Mr Hardy, in a few grim pages, would have made of one of his themes, or how "The Daffodil Fields" and "The Everlasting Mercy" would have profited if their author's more molten imagination had been tempered by a little of the dry restraint of Mr Wilfred Wilson Gibson.

It shows of what real significance Mr Masfield's work is, that in reviewing it one instinctively finds it wanting by the highest standard rather than adequate by any lower, and that one is so readily drawn from the particular work in question to an estimate of his general achievement. "The Daffodil Fields" has the lyric beauty and dramatic poignancy of its predecessors. The recurrence of that special beauty of nature which gives the poem its recalls the recurrence of the sea in Swinburne's poetry. There are fine passages of description, and a yearning bull stands out as the most artistically presented of all the characters, as one having, moreover, a significance in the plot. The stanzas which describe his arrival among the cattle of the Plate River are a good example of Mr Masfield's vigorous draughtsmanship.

"There Lion landed with the bull, and there  
The great beast raised his head and bellowed low  
Challenging that expanse and that new air,  
Trembling, but full of wrath and thunder-browed  
Far from the daffodil fields and friends, but proud  
His wild eye kindled at the great expanse  
Two scraps of Shropshire lie they stood there, then advance

Was slow along the well-grassed cattle land,  
But at the last an end was made, the brute  
Ate his last bread-crust from his master's hand,  
And snuffed the foreign herd and stamped his foot  
Steers on the swelling ranges gave salute  
The great bull bellowed back and Lion turned

The weakness of "The Daffodil Fields" is its ending. Mr. Masfield has sacrificed tragic reality to the show of tragedy. The modern discovery that inconclusive endings can be effective is liable to abuse. Tragedy has still room for climax. But the climax of "The Daffodil Fields" is too drastic. Neither reciprocal slaughter, nor sudden death from heart-break, are easily made convincing. And here it would have been possible and desirable to dispense with both. Surely the death of Michael alone would have been sufficient. Lion and Mary should have been left to a more deliberate fate. Mr. Masfield has allowed himself to be carried away by the idea of red death and white death among the green and gold of the daffodils. He has, therefore, attained to a rather spurious picturesqueness at the expense of the verisimilitude which the treatment of the poem as a whole demanded.

The superiority of "The Widow in the Bye Street" lies in the fact that the poem gradually rises, in an inevitable way, to a great height of beauty. In "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Daffodil Fields," the author seems to have been able to reach equal heights at all costs. The consequence is a sudden change of level which jars, destroying one's sense of security in the truth of what one is reading. Yet that there are truth and beauty in everything which Mr. Masfield writes, is a truism.

FRANCIS BUCKLEY

## Novel Notes.

**THE FOOL'S TRAGEDY.** By A. Scott Craven 6s  
(Martin Secker)

To take so complex a character as Wilfred Dodgson Cherry, to make him the central figure of a story into which he brings so much misery to himself and others through his unfortunate temperament, and yet to keep a share of the reader's sympathy alive for this man, is certainly an achievement. The author's large-hearted tolerance and sympathy and keen insight into human nature enable him to portray realistically the many and varied types of people that are concerned in the plot of the story. Had Mr. Scott Craven evinced even a whit more sympathy with Cherry the effect would have been to alienate much of the reader's sympathy with this egotistical introspective character. When the story opens Cherry is grinding out a monotonous existence as a clerk in the packing room of a firm of city publishers. He "remembered that a woman friend had once congratulated him on having to work in a publishing firm, which, the good soul declared, must be perfectly heavenly for a bookworm like himself. He would have preferred to have given his services to a linendraper, a condition which at least offered so many illusions. He had lost all respect for books since he had seen them in the making, the charm was a deception, their elegance but the product of man's fancy draping them in false colours. In reality they were just one more excrecence of the poisonous commercialism which hung like a loathsome vapour over the whole city." He is not happy in his married life. His wife, Josie—witty, critical, cynical, contemptuous—has lost all patience with his high-flown ideas, and his inability to cope with their poverty. Poor Josie! The finest character in the book is Russell Fenton, an old college chum of Cherry's. Mr. Scott Craven has a fascinating, vivid style, and this and his admirable handling of a story so full of human interest, make "The Fool's Tragedy," a novel that should prove a decided success.

**THE ALLINSON HONOUR** By Harold Bindloss 6s  
(Ward, Lock)

Owing to the machinations of a scoundrelly brother-in-law, Andrew Allinson has gained an undeserved reputation for stupidity. Nobody has ever questioned his honesty, which indeed must be patent to everybody who meets him, but, nevertheless, the business of which he is nominally the head takes rather too risky a line on several occasions and

is now embarking on the promotion of a Canadian gold-mine, which is never likely to pay any, but a few interested persons. Unfortunately for himself, the villain underrates Andrew's intelligence, and allows him to go out to Canada on a journey of inspection. The hero discovers the true state of affairs fairly quickly, and incidentally falls in love with a girl of rather stereotyped Western charm. Returning to England he puts matters on a proper basis and gets rid of his brother-in-law, afterwards, of course, marrying his Canadian.

There is the plot, which is one of the least of the attractions of a particularly taking novel. But Mr. Bindloss does this sort of thing so well, and rings the changes so deftly, that he may be pardoned for a lack of originality in a story which, in truthful, unexaggerated characterisation and freshness and abundance of incident is at least the equal of any other book he has written. In fact, "The Allinson Honour" is another of those pleasant, wholesome, and very readable novels that we have grown to expect from Mr. Bindloss.

**THE CHILDREN OF THE SEA.** By H. de Vere Stacpoole 6s  
(Hutchinson)

Mr. Stacpoole's finely designed romances are always good in themselves, but they gain incalculably from his individual way of presenting them. He never fails to create an atmosphere which pervades the entire story to a degree that few writers attain, and he has never been more successful in this respect than in his latest novel. With Japan and Iceland for settings, he has given additional proof of his powers by mingling with perfect effect the subtle charm of the first with an account of the operations of a cable-ship off the Japanese coast, and in weaving in as a background, for a story of love and industry among its simple people, the elusive spirit of Iceland and the glamour of the sea. Interest is concentrated upon a gigantic



Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole.

Icelander, named Ericsson, the chief buoy hand on the cable ship. A notorious philanderer, he has an affair with a Japanese girl during shore operations, which ends in a mysteriously disastrous manner. Ericsson is about to leave the girl's house, when, lighting his pipe, he sees her face. "He stared at her for one terrific moment. Then, dropping the match, he fled screaming from the house." The cumulative horror of this scene is admirably brought out, though the reader is left ignorant of its cause. When the ship is paid off, Ericsson, a changed man, returns to Iceland with his bosom-friend, Magnuss. There the two men set up in the fishing industry in Magnuss's native town in opposition to the tyrannical Gudmundsson, who, in addition to cornering the industry of the town, has become affianced to Schwalla, the girl whom Magnuss had hoped to win as his bride. Under the masterful direction of Ericsson the business thrives, the climax of success coming when Schwalla breaks with Gudmundsson and accepts Ericsson. Then, with shuddering suddenness comes the tragedy, the poignancy of which is sharpened by its loathsome character. The story ends with an act of splendid heroism on the part of Schwalla. Into the telling of this romance the author

has put some of his finest work, charging it with beauty, colour and primitive emotion in such a way that the artistic balance of romance and reality is steadily maintained. The ending is on a high plane, and should secure for Schwalla's act a niche among the great deeds in fiction.

**A TRAP TO CATCH A DREAM.** By Dion Clayton Cal-  
throp 6s (Hodder & Stoughton)

This is a fairy tale of Ferdinand and Miranda and an island in the colourful South Seas. Ferdinand is a young English lordling, who has been sowing a pretty crop of Parisian wild oats, when his father dies leaving him a title and a broken estate. Two sober younger brothers start with him on a voyage of regeneration, and Ferdinand—otherwise Lord Pepprill—is cast away on a charming island. Naturally Miranda is provided for him, and Prospero, in the shape of a delicious French girl, Susette, and her father, an exiled marquis living an idyllic life on the island in a charming house. Their only companion has been a Chinese factotum, and as he has just left them Ferdinand takes up the household tasks friendly fashion and shares them with Miranda. Of course, Ferdinand falls in love with Miranda—full fathom five or more, and equally Miranda with Ferdinand, same as Shakespeare said. Only that would be too straightaway for the twentieth century, so Miranda backs and shies, and is a tease. The situation lasts a long time, just how long is difficult to decide, but nine years is the most definite note of time given us, though it seems extraordinary. Prospero dies, confiding Miranda to Ferdinand, and confiding to him also his true history. No banished duke is he, nor marquis nor belted earl—just a bolted banker, and Miranda must never know. Off go Ferdinand and Miranda to Paris, to be brother and sister—yes, even when they are married. They share a flat, but don't get married for some months, and chance brings upon them Prospero's accomplices, who had done time for the money Prospero had got away with, the money on which Ferdinand and Miranda had been living. Ferdinand pays back what is left, goes over to England, claims his inheritance, which in his absence has prospered amazingly, hurries back to Paris to Miranda, who now loves him in a proper wifely way, and they get married and start to live happy ever afterwards. The story is very light and sugar sweet, all the people are trumps, there is no Caliban, all is sunshine and bright limpid colour, tropical flowers and birds and fishes; the people seem to be playing, with much zest nice parts in well rehearsed amateur theatricals, and in fine, the book is a delicious frivolity, that will captivate the hearts of innumerable readers.

**LOVE IN THE HILLS** By F. L. Penny 6s (Chatto & Windus)

This story deals picturesquely and effectively with life in and round one of the hill stations of India. The author's powers of description do full justice to the beauty and grandeur of the Nilgiri Hills which form a charming background for the wooing of Nonia Armscote by her lover, Captain Warborough. Mystery envelops both these people. Nonia is a girl with a husband jacked away in her past, while the Captain's mission in this quarter of India is concerned with other game than the taking of cinema pictures. The arrival on the scene of Nonia's questionable husband, Pensax, a political spy masquerading as a prospector for gold, carries the plot to its climax, which centres round the legality of Nonia's unfortunate marriage with Pensax. There are many good things in "Love and the Hills," a vivid description of a storm in the mountains is one of them, the author cleverly utilising the fury of the elements to accentuate the sharply-drawn characters of Pensax and Warborough.

**NO PLACE LIKE HOME.** By John Trevena 6s net (Constable)

"Really a condemnation of the conditions under which the agricultural labourer is forced to live and work in England, and an indictment of the Irishman's incapacity,

Mr Trevena manages to wrap his sermon up in such a cover of whimsical fancy, topical allusion, and crowd his stage with so many quaint characters, that we have not time to notice the pill for the jam. David Byrne, poet, herald of revolt, anarchist and traitor, descends upon Prior-ton, Devonshire, in response to a letter from Amy, one of the Prior twins, with whom he claims a wholly fictitious relationship. He soon has the village in a state of ferment. Aghast at the squalor and horror of Tumbles, where live the Prior labourers, he builds a hut, Australian fashion, in total disregard of all regulations, in order to show the council and the landowners that his clay-covered log cabin with its earth floor is stronger and more habitable than their so-called houses. The Radical vicar, the harlequin curate, Montmorenci, player of innumerable parts, not the least amusing being that of Father Cockayne the ardent Irish conspirator and Mr Prior, with his lust for slaughter, making the twin Bobby miserable by perpetually compelling him to carry cartridges and pick up corpses, are happy conceptions. The author evidently believes with the Rev Adalbert Montmorenci that Ulster hates the rest of Ireland more than she loves England. The lesson of the last half of the book is summed up in the words of the Ballycastle car driver: "It's easy to get on in Ireland if you don't fight. That's the trouble with men of this country, they put fighting before work. That's what makes 'em good soldiers and bad citizens. If you want to get on you must keep clear of politics. I don't belong to any party. What's the use? One promises you the moon, and t'other the sun, and if they thought 'twould help to win an election they'd throw in the stars as well."

**DEGARMO'S WIFE AND OTHER STORIES.** By David  
Graham Phillips 6s (Appleton)

This volume, one out of many, proves Mr Phillips a thoroughly competent craftsman. The stories are of fashionable wealthy Americans, and show us once more the littleness and vulgarity of their lives. The views that the characters express are often revolting to commonplace English people. The book has little romance about it. "Degarmo's Wife" recounts how a somewhat vain wealthy man marries a young enthusiast, whom he imagines he will easily subjugate to his will, her experience teaches her diplomacy, the husband gradually more clearly realises his wife's attractions, falls genuinely in love, and finally their lives become contented, happy and useful. "Enid" imagines herself a romantic heroine with high ideals, which are choked by a commonplace husband, husband and wife speak frankly to each other, she is amazed to find that he, too, has become bored. They agree to avoid scandal, and find gradually that they have come to require each other's company, they grow content, and almost fall in love again. About the last story which redeems the book from the commonplace—there is a certain romantic atmosphere, a young girl fresh from the convent falls in love with a man of the world forty-five years old, who is obliged to admit that he is no longer capable of love.

**AN INNOCENT JUDAS** By Charlie (Heath,  
Cranton & Ouseley)

Marion Lancaster was the daughter of an "eccentric social reformer" in Manchester, who died leaving her with nothing to live on except her wits. Raeburn Chesterton, M.P., a young politician with overweening ambition, and a newly-appointed Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, comes down to see Marion soon after her father's death, and is only prevented from proposing to her by the thought that she has neither wealth nor position. Marion's solicitor finds her a post as secretary to an aunt who is a busy London journalist. Raeburn discovers Marion in London, and throwing discretion to the winds, proposes to her in real earnest, and is accepted. In the flush of excitement Raeburn tells her of his prospects, and incidentally reveals a great Cabinet secret. When Marion's aunt hears of Raeburn's visit she slyly becomes possessed of the secret, and murmuring to herself "a scoop," she proceeds post-

haste to Fleet Street and profits by the errors of the "innocent Judas." When Marion Lancaster understands the enormity of her crime, she leaves her aunt's employ and finds work with Mark Sampson, a novelist, who lives a charming life in "digs" with six artists, a press photographer and an elderly housekeeper. Marion is a great addition to the circle, and eventually rejects two offers of marriage because she still loves Raeburn Chesterton, who lays at her door the ruination of his career. Needless to say, when all is known, all is forgiven, and Marion and her lover are left in each other's arms.

**GUARDIAN ANGELS** By Marcel Prevost 6s. (H. Veleigh Nash)

This is not a book for all readers and not one that it is easy to criticise. It is admirably written, brilliantly clever, certainly interesting, and as certainly true to the life it pictures, but the life it pictures is the sort of thing many of us have decided that nobody ought to read about, or to write about. There is something to be said for that decision, and something to be said on the other side. Whether we like it or not, the ugly facts of life have got to be faced, and we shall never alter them until we face them frankly and are no longer afraid of them. Except for Guy and the little Yvonne, and the trusting, deceived wives of the Baron d'Anay and the French Under-Secretary Croze, and the pitifully simple little governess Rosalie, there is scarcely a likeable or decent person in the book. Yet for the mature, sane reader "Guardian Angels" is an almost terribly moral story, as terribly moral as the mercilessly realistic drawings of Hogarth, and most of the sinners in it have to pay in bankruptcy, disgrace, shattered ambitions and even death for their pleasant sinning. But they do not pay the full price out of their own pockets. That is always the sorry meanness of the game. It might be well enough to say courageously, "Well, I have been a fool, but I have paid for it!" if the innocent friends and relatives of the sinner were not forced, as M. Prevost shows they are, to contribute a share, and the lion's share, of the price. That rubs the bloom off the gallantry of the affair and makes it merely shabby. The moral of "Guardian Angels," according to one of the characters, is that foreign governesses should not be employed in French families, for a German governess, an Italian and an English one are at the root of nearly all the vice, mischief and misery with which the story is concerned, but the larger, more obvious moral is that, putting higher considerations aside, in the plainest, most practical sense, morality, like honesty, is the best policy. There is no preaching, the whole thing is written lightly and with a shrewd satirical humour, but it makes you realise that the gay life is a dragged and, a weary and a sad one before you get to the end of it.

**NOTWITHSTANDING** By Ma Cheln idik (John Murray)

At the outset the adventures of Annette towards happiness with the man of her choice threatened to drag, but the authoress has the gift of making us forget defects, and in the end we find ourselves thoroughly under the spell of her narrative. Annette has been brought up by three maiden aunts in London, Aunt Maria, a popular novelist, Aunt Harriet, a Christian Scientist, and Aunt Catherine, the only practical one of the family, who surreptitiously takes her niece to concerts and secretly encourages her desire to become a singer. When twenty-one, Annette joins her father, a courier and publican, in Paris, but here she meets with disillusionment, for he endeavours to sell her, first to a musician, and then to an English gentleman. Escaping from these dangers she is about to throw herself into the Seine, but is prevented by Dick La Qeyt, an English landowner, jockey, gambler, drunkard, and spend-thrift. They go to Fontainebleau together, and here Dick is fatally stricken. Annette nurses him until his relations arrive, and then vanishes, but not before witnessing a will in which Dick leaves the bulk of the family estates to Roger Manvers, his cousin and agent. The life of

Riff, in Lowshure, where the larger number of the scenes are laid, with its dullness and gossip, is vividly touched on. Roger Manvers is a fine specimen of the country gentleman, in love with every inch of the land, and anxious only to do his duty to it and the people. A pathetic figure is Lady Louisa Manvers, Dick's mother, weighed down by anxiety to secure the heritage for her idiot second son, and a particularly grim episode is that where, paralysed and helpless, she lies and listens to Harry's nurse telling how she married him. The barriers between Roger and Annette are ingeniously demolished.

**THE PERFECT WIFE.** By Joseph Keating 6s. (Hennemann)

If Julie Carlish is to be accepted as a true type of the perfect wife, then it is much more amusing to read about her than to marry her. Julie was a very nice young person, that is what made it so hard for her husband, but she was very jealous and exacting, and not easily placated once her jealousy was aroused. Three months after Roddy Carlish had married her, they were giving a housewarming, and among the invited guests was Hattie Deverell, and it was Hattie who caused all the mischief. She was a friend of Julie's, and an old flame of Roddy's, and, though she had never really expected him to marry her, was a little resentful that he should have thrown her over and made Julie his wife. She resents it the more just then because she happens to be badly in debt, and is worried by a judgment summons, and fearing further trouble unless she can immediately raise five hundred pounds. Before his marriage Roddy had often advised her in Stock Exchange speculations, they had speculated in partnership, the arrangement being that she pocketed whatever they won and Roddy bore all the losses, but when she asks him now for a loan of five hundred pounds he reluctantly refuses, because he thinks it would not be fair to Julie for him to do anything more in that way. During the evening as the only escape from her difficulties, she accepts a proposal from the elderly hypochondriac Mr. Traffyn and later telling Roddy about it when they



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are alone together in the billiard room, she lapses into a yearningly sentimental mood that subdues him to a passing sympathy, and in a desperate, momentary outburst she suddenly throws her arms round him and kisses him a last farewell, and at this juncture Julie comes unexpectedly into the room and sees them. Hattie hurries off in a panic, and Roddy's airy explanation that the whole incident was just an accident is not effective. Julie is hurt, indignant, angry, Roddy feels that out of loyalty to Hattie he cannot offer a full account of what has taken place, he is confident that Julie will simmer down and the trouble blow over, but her anger grows, and before the interview is ended she has taken off her wedding-ring and flung it on the billiard-table and declared she will wear it no more. Next day, before Roddy has a chance of seeing her again, she quits the house and goes to her mother. When he goes after her she refuses to see him, and presently runs away abroad to be out of his reach. The rest of the story follows Roddy in his pursuit of her and in his long-futile, but at last successful efforts after a reconciliation. It is all written in the gayest, happiest spirit of light comedy. Now and then it becomes almost farcically extravagant, and the closing scene smacks more perhaps of stage-life than of real life, but the whole thing is cleverly and entertainingly done. The dialogue sparkles with humorous and epigrammatic comments on love and life and the ways of men and women, and the story holds you interested and amused throughout.

**THE GRIP OF THE PAST** By John A. Stuart 6s (Hodder & Stoughton)

Our novelists on the whole do not take kindly to the modern political machine. They seem to find in the party system a legitimate butt for humour, and when, as occasionally happens, they themselves become cogs in the well-oiled mechanism, a short shift usually suffices them, the machine demands subservience to the master-pinion, and this of course is incompatible with the free play of individuality. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Wells are but two examples of the many novelists who of recent years have extracted ironical humour out of the political drawing-room and the political backstairs, and in his new novel Mr. Stuart joins company with these hard hitters and tilts merrily at Crumps and the party system. Crumps, the sleek, bland, rubicund smiling Crumps, is a masterly political strategist, invaluable to his chiefs, he knows all party secrets, and worships the party system as though it were a divine institution. Clever as Crumps is, however, he meets his match in Lady Oakhurst, the brilliant Society woman whose ambitions easily outweigh her scruples. She delights in deliberately "using" people to gain her ends. She chooses puppets for her purposes "almost as she would choose a frock for Ascot or jewels for the Opera." At the time the story opens the ends in view are a coronet and a title, and the people Lady Oakhurst "uses" to gain them include the wily Crumps and two powerful personalities, both young and both famous—one as an explorer and "enlarger of Empires," the other as a lady novelist. The love that draws these two irresistibly together lies strangled in the "grip of the past." The nature of this vicious grip is not clearly disclosed until the end of the story, but the struggles and heart-searchings of the victims provide a passionate undercurrent that is unsuspected, and consequently unallowed for in Lady Oakhurst's schemes, which involve the planting of the famous explorer as a safe Government candidate in an important by-election. Mr. Stuart makes dramatic capital out of the election and the subsequent conduct of Desmond, the explorer, in the House, and also out of the temporary thwarting of Lady Oakhurst's ambition. The characters in the novel are fond of talking, but they talk well and brightly, and their opinions are always worth listening to. Desmond's estimate of the equipment calculated to bring a man out top in politics is worth quoting: "Chiefly a tough fibre, a thick skin, a self-consequent manner, and an unlimited capacity for clap-trap—plus the art of giving to painful, personal ineptitudes the appearance of universal wisdom." Lady Oakhurst's abounding worldly wit and

wisdom is also well worth quoting, but enough has been said to guide the discerning reader to a lively topical novel with a more than topical interest.

**BARBARA OF THE THORN.** By Netta Syrett 6s (Chatto & Windus)

Barbara Thorne (the title of the volume derives from the fact that one of Barbara's ancestors had settled in Italy and called himself Della Spina) found herself at the age of twenty-eight, after the dreariest of lives in an English village possessed of liberty and a small competence. Following a blind impulse, she went to Rome, and it was while visiting historical scenes there that she underwent remarkable psychic experiences, seeming to see re-enacted before her eyes some of the horrors of mediæval Roman history. Dr. Travers, to whom for a time she became engaged, diagnosed it as a case of hysteria. But a more sympathetic solution was arrived at by her future husband, Geoffrey Fraser, who discovered in her father's diary proofs of the historical accuracy of her visions. Barbara was in fact living over again the early adventures of the Della Spina family. As was to be expected, Miss Syrett has not failed to write an interesting story, but the psychic problem is made rather less plausible than it might have been by her over free use of coincidence. The threads are drawn together with a neatness only permissible in a detective story.

**THE MERCENARY** By W. J. Fecott 6s (Blackwood)

Mr. Fecott has gained a well deserved reputation as an historical novelist, and "The Mercenary" is well up to his accustomed level. It is a spirited and enjoyable tale of the Thirty Years' War, with a Roman Catholic Scottish captain for its hero, and for heroine the beautiful and wilful Archduchess Stephanie. It is almost unnecessary to say that the plot centres round the stormy and difficult courtship of these two, and that eventually the hero's grit and determination are successful in winning him the woman he loves. Otherwise we do not propose to give away more of Mr. Fecott's excellent plot, which with many unexpected twists and turns is certain to keep the reader alert. Although it must be admitted that for some of his characters and incidents the author has fallen back upon the ordinary historical novelist's stock-in-trade, yet "The Mercenary" seems to us a good deal superior to the general run of fiction of its type. Anyhow, it provides an admirable three hours' amusement.

## The Bookman's Table.

**THE PRESS AND ITS STORY.** By James D. Symon. With 26 Illustrations. 5s net. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

"The history of the Press," as Mr. Symon remarks in his preface, "has yet to be written." Mr. J. B. Williams wrote, a year or two back, an adequate "History of English Journalism" from its beginnings to the foundation of the *London Gazette* in 1667, but the fuller, more varied, and in many ways more important record of the last two and a half centuries is still to be made. Mr. Symon gives you a very brief sketch of it in his opening chapter, and then devotes himself almost entirely to the story of present-day journalism and how the daily and weekly papers of our own generation are compiled, printed and distributed. This undertaking, which was really his chief purpose, he has fulfilled most thoroughly. There are excellent chapters on how the news is gathered, on the editor, past and present, on the rise of the London daily Press, the evening and the provincial Press, on the society journals, the "penny populars," and the weekly reviews, and a capital account of some of the greatest feats of journalism. Two very interesting chapters are concerned with the illustrated Press—Mr. Symon was himself for

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"Do you know my dear," exclaimed my wife on her return, 'that you look positively cheerful this evening? I have not seen you appear so pleased for months. And I do believe you have a better colour. It must do you good for me to go away.'

"And then I told her—and after that, how we both watched for the added signs and symbols of that promised improvement of which we were now already half-assured."

"The lines of illness and worry grew less and less deep, my hollow cheeks slowly filled, my eyes lost their sunken dimness. And, coincidentally we noted one change after another, subtly wrought in the way of physical and mental betterment. Among the earliest of these was a day by day gain in activity and energy. A humorous kinsman ignorant of the effects of nervous depletion had chaffingly dubbed me 'The Mollusc' because of my general indisposition to exert myself. The most trivial undertakings had required, with me, a distinct effort. I would sit for hours in one spot, knowing all the while that one thing was required of me, but lacking the will to go about it, and momentarily growing more nervous because I was neglecting it. The overcoming of this will weakness was one of the earliest indications of improvement."

Eventually the reader becomes aware that Mr. Hazeltine has actually written this book to express his gratitude to Sanatogen, which, as he says, "wrought little less than a miracle in me." Appreciating this novel form of testimonial, the proprietors of Sanatogen have published Mr. Hazeltine's book for free distribution among nerve sufferers. It is not an advertisement in the ordinary sense of the word, and everyone who reads it will realise the genuineness of Mr. Hazeltine's confession.

Readers of this article who are interested in the subject should certainly apply for a free copy of the book. It is only necessary to send a post-card, mentioning this paper, to Messrs. A. Wulfer & Co., 12, Chancery Street, London, W.C.



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many years assistant editor of the *Illustrated London News*. He has traced the growth of the Press from its insignificant, rather mean beginnings to the flourishing power and splendour of its present maturity, and though he is fully alive to certain of its unsatisfactory developments he is optimistic enough to foresee that it will outgrow them and that its greatness is not in the past. Handling the complicated details of his subject with an easy familiarity and a keen sense of the romance of it all, Mr. Symon has written far and away the best and most entertaining story of the English Press that we have yet come across.

**FAMOUS ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS** By Dr. A. S. Rappoport 16s. (Stanley-Paul)

We took up this book of Dr. Rappoport's with anticipation, and it possessed distinct possibilities of enjoyment and information for the reader. We had not, however, read more than a few pages before we became aware that a good subject is by no means a guarantee of a good book. Dr. Rappoport's is rather a machine-made production. There is a good deal of talk in the first chapter or two of the beauty of perfect nudity (which no one disputes so long as the figure is perfect and the display of it guiltless of offence), but little real matter of value to either the artist or the student of psychology. The author, it is true, heads two of his chapters "The Psychology of the Model" and "Ethics and Aesthetics," and one is tempted to turn to them in the expectation of some serious examination of the subjects, but he rewards us with remarks that may be true enough but are trite and superficial. Instead of a serious study of an interesting and important subject he has given us a chronicle of intrigues between certain famous artists and their models. There is a good deal of indefinite talk about Greek Art, but not much information regarding it, or the spirit that inspired it. Some sort of apparent solidity is given to the book by "appendices," comprising a "Bibliography," and a somewhat arbitrary selection of "famous" artists from "Apelles to Tebrun." The book is entertaining enough, and may interest lovers of light gossip; there are a number of good illustrations well reproduced.

**THE PILGRIM FROM CHICAGO.** By Christian Tearle 7s. 6d. net (Longmans)

If you have read Mr. Christian Tearle's "Rambles with an American," you will know that he is one of the best of gossip guides to places of interest—particularly of literary

interest—in London and elsewhere about England. You find him at the commencement of his new book, "The Pilgrim of Chicago," sitting in his chambers at Verulam Buildings with his American friend, Mr. Fairfield, and they presently set forth from that place to go and see the Jacob's Island of "Oliver Twist," the dreary site of the house from which Bill Sikes accidentally hanged himself. Thereafter, they go on other expeditions, not only in and round London, but to Canterbury, where they visit the little inn at which Micawber stayed, and places associated with Chancer and his Pilgrims, to St. Albans, where Bacon lived, seeing many houses and districts rich in literary associations on the way there, to Lichfield, with its memories of Dr. Johnson. But a good half of the book is given to London. Mr. Tearle has a genius for finding out-of-the-way houses and haunts and for gathering curious information about them. How many people know that No. 5, King's Bench Walk is the "Number 5" referred to by Pope, in one of his paraphrases of Horace, as the home of Lord Mansfield? Or that here Mansfield, before he was raised to the bench, was visited by the great Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who was one of his clients? And at No. 3 you may see the identical entrance "that Dr. Johnson had been wont to cross on his visits to Lord Eldon's brother." If you are interested in these and a hundred other such memorials of the glamorous past, you cannot do better than secure this volume. Mr. Tearle knows his subject thoroughly and communicates his knowledge with so much enthusiasm, and so pleasantly, that you will find his book one of the most entertaining and most useful in its kind that any publisher has given us.

**CONFESSIONS OF A BOOK-LOVER.** By J. W. Walters. With an Introduction by Coulson Kernahan 2s. 6d. net (Charles H. Kelly)

Every good book-lover has a place in his heart for Alexander Smith, and a first glance through these essays assured us that Mr. Walters' was, to that extent, of the elect. He is, indeed, an enthusiast, "capable, when writing of books, book-making and book-buying," as Mr. Kernahan says in his introduction, "of an enthusiasm which I envy as much as I admire." Sometimes he is a little too elusive. When he comes to write of bedside books he names none but Stevenson's *Prayers* and Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" He discourses pleasantly on the subject, hints at the sort of books that ought to be on the bedroom shelf, but withholds his individual selection. There is a charming little talk about second-hand books, with a good word, in passing, for the minor poet who helps to fill the penny and two-penny boxes; there are other thoughtful, attractive essays on "Personalities in Book-land," "Books that Tempt," "Books that Captivate," and "Books and Gardens." Mr. Walters moves Mr. Kernahan almost to wrath by a confession that he can walk through the fields, blind to the beauty of his surroundings, with his nose deep in a book, reading as he goes, but this only proves that, as a book-lover, he is the genuine thing, all wool and a yard wide, as the Americans say. He seems to give most of his love to the essayists, most of his quotations are from them and he writes mostly about them, but within his limits he is delightfully enthusiastic and his enthusiasm is contagious. He is a good reader, and his gossip about what he has read makes good reading.

**JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN** By LOUIS N. Parker 1s. and 2s. net (John Lane)

After Pharaoh has declared his dream in the beautiful diction of the Jacobean translators of the Bible, we read "The crowd stir. The idea among the priests, etc., is 'What will Joseph make of that?'" It is rather an abrupt descent, this piece of modern Cockney slang, from



Robert Henry pinxit, Mouilleron del.

**Rembrandt Painting his Mother.** oil on canvas, by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport (Stanley-Paul).

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the stately harmonies of the language of the Scriptures. It needed a Milton to match with a grand style of his own the majestic prose of the old translators of the Bible. To speak plainly, Mr Parker has taken the fine gold of the biblical narrative and mixed it with the pinchbeck of the modern melodrama. Both story and style have been adulterated. And though in the theatre the gorgeous scenery and the picturesque pageantry of the stage crowds may hide the weaknesses of the play, Mr Parker's failings as a writer are sadly evident when his work is read away from the glamour of the playhouse. When George Peele went to Scripture for a subject for a drama, he gave us such lines as

"Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,  
And brings my longings tangled in her hair"

His genius at least was equal to his argument. Mr Parker handles a great theme, but does not handle it greatly. His drama is readable, and you may read it with interest, but the poetry of thought and phrase that should be in it are not there.

**FROM WHEEL AND LOOK-OUT.** By Frank T. Bullen  
6s. (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.)

A large number of first-hand reminiscences and not a few thrills are to be found in this entertaining collection of sea stories and articles by Mr Bullen. Whether he is recounting the successful salving of a twelve hundred ton barque "with three or four ugly holes in her bottom and five hundred tons of rock ballast, high and dry on one of the stormiest coasts in the world in the winter," or recalling with vivid detail an all-night encounter with the mighty sperm whale, we feel throughout that Mr Bullen has been faithful to life, and we are grateful accordingly. So also when the author is discussing the new merchant service or criticising the disgraceful conditions of life which obtained on board ship forty-odd years ago (when he first went to sea), his opinions, being founded on actual experience and observation, have an uncommon value. In "The Ship's Post Bag" we are given a poignant autobiographical glimpse. After confessing to a passionate fondness for letter-writing Mr Bullen continues: "And yet in all my sea career of over fifteen years, I wrote on my own account but ten letters! I had no one to write to until the last two years." To compensate for this loss he undertook the letter-writing for his shipmates, and how he tackled his engrossing if delicate task he sets down in this human sketch.

## Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. APPLETON & CO.

Mr George Gibbs seems to be a disciple of R. W. Chambers, and in *The Silent Battle* (6s.), he gives us one of those strong but not altogether pleasing stories of New York society which we have grown accustomed to expect from the older writer. Mr Gibbs's hero suffers from the drink craving, and it is his struggle against this which supplies the book with its title and half of its interest, the other half being comprised in his love-story. Mr Gibbs writes well, and the book is well worth reading for its careful study of temperament.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

Two of the latest additions to Cassell's Pocket Reference Library are *German Conversation for English Travellers*, by F. F. Bovey and Esther L. Hawkins, and *Cassell's Miniature French-English Dictionary*, edited by F. F. Bovey. Both are excellent little books, and they are certainly remarkable value for 6d. net. The Dictionary, which has been judiciously abridged from the New French Dictionary also published by Messrs Cassell, contains a useful appendix embodying, among other subjects, Proper Names, Weights and Measures, Money Tables, and a Guide to the Menu, while travellers in Germany will find the phrase-book an indispensable companion, unless they are unusually proficient in the language. For simplicity and ease of reference we have never seen its equal.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO.

Around the every-day occurrences in the life of Polly, a happy little American girl living with Doctor and Mrs Dudley, her "adopted" parents, Miss Emma C. Dowd has written, in *Polly of Lady Gay Cottage* (3s. 6d. net), a delightfully fresh, vivacious story. With sure skill she turns even the most commonplace incident into an event and fills it with absorbing interest, the characters that move in Polly's small world are as natural, and some almost as lovable, as Polly herself. Chance brings her in contact with various real relations who each in turn claim her and urge her to live with them, but the ties of affection between herself and the Dudleys are too strong. In preference to riches and travel and all those things which appeal to young hearts, Polly chooses love and a poverty-pinched home, till a sudden fear that she is a burden on her kind foster-parents leads her to make the great sacrifice which proves conclusively that she is as noble and courageous as one could wish her to be. However, there is a delightful surprise waiting for Polly after all, and for Polly's many friends, inside and outside the book, and we leave her at last at the beginning of a newly-found happiness that she has more than fully deserved.

MESSRS. T. C. & E. C. JACK.

*The New Encyclopedia* (7s. 6d. net) which Mr H. C. O'Neill has edited for Messrs. Jack is a miracle of cheapness, better still, it is a miracle of miscellaneous usefulness. This large volume of one thousand six hundred pages claims to give you in the concise possible form all the information that is usually crowded with difficulty into half a dozen volumes. A careful examination of its pages has satisfied us that the claim is justified. Of course, there are little omissions, but they are surprisingly few, and the article on Milton stumbles badly when it says that one of his best sonnets was on Chapman's "Homer", but on the whole, the careful condensed articles on literature, geography, history, science, law, religion, commerce, education, the terse biographies of the world's great men, and all the thousands of items of varied information that fill the book are thoroughly well done and thoroughly reliable. Numerous maps and illustrations add to the serviceability of a well compiled, exhaustive, and very lucidly arranged work of reference.

MESSRS. HOLDEN & HARDINGHAM.

*The Boomerang* (6s.) is a reincarnationist novel by a lady, Miss J. Katharine Bates, who has made a life study of spiritualist subjects. The rather mawkish tale it tells is not very convincingly worked out, however, and, as a whole, the book is far too crude to be effective. Considering her fondness for French phrases and their excessive use, the author might have been more careful to see that they were correctly printed.

MR. JOHN LONG.

To write a novel about a journey, especially when that journey extends to a tour to the Far East and the East Indies, is not an exceedingly difficult task. Jules Verne succeeded in doing it in "Round the World in Eighty Days," but there the interest naturally excited in the mind of the reader, as to whether the hero would "pull it off," made the author's task comparatively easy. In *Wanderings and Wodings Last of Suez* (3s. 6d.), Miss F. B. Redwood has no such central interest to simplify the difficulties of her attempt, and it is paying her constructive and literary skill a great compliment to state that she has made, what might so easily have become merely the diary of a globe-trotter, into quite a charming and well-written romance. The authoress has seen the varied scenes unrolled before her with discerning eyes, and some of her pictures of life *en voyage* are admirable. She has, too, a rare gift of descriptive writing, and one regrets somewhat that the book, which prevents her from concentrating her gift of description on some one phase of existence. The story is a slight one, and the charm of the book lies solely in the lightning sketches of scenery and character, both of which are done exceedingly well.

MR. FRANK PALMER.

A thoroughly spiteful criticism sometimes makes amusing reading—if you are not particularly concerned in it. For this reason, Mr Alan Raleigh's *The Real America* (3s. 6d. net) may find a public in this country. The author can see no good in any American manners, customs, morals, or institutions (except their shaving saloons, which appear to be much better than the European variety). For ourselves, much as we admire Mr Raleigh's spirit and courage, we cannot believe that the United States are a quarter so black as he has painted them. Mr Raleigh would have been far more convincing if he had been moderate in his language, or if he had the humour to perceive that many of his charges are ridiculous. Nevertheless, a great deal of ink has been spilt in indiscriminate praise of America, and it is as well that the public should realise that there may be another side to the question, even though it be rather absurdly over-stated by this particular writer.



Now and again ladies pass in their pattens, a maid perhaps protecting them  
with an umbrella, for flakes or snow are falling discreetly

plement to *The Bookman*

Christmas, 1913

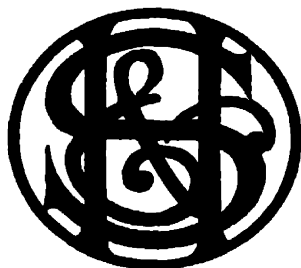


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*A preliminary letter of enquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration*

already sent in their orders for the Christmas Number of 1914

Another new poem by John Masefield—"The River"—appears in the current number of *The English Review*

## News Notes.

It scarcely seems a year ago since we wished our readers a Merry Christmas, but there is no disputing the calendar which assures us the time has come to offer them the old seasonable greeting once more. As our last year's Number exceeded in size and, we believe, in beauty of production, any of its predecessors, so this year's goes beyond last, and again we are reduced to the necessity of apologising to those readers who may be unable to obtain a copy of it. We enlarged the edition last year, and have very considerably enlarged it again this, nevertheless, the entire issue is already sold out to the trade, and many orders are still coming in that cannot possibly be fulfilled. Those of our readers who have not acted on our advice and placed an early order with their bookseller should do so immediately, for by the time they read this every available copy will be in the hands of the trade. Difficulties in connection with the reprinting of the colour plates prevent us from publishing a large second edition or we would gladly do so. Such testimony to the greatly increasing popularity of THE BOOKMAN cannot be other than very gratifying to us, and we can only urge our readers to act with the wise forethought of certain Colonial booksellers who have

Mr Everard Meynell, whose "Life of Francis Thompson" is one of the most important books of this season, is the son of Mr Wilfrid and Mrs Alice Meynell, and author of "Giovanni Bellini," in the "Great Artists" series, and of "Corot and his Friends." He is a gifted artist and art critic, who has written much on art and literature in various periodicals, and is on the staff of *The Illustrated London News*.

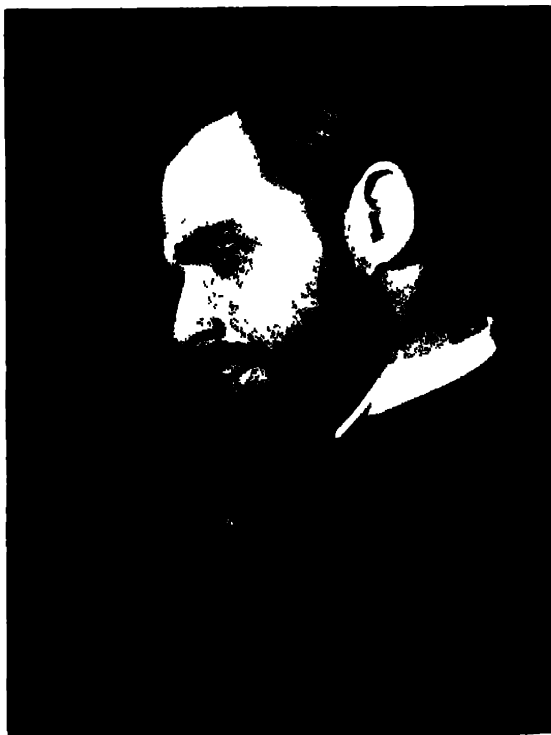


Photo by Sherri Schell  
whose "Life of Fran

Mr. Everard Meynell  
on " (Turns & Oates) is reviewed  
mber

No book of this bounteous publishing season is surer of a welcome from all lovers of poetry than is "The Collected Poetry of Francis Thompson," of which Messrs Hodder & Stoughton publish a limited edition, printed in two colours from a special type, and artistically bound in three styles in leather,

at five guineas net, with collotype reproduction of the MS of "The Hound of Heaven," and artist's proof on Japanese vellum of a portrait of Thompson, bound in vellum, with an etched portrait, at two guineas net, and in grey boards, with canvas back, at twenty shillings net. The only persons who will be satisfied that so finely artistic an edition of this great poet should be a limited one will be the limited number who are fortunate enough to become possessors of it.

Mr. Herman Scheffauer, whose admirable translation of Heine's "Atta Troll" was published last month by Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson, has recently returned from Danzig, where his play, "The New Shylock," was successfully produced to a crowded and enthusiastic audience at the Stadt Theater. It is to be given also at Strasburg, Bonn and Posen, and finally at Berlin. Mr. Scheffauer is not the first English dramatist (Mr. Shaw, for one, was ahead of him) who has had to get his work translated and produced on a foreign stage before the managers at home could be moved to produce it. There are now prospects, it seems, of the play being performed in its original English here and in America.

It is curious how people are beginning to talk



Photo by W. Hornby.

From left to right the group comprises Miss Dorothy Farnol, to whom his

**A Family Group. Taken in Mr. Jeffery Farnol's Garden.**

father, Mr. H. J. Farnol, (3) his sister, (4 and 5) Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery

about "The Masterdillo," a novel that was published anonymously a few weeks ago and seems neither to have been much advertised or reviewed. One hears rumours that it is the work not of one anonymous author, but of two, and strongly suspects that these

two are themselves the hero and heroine of it. The same suspicion has evidently entered the mind of at least one of its purchasers, for Mr. Melrose, who publishes it, tells us that the other day a member of a London business firm called upon him and said that he and his wife had been so moved by the story that if the author was really as poor as it suggested they would like to help him with a gift of twenty-five pounds. It is to be hoped that the author was poor enough for the purpose, it would be a thousand pities, in the interests of other authors, if such a generous impulse were thwarted.



Mr. Charles F. Holder (author of "The Game Fishes of the World"), with His Excellency Dr. Henry Van Dyke (author of "Fishermen's Luck," etc.), at the Tuna Club.

Mr. James F. Munhead writes us that in Mr. Frederick Whyte's review of Mrs. Alec Tweedie's "America as I saw it," in last month's BOOKMAN, "there occurs a very pleasant reference to a book I published on America some years ago. Unluckily, however, the title of my book is wrongly given. It is named 'America The Land of Contrasts,' and not 'The Land of the Dollar.'"

Middle-aged readers will note with interest the reappearance of an old publishing name in a kindred business. Mr Samuel Tinsley, who has for many years been general manager to Messrs Roberts & Leete, has started a printing and stationery business in partnership with Mr Harold Justus Williams, formerly West End manager of Messrs. James Truscott & Son. Mr. Williams is a nephew of Sir John Bell, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1908, and Mr Tinsley is the second son of the late Samuel Tinsley, and a nephew of William Tinsley, of the famous Victorian publishing firm that gave its name to "Tinsley's Magazine."



Photo by John Frevore

**Rabindranath Tagore,**

the famous Indian poet and mystic, who has just been awarded the Nobel prize for literature

Mrs Charlotte Cameron, one of the most experienced and intrepid of women travellers, was born at Portsmouth; as a child she saw much of the world with her father, who was a Captain in the Royal Navy, and in later life with her late husband, an officer in the 42nd Highlanders. In 1910 she journeyed alone round the coasts of South America, motored for fifty miles along the Panama Canal, then in course of construction, and made a journey across country of over 24,000 miles. She embodied her opinions and experiences in an entertaining and useful travel book, "A Woman's Winter in South America." In 1911, she attended the Imperial Durbar at Delhi, as representative of *The Lady's Pictorial* and a syndicate of newspapers, and used the gorgeous pageantry and crowded happenings of

**Mrs. Charlotte Cameron,**

whose new travel book, "A Woman's Winter in Africa," is published by Mr Stanley Paul

that great event as a background for her novel, "A Durbar Bride." Last winter, Mrs Cameron set out alone on a six months' journey along the East and West Coasts of Africa, and inland over most of the little-known parts of that wonderful region, and her new book, "A Woman's Winter in Africa" (Stanley Paul) tells the story of her daring and adventurous wanderings.



Photo by C. Vandyk

**Mr. Percy Fitzgerald,**

whose "Memories of Decker" (Arrowsmith) is reviewed in this Number



**Miss H. B. Somerville.**  
Author of "Ashes of Vengeance" (Hutchinson)

Seton-Thompson By origin he is of Seton, Cameron, Logan and Snowdon stock—Thompson was not the name of an ancestor, or in any sense a family name, but one that had been assumed by his forbears during the Jacobite troubles. When he came of age he resumed the name of Seton, but to please his mother kept the combination of Seton-Thompson until her death. Later, the pseudonym Thompson has, in deference to the wishes of his business associates, been retained as a middle name. The story of Mr. Seton's early years is a story of hardships and hard work and of difficulties resolutely faced and overcome. His parents left England, after heavy financial reverses, and went to live in Canada when he was six years old.



**Mr. Victor Bridges.**  
Author of "The Man from Nowhere," one of the most successful novels that Messrs. Mills & Boon have published this year.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, whose new book "Wild Animals at Home," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, was born at South Shields, in 1860. He published his first book, "Wild Animals I have Known," in 1898, under the name of

attended the Ontario Art School, and when, in due course, he had taken the final highest honours in all subjects, it was agreed that he must go and finish his art education in London. He was to have had an allowance of sixty pounds a year to live on there, but this allowance never arrived, in two and a half years a total of eighty pounds reached



**Mr. Arthur Mee,**  
whose "Letters to Boys" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this

As soon as he was old enough to know his own mind, he wanted to be a naturalist. "I was doggedly set on the idea," he says. "I thought I had a mission to be the Prophet of the Outdoor Life. My father did not think so, as he was just as doggedly set on my being an artist." The result was a compromise. He

Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Beaconsfield—he secured a dispensation in his favour and spent all his spare time thereafter in the Reading Room. In 1881 rumours reached his parents that his health was breaking down, and they insisted on his returning home. Back in Canada, by way



**Mrs. J. E. Buckrose.**  
Author of "Rambles in the North Yorkshire Dales, etc." (Mills & Boon)

him at irregular intervals, so, as books and art materials were necessities, "I saved," Mr. Seton explains, "on such non-essentials as food and clothing, consequently I was always ill-dressed and hungry." Because he could not pay the fees at the South Kensington School, he went to the British Museum, and worked there, till he was admitted free to the Royal Academy School as a seven years student. He was too young then, being only nineteen, to be granted a ticket for the British Museum Library, but by boldly writing to the Trustees of the Museum the Prince of



**Mr. G. P. Putnam.**  
Author of "The Southland of North America" (Putnam).

of making a practical start, he obtained an order from a lithographer in Toronto to design a dozen Christmas cards, and for this work received the sum of sixty dollars, the largest amount in cash he had ever set eyes on. Presently, he sold some more sketches for thirty dollars, and with this purchased a stock of thirty hens and took train with them for the North-West. In Manitoba, he sold fifteen of his hens for the cost of the thirty, and "all that summer I sketched, worked on a farm, studied natural history, and raised and swopped hens"

Throughout 1883 Mr. Thompson Seton roved the great prairies and valleys of Manitoba, and so in that period of poverty was accumulating the wealth of observation and knowledge that was before long to enrich the books that have made him famous the world over. After all, his father's dogged determination to make an artist of him has borne good fruit, for no one could have illustrated his writings so truthfully, with such feeling and vivid realism as he has illustrated them himself. For some years, he tells you, "my life-line wavered up and down, but in 1896 I married Grace Gallant, of New York, and from that time it has steadily kept the upward trend." For long past, now, he has been Naturalist to the Government of



**Statuette of  
R. L. Stevenson.**

Modelled by Herbert J. Hat  
(David Bryce & Sons, Glasgow).

Manitoba, he has popularised natural history by writing it with the learning and exactitude of the student and the creative and narrative skill of the brilliant novelist. With "Wild Animals I have Known," "Lives of the Hunted," "Woodmyth and Fable," "Two Little Savages," "The Biography of a Grizzly," and the rest of the familiar series of his books he has delighted not only those who have studied and are studying natural history themselves, but a very wide and still widening circle of general readers. His newest book, "Wild Animals at Home" is in his happiest, most glamorously interesting vein, and bids fair to out-rival in popularity even the most popular works of the man who has surely realised



**Mr. Compton Mackenzie.**

From a sketch by J. Montgomery Flagg

his first ambition and become for us "the Prophet of the Outdoor Life"

Lovers of Stevenson will be interested in the bronze statuettes of R. L. S. that are being sold at three guineas by Messrs. David Bryce & Sons, of



**Miss Marjorie Bowen.**

From a drawing by her sister, Miss Mary Vere Campbell



Miss Agnes Herbert,  
A & C Black

Glasgow The statuette makes a slim and graceful figure and is a faithful likeness of the Stevenson of the Samoan days, familiar in the picturesque dress that has come to seem most vividly characteristic of him. It was modelled by Mr Herbert J Harvey,



Photo by Walter F. Harper, Ludlow  
Mrs. Armel O'Connor.  
Author of "The Idea Mary's Meadow," which was published recently by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

the well-known painter, whose picture, "The Smile," was one of the outstanding exhibits in the Royal Academy of 1910, and is a striking and very delicately finished piece of artistic portraiture

Miss Marjorie Bowen's latest novel, "The Governor of England" (Methuen), is a romance of Cromwellian days, the great Protector himself being its central figure. Miss Bowen has the gift of making "that imaginative guess from the most likely generalisations" which Mr G M Trevelyan says is the secret of the historian, the plots of her works are founded on historic facts, her characters are historic persons, and she writes of them almost with such an air of familiar understanding as they might have been written of by their own contemporaries. It was

so in her first work, "The Viper of Milan," published when she was eighteen, and is so in "The Governor of England." The brilliant study of William of Orange in her three stories "I Will Maintain," "Defender of the Faith," and "God and the King," moved the Literary Society of Leyden, one of the

oldest Societies in Europe, to elect the young novelist to membership, an honour usually reserved for serious Dutch historians. When Miss Bowen described Milan with such vivid and accurate detail in "The Viper of Milan," she had never been to Italy, now she is spending the first year of her married life in a charming villa of Viareggio, among the scenes that eight years ago she described from imagination.



Photo by  
London U.S.A.  
"The Wind Press," is just published by Messrs  
Blackwood

Mr. Alfred Noyes,

whose powerful narrative poem of the horrors of war, "The Wind Press," is just published by Messrs Blackwood

Our thanks are due to the various publishers who have been kind enough to assist us with the colour and photogravure plates and the general illustrations in this Number. The beautiful colour illustration from "Pink and Scarlet" (published by Hodder & Stoughton) is the work of the well-known firm of the Grout Engraving Company; and the fine four-colour plate from Messrs. Harrap's "Lohengrin" is the work of the BOOKMAN's own engravers, the Dux Engraving Company.

# THE READER.

## QUALITY STREET.\*

By DIXON SCOTT

"QUALITY Street" is for "the quality"—let that be admitted, or affirmed, right away. It is no book for your newcomers, your parvenu readers, for those frightfully precocious, impassive, impressive young creatures, who take their first literary airings, quite self-possessed, in such precipitate new-fangled, agitating thoroughfares as "Sinister Street" or "The Street of To-day." Far away from these does it lie, in a different quarter of the town, in a mellow, faded faubourg full of dreams, and only those can understand it who know something of its history, who remember the old lane which it led from and the hidden highway it joined, and who can recollect all the hopes which ran to make a breathless crowd round the architect when he took the site in hand. Detach the book from these things and judge it intrinsically and you get—pooh!—a mere pretty tale—a kind of make-believe hijou, quaintly befurbelowed, planned out, with droll seriousness, like a real four-roomed play—and then built, bless your heart, on a plot that is really far more like a child's garden plot than a dramatic one—a plot from which the very flower-beds have not even been cleared away, so that such things as lavender and rosemary keep catching the feet of the characters, turning their movements into a minuet. The tenant's name

is Miss Phoebe, and in one of these dainty rooms she is represented as keeping a school—a further suggestion being that, grown weary of teaching, she one morning pretends to be her own non-existent niece (did anyone ever hear of such goings on!) in order to attract an escort to a Ball (immoral too, it will be seen), and succeeds so well in her duplicity (though she merely shakes her curls free from her cap) that the very neighbours are deceived and her bosom friends imposed on, and the swains who mildly scorned her when she sat sedately in Room I, fall transfixed when they meet her in Room II. "A pretty trifle, but unreal. The diction, mock Georgian. The action, as artificial as the dialogue. The famous Barrie-tone of which I have always heard

so much, appears in reality to be a simple treble." So might a new surveyor sum it up, with a snap—and smile indulgently at the jealous way we watched his movements.

But to us of the old school—how much more it is than that! It is a treasure-house of heirlooms, a store of lavendered delights, and life flows between the frail walls almost furiously. Every article has its history, memories race from room to room, each word uttered

is a bait to bring more scampering, and the very touches that to alien eyes must seem most artificial, affect us like the friendly touches of kind hands. We recognise the very school-room, for example—"the blue-and-white room" where Miss Susan, in Scene I, sits listening with a fearful joy to a friend reading luscious love-tales from the library. For is not this the very room, down to the identical colour-scheme ("everything in it blue, or white, or both") wherein Miss Ailie, years and years ago, kept the Hanky School at Thrums and listened with delicious shame to a certain Tommy reading gloatingly borrowed love-stories full of Words We Have No Concern With? To be sure it is! And Miss Phoebe's curls? Are Miss Kitty's of course! And Patty the maid? Dagont, its Gavina! And Patty's follower?—Corp himself, by all that's mighty, disguised

as an English sergeant! The whole thing is a rally of *revenants*. It reminds us of the old doings in the Den. And not from one book alone do the figures come trooping, nor do they shrink from exchanging characteristics. Miss Susan, to put us off, employs a trick of Tammas Haggart's. Livvy is really only Timothy. The little boy who weeps bitterly because Miss Phoebe has not caned him is borrowing beforehand one of the deeds of little David. The large S chalked on Georgy's tiny waistcoat may remind us, with one wriggle, of Mr Cathro branding Tommy—but it curls its other tail towards a "Little Mary." Phoebe herself is pure Grizel when she cries "Oh you *sweet*!"—but she is Babbie when she works bright muschief at the Ball. It is a masked meeting of characters dead and unborn, a *bal masqué* of by-gones and about-to-be's. . .



Photo by G. C. Herford

Sir J. M. Barrie.

\* "Quality Street." A Comedy in Four Acts, by Sir J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



And those who can see this, see something more. They understand why this assemblage is convened. The thing is a conspiracy, the blue-and-white room a dark rendezvous—creeping together so cunningly, with their false names and swapped noses, these characters are here to hatch a plot. They state loudly that the year is 1815. It is really a second and subtler '45. They all talk ostentatiously of the defeat of Napoleon. It is just to drown the fact that England is in peril. A Scotch raid is in progress, unconscious London is threatened, and this demure dames school in the shires, apparently so innocent, is an ambush where the ring-leader gathers his forces and perfects his final preparations.

"Quality Street," in other words, is part of the Great North Road, half-way between Thrums and Kensington Gardens. And down it, accordingly, the discerning eye detects, with a thrill, a small shiv figure pounding determinedly south. The figure's name does not appear among the dramatis personæ. But there is a certain light in his eye that betrays him. It is the author of "Sentimental Tommy" rushing to write "The Little White Bird." Like his famous hero, he has once more "found a way."

## II

It is a fascinating thing, this progress of Tommy—I mean Barrie—the way he has dilapidated (but oh how obstinately!) worked and wriggled along his form until at length he reached his proper place. The fashionable thing to say about him now is that he has "never grown up." But this, though intended for praise, is a terribly tame version of the actual process which lies behind his career. The amazing thing about him is that he *has* grown, grown incessantly, but that instead of growing up, he has grown down. His case is one like Alice's. When first he set his easel up on the banks of the Quharity, his intention was to paint the simple truth, if the reader will glance back at his earliest canvases, the opening studies in "Auld Licht Idylls," he will see that their manner is the circumstantial one of Galt, with perhaps a touch of the Thoreau of "The Winter's Walk," and just a trace of the truthful Stevenson of "Pastoral." They

are not "idylls" at all, the word was used ironically: the artist's idea was to show us, with a dogged Dutch fidelity, the dour reality of our sentimentalised Arcadia. He would bring out the slowness of these weavers—their ludicrous love-making, he would paint "the dull vacant faces" of the Tammas Haggarts and Pete Lunans as pitilessly as any Degas drawing washerwomen. And then, suddenly, came a change. Tammas began to grow eldritch. Pete became a quaint gnome. Gnarled idiosyncrasies sprouted, the stolid features swelled or shrunk, Thrums grew into a goblin market, all quirks and wynds and cobbles, its weavers were a race of hob-

nailed elves. "As unlooked for as a telegram" owns Barrie himself, somewhere in "Margaret Ogilvy," "there came to me the thought that there was something quaint about my native place. A boy who had found a knife in his pocket could not have been more surprised." That expresses perfectly the suddenness—but not the nature of the impulse. What he found in his pocket wasn't a knife. It was a little bottle labelled DRINK ME in large letters, and containing a philtre with the somewhat remarkable flavour of mixed cherry tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee and hot buttered toast. And standing there, on the bank of the Quharity, he drained it desperately, and at once

began to shrink. He sped downwards like a stalactite, till he pierced the surface of the pool, and there he was, safe at last, beside his own reflection, in the mimic world of make-believe, so wanton and so wee, which had caught his eye and winked at him as he stood a-painting in the upper world and felt a sudden sinking of the heart. He had dived.

Now, why did he dive? Because he feared sentiment. And why did he fear sentiment? Because he was a Scot. Now, do not misunderstand this, do not take it to mean that he shrank from sentiment because, as a Scot, he hated it. It was the opposite of that. Barrie feared sentiment because, as a Scotchman, he loved the seductive thing too well. Ours is a queer country. Caresses being rare in it, we gloat furtively over the idea of them. Prettiness and daintiness seldom



Miss Fanny is reading aloud from a library book while the others sew or knit.

From "Quality Street," by Sir J. M. Barrie.  
Reproduced from one of Hugh Thomson's colour illustrations.

appearing among our lean, naked hills, we write passionate poems about tiny daisies and gemmy-eyed fieldmice. Endearments and graces which you think nothing of in the South, making free with them, with wondrous hardihood, every day, are always invested for us with a dark, dreadful deliciousness, the suppressed love of tenderness, felt by every human heart, is made feverish by the fascination of the forbidden, and there is a really close connection between the numbers of Lowland chance children, the way our Burnses treat their Jeans, and the way Barrie makes his Grizel rock her arms in an ecstasy and cry out constantly, "Oh, you *sweet!*"

Denied the use of these dear diminutives in her dour daily life, Scotland makes her poets use them for her, the Barrie's and the Burnses are urchins whom she sends to rob the orchard, so that she may be emotional by proxy, with a queer vicarious voluptuousness, watching them munching the forbidden fruit shamelessly, full in the world's face, all day long. And Barrie felt the impulse. He let his pen indulge. After he had been writing for a while he began to let himself go, he wallowed in Words We Have No Concern With and turned the tears on and off insatiably, like a lad who sees taps for the first time. He even set Lang Tammas greeting "his mouth worked convulsively, and he

sobbed, crying, 'Nobody kent it, but mair than mortal son, O God, did I love the lad'"—the lad being his parish minister. You southerners felt uneasy—and indeed you had some cause. Mr Arnold Bennett lifted up his voice and spoke in public of "that excessively profitable lump of sweet-stuff The Little Minister." Its author's case was critical. We were reminded, a minute ago, of Dominie Cathro branding Tommy Destiny seemed to be on the point of doing the same to Barrie, marking his forehead with the fatal sign S B. It was the approach of the dread finger that drove Barrie to his bottle. He drank—he shrank—he ducked—he disappeared. He left reality behind him and leaped into the land where he could satisfy his wicked craving without shame—the land where prettiness is proper and make-believe is truth, where the official

language is entirely formed of Words We Have No Concern With, and a kiss is no more thought of than—a thumble.

### III

Into all Barrie's travels and adventures in this Never-Never-land of elvishness we must not enter now, our concern to-day being with that particular part of the journey which led him at last up into Quality Street. He had a glorious time down there—yet I would have you think of him, throughout it all, as longing, longing, as wistfully as any other human soul

astray in fairyland, for some means of getting back to mortal ways. He had got separated from his earthly shadow—which had by now gone up to London—he wanted his art to join his body there, and endless were the dodges he employed to coax his cunning to go back to common earth. One of the best was on the day when he persuaded his mother to come to the edge of his pool and look down. When the reflection of her face touched his art, it gave a leap and lived gloriously in the upper sunlight for a little. We call that moment "Margaret Ogilvy," and still regard it as one of the noblest of his books. Another device consisted of selecting some Thrums character, one with whom his



Miss Phoebe is giving a dancing lesson to half a dozen pupils, and is doing her very best.

From "Quality Street," by Sir J. M. Barrie.  
Reproduced from one of Hugh Thomson's colour illustrations.

art was already familiar, and then craftily sending that character off by train to London. This was done with Rob Angus, the Thrums millwright's lad (the full account of it is in "When a Man's Single"). But, no—the art wouldn't follow. It would only consent to join Rob's story when the characters turned impish—in Noble Summ's room, for instance beneath that Japanese umbrella, or among the mad members of The Wigwam. From all the others, the real grown-ups—Colonel Abinger, Sir Clement Downton, Miss Meredith—his skill held obstinately aloof. Either that, or, making an effort, it would start playing with them sentimentally, in the old waked way, until it had to be called off in terror, hastily dosed with Alice's mixture, and set to some absurdity, so as to pass off those excesses with a laugh.

Well, we know now, of course, that there was only one way of escape from his underworld—and that was up through the crystal lid of the Round Pond. He could only be allowed to enter real life again if he consented to come companioned and guarded by babies, he had to steal into our world at that extremest verge of it, on the very borders Elfland, where everything is actually quaint and sweet and small already—the houses doll's houses, the mortals all wee,—where Grizel could rock her arms and smile her crooked smile, and run no risk of being rebuked by Arnold Bennetts.

But until the day he found that out, Barrie made few happier guesses than the one that brought him bobbing up in Phoebe's school-room. The idea will be evident. It was a kind of back-stairs. He would creep into England through an unguarded postern, through an entrance a hundred years old, and then, having accustomed his forces to 1815, would creep down the years towards To-day. Many reasons made the ruse a good one. When he wrote full-grown modern English, the critics complained it was stilted. Well, in Georgian days, seemingly, words always walked on little stilts, and so his own would pass muster there perfectly. Then, again, there was the school-room and he had already begun to feel that his art got on oddly well with youngsters. And, finally, there were all the darling quirks of decorum and costume—the ringlets and crinolines—the curtsies and the chintz—the Whimsy cakes, pattens, and blue-and-white porcelain-toys—and treasures no fairy-bred art could resist, and no mere mortal-bred art use so well.

Small wonder, then, that Quality Street, though it proved in part a *cul de sac*, made his genius feel perfectly at home. He had to retreat from it, ultimately take to his mines again, extend his subterranean galleries till they stretched beneath Kensington and he could drive a shaft up into the unprotected Gardens after closing-time, instead of clattering into London (as once he had hoped) along the Great North Road of high romance. But he learned a lot while he was there, his pen acquired many graces, taking lessons in deportment from Phoebe—improving on the Hanky School code, generally preparing itself, unconsciously, for that great and glorious day when it would be entrusted with the tender character of little David. And it was very happy—you can see that for yourself. In and out the little houses, in and out Miss Phoebe's curls, in and out the *vastly's* and *devoutly's*, the *quizzings* and the *'twas's*, it darts and struts and tumbles with the utmost zest and cunning. Nor, given such an opportunity, did it fail, you may be sure, to play its master's favourite game of *Lost Identities*. You know that game, of course? It is played in all Barrie's books. Somebody pretends to be somebody else, or pretends that nobody is somebody—with the result that there is always an alter ego

wandering round, an invisible Being that has got to be dodged or scotched or swallowed or squareed. It was playing this game so hard that made Captain Hook's voice (if you remember) so remarkably like Wendy's father's. It was over this game that Miss Irene Vanburgh, in "*Rosalind*," doubled her charms by being two people at once. Little Mary Timothy Tink-a-Bell Stroke Beings, alter-ego's, every one. William Paterson Benjamin "*My Brother Henry*." The wistful little girl in Grizel's mirror. And now, here in Quality Street, Miss Livvy.

It would be strange indeed if such a predilection did not betoken something deeper—and readers of the old school well know that it does. They have always realised that, long ago, at the outset of his career, Barrie's own character split into two: the one half making fun of the pomps and claims of authorship, refusing to take writing books seriously,—while the other, who could not but regard books with awe, stayed in actuality, and gravely dreamed of lasting fame. To and fro behind his sentences these two have always chased and tussled, and the game of *Lost Identities* is but the shadow-show they cast. Sometimes the solemn artist holds the stage defiantly, oftener the other ego pops up and makes him laugh, sometimes the small mocker, weary of make-believe, can be heard pattering through the pages crying wistfully for his brother. But whether they meet, or whether they greet, or whether they suddenly appear simultaneously in a scene like the last uncanny tableau in "*Petrouchka*," our affectionate absorption never fails. One book delights us because the elf tried to spoil it, another because the author was in form, and "*Quality Street*" will always be remembered by us gratefully because it was there that the two found a mutual domain, and lived happily for a little side by side.

I would not sleep to-night if I ended without thanking Mr. Hugh Thomson for his perfect pictures of this enchanted rendezvous. Henceforward I am going to call him Master Tamson—for I feel certain (it never occurred to me before) that he, too, must be a Scot. No one but a Scotchman could have dwelt with such chuckling delight on the twinkling oddities of eighteenth-century English architecture on its plump-stomached window panes and fairy-tale caves and the endearing demureness of its inlaid spinets and samplers. He felt like a "foreigner at home" there, and the result is both faithful and impish, it is beautiful, yet it all has a comical cast, it is realistic, yet deliciously rum. By the time this note appears "*Quality Street*" will be on the boards again. What it looks like there, I do not know. But I feel jealously certain, none the less, that, between boards it is vastly better. No stage-carpenter on earth could make properties like Mr. Tamson's—not even Miss Vanburgh deceive us like his Livvy.

## THOMAS HARDY.\*

By JOHN BAILEY

WHY is Mr Hardy incomparably the greatest of living English novelists? Many answers might be given to that question, but one is enough. He is great, no doubt, because he is a great artist, with an artist's instinct for design and proportion, and he is great because he is a master of the English language, but his most indisputable title to rank above all living rivals lies in the fact that what he gives us in his novels is always, or almost always, truth seen in the light of poetry, not realism seen in the light of the fashion or scandal, the social or political propaganda of the hour. He is never a High Churchman or a Low Churchman, never a Christian apologist nor, with occasional unfortunate exceptions, an anti-Christian controversialist. So in political matters. A Conservative may feel that Mr Hardy is a Radical. But his Radicalism is just one of the two eternal halves of the eternal whole of the human being in the sphere of politics, it is a thing one may almost say, of all time and existence, not a thing that cannot open its mouth without declaiming about the wages question, or the woman's question, or the problem of the birth-rate, in fact, not journalism, but poetry. He has always been a man of much more than his own generation, caring about things that no single generation can claim for its exclusive property. His theme has mainly been man in the most universal and elemental phase of his existence, the peasant still living, face to face with nature, the life of primitive needs, fears, hopes, loves, man and woman, in naked simplicity, under the sun and the stars, as they have lived winter after summer and summer after winter for a thousand years. This is what he had seen with his own eyes in his own country, and he has had the imaginative power to divine in it what belongs to all countries and all ages. That, above all the rest, is the true secret of his greatness.

The edition, of which the present volume makes the eighteenth of those given to prose, is proof enough, if proof were needed, that this greatness is recognised not only by the critics, but by the public. Probably there is not one of these stories which had a title of the sale at its first

appearance that several novels of this autumn have already had. But few are the popular novels, we are told by publishers, that are still being sold after six months, fewer still, almost none, after a year. Those who serve the moment have the reward of the moment, but there are no collected editions of their work. That is reserved for those whose imagination makes it impossible for them to live only in the present, and who write the English of the great tradition untainted by the slang or journalism of the hour. And of these the greatest to day is the author of the twenty-one volumes which make up the Wessex Edition of the works of Thomas Hardy.

"A Changed Man" is the latest of these, and is added, as the author's prefatory note says, to make "a dozen minor novels" accessible to buyers of the complete edition of the works. No one will pretend that Mr Hardy is seen at his finest in any of them. They vary in length from the twelve pages of "The Duke's Re-appearance," a legend of Monmouth, to the hundred and more of "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," where truth and Wessex are strangely invaded by a fantastic foreign Baron of Meredithian parentage. Most of them appear to have been written some time ago, and none shows the power of the master as we know it in "The Woodlanders," or "The Return of the Native." In them, as in all the great novels and dramas of all nations, it is character above all things which is destiny. The incalculable wilfulnesses of Fate are, it is true, for ever surprising us with unexpected windfalls and undeserved disasters. But, with Agamemnon and Lear, with Maggie Tulliver and Bathsheba Everdene, we feel that however inscrutable Fate may have overloaded the balance of justice, yet it remains true that the suffering is not a wholly unnatural result of the character.

"Passions spin the plot  
We are betrayed by  
what is false within"

A different Maggie would not have gone to Mudport, a different Bathsheba would not have married Troy. But in many of the stories collected in this volume the caprice of accident plays so large a part that there is little left to be played by the men and women. And, after all, men and



Photo by Clive Holland

Mr. Thomas Hardy.

\* "A Changed Man, The Waiting Supper, and other Tales," concluding with "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid." By Thomas Hardy 6s. (Macmillan)

women, not chance or accident, are the stuff of drama.

Still, with all their defects, most of the stories, and especially the finest, "The Waiting Supper," are such as only Mr Hardy could have written. Some of their unconvincing improbabilities are to be excused by an atmosphere of comedy, which has always allowed itself the help of the unlikely accidents to work out its ends. So the Baron and the Ball and the bedside-wedding may pass as part of fantastic comedy's legitimate stock-in-trade. Those that cannot make that excuse—like the conversion in "A Changed Man"—must do the best they can with the plea that they occur in short stories, which the author expressly reprints only "for what they may be worth." But the "Changed Man" will make many people ask themselves why conversions seem never to prove convincing, whether they come from Mr Masfield or Mrs Wilfrid Ward, or even Mr Hardy? Is it because, as Aristotle thought, imaginative literature deals, not with what happens, but with what ought in all reasonable probability to happen? Great sinners do, in fact, occasionally become great saints: we all know it, but we cannot see the process of it, and we never cease to be surprised at it. There lies the difference between life and art; art deals with events which surprise us when they happen, but after they have happened seem part of the inevitable course of things.

One thing which everyone who thinks of reading the book will be glad to hear is that nearly all the stories belong to Wessex. The only one which does not—"Alicia's Diary"—is certainly the poorest in the collection, probably for the reason that people who are "well to do" and spend their time at Versailles, have placed a double wall between themselves and Mr Hardy's imagination. The rest are more or less intimately Wessex. The scene of one, the melodramatic and improbable "Committee Man of the Terror," is laid at the Weymouth of George III. Another, the pleasant comedy of "A Mere Interlude," belongs to the Scilly Islands. It ends with an agreeable stroke of justice as conceived by

comedy. But the best things are those that are the purest Wessex. All the Milkmaid, for instance, except the "fine-framed, dark-moustachioed gentleman" who is found in his garden meditating suicide in a dressing-gown and slippers at six o'clock in the morning, belongs to that familiar and delightful world, and he, perhaps, matters the less because he belongs to no world at all. Still more entirely inside the charmed circle, except for a rather melodramatic Duke and Duchess, is "What the Shepherd Saw" one moonlight night, near the Devil's Door on Marlbury Downs. "I be an old man, and there's old men that deserve well of the world"; we know where we are, and in whose hands, when we read that, and we have no wish to be anywhere else. So again, "The Grave by the Handpost," a bit of irony mainly comic, is pure Wessex and pure Hardy, as is also "Enter a Dragoon," where the irony is less tragic than comic. "Here's his son's letter 'Twas found in his father's pocket. You can see by the state o't how many times he read it over. Howsomever, the Lord's will be done, since it must, whether or no." The Shakespearian certainty of that belongs to Mr Hardy and to no one else to-day. He and he alone has been able to take a piece of our actual world, and, passing it through the crucible of his imagination, reproduce it as a thing real and eternal, so that, though we know nothing of the actual experience on which all is founded, we have the most undoubting assurance that the men and women of the books could by no possibility speak or act in a way different to that in which we see them act and speak. The only possible contemporary rivals to the peasants of Wessex are perhaps Mr Kipling's private soldiers. However little we know of the barrack room, we are for the moment as sure of them as we are of Gabriel Oak. But does not the actuality in them overweight the poetry? Are they not a little too much of their own generation? Will they be as alive a hundred years hence as they are now? But Gabriel Oak will, he belongs to all generations, and is above all accidents of time and place.

## THE LIFE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON.\*

By SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL

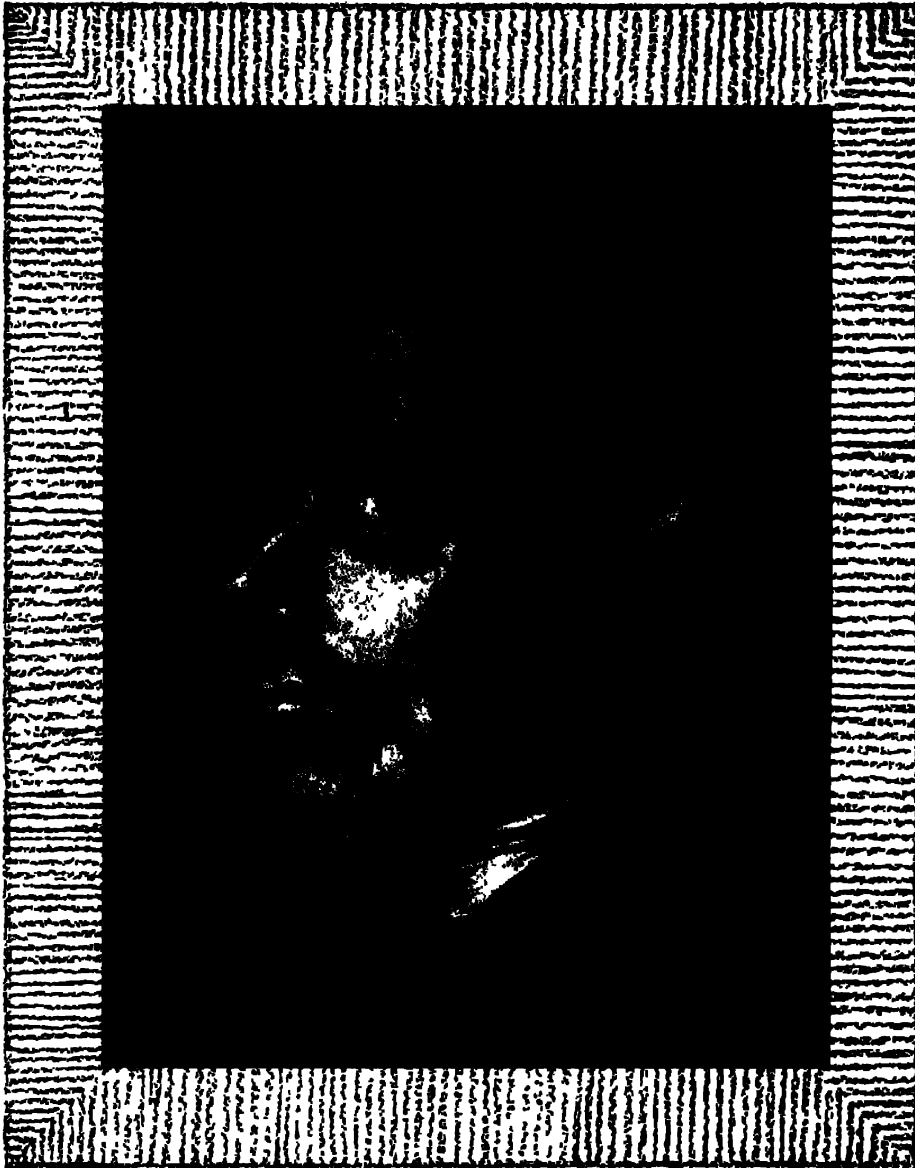
"THE Life of Francis Thompson," by Everard Meynell, is a book to be welcomed with sincere gratitude. It gives us the one authoritative account of the great poet's perplexed and difficult life. In a sense we do not need it. The true expression of the man is secured in immortal verse. Nor does he need to be vindicated against accusers, as has been the hapless lot of many in similar case. No one has brought charges against Francis Thompson. The biographer does not need to be an advocate. He has the facts to tell us, and they speak for themselves, so that his own tranquil and merciful view of the fallings and risings in Thompson's career will be accepted by all readers. While Mr Meynell's style is generally to be commended for its reserve and self-command, there are passages which

do not yield their significance to a first reading. This obscurity was perhaps unavoidable. A life like Thompson's raises problems to which there is no easy answer—to which perhaps there is no answer at all.

In the early chapters we are told of his birth at Preston in 1859. He was the son of a medical man in that town, and his parents had become converts to the Roman Catholic Church. He was sent in due course to Ushaw to prepare for the priesthood. Lafcadio Hearn had been before him, and Henry Patmore, who lived to write some exquisite things, was his companion. He was a delicate, melancholy, book-loving boy, much engrossed in his own spiritual welfare. But his absent-mindedness and a certain curious indolence which made him "always behind-hand with punctual eve and in trouble with strict noon," disqualified him for the service of the Church. He was sent to Owen's College at Manchester to learn

\* "The Life of Francis Thompson" By Everard Meynell  
13s net (Burns & Oates)





Francis Thompson The Life Mask  
1905

**THE LIFE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON**  
*By Everard Meynell*  
(Burns and Oates, Ltd)



medicine, but he did not attend classes and could not pass examinations. His mother had given him a copy of De Quincey's Confessions, and Thompson took to opium. He maintained, and his biographer partly agrees, that the effects of opium on his constitution were not wholly disastrous. On the other hand, opium is responsible for much of the misery and powerlessness of his later life. He had another chance at Glasgow with similar results, he enlisted in the army, and in no long time he was on the pavements of Oxford Street, without money, without friends, working at a boot-black stand and as a message-boy, as a seller of matches, living vacant and desperate days, poorly consoled by his nightly doses of opium. The way was stony and sore to the feet, but he was not without helpers, one in particular.

She passed—O brave, sad,  
lovingest, tender thing!  
And of her own scant pit-  
tance did she give,  
That I might eat and live

But the availing succour was found in 1887, when he sent his manuscripts to Alice and Wilfrid Meynell. He said "I was myself virtually his pupil, and his wife's long before I knew him. He has in my opinion—an opinion of long standing—done more than any man of these latter days to educate the Catholic literary opinion." Here may be noted the singular and almost

unique patience of Francis Thompson. He is not the first man of genius who fell into wild ways of living, but these did not lead him to hate and abuse his fellow-men. The natural revolt that is stirred by the sense of neglected merit, and the sight of good fortune, falling to the lot of the despicable, is hardly to be traced in the record of Thompson's experiences. He was not tormented as Savage and Poe were tormented by a burning sense of injustice. He remained lovable in the severest trials, and notwithstanding his weaknesses those who really knew him were convinced that in the end he was a good man, though never wholly victorious over his temptations, and never settling down quite steadfastly into a happy mode of living.

He was most fortunate in the friends who afterwards and to the last did their very utmost to protect and regulate his life. They perceived that he was essentially a Catholic mystic. It was necessary for him to do his share of drudgery, but this came in a comparatively easy way—the writing of reviews for *The Academy* and *The Athenæum*. This, however, was not his true business. He did it as well as most, and in his essay on Shelley he

produced prose that will stand with his poetry. But I cannot think that he really possessed the faculty of writing musical prose. Perhaps this gift is born and not acquired by labour and study, however it may be improved.

Mr Everard Meynell recounts the years during which Thompson lived and wrote for mankind. His full recognition arrived somewhat tardily, but it was sure from the first. The immediate verdict that matters is the verdict of the few.

He had the Meynells and Coventry Patmore, and the splendid appreciation, as it is justly called here, by Mr Garvin in *THE BOOKMAN* of March, 1897, and before the end came he was numbered with his true peers. Hardly once in a hundred years do we find the fire, the stress, the unction along with the personal religious simplicity, which place a man among the supreme Catholic poets. He was a dreamer to the end. Conversation was an almost impossible effort to him. He had no possessions, and he had no home. "All that he left at his death was a tin box of refuse—pipes that would not draw, unopened letters, a spirit lamp without wick, pens that would not write. At no time did he possess a bookcase, nor sufficient books to crowd the slenderest shelf." He lived till 1907, but wrote no poems for years before. His magnificent work was done, and it may well be that



Francis Thompson.

From a drawing by the Hon  
From "The Life of Francis Thompson" by F. V.

ll (B. & Oates)

no substantial addition was possible. In the pages he has left behind him we have enough. He did not live till the glories of his style developed into tricks or hardened into mannerism.

One word must be said about the ever-to-be-remembered friendship between Thompson and W. M. and A. M. W. M.'s countless benefactions, endless patience and genial counsel were not the easy gifts of a millionaire. Of A. M. what shall we say? It is told in the memoir of Sister Dora that one night a fine healthy young man was brought into the hospital with his arm torn by a machine, and the doctor said it must be amputated at once. Sister Dora declared she could save it if he would let her try. He told her she was mad, but if she chose to be responsible she must have her way. She did save the arm which was always thenceforth called "Sister's arm." Years after when she was very ill the young man walked over every Sunday eleven miles to ask for her. When the servant answered his vigorous pull at the hospital bell, he asked "How's Sister?" and having got his answer said "Tell her that it is *her* arm that rang the bell." It was A. M.'s arm that rang the golden bell.

## MR. KIPLING'S VERSES.\*

By PIERCEVAL GIBBON

ANYONE might have guessed, though I know of no one who did, that the snatch of song in "Puck of Pook's Hill," beginning "When I left Rome for Lalage's sake," must have a context and a continuation, it was impossible that Mr. Kipling, having made so happy a beginning, should break off where the Centurion did and leave it incomplete. All these years the full version of it has lain "among his papers"; it appears at last in a volume which has strangely the air of having been compiled by a literary executor rather than by Mr. Kipling himself. As the prefatory note states, the volume contains practically all the verses and chapter-headings scattered through Mr. Kipling's books, and among them are some which, one feels, might have been suffered to remain unresurrected, if only for the sake of the poor figure they make in company with his more recent and felicitous work. For an example, "The Sack of the Gods," from "The Naulahka," belongs to those dark ages in which Mr. Kipling could write

"Dust of the stars was under our feet, glitter of stars above—

Wrecks of our wrath dropped reeling down as we fought  
and we spurned and we strove

Worlds upon worlds we tossed aside, and scattered them  
to and fro,

The night that we stormed Valhalla, a million years  
ago!"

Mr. Kipling's later books, notably "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards of Fairies," have been the occasion of much verse, most of it is fine and the best is above praise. Here Mr. Kipling's patriotism is mellowed to a genuine and very beautiful love of England, the very earth of her fabric and the green upon the face of her. His wonderful knack of knowledge, which before now has evidenced itself in a rather noticeable omniscience, softens itself to a wise and sympathetic comprehension of life as it is shaped and guided by its environment of downland and sea shore. It is not only that he knows the mere history of the south country, with names and dates in singular completeness, he knows, and tells with ecstasy, what the south country folk say and think and feel, he can convey into his verse the melody that is in the Kent and Sussex tongue. In "A Three Part Song," he makes not for the first time, his confession

"I've buried my heart in a ferny hill,  
Twix' a liddle low shaw an' a great high gill  
Oh hop-blue yaller an' wood-smoke blue,  
I reckon you'll keep her muddling true!"

I've given my soul to the Southdown grass,  
And sheep-bells tinkled where you pass  
Oh Firle an' Ditchling an' sails at sea,  
I reckon you keep my soul for me!"

What is peculiar to Mr. Kipling's manner of seeing things—and certainly his readers are the richer for it—is the fact that he has apparently not taken either the little low shaw nor the great high gill at their mere face value, he is very much aware that they were there long

\* "Songs from Books" By Rudyard Kipling 6s (Macmillan)

ago and served in their time as scenery to great or little drama. That appears even more clearly in "Puck's

the fe     ride     at steals  
Into the oak woods fir'     /  
O that was when     hewed the  
That rolled to Trafalgar  
See you the dimpled track that run  
All hollow through the wheat?  
O that was where they hauled the  
That smote King Philip's fleet  
See you our stilly woods of oak  
And the dread ditch beside?  
O that was where the Saxons broke  
On the day that Harold died!"

The poems which are antiquarian, whether in their setting or their subject, are in general admirable. "Eddi's Service," "A Smuggler's Song," "A St. Helena Lullaby," "Brookland Road," "Cold Iron," "The Looking-Glass," and "Poor Honest Men," show the author at his strongest, in that fortunate vein which appeals with an equal sureness to both adults and children. I had hoped to find, among verses which appeared in the first place singly and are here completed, a fragment which promised to be a worthy companion to "A Smuggler's Song"—I mean "Telscombe Tye" from "Brother Squaretoes"

"The moon she shined on Telscombe Tye,  
On Telscombe Tye at night it was  
She saw the smugglers riding by,  
A very pretty sight it was

Three Dunkirk boats was standing in—"

And there it ended, and there, apparently, it is to end. A pity!

It is noteworthy that Mr. Kipling, when he writes prose, has only one manner, but when he writes verse, he has many. I have enumerated above several poems of real charm which illustrate most happily one side of his talent, in such poems as "The Way through the Woods" and "A Charm" he shows another facet of it. Versatility in any art is a dangerous quality, if only that it engenders the suspicion of critics, but there is more than versatility in the gift that enables Mr. Kipling to turn from writing his delightful "Smuggler's Song" to sing his "Cuckoo Song" or prescribe "A Charm" such as this

"Take of English flowers these -  
Spring's full-faced primroses,  
Summer's wild wide-hearted rose,  
Autumn's wall-flower of the close,  
And, thy darkness to illumine,  
Winter's bee-thronged ivy-bloom  
Seek and serve them where they bide  
From Candlemas to Christmas-tide  
For these simples, used aright,  
Can restore a failing sight

These shall cleanse and purify  
Webbed and inward-turning eye,  
These shall show thee treasure hid,  
Thy familiar fields amid,  
And reveal (which is thy need)  
Every man a King indeed.



*Supplement to The Bookman*  
*Christmas 1913*



*Ernest Thompson Seton*

Ernest Thompson Seton

The wide circle of Mr Kipling's readers and admirers will welcome this book, and not the less cordially because it sounds echoes from the days of the "Plain Tales." Much that it contains is slight and unimportant,

a little is actually poor, the rest is so excellent that it should have had a volume to itself, to take its place on one's shelves at the tail of the Kipling row which can never lengthen too rapidly

## ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

IF there be one man, since St Francis of Assisi, whom all the kindreds of the wild have cause to bless, it is Ernest Thompson Seton. It is he who is chiefly responsible for the vogue of the modern "Animal Story." The effect of the modern animal story has been to persuade people that the wild creatures are of interest in their personalities, in their psychology, and not merely as things to be shot or put in shows. This has resulted in a more sympathetic and understandingly humane attitude toward our marticulate kin.

When I credit the vogue of the modern animal story to Ernest Seton, I am not unmindful, needless to say, of the imitable Mowgli. But those unrivalled creations of Kipling's are, obviously, of quite another species. They derive from the old fabliaux and from the folk-lore tales. Their natural history may be sound enough, as far as it goes, but it is incidental, and concerns us only so far as it helps along the story. The tales of Seton and his disciples, on the other hand, derive directly from the work of such close and loving observers of nature as Richard Jeffries and John Burroughs. They aim to present carefully observed fact. But to give it wider currency and more concrete personal interest, they present it in the form of fiction. They individualise the bird, beast, fish, or insect with which they deal. But, unlike the old fabliaux and their kind, they are careful not to humanise their subjects. They are either fragments of animal biography, or they are formally developed *nouvelles*, each with a central figure, about which gather the experiences which observation has shown appropriate to its kind. On the material side such nature stories are fact disguised as fiction.

But there is another side to these stories, and it is the pre-eminently distinctive side. They

aim above all to get at the psychology of their subjects. They are not content to deal with the skins of the wild creatures, but they seek to get inside those skins. From observed actions they strive to deduce motives and emotions. They are based on the conviction shared by practically all experienced hunters and successful keepers, or tamers of animals, and denied chiefly by closet theorists—that there is an animal psychology. The old animal stories, if they went beyond mere external incident or adventure, simply humanised their subjects, ascribing emotions and motives that would be proper, in like circumstances, to human beings. Seton has taught us to expect, in the animal story, a psychology immeasurably simpler to be sure, than that of man, a psychology to the last degree limited indeed, but none the less real and worthy of investigation. He spurns the theory that all animal life below the human plane is the blind and helpless slave of reflex action.

As spokesman of the marticulate kindreds, Ernest

Seton is uniquely qualified. He approaches them from so many points. He knows them in so many ways. And he is untainted by that excess of sentimentality towards them which too often perverts the view of the sympathetic nature-lover. As a country boy in Canada he began then acquaintance very early and found it so much to his taste that he has been following it up and extending it diligently ever since. He is an expert with gun, trap, and camera. Cunning as an Indian to unravel the tangled trails, and patient as a lynx in watching, he has been able to spy upon the wild things when they least suspected it and so get at the intimate side of their lives. He has seen more than other men. And he has seen with such discriminating, accurate, and conscientious eyes, that



ERNEST SETON

"They all rushed under it like a lot of little pigs."  
From "The Autobiography of a Grizzly" by Ernest Thompson Seton

I should be inclined to doubt the evidence of my own eyes, if I found it conflicting with that of his. I might, perhaps, join issue with him in a matter of the psychology at work behind the facts, but as to the facts themselves, gathered by his own observation, I would never regard them as open to question.

Having gained, as hunter and naturalist, so close an acquaintance with the creatures of the wilderness, Seton's first thought was to depict them as a painter, as a draughtsman. In the classrooms of the Royal Academy he trained his native aptitude for the brush and the pencil, and became a skilful artist, needless to say, not of the Post-Impressionist school. There is never any likelihood for instance, of one of Seton's guzzles being mistaken for a view of St. Paul's in a rainy sunrise. The product of his pencil is always so definitely and distinctively what it sets out to be, that the most austere of scientific naturalists may accept it as a label. At the same time we nature-lovers, who care more about the personal characteristics of a beast than about the number and configuration of his molars, are given that intimate individual touch which we are always seeking.

But when Ernest Seton undertook to convey his rich knowledge and fine enthusiasm, he found he had much more to say than brush and pencil could express. His own pictures drove him to writing about them. With the true instinct of the story-teller, his funds of authentic and verified material fall naturally into the form of fiction. The result was that fresh, vital book, "Wild Animals I Have Known." To the credit of the popular taste be it said, this pre-eminent sane and convincing book won instantly a success as emphatic as that of the most sensational novel. It was no mere "boom" success, however, but an enduring one. His other books in the same vein drove home the triumph, and the modern Nature tale was established in a popularity which neither travesty nor attack has been able to undermine.



Photo by John Brown  
From "Wild Animals I Have Known"

**Bull Elk Charging.**  
Thompson Seton, which Messrs

But to the temperament of this vigorous nature-lover even the pen and the pencil together did not seem to offer outlet enough. He had mimetic and dramatic faculty, a powerful and flexible voice accustomed to carrying across the wooded valleys, and the gift of telling a story vividly beside the camp-fire. These gifts he impressed to the task of interpreting his shy wilderness friends to the public. He went on the lecture platform, and hundreds of thousands who had been left cold by the printed page were reached and roused to interest by his magnetic personality. With his tall, lithe form, sinewy from much following of the trails, his lean and swarthy face, his wavy black hair worn rather longer than convention prescribes, his dark and watchful eyes, his head held somewhat up as if to sniff the air and search the hillsides, he looks his part as interpreter of the wilds. And when he adds to the convincing force of his narration his amazingly accurate mimics, reproducing the calls of the beasts, the pipings and the cries of birds, the spell is so strong that the lights and the intent audience fade away, and once more one goes furtively with alert eyes and restrained breath, through the transparent but confusing shadows of the ancient forest.

In this brief note I have concerned myself exclusively with Seton's work as interpreter of the animal world to the world of men. Because of this work of his, men everywhere are growing more considerate of their feathered or four-foot kin. But his wholesome activities are by no means limited to this one field, broad as it is. Himself incorrigibly a boy, his understanding of boys and his enthusiasm about them led him to a novel venture. He bethought him that innate in the heart of the natural boy was the desire to play Indian. He felt—and I think most of us will agree with him—that the boy could hardly be better employed, when not learning arithmetic and Latin verbs. Upon this theory he founded the "Seton Indians," an organisation to promote the art of "camping out," to spread the cult



Photo by E. T. Seton

**Gray Wolf.**

From Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's new book "Wild Animals at Home"

of wild life It taught scouting, trailing, swimming, canoeing, and courage, insight, truth, endurance It found its material wherever boys were boys It spread, and it formed the foundation of one of the most virile and admirable movements of modern days—the Boy Scout movement—of which, in America, Seton is

naturally the inspiring influence. When the effect of this movement begins to manifest itself, as it must, in the finer, more unselfish, and more robust ideals of manhood of the generation now maturing, it seems to me that the kindreds of men, no less than the kindreds of the wild, will have reason to be grateful to Ernest Seton.

## THE COLOUR OF CHRISTMAS.

### NOTES ON SOME OF THE NEW GIFT BOOKS.

By A ST JOHN ADCOCK.

STRICTLY speaking, every good book is a Christmas Book For example, here is the new complete edition of Tennyson,<sup>1</sup> edited with a memoir by Hallam, Lord Tennyson, and annotated with the poet's own notes, and here, too, are the Oxford Press Shakespeare<sup>2</sup>, illustrated with three portraits and numerous black-and-white reproductions of famous paintings, and an excellent and marvellously cheap re-issue of Mr Wheatley's edition of Pepy's Diary<sup>3</sup>, in eight volumes—the only satisfactory edition yet published of one of the most curiously fascinating Diaries ever written Who that cares for books could wish, at any time of the year, for better gifts than these? Nevertheless, it has come about by a sort of natural evolution in the publishing world that there is a special type of volume which is regarded as the essentially Christmas Book It may be an old book with new illustrations, or old illustrations with a new book written about them, or both book and pictures may be new But it must be tastefully bound, beautifully produced, the illustrations must have real artistic value, and for preference they must be printed in colour Every Christmas offers such books to us in such rich plenty that we who are general readers are touched for the time with Stevensonian bliss and move through our book-world

feeling it is so full of a number of things that we ought to be—and probably we are—as happy as kings For there is not only beauty to choose from, there is such an almost bewildering variety of it, that it is impossible to believe there exists a man of such unique taste in literature that no one among this multitude of Christmas books can appeal to him and give him pleasure The most studious, serious-minded person must at least be delighted with the British Empire Universities Modern English Dictionary<sup>4</sup>, with its coloured plates and monotonies, its duograph charts and maps In addition to its enormous list of words and definitions, it furnishes special glossaries by sporting and other experts, articles

on "Great English Writers," by Sir A I Quiller-Couch," on "Versification and Prosody," by Professor Santsbury, on "The Origin and History of Dictionaries," by Dr Foster Watson, on "The Dictionary as an Educational Factor," by Sir James Yoxall, on the Origin and Development of the English language, on the British Empire, and on divers others subjects—all which serve to make it at once a work of reference and a book you can read for pleasure as well as instruction After all, though, who can with safety say that a Dictionary is best suited to the most studious of readers, when obviously it is the least studious that are most in need of it? On the same principal I would not recommend this sumptuous and finely illustrated edition of Mr. E V Lucas's already classical anthology, "The



*Cymbeline.*

From "The Complete Works of Shakespeare," Illustrated (Oxford Press).

ACT III. SCENE VI. *Wales Before the Cave of Belarius.*

*Imogen (in boy's clothes) . . . Ho! Who's here?  
If any thing that's civil, speak, if savage,  
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter*

<sup>1</sup> "The Works of Tennyson" With Notes by the Author Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson 10s. 6d net (Macmillan)

<sup>2</sup> "The Complete Works of Shakespeare" Edited, with glossary, by W J Craig 4s 6d net (Oxford Press)

<sup>3</sup> "The Diary of Samuel Pepys" Edited, with additions, by Henry B. Wheatley. 8 Vols 5s net each (G Bell & Sons)

<sup>4</sup> "The British Empire Universities Modern English Dictionary" 20s (Syndicate Publishing Co)



*Open Road*," exclusively or even especially to those who love the broad highway and the wind on the heath. In its earlier form it was in every sense "a book for wayfarers," as Mr Lucas calls it, but no wayfarer could fit this splendidly large volume into his pocket, for it is as big as a knapsack, which is a just recognition that it is not

meant for the carnal tramp only, but also for the tramp in spirit, and to sit by the fire and revel in this joyous breeziest collection of good poems is as healthful and tonic a thing as a walk of many miles and, moreover leaves you untired at the finish.

For all who are susceptible to the lure of the road, and also for those who are contented to stay at home and read of the places it runs to, and for that happy, active section of the community that loves to work in gardens, or to study the life of the woods and fields, here are several books next on my list that were made for their enjoyment. You may not agree with Mr Forbes Gray in his introduction to "*A Summer in Skye*," that Alexander Smith's memory is "kept green by this one book" but, much as you might like to, you cannot truthfully deny that it has proved the most popular of his works. Its prose is the nervous, imaginative prose of his "*Dicam-*

\* "*The Open Road*"  
Compiled by E. V. Lucas  
Illustrated in Colour by  
Claude A. Shepperson 21s  
net (Methuen)

\* "*A Summer in Skye*,"  
Illustrations in Colour by  
John Blair 5s net (Nimmo)



Cuchullin Hills, Skye.  
From "*A Summer in Skye*," by Alexander Smith (Nimmo).

you are becoming vividly acquainted with the outward aspect of its places and people. Only a poet could have written such a guide-book, and it is very high praise to say that Mr John Blair's colour

pictures are worthy of standing here beside the prose of Alexander Smith. Mr Reginald Farrer takes you farther afield in "*The Dolomites*," to a stranger, more wonderful country that lies like a vast garden among the Alps of South Tyrol. He gives you all the practical information you require for the journey, describes the passes and valleys, the villages and villagers, and the luxuriant blossom and bloom that make this mountainous region a very wonderland of fragrance and living colour, and describes them with remniscent enjoyment and a practised cunning that make picturesque and attractive reading. Out on the Alps, but on a very different part of them, you find yourself again in Mr Benson's "*Winter Sports in*

thorpe," as says, it gives you a magical pen-picture of Edinburgh that even Stevenson has scarcely equalled, and when in its leisurely, graciously discursive fashion it has landed you in Skye, it describes the place in such fashion that you grow to realise all the beauty and strange charm of that wild island while



"The Shambles of the Plain."  
From "*Hoof and Claw*," by C. G. D. Roberts (Ward, Lock)

\* "*The Dolomites*,"  
Painted by E. Harrison  
Compton. Described by  
Reginald Farrer. 7s 6d net.  
(A. & C. Black)

Switzerland,"<sup>9</sup> a charmingly written, well-informed, thoroughly useful guide to the skating, tobogganing, curling, ice-hockey, and other sports of the high Alpine pleasure resorts. It is written so well, with such knowledge and gusto and genial humour that, as with Lucas's "Open Road," to stop at home and read it is almost as invigorating as going to Switzerland and skating and curling and tobogganing like the strenuous people in Mr. Fleming Williams's illustrations. "The Land of the Blue Poppy"<sup>10</sup> lies in Eastern Tibet, it is a land of flowers, like the Dolomites (the blue poppy being that from which opium is made), and Mr. Kingdon travelled through it with a naturalist's eye for its plants and trees as well as a wide-open ordinary human eye for whatever of mortal interest he passed by the way. It is a fascinating travel book, whether you go to it as a student of natural history or as an average reader in search of amusement, and by the time you are at the end you will understand the hope its author utters in his preface, that before his book was published he might be "back in the Land of the Blue Poppy." The illustrations are not in colour, but are such excellent photographs so well reproduced that they suggest the atmosphere and almost the colour of the scenes they reveal. In "To Norway and the North Cape"<sup>11</sup> Mr. C. C. Lynam gives us the log of another of his cruises in *Blue*

*Dragon II*, the yacht that took him on the voyage that he described in that other breezy volume, "The Log of the *Blue Dragon II*, in Orkney and Shetland." If you have read that I need say nothing more of this than that it is vivid and high-spirited and as variously entertaining as its predecessor. If you are yet a stranger to Mr. Lynam's

<sup>9</sup> "Winter Sports in Switzerland." By E. F. Benson. With 12 illustrations in colour by C. Fleming Williams, and 47 from photographs by Mrs. Aubrey le Blond. 15s. net. (Geo. Allen & Co.).

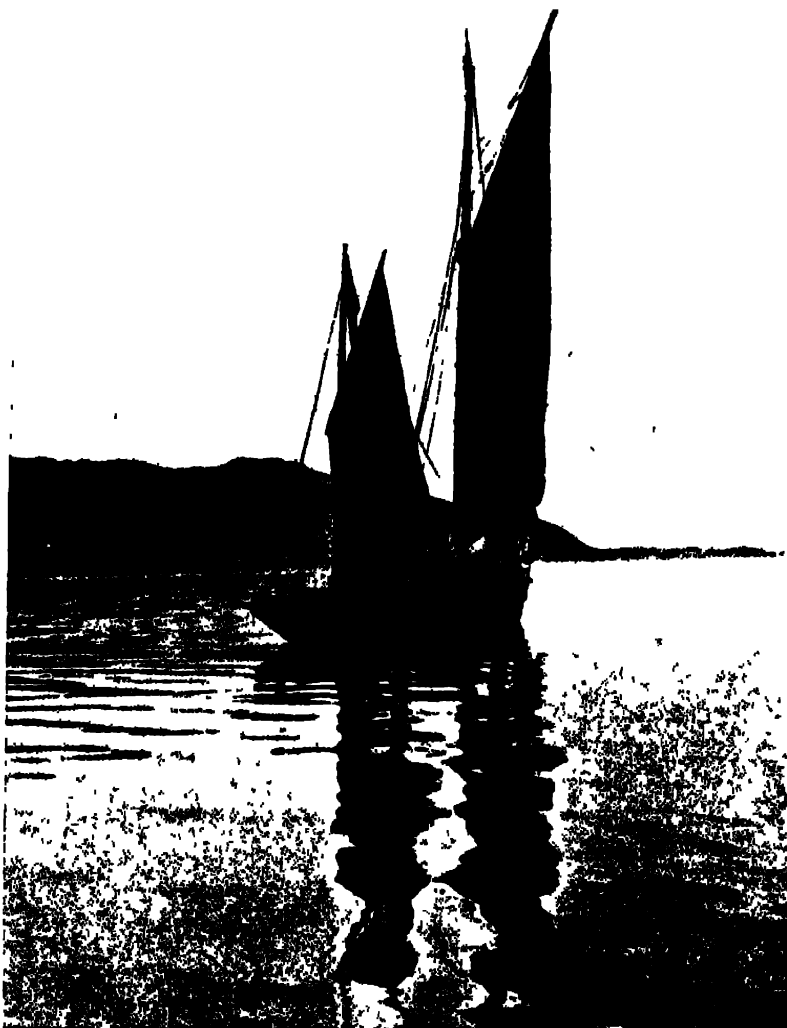
<sup>10</sup> "The Land of the Blue Poppy." By F. Kingdon Ward. Illustrated with photographs. 12s. net. (Cambridge Press.)

<sup>11</sup> "To Norway and the North Cape in *Blue Dragon II*." By C. C. Lynam. Illustrated in colour and with photographs, sketches and maps. 6s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

logs, then I recommend you to make haste and repair your fault by reading "To Norway and the North Cape." It is as unconventional a travel book as Mr. Lynam is an unconventional traveller. He conducts you round the capes and through the fjords of Norway, and writes of his experiences in the blithest of spirits and with the quaintest touches of humour. The sketches and maps, the photographs and water-colour paintings, with which the book is illustrated, add considerably to the brightness and the interest of it.

Or if Norway and Switzerland are too wintry for you even to read about by the fireside and you are for letting

your imagination riot in the golden warmth and gorgeous colouring of the Orient, go with Mr. Villiers Stuart to the "Gardens of the Great Mughals,"<sup>12</sup> which seem to have been designed, more or less, on the pattern of the Moslem Paradise pictured in the Koran. Mr. Stuart's careful and interesting account "of the famous old Imperial Indian gardens which played so great a part in the history of their royal makers, and still loom large in the memory and imagination of the Indian people," is full of valuable suggestions in garden designs that are gloriously old in the land of the Mughals, but would be new if some modification of them could be introduced into our own country. There are sixteen beautiful reproductions of



From "To Norway and the North Cape"

(Sidgwick & Jackson)

Light Airs.

water-colour drawings by the author, a number of garden plans, and reproductions from photographs of Mughal paintings and specimens of Mughal handicraft.

With the new and charmingly illustrated edition of that delightfully written book "The Roll of the Seasons,"<sup>13</sup> we are at home again among the familiar changing scenes of our English year, and at home we are still, and in English gardens with Mr. H. H. Thomas's

<sup>12</sup> "Gardens of the Great Mughals." By C. M. Villiers Stuart. With 40 full-page illustrations, 16 of them in colour, and 8 ground plans. 12s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

<sup>13</sup> "The Roll of the Seasons." By G. G. Desmond. With 12 illustrations in colour. 6s. (Duckworth.)

"Rose Book,"<sup>13</sup> and Mr Walter F. Wright's "Garden Trees and Shrubs,"<sup>14</sup> two in valuable books of garden lore that should be on the shelves of every gardener, amateur and professional. The paintings of different classes of roses in Mr Thomas's volume are a joy to the eye, and if I refrain from saying much of Miss Beatrice Parsons' exquisite painting of the Double White Cherry, of Mr A C Wyatt's of the Clematis in "Garden Trees and Shrubs" it is because where all are so good it might seem invidious to single out this or that for special praise.

From these about gardens we pass by an easy transition to a book about British birds, the first volume of "The Bodley Head Natural History,"<sup>15</sup> by E D Cuming, which has in J A Shepherd its ideal illustrator. Mr Shepherd has rightly been more concerned to get into

<sup>13</sup> "The Rose Book" By H H Thomas Assisted by Walter Easlea With 8 Colour Photographs by H Essenhigh Corke, and 64 Half-Tone 6s. net (Cassell)

<sup>14</sup> "Garden Trees and Shrubs" By Walter F Wright Illustrated in Colour 12s 6d net (Headley Bros)

<sup>15</sup> "The Bodley Head Natural History" By E D Cuming With Illustrations by J A Shepherd Vol I British Birds 2s net (John Lane)



Charles Dickens  
(aged about 50).

From a hitherto unpublished photograph

by Percy Fitzgerald (Arrowsmith)

his sketches a general impression of the characters and appearance of the birds than to make them scientifically accurate, and his deft, impressionistic method presents them, in all their simple grace and pretty quaintnesses, exactly as they look to the eye of the unsophisticated observer. Mr Cuming is of necessity scientifically accurate, but he carries his knowledge lightly, and his chapters on the manners, habits and characteristics of many varieties of our British song-birds are written with a clarity and simplicity that greatly increase the value of a concise and eminently well-informed work by making it delightfully readable. He is devoting a second volume in the series to a continuation of his studies of bird life, and in later volumes will deal with

the birds of prey and the general wild animal life of our countryside. One must say a word on the production of these volumes. Mr Shepherd's illustrations are largely decorative, there are a few full-page pictures, but for the most part his birds perch and hop and fly round the margins of the letterpress, and both as presentations of bird character and as decorative art they



John Gilpin.

Etching for which the medal was awarded by the Society of Arts. Reduced from 19½ in. by 25½ in. From "Phiz and Dickens," by Edgar Browne (Nisbet).





"Oh, have mercy, good lady, and  
give me a drink of water."  
(*The Cold Heart*)

(Mrs. Min and the Cold Heart. (Hobbs & Hardingham))

racy manner. The actual "sale" is an impossible story, but one is forced to admit that after events are the reverse. Love, hate, passion, and tragedy therein find a place. Bruce Daventry's "sin" is to be deplored, but his remorse proves him a fine character. Lady Daventry is a type society can dispense with. Life at Callogan Mansions with Margaret Eisters' circle is full of delightful reminiscences.

(W. F. Robinson, Impington, Histon, Cambridge)

A BOOKMAN'S LITERS. BY SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL (Hodder & Stoughton)

With the publication of this collection of letters from the *British Weekly*, a larger public comes into its rightful heritage. They reveal a well-informed man of the world, and yet more so a catholic man of the spirit. The reader will find plain opinions plainly stated, but all of weighty critical import. Here is a critic full of knowledge, yet very generous without favour. These essays are in the direct line of sane thinking, and make for health. Charles Lamb would have said a different grace

before each one, we can say, at least, "thank you" after each one.

(A. Ruan Clarke, 17, Liverpool Lawn, Ramsgate)

THE PROMISED LAND BY MARY ANTIN (Heinemann)

We can recall nothing more haunting in recent literature than this autobiography of a Russian Jewess, born thirty years ago in Polotsk in "the Pale of Settlement," and educated in the Boston Ghetto. It is a human document, written from the heart, and therefore reaching the heart. Her writing is tinged with wonder, for she has hardly yet got accustomed to the fact that freedom is real in the Promised Land, but she writes joyously, for she is in love with life. The book abounds in unforgettable phrases, and in Merssonier-like sketches of life in Russia and America.

(Mrs. John Adams, 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.)

LOITERER'S HARVEST BY I. V. LUCAS (Methuen)

A collection of essays, grave and gay, but mostly gay, and all pulsating with that sense of the beauty of the little things of life which makes Mr. Lucas' work so attractive. Here we gladly meet again many old friends, with whom we have chuckled in the pages of *Punch*, and there is an excellent article on the work of Mr. George Morrow, whose pictorial art is in spirit by no means unlike that of his appreciator. Both are loiterers in the byways of everyday life, and the harvest Mr. Lucas has reaped, if small, is ripe and mellow.

(C. Roy Price, Fernleigh, Wellington, Somerset)

Other good reviews have been sent in by Rose R. Froud (Southsea), J. D. I. Waugh (Teddington), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Miss L. Mugford (S. Norwood), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), Dorothy R. Robinson (Wilmslow), Miss E. Webster (Bristol), M. Blacklee (Barrow), D. Lefebure (Johannesburg), Kathleen Birch (Bexhill), Mrs. Jessop Hulton (Worsley), E. J. Martin (Sheffield), Mrs. M. Stevenson (Birmingham), W. F. Robinson (Cambridge), Bessie Eades (London, S.W.), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Maude S. Carter (Brighton), Frances A. S. Holbrow (Maidstone), E. C. Linn (Stoke Newington), Louie Noble (Leeds), Gertrude M. Ellwood (Grimsby), F. M. Mountford (Eastbourne), M. Grene (Dublin), Edward Renny (London, S.W.), Nala (Seven Kings), Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), Edgar Frere (London, S.W.), E. Bates (Reigate), Annie I. Beal (Barrow), Rev. R. H. May (Hebburn), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), J. Brian Ffoulkes (Worcester), Margaret B. Walker (Grays), Marcella Whittaker (Dewsbury), Mary Chadwick (St. Leonard-on-Sea), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Hilda Ridley (Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke).

V—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss Constance Ursula Kerr, of The Manse, Dorlton, R.S.O., East Lothian.

## A MAN OF LETTERS.\*

BY FRANCIS BICKLEY

THERE is a drawing by Mr. Max Beerbohm of a sort of inverted Valhalla, in which Mr. Edmund Gosse is displaying to his old friend Stevenson the effigies of eminent living authors. After duly admiring the physiognomies of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy, R. L. S. turns to his cicerone and asks, "But where are the men of letters?" Mr. Beerbohm, if his sense of character had not forbidden the attribution of vanity where it was not to be found, might have drawn a sequel in which, with hand on heart, Mr. Gosse submitted his own claims to his companion's consideration. For Mr. Gosse, though the reference books call him

poet and critic," is to be described, if anyone is, as a man of letters.

He is, therefore, as Mr. Beerbohm's picture implies, something of an anachronism. Before that year of mourning, 1909, someone imagined Meredith and Swinburne as exchanging greetings from two lofty hills, solitary but for one another's proud company. So from two hills of lesser height, though eminent enough and verdant for our pleasure, Mr. Gosse and Mr. Dobson call to one another to-day, the last of the men of letters.

Perhaps I exaggerate. There are those of a younger generation who may not inappropriately bear the designation such as Whibley, Street and Secombe. But these are scattered forces, with fame below their deserts. Of those most in the public eye none may be so

\* "Collected Essays of Edmund Gosse" i, Seventeenth Century Studies; ii, Gossip in a Library; iii, Critical Kit-kats; iv, French Profiles; 6s. net each. (Heinemann)



RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

XI VII

And if the Wine you drink, the Lap you press,  
End in the Nothing all Thing end in Yes

Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what  
Thou shalt be - Nothing - Thou shalt not be less





described, to call them sanitary inspectors would be at least as near the mark. But in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, there was a group of men as distinct, as closely related and as respected as the sociological dramatists of to-day, who were men of letters first if not last. The group comprised Stevenson, Henley, Lang, Dobson and Gosse. A kindred spirit connects their very diverse works. Four of them were the chief contributors to that famous anthology, "Ballades and Rondeaux," which was dedicated to the fifth. They were linked by friendship. The "Stevenson Letters" are the historical evidence of their bond.

When you try to imprison a man in a definition you will usually find that some stray link has escaped you. Our label will not quite cover the multifarious activities of this quintet. Henley, for instance, who was the perfect man of letters—the man of letters of genius—in his essays, especially the longer ones, such as those on Burns and Hazlitt, was also a great poet, which is an altogether bigger thing. Stevenson was always near the type, never identified with it, and was getting farther from it as he grew older. Lang was the perfect man of letters, with additions. Mr Dobson, with limitations. The one wandered into such extraneous fields as totemism and psychical research and political history, the other has kept himself too rigidly to a selected theme, too rigidly, that is, for our definition, though not for our delight.

There remains Mr Gosse, and he, I think, can wear the label we have assigned him with less reservation than any of his friends, perhaps with no reservation at all. The man of letters is one who though his primary impulse to write comes from books, is not concerned with the contents of books alone, but with the men who made them and with all that appertains to them—their bindings and illustrations, their publishers and critics, all the adventitious circumstances surrounding their birth and their career. He does not deal only with pure literature, poetry and drama and fiction but with histories and biographies and letters, even with scientific and philosophical works that are sufficiently superannuated to be considered less for the sake of their theories than for their manner. It is not his aim to extract essences or to apply critical canons. He never loses sight of the author. On the other hand, he must have books for a starting-point, so that, while his criticism tends to become biographical, his biographies are mainly of those who write. He is not limited by a century or a country or a school, but by printed sheets between covers. He is learned, but no pedant.

Mr Gosse answers in every way to this description. He has, it is true, written poetry, but the man of letters, being interested in the craft of writing, nearly always does. Like Lang's and Dobson's and most of Stevenson's, Mr Gosse's poetry is literary verse rather than the outpourings of a seer. It smells, with no unpleasant odour, of the lamp. Nor is his criticism, like Swinburne's, that of a poet. He has specialised, to a certain extent, in seventeenth century

English literature, but in no way to the exclusion of earlier or later centuries or of foreign writers. Only one of his books stands really apart. But "Father and Son" is an exception to all but the laws of its own kind. It is one of those books which lie inarticulate in the breast of every man and, once in a while, get written. Auto-biographies can only be compared with one another. Mr Gosse's other prose books, whether full-length biographies or shorter studies, are all true to type. Whether you like them better or worse than purer criticism, depends on whether you are more interested in absolute principles or human idiosyncrasies. Mr Gosse has expounded his own preference in the preface to one of his latest volumes, "Portraits and Sketches." "It is less entertaining," he there writes, "to dwell exclusively on the verses of a poet, or exclusively on the incidents of his life, than to attempt the more complicated study of these elements in inter-relation to one another, as has been done, but only too rarely, in the best critical biographies. M Paul Desjardins, in an amusing and illuminating phrase, speaks of 'la cinématographie d'une abeille dans le mystère de la mellification.' This, I confess, is what I like best in a literary biography, and it is what I have attempted to produce. To analyse the honey is one thing, and to dissect the bee another, but I find a special pleasure in watching him, myself unobserved, in the act of building up and filling the cells." When he called a book "French Profiles" Mr Gosse acknowledged himself aware of



Frontispiece to "Prin-

Princess Badoura.  
ian (Hodder & Stoughton).

**Sainte-Beuve** His method has much in common with that of the great French critic

The four books under particular consideration here, "Seventeenth Century Studies," "Gossip in a Library," "Critical Kit-kats," and "French Profiles," form part of a welcome series of five reprinted volumes of essays in uniform bindings, which is to be completed with "Portraits and Sketches." It is instructive to contrast the first three as examples of different ways of approaching the same centre—through literature, through bibliography, and through personality, the result in each case being a set of miniatures of men at their work. "Seventeenth Century Studies," as its title implies, has more unity than the later volumes. It is an attempt "to do for some of the rank and file of seventeenth century literature what modern criticism has done, on a much larger scale, for Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden." From the demarcation of boundaries, as well as from the overlapping chronological sequence of subjects and their careful selection, it is permissible to suppose that the author also intended to paint, or rather to indicate by significant strokes, the features of a century. In this he is not so successful as in his primary object. Truthfully to suggest a whole by the delineation of a part requires a mastery of impressionism which is alien to Mr. Gosse's methods. Moreover, though the lesser writers treated may be typical, the greater ones, Webster and Herrick and Crashaw, stand unique not only above but in a different air from the contemporaries who are ranked with them for historical convenience. "Seventeenth Century Studies," therefore, is a linked rather than a fused whole. Its parts are excellent, though one may cavil here and there at a minor judgment, such as the attribution of strength even in the comparative degree, to the character of Sir John Suckling. In considering these essays one must remember—not as an excuse, but as an additional virtue—that when they were written, between thirty and forty years ago, the seventeenth century poets were far less familiar or accessible than they are to-day. Dr. Grosart's labours were only beginning and the *Muse's Library* was not yet in existence. Those wonderful lyrics, whom we prize so highly, were for the most part in the limbo into which they had so promptly fallen. Mr. Gosse, therefore, was here, as in other fields, a pioneer.

"Gossip in a Library"—one wonders if it was so called for the same reason that William Hume entitled his books "A Hive of Honey" or "A Handful of Honeysuckles"—displays its author as a bibliophile. He is very humble about his collection, but, though he may be no Huth, he evidently has some very pretty volumes. The Duke of Devonshire, if he has any feeling for the Chatsworth treasures, would probably be more impressed to refer once more to *Mix*, that mirror of our age—by Mr. Gosse's playbooks than by his jokes. Here the librarian of the House of Lords, whose erudition must be an enormous boon to peers in search of ornaments for their oratory, chats very pleasantly of his possessions, from Camden's "Britannia" to "The Shaving of Shagpat," adding literary criticism and biographical detail to lore of editions and states.

"Critical Kit-kats" has the particular interest of a book dealing largely with personalities known to its author. In that respect it is comparable with "Portraits

and Sketches," though containing nothing so elaborate as the chapter on Swinburne in the later volume. Mr. Gosse writes of his acquaintances with a just admixture of reticence and frankness, and though he sometimes comes into collision with the views of others who are equally well informed, his reading of a character is always entitled to respect. An attractive dedication to Mr. Hardy is a feature of this book which must not be missed.

"French Profiles" is a more important book than any of its predecessors. France has done well to honour Mr. Gosse, for he has written of her literature with a knowledge almost unrivalled among English critics. Mr. Symonds has displayed a deeper sympathy with, and insight into, the work of a particular school of poets, but Mr. Gosse's views are broader and even on the Symbolists he writes, for one whose tastes are confessedly classical and conservative, with understanding and something more than tolerance. His essay on Mallarmé evoked the admiration of that difficult poet himself, and that on Albert Samain, who is not included in Mr. Symonds's "Symbolist Movement," effectively introduces a delightful poet to English readers. An obvious drawback to the book is its incompleteness. This is a shortcoming inevitable to all criticism of living writers, but here we have it in an exaggerated form which is not inevitable. It is nine years since "French Profiles" was first published, but Mr. Gosse, beyond revising the paper on Mallarmé, and adding one on M. Maurice Barrès, has done little to bring it up-to-date. The apology in his new preface does not do away with the defectiveness of a study of M. Anatole France which takes no account of "Sur la Pierre Blanche," "L'Île des Pingvins," or "Les Dieux ont Soif." Still, these essays on modern writers are interesting criticisms of the books they deal with and those devoted to earlier writers show Mr. Gosse at his best.

Each of these volumes shows the strength and weakness of our man of letters. Mr. Gosse knows well how to place a writer, his work and his circumstances in proper relation. His sympathies are catholic. He has helped many a foreign author to a hearing in England. His judgments are for the most part sound. He seems to have read everything. On the other hand, he is at times unduly timorous of the creeping of that which is not literature into the works of an imaginative writer. He lays himself open to the charge of being afraid of ideas. Thus he seems to belittle the teaching of Tolstoy, not as a philosophical opponent but as a rather fussy guardian of the dignity of letters. His care for form, as exemplified in his very just criticism of Whitman (his own visit to whom is admirably described) is another matter, though his allied strictures on the younger generation are too sweeping to be of much account. Moreover, his temperament is averse from, though his method does not necessarily preclude, that deep brooding over art apart from its circumstances, which is an essential, though not, perhaps, the only essential, of great criticism, so that his miniatures, though like as far as they go, are apt to be rather superficial. He accurately depicts the broad aspect of his subject and even its less obvious features, but misses the finer shades. But then, as we have said, he is not a distiller of essences but a man of letters, and of that admirable brotherhood a very excellent member.

## A BOOKMAN'S MEMORIES \*

BY THOMAS SFECOMBE

DO editors or publishers know what it is, I wonder, to receive from the clippers really candid estimates of their work? Advertisement contractors and news proprietors are bitterly of the opinion of their breakfast tables whenever they commit pen to paper. It is a compliment, I think for the Editor of THE BOOKMAN to send me his latest work for full and free comment in his own magazine. Does he expect me to deal faithfully with it in the Palace of Truth? The circumstances, it must be admitted, are not particularly propitious for a slashing review. The essayists' doctrine on the subject seems to me to err on the side of humanity. "Leave the bitter word unspoken." "If you cannot say anything good, better leave the stuff alone." It is wise at any rate to seek a better opportunity of offence than is presented by such a series of book-kindly and friendly-discursive dissertations as are contained in "A Bookman's Letters."

To pursue the comparative method between the new volume and its near kinsman, "The Day Book of Claudius Clear" (which I liked well), the new book has on the whole the advantage. The goods are produced much more handsomely; the humour is not so prolific or so pronounced, but there is a ripier tone and a mellowness of touch declaring the author to be consummate in his own sphere of Book Ranger and Book Rambler. He is very seldom dogmatic or arbitrary. Occasionally he takes an ultra-objective view of books and literary problems - trying to arrange the best biography in order, or telling us on what book we ought to comment as an author, and the proper way of initiation. When he talks in this way he exasperates me. If delights of reading ought to be largely fortuitous and covenanted blessings. When I see Boswell, Lockhart, Trevelyan, and Gaskell down in a short list of the world's biographies for the million, I begin to doubt whether any merit can reside in them at all. The author, fortunately, is seldom in this vein. His four hundred and thirty pages afford a very rich miscellany to the omnivore among readers. Some of the contents are reviews of special interest to anyone who has had transactions in that *métier*. They often remind me of provisos one ought to have made, aspects one ought to have considered, and things one would like to have said. There are also literary debates,

that hardly perennial "Was Thackeray a cynic?" for example, and "Why did Shakespeare retire to Stratford-upon-Avon?" There are a few, too few romantic stories stranger than fiction of the kind that Thomas Hardy might have transmuted into *nouvelles* or *contes*. Some may find the savour of the book to consist principally in its personal memories and reminiscences of such Majors as Meredith, Lafcadio Hearn, Masson, Dr. Garnett, George Gissing, and Mark Rutherford. I was told that after writing these Rutherfordiana (by far the most solid contribution to a profoundly inter-

esting subject that the world has yet seen), the author confessed to complete exhaustion, and admitted inability to pump up another single word on the subject. This is interesting, because these recollections betray no sign whatever of approaching the limit of the material. They suggest rather consummate ease in producing samples - exemplary traits drawn more or less at haphazard from a wallet filled to profusion. The contrast between the apparent and the real suggests a point of some importance, namely, that the journalist who knows too much is apt to be lost. There are one or two beautiful fragments of the *vitæ obscurorum virorum* here, fragments which do more than pique the curiosity, they satisfy indeed a high ideal of artistic beauty. -the "Romance of a Still Life" thus deserves attention as a really beautiful morsel of prose delineation.

It this knight has compassion and a gentleness of tone sufficient to conjure up the still, small voice in which alone it may still be given us to hear about the treasure of the humble.

Good things, mots, happy hits are scattered about the volume in considerable profusion. "An old man once said to me, 'I have never known any one better than myself, and I think very little of myself.'" G. A. Simcox, handing back a laboured exercise (Latin Prose) to a pupil, and smiling. "Do you smoke?" "Yes, sir" (expectantly). "Then you can take this (chuckling) to light your cigar." A lady at Lewes always had a chop at 2 p.m. and was waited on by her old butler, who had been in her service upwards of thirty years. One day as chop time approached the old man dropped dead, suddenly. While the other servants were hastily considering how to break the news to their mistress, the bell was violently rung. On a servant appearing, the old lady asked why the butler did not bring in her

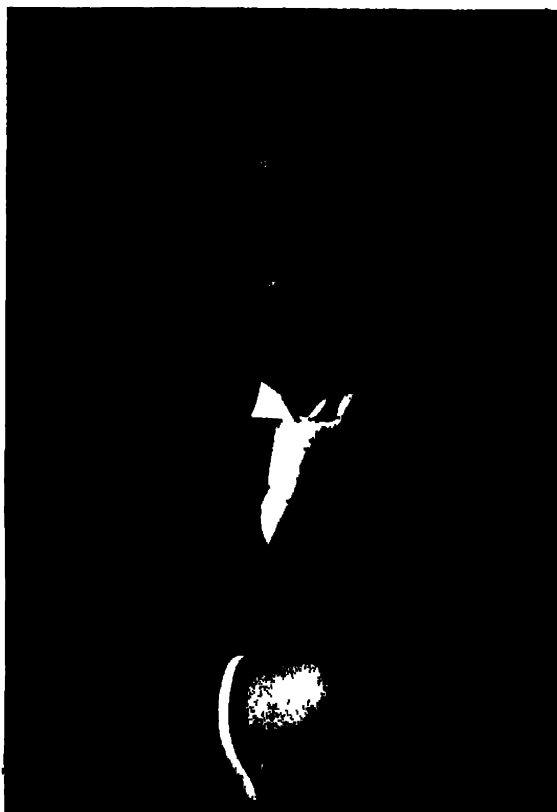


Photo by F. O. Hopp

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll

\* "A Bookman's Letters" By W. Robertson Nicoll 4s 6d net (Hodder.)

chop On being told of his death, she merely said: "That is no reason why I should be kept waiting. Isn't there any one else who can bring in my chop?"

Of Charles Lever (in his later years) it is said piquantly: "He was an expert in depression" This reminds one of the cautious epitaph of a lady aged one-hundred and twelve, buried in Bath Abbey, also cited in this volume "During the *later* years of her life she was distinguished by both virtue and propriety"

"A hedonist is a man who lives for pleasure, and Fitzgerald found his pleasure in drinking tea with his Woodbridge friends, in hearing the Waverley Novels read aloud, in walking home with a lantern to the little house at Boulge, which of all his dwelling-places seems to me the one that best fitted him" "Holmes's 'One Hoss Shay' is a fierce parable describing the smash of the impregnable logic of Calvinism" "To understand Stevenson fully one must first spit a little blood" "There are also novels which are adapted only for reading in railway tunnels"—an exact and really marvellous description thus of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me"

The author has given us a memorable picture of the philosophic journalist contemplating the bulge of extinct newspapers—*The Wandsworth Herald*, *Shadwell Echoes*, and *Clerkenwell Gazette*s—in the mighty hold at Hendon To a journalist in these catacombs the spectacle is suggestive of fearful thoughts, and it is of the vanity rather than the glory of his profession that he is tempted to think Looking at these impregnable tombstones, he cannot but think of the toil and thought that have been spent on them, and about the apparent end of all Here survives perhaps the only extant and whole copy of many a newspaper of importance in its hour Many volumes may never have been opened, more still are there that no one will ever open again The writings have withered like the grass of the field, as soon as the day or week of their allotted existence was over In a passage of real felicity in this conjunction the author quotes Gibbon's cheerful submission of his great work to the verdict of posterity in the *bureau* or covered walk of "acacias at Lausanne" commanding a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains Few, indeed, have walked under these acacias—have planned, and lived to finish, a great book with the assurance that they have not failed to win fame for the years they are to live, and for many years beyond that period

There may be an exception here and there, such as

Daniel Defoe But the working journalist can never hope to walk under the acacias of Lausanne. To write a great book of any kind, a great book of history perhaps, above all, an exceptional combination of circumstances must occur Leisure, wealth, knowledge, physique, sustained labour, curiosity, and endurance must be harmoniously blended with opportunity in a happily compacted individual

"The great book is a work of time, and its writer must be content to see many showy popularities arise and disappear while he remains in his obscurity, waiting for the day to come He must be content to take the ordinary risks, and hazards of mortal men His labours may be interrupted by death when his work is but a fragment, and a fragment, however brilliant, must fail of the recognition and the life which are assigned to completeness

"While all this is true, yet I count those happy—even those journalists happy—who for many years have before them the vision of something which shall last in literature, and which shall worthily occupy their thoughts, and the scant margin of their days The outcome may be nothing. It may extend to little more than a mass of notes, intelligible only to the compiler Yet if it has been a happiness to think of it, if it has made the days short and delivered from ennui, if it has led the mind along congenial paths, and if it has given life an undertone of hope, it is well that the plan was in the heart, that the dream assisted and consoled to the end And if a journalist who has written much, and for many years, desires to establish some personal relation with a few readers by writing an occasional book, or even by putting together a few of his contributions to newspapers, let him not be too severely condemned, at least, by his brother journalists His is a natural and a pardonable ambition Let it be granted that reprints from periodicals are very rarely of striking and permanent worth Let it also be granted that they may reveal partially the writer's tastes, and friendships, and ambitions, and disappointments If this be so, they will not altogether miss an audience, and they may even find, for a time, a large audience At the very worst, a few copies will survive, marked with the author's name, and who knows whether some investigator of the future may not discover one and hold it up to praise? It is a very, very faint hope Nevertheless it is a hope"

Our author tells us more or less symbolically, I suppose, that two hundred anecdotes are about the maximum that a man may possess and live, and that it takes eight anecdotes to make a book In this case no man should exceed twenty-five According to the panel (facing-title) the present is no more than his tenth embarkation He may still essay time and tide fifteen several tunes Well, he is justifying our warmest hopes of him He must persevere His work promises 'nasac ill'

## THE LITTLE HOUSE.

TO AICE MEYNELI

I will have a little house  
When the children are flown,  
The toil of a big house  
Would be cold as a stone,  
A house full of emptiness  
And we two alone

But in a little house  
We could creep to the blaze,  
We could warm our old hearts

With the thought of old days,  
Him and me together  
When the firelight plays

The littlest house and garden  
For him and me just,  
And all the sweet times we had  
Withered to dust  
A big house would break my heart  
For the children lost

From "Irish Poems," by Katharine Tynan 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

## New Books.

### MR. GARDINER'S PORTRAITS.\*

There is no more difficult or delicate work to be done with the pen than the critical portraiture of contemporaries, and the more serious is the attempt, the more does it involve the risks of misjudgment and self-betrayal. Courage, wide knowledge, imaginative sympathy, penetration, humour—these are the qualifications. Now Mr Gardiner has these; but the secret of his singular success is something else. In portraying and judging other men, a writer will reveal either his temperament or his ideals. He may reveal both, yet one will be foremost. But we do not want to know much about his temperament, because we are concerned with his subjects and not with himself. We do want to know his ideals, because these enable us to perceive by what human standard or tradition he judges men. Herein lies the difference I think, between Mr Gardiner's portraits and Hazlitt's. The twenty-five portraits drawn by Hazlitt in his "Spirit of the Age" tell us a good deal more about his temperament than about his ideals. We are conscious of his nerves and their irritations, and of his relations to Dr Bell. In Mr Gardiner's sketches we have no such experience. His ideals emerge, and his hostilities are seen in their light. His attitude to a man may be unsympathetic, but it is part of a general attitude that is stable. Thus his hot and cold are related to each other, and both to the everlasting Yea of his adoption. You may find unfairness in the judgment, but not in the judge, severity or blindness in both, if you will, but not levity or any unworthy spasm of feeling.

In an essay placed inconspicuously near the end of this volume, Mr Gardiner virtually discloses his criterion when he names, as the greatest living Englishman, Mr James Bryce. He admits that Mr Bryce's claim to this distinction is challengeable on many grounds, yet he thinks it is just. Mr Bryce's qualities appeal to him, not merely by their intrinsic greatness, but by the wind-like freedom with which they play over humanity as a whole, unbounded by barriers of race, polity, or creed.

"He represents more than any conspicuous figure to-day, except Lord Morley, that noble and temporarily obscured tradition associated with such great names as those of Fox, Gladstone, Mazzini, and Lincoln—that allegiance to humanity, without regard to colour, creed, or country, which is not the negation of patriotism, but its finest flower and fulfilment."

That sentence indicates, perhaps, as well as any Mr Gardiner's pivot. Again, of President Wilson he writes

\* "Pillars of Society." By A. G. Gardiner 7s 6d net (James Nisbet & Co.)

"He has what Mr Chamberlain never had, what Mr Lloyd George, with all his fine intuitions and democratic sympathies, has not—a considered philosophy of politics. It is a philosophy warmed with a generous humanity and a sincere vision."

And once more, of Lord Courtney

"He is the lay preacher of national righteousness. Mr Ichmann once likened him to Isaiah, and the parallel is not inappropriate. He is the Isaiah of our day—Isaiah in a canary-coloured waistcoat. He moves through our feverish time with the cloud of prophecy about him, a figure significant and inspiring, firm as a rock, free from rancour and littleness, taking the truth, and working without thought of reward or praise for all noble ends. When we have lost a certain reverence for such a figure we shall have lost the soul of goodness."

These passages reveal Mr Gardiner's central sympathies and, as one turns from portrait to portrait, enable us

to understand his degrees and reserves of appreciation. They explain, for example, his dislike of Roosevelt, whose career he sees as "a mad whirl of untutored energy." He allows that he was the first to face the plutocratic tyranny of the States—"he will be remembered as the man who broke the idols"—but he credits him neither with political honesty nor political vision. "With all his volubility, few men of distinction have less to say." If we turn to such a portrait as that of Lord Hugh Cecil, we find that Mr Gardiner's sympathies are feelingly divided. The scion of Hatfield's political creed is "a perverted and fantastic nightmare—the nightmare of a mind that sees the twentieth century from the fourteenth,"—but it is based, not on selfishness, but on fundamental beliefs. "There is no price on him. He is not in the market. And it is this fact which makes him indeed priceless." It is by his seen standards that Mr Gardiner places



Photo by E. O. Hoppe

Mr. H. G. Wells.

From "Pillars of Society," by A. G. Gardiner (Nisbet)

Mr Churchill whose abilities and inexhaustible faculty he acclaims, but whose uncertainty he dreads. "It is the ultimate Churchill that escapes us. I think he escapes us for a good reason. He is not there", and he concludes this sketch with a warning. "Remember he is a soldier first, last, and always. He will write his name big on our future. Let us take care he does not write it in blood."

Although, as I have said, temperament, as a petty and disturbing element, does not enter into these portraits, yet in a larger sense it is here. This could not be otherwise in the chapters on such personalities as Sarah Bernhardt, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Mrs Humphrey Ward, and others. Mr Gardiner's different attitudes to the great French actress and the great English actor will be felt by the reader. To each he does the justice which the admirers of each will demand. Yet there is temperament, as well

as critical insight, in his seeing Sarah Bernhardt as Sarah Bernhardt, and Forbes-Robertson as Shakespeare. Of her he writes "The stage has no triumph like it", of him "It is the highest tribute to his reverence and the fineness of his artistic conscience that when we emerge from his Hamlet or Othello we think less about the actor than about the mighty mystery which we call Shakespeare." If, after reading these two sketches, the reader turns to the deeply sympathetic portrait of Archdeacon Tilley, he will find, of course, nothing that bears directly on either, but he will know more about the temperament and the trend of thinking which explain these divergences of feeling.

Mr Gardiner never falters in attack. His portrait of Mr St. Loc Strachey is bitten in with the strongest acid. His sketch of Mrs. Humphrey Ward is respectfully disrespectful. He laughs unmercifully at the supple barrister in Mr F. E. Smith. He turns on Mr Carnegie with the suggestion that he should stop building libraries and unbuild the Steel Trust. He points to Lord Milner as to "a forlorn, solitary figure in our midst, with no thinkable future." But, in nearly every case, such judgments are the balance of an account in which the debtor and creditor columns have been carefully written up. The correctness of the balance is one thing—it cannot be audited, the sincerity of the endeavour is another—it can be felt.

The forty appreciations contained in this volume, added to those in Mr Gardiner's earlier series, "Prophets, Priests, and Kings," are a fine achievement. Yet I hope that they may prove in the end to be studies for a larger canvas. Mr Gardiner's destiny is surely to write a social and political history of his time.

WILFRED WHITLEN

### BUTLER, PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT \*

Here are two more of the Butler volumes that Mr. Tuckill is now re-issuing in a form convenient for both hand and shelf, and at prices suited to most pockets. We say deliberately that no set of books now before the public is so truly valuable so thoroughly salutary as these Butler reprints. Whether any body of original doctrine can be extracted from them or whether Butler is a purely critical spirit (so far as criticism can ever be distinguished from creation) is an interesting topic too large for present discussion, but this at least is certain, that scarcely any writer of the past or present is more efficient as a mental purge. Butler represents logic raised to the plane of inspiration. At a touch from him away fly our assumptions, our fallacies, our false conclusions, our self-deceptions. He is not so much a breaker of images as a denuder of images. The brother-in-law of the haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon, in his own remarkable verses clothed the Discobolus in vest and trousers. That is the precise opposite of the Butlerian process. He strips away the shams and false shames, and if what he leaves is bare, at least it is clean, pure and real. Another quality that makes him specially attractive to bookmen is his mastery of the instrument he wielded. He had that rare gift, an ear for prose, and he wrote with conscious care and exactness, although (such is the way of genius) he nourished a singular delusion that he was indifferent to style.

The two volumes just issued differ very widely in subject and attractiveness. "The Fair Haven," Butler's Op. 2, is extremely clever and extremely unpleasant. It is the sort of book that you read for the author's sake and not for its own. Mr. Shaw (than whom none has praised Butler more intelligently, and whom, for some reason, certain Butlerites regard with strange animosity), has spoken of Butler's grim, hoaxing humour. "The Fair Haven" is a case in point. It purports to be the posthumous work of one J. P. Owen, prepared for the press

\* "The Fair Haven." By Samuel Butler. Edited with an Introduction by R. A. Stratfield. "The Humour of Homer and Other Essays." By Samuel Butler. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by Henry Festing Jones. 5s. net each (Fisfield).

by his brother, W. B. Owen. Apparently it is a piece of Christian apologetics written to demonstrate and defend the historic truth of the Resurrection, actually, it is an acute criticism of the Gospel narratives, an exposure of the methods of those who purvey Christian evidences, and an affirmation of his own belief that Jesus was removed from the Cross before death had actually occurred, and that the Resurrection was thus merely a recovery of consciousness.

The pretence was so well managed that the book was taken seriously, in many respectable quarters, as a skilful defence of the miracle (just as Defoe's "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" was taken as a genuine piece of Toryism), and Butler had to explain himself in a preface to the second edition. I find it hard to understand how anyone could have found the book other than what it is, namely, a closely argued attack on the Scriptural story. In that respect it deals with matters beyond the scope of these columns, and I do not propose to say anything on the subject. Considered merely as a piece of reading, the book is not very attractive. It is weighed down by its own machinery. It was meant to strike at Orthodoxy with Orthodoxy's own weapons, and it imitates the manner of the Christian evidence books so well that it has much of their dullness without their excuse of piety. Moreover, the tone of writing implied by the pretence that the author was a defender of what he was really attacking, soon becomes very distressing—if not worse. A man may sham art, or science or letters, or even love, without great condemnation, but by the tacit consent of mankind, the one thing he must not sham is religion. And even in an age where very broad views of the Christian faith are taken, it may be urged, not unfairly, that the Crucifixion and Resurrection are not subjects for an elaborate literary hoax. Upon me the principal effect of the book, with its ruthless, nihilistic logic, has been to arouse a great desire to hear again that tenderest and most human of tragedies, "The Passion according to St. Matthew"—a longing whose rightful heresy will be appreciated by those who know Butler's fierce Haudchian and anti-Bachian convictions. The editor, Mr. R. A. Stratfield, is inclined to think that the book did Butler no social damage, but that it provoked a literary conspiracy to suppress him. Thus he writes:

"I am convinced that 'The Fair Haven' did him grave harm in the literary world. Reviewers fought shy of him for the rest of his life. They had been taken in once, and they took very good care that they should not be taken in again. The word went forth that Butler was not to be taken seriously whatever he wrote, and the results of the decree were apparent in the silence that greeted not only his books on evolution but his Homeric works, his writings on art and his edition of Shakespeare's sonnets.

a view so grotesque that I am puzzled to decide whether Mr. Stratfield is the simplest of mortals, or whether, like Habbakuk, he is *capable de tout*. If the general reader of to-day is not offended by the subject of "The Fair Haven," he will find much to admire in its trenchant cleverness, but he will probably prefer the prefatory memoir of the supposititious author by his imaginary brother. Here he will meet some interesting sketches of the Butlerian personality drawn by the artist himself.

Turn we to something different. The volume of essays entitled "The Humour of Homer" is as pleasant as the other is unpleasant. Here Butler's humour is more genial, and plays about topics in which there is no danger of offence—unless, indeed, good Wordsworthians are scandalised by his proof that "She dwelt among the untrodden ways" can be satisfactorily interpreted only by the supposition that Lucy was an ill-favoured and undesirable entanglement, secretly murdered by the poet! The fantasia, "Quis Desiderio?" in which that preposterous piece of exegesis is one of the themes, is a genuine piece of sustained and original humour. There are papers, too, on the figures in certain Swiss shrines, supplementing the delightful "Alps and Sanctuaries" (just republished), and interpreting the groups in a way that suggests a slightly ironic Mark Twain. Those who like heavier fare will turn with interest to those papers on the Darwinian controversy.

in which Butler not only a keen combatant, but an exponent of the neo-Lamarckism towards which the tide of evolutionary doctrine is steadily setting nowadays. Then, as a final (or rather an initial) treat, there is a long memoir of Butler by his intimate companion Henry Festing Jones, a foretaste of that complete biography which we all so eagerly await. Mr. Jones's sketch is closely packed with Butlerian good things, and is itself worth getting the volume for. In the course of it, by the way, he asks for a sight of any numbers of the periodical called *The Drawing-Room Gazette*, to which, in the early 'seventies, Butler contributed some criticisms of Handel. Many readers would be glad if these articles could be unearthed.

Genius is a "name not lightly to be said," especially of contemporary figures that are not quite in focus yet. It may be used safely and emphatically of the author of "Erewhon."

GEORGE SAMPSON

### THE LATE VICTORIANS.

Here are two books of criticism which are likely to attract a good deal of attention. They are both by well-known writers, and they both deal with subjects which are at once recent and controversial. Mr. Jackson's book<sup>1</sup> is the wider in scope and the more important in intent, and therefore we may consider it first. His aim is to give us an ordered and concise view of the literary and artistic activities of the eighteen-nineties, and to coordinate, as it were, the vast material at our disposal into certain recognised channels of energy. To him there is a regular philosophy of motion underlying the artistic recrudescence of this period. In the twenty-one chapters of his formidable undertaking, a bewildering array of names flashes before our eyes—major names and minor names, names which still mean something to us, and names which suggest, if they suggest anything at all, merely the ghosts of memories. Mr. Jackson knows his subject; he has the facts and the spirit of it at his finger-tips. And they need knowing. For the eighteen-ninety "touch" has the elusive quality of a thing which has many manifestations but a very definite range. We feel it in Shaw and in Wilde, in Beardsley and in "Max," but we do not really feel it in such men as Conrad and Bennett. The reason for that may be in a new conception of art and realism. I am not sure. But whatever it is, the student of the most modern tendencies in painting and literature does feel extraordinarily divorced from the spirit of the eighteen-nineties. One cannot read the "Yellow Book" without a yawn, or of the dandies or decadents without a grimace. They are all so utterly "out of it." Mr. Jackson's learned, painstaking, and serious study is quite pathetic. You simply will not get people to excite themselves over dead bones. Who can take Oscar Wilde seriously nowadays, except that type of foreigner who still thinks Byron the greatest of English poets?

Mr. Jackson does not, by any means, obtrude his own opinions

too freely, but the very fact of his writing such a book makes it evident that he considers his period an important one. But, apart from the sad history of curious and futile talent, it is hard to see where the importance lies. Already we seem to have cast from us all the influence of that decade. Their ideals are not only not our ideals, but it is difficult to believe that they could ever again be our ideals. Even their survivors appear strangely out-moded. I admit that in all this there is, perhaps, some exaggeration arising from personal prejudice, but, at any rate, it is exaggeration founded on a substantial basis. The Russian novelists of forty years ago are infinitely closer to us than the artificial English school of fifteen years ago. Time always takes its revenge on precocity.

Of course, I would not deny that the eighteen-nineties were a time of renewed mental activity in the world of English art. What I deny is that this spectacular and glittering display has any permanent interest for students of English letters. It was an era of finished and yet barren achievement. For with all their "smartness" and lively brilliance the writers who are most representative of this period are the mere false dawn of modern tendencies. With all their airs and graces, with all their polish and superiority, they are, at heart, rather crude and rather vacuous. There are exceptions, naturally, distinguished and remarkable exceptions, but it must be said quite frankly that the spirit of the time was a deluded spirit. The pulse of the eighteen-nineties is clammy, feverish, uncertain. It is a period that will long survive historically, no doubt, because it did produce some great men of high genius, but the influence it had on these men



Page decoration from the *Morte d'Arthur*, by Aubrey Beardsley. From The "Eighteen Nineties" by Hollbrook Jackson (Grant Richards)

<sup>1</sup> "The Eighteen Nineties" By Hollbrook Jackson, 12s 6d. net (Grant Richards)



was probably almost invariably bad. The fact is, I suppose, that England had far too long been under the thumb, artistically, of several giant names, and that, in the moment of her recovered freedom, she went head over heels into other extremes. She experimented right and left with intense zest and little wisdom. It took her ten years to find her feet again.

In contrast to Mr Jackson's monumental effort Mr Howe's may be called a modest one<sup>1</sup>. He has written a book of nine essays on as many modern English dramatists—Pinter, Jones, Wilde, Barrie, Shaw, Harkin, Barker, Davies, Galsworthy. His manner is judicial, unemotional, and sometimes caustic, and his style is adequate to his thought. It is a better style than Mr Jackson's, but, on the other hand, it has not Mr Jackson's genial familiarity. Mr Howe keeps us rather at arm's length. There is no reason to object to this except in so far as it prevents Mr Howe stating his own opinions with sufficient emphasis. His book is one of half-tones, and is, therefore, apt to be uninteresting. But, of course, one must remember that it is written more from the dramatic than from the literary standpoint, and that its popularity, consequently, is bound to be less effective.

Some of his judgments are capital—when he dwells, for instance, on the "efficiency" of Pinter ("efficient" one sees, instantaneously, is precisely what Pinter is), or when he remarks of Galsworthy "The art which tries too consciously to conceal art is the art that does not succeed in its aim", and thus, we feel, is Mr Galsworthy's."

Students of the drama (there are such people one must assume) will read this book with avidity and, perhaps, with profit; the general reader will read it with a certain lack of enthusiasm, I fancy. Writing about the modern drama has become almost as much of a craze as writing modern dramas—most people are tired of both things. Why not give Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, and so on a rest? There are much more exciting persons in the world—even in the world of to-day. That's what one has to drum into the critics' ears.

RICHARD CURIE.

### SYNGE AND THE IRISH THEATRE \*

I have found this elaborate volume by M. Bourgeois both embarrassing and attractive. I did not want to read anything more about Synge. The muddle of legend and controversy that has arisen around his name and work is a profitless study. "Synge" has become as inartistic an irritant as a persistent patent medicine, or worse advertisement. It arouses feelings that have nothing of the animation and graciousness which we usually associate with literature. And it bears us far from the thing that matters more or less—the creative and interpretive work of the real Synge himself.

Many of those who have discovered Synge appear to have hastily assumed that they had at the same time discovered Ireland. As a whole she had given up her secret, and, furthermore, every individual unit of her people was revealed in all essentials. We were all disclosed and labelled. Synge had given us away. Some of us are amused at this assumption, more of us resent it, but the measure of resentment is much greater than the measure of amusement. It has militated against a dispassionate and measured appreciation of the Synge of actuality.

I happen to be deeply interested in Ireland, and her inlook and outlook, both from the Gaelic and the Anglo-Irish sides. It is difficult to say on which of these sides we find the greater crop of contentions and theories about the meaning and destiny of the entity we call *Eire*, or Ireland. I have grown distrustful of nearly all the law and the prophets on both sides and try simply to understand what Ireland and her various individualities and

<sup>1</sup> "Dramatic Portraits." By P. P. Howe 5s net (Martin Secker).

\* "John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre." By Maurice Bourgeois 7s 6d net (Constable).

authors (in Gaelic and in English) are trying to express in their more deliberate moments. I find the task entertaining and animating, but I grow more and more chary of positive conclusions, though I may be able to venture on a tentative theory about it all if I live to a hale old age.

Certainly when I reflect on the Ireland that is associated with the mystic, artist, co-operator, and heroic worker, "A. E.", when I consider the Ireland that reveals herself in the *Féiseanna* of the Gaelic League, the Ireland that is expressed in the Irish writings of Canon O'Leary, the rare young Ireland that lives and labours in St. Enda's College, the grim and what might be called Ibsenian Connacht interpreted in the writings of Padraic O'Connor; the deep-hearted and romantic Connacht that slunes and sings in the work of Micheal Breathnach, the Ulster of "Cu Uladh", the Munster of "An Seabhac", the toiling and tragic Ireland that in mire and misery has begun to think even of the Co-operative Commonwealth; the Ireland that is either obsessed or vexed with ultramontanism, and the psychic Ireland that still has glimpses of fairyland, howsoever the normal consciousness may seek to explain them—when I think of these and others, a mild amusement is pardonable in regard to the positive souls who consider the Abbey Theatre—whose interests, of course, are undoubted—the beginning and the end of art and literature in our country. And though Synge has a distinctive place in this varied realm of life, he is far from being all-important and predominant.

I said at the outset that this work of M. Bourgeois is attractive and embarrassing. He calls ourselves and our mixed concerns before the council and the judgment of Europe, we are vain enough to be attracted and self-critical enough to be embarrassed by the thought of this novel and august tribunal. On the whole, however, we fare well. M. Bourgeois, unlike the majority of English and not a few Anglo-Irish critics, has realised the necessity of understanding something of the Irish language, Irish history, Irish culture, and the ancestral Irish civilisation before one ventures to sum up modern Ireland. His knowledge, interest and palpable desire to spread light rather than to construct a theory at any cost is refreshing. On the Gaelic side he is often really informing, though he



William Butler Yeats.

ink sketch by John B. Yeats, R.H.A.

Irish Theatre, by Maurice Bourgeois (Constable).



ROBERT HOFF, JR.

1. Between the 1st and 2nd  
 2. HILLS OF HOMER  
 3. MACLEIN WALL  
 4. ROBERT HOFF, JR.  
 5. LONDON & EDINBURGH



falls into the mistake of using the crude and meaningless term "Erse" Where he is most unconvincing it is his general theory of life and destiny that appears to be at fault Thus he seems to imagine that, generally speaking, things "Pagan" and "pre-Christian" were unspiritual and barbarous Thus, to my mind, is a hopeless conclusion Again, he thinks that the Irish peasantry, as portrayed by Synge in his essays, is closely akin to "the aboriginal Gacdhacht," and he speaks of the modern Irishman that typifies a survival of "the dateless Irishman of the sagas" I doubt this survival theory, as he and others put it, there may be a certain survival, but there is also deterioration The matter, however, is too spacious and subtle to be argued in detail just now

Extensive and judicial a study as he has made of the formal life and the artistic life of Synge, M Bourgeois still leaves him an aloof and somewhat inscrutable individuality He has told us everything that the biographer and commentator can tell, and Synge remains what he was before arresting, odd, bizarre, morbid, solitary, an eerie visitant in, rather than an expression of, Ireland He might be called the Sick Man of Anglo-Irish literature, the Sick Man who had something of genius, whose sickness and suffering were broken by phases of psychic intoxication and exaltation, flashes of romance and poetry, bursts of mordant and extravagant humour When all is said there is no real scope for the biographer and the historian, everything that matters is to be found in the unequal plays In regard to these, M Bourgeois is discriminating on the whole, though he is unduly severe on "The Tucker's Wedding" Here, again, he confounds religion and theology, and makes too little allowance for the great human sense of humour Testy indeed must be the theological sense that treats this rare tinker to the critical bell, book, and candle

W P RYAN

### LOVE-MAKING AT SIXTY \*

George Crabbe, whose early life was saved from being a tragedy by the friendship of Edward Burke, appears in these volumes in the somewhat unexpected light of genteel comedy He married the girl he had loved in boyhood and there were seven children, but five of them died, and a nervous disease made her for some years impossible as a companion of his efforts and aspirations He wrote on one of her letters "Nothing can be more sincere than this, nothing more reasonable and affectionate, and yet happiness was denied" These lines are a domestic romance when read as the history of eight years courtship and thirty years of marriage

When he settled at Trowbridge his days of struggle were over His income must then have been about a thousand a year, and with his simple tastes this must have been wealth Compare it, for instance, with the scanty living Johnson wrung from the booksellers!

Soon after the death of Sarah Ilmsley, this book reveals him in the character of a comfortable widower looking out for a second wife In "The Romance of an Elderly Poet" we have a hitherto unknown chapter in the life of George Crabbe, revealed by his ten years' correspondence with Elizabeth Charter, which has been carefully edited by A M Broadley and Walter Jerrold The book is well illustrated, and the portraits are particularly worthy of study

His efforts ought to have been successful, for they were extensive, as he was corresponding at one time with six young ladies, each of whom was ignorant of the existence of the other five Matters went so far that there was an actual engagement with one of these damsels, but by a combination of a vixen aunt, a foolish brother, a father who cared for nothing, and a sister who wrote of "carriages and follies of that nature," this course of elderly true love did not end in marriage On the other hand, a lady who apparently refused him and continued to receive letters

\* "The Romance of an Elderly Poet" By A M Broadley and Walter Jerrold 10s 6d. net (Stanley Paul & Co.)



George Crabbe.

From a sketch taken in 1826, in the collection of A M Broadley  
From "The Romance of an Elderly Poet," by A M Broadley and Walter Jerrold  
(Stanley Paul)

from him before and after the rejection, preserved them, and they are now printed and offered to the public

Love-making under such circumstances must have been difficult If there was in sight a mirror the elderly poet must surely have seen five disapproving faces looking over his shoulders to see what he had written to the not impossible sixth Yet they need not have been alarmed, for they show Crabbe incapable of warmth in wooing as he was of writing a letter worthy of being placed in the same casket with those of Lamb, or Cowper, or Fitzgerald

There is not then, much romance in the elderly poet's ineffectual effort to combine the courtship of six demure ladies at a temperature that should leave them all free from compromise But the letters form a curious psychological document as to the poet himself He was free from some clerical prejudices, for on the day that he was instituted to Trowbridge he went to the theatre and saw Kean in "Hamlet" Perhaps some explanation may be found of Crabbe's philandering in his complaints as to the lack of "congenial intellectual society" and "social intercourse" Yet a manufacturing town is rarely destitute of the elements out of which a sensible man may find for himself friends that shall be both congenial and social, and if the fits of depression to which Crabbe was subject were too severe, there was Bath, which, with its gaiety and fashion, has always combined elements appealing to the intellect Tom Moore, William Isle Bowles, Warner the antiquary, were all living within short distances of Trowbridge But it appears that at all times Crabbe had a decided preference for the society of women, and was sometimes willing to take both their beauty and wit for granted We shall all sympathise with the old squire who declared "Dammie, Sir, the first time Crabbe dined at my house he proposed to my sister," and also with the lady who complained that "she felt quite frightened by his manner" on a similar occasion But in his love letters, as here printed, he is more discreet He generally begins frigidly, and the warmest epithet he has for a lady of his soul is an occasional "Dear," dropped, as it were, by accident into the middle of a sentence He has as little distinction in prose as in love We are told that he wrote much, and that many of his MSS he burned In this he was wise His sermons were with a severe economy made to serve on various occasions

Miss Charter sufficiently valued his letters to keep the MSS., and these enable us to see in full this unexpected and unattractive side of Crabbe's character. To Miss Charter he does not hesitate to narrate some of his other amatory "excursions and alarms"—all of them apparently as tepid as those of which the documents are given in the present volume. For a man of letters Crabbe has little to say about literature, but we do get some additional details as to the sale of his poems to John Murray for £3,000—a transaction which showed that the poet had more business tact than he gave himself credit for. Doubtless Byron's reference to him as "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best," helped him in the estimation of the public, which was far more familiar with narrative verse than the general reader of to-day. The critics will soon have the opportunity of comparing in some considerable bulk, the work of two of nature's stern painters—George Crabbe and John Maschfield. And it will be remarkable to note how different are the roads by which they reach a similar result. There is a case known to me of a man of mathematical genius who was seriously and wisely advised by his friends to read poetry, which he had entirely neglected as a means of retaining a sense of general culture. Looking over a goodly range of the English poets he selected Crabbe as being nearest in appearance to prose! The implied criticism is not without justification, for Crabbe is a poet of the earth, earthy. Unlike the worthy Vicar of Wakefield, the Vicar of Irowbridge was not an opponent of deuterogamy on any stern principles of ethics or morals, so that when he had to discuss the question it was as a mere question of expediency. One of the "Tales of the Hall"—that of the old Bachelor—is devoted to the wider topic of Celibacy and Matrimony. But there comes a time when he and the widower parson reach a common standpoint. There are nice girls who are specially born to be the wives first or second of elderly parsons, but they are not always easy to find when wanted, and are difficult of identification, as Casaubon found in the case of Dorothea. Perhaps the Anglicans who have so many wifeless elderly clergy ought to found a school for the training of nice girls intended for the wives of clergymen of sixty and over. There would need to be proper precautions, especially against young and impetuous curates, but doubtless under episcopal patronage these lazy (and youthful) marauders would be warded off. The last is an important point, for who has not regretted to see a matronly dame wasting her sweetness on a layman's household when every indication, astrological and cheiromantic, shows that she should have been a vicarress or even a bishopess?

The end of Crabbe's many letters and much deliberation was that he remained a comfortable celibate to the end of his days. The old Bachelor says

"I now was sixty, but could walk and eat  
My food was pleasant and my slumber sweet  
But what could urge me at a day so late  
To think of women?"

What, indeed!

WILLIAM I. A. AXON

### THE INSOLUBLE PROBLEM.\*

In their new novels, Mrs. Henry Dudeney and Mrs. Elmor Glyn deal with the same difficult problem of love and marriage, each tries a different way of solving it, and leaves it still unsolved. Guinevere Bohun tells her own story in "The Sequence." She was married at the age of seventeen to the middle-aged General Humphrey Bohun, she was then a simple innocent, and had timorously obeyed her parents' wishes in accepting a man of whom she was afraid, and who was old enough to be her father. She is now thirty-one, still simple, innocent,

idealistic, still in fear of her husband, bullied and dominated by him, and has one son, a graceless cub for whom, as for his father, she has little affection. Guinevere is too much of a darling and a beloved, too much given to playing dreamy or passionate things on the piano, and one rather dislikes her habit of self-pity, the vivid consciousness she has that she was such a helpless child when she married at seventeen, and her appealing way of talking of the failings of her elderly husband, and of her son. Nevertheless, she inspires a handsome bachelor neighbour, Sir Hugh Dremont, with a splendid passion for her, and she gives her whole heart to him, but the cruelty of the position is that she is married, and can never be his without scandal and misery. She will not stoop to dishonour, but sends him from her when she feels the situation is getting beyond her, and, reckless and hopeless, he contracts a headlong marriage with a beautiful girl who temporarily fascinates him, but an hour after the wedding he learns that she has negro blood in her veins, and conceives such a loathing for her that they never live together as man and wife. To complete the irony of the situation, General Bohun dies suddenly at this juncture, and Guinevere is free, but Sir Hugh is not. And how this new entanglement is unravelled you may go to the book to discover. It is a clever story, but Guinevere is too yearning and daintiness to win your sympathy. The most likeable person in the book is her sister Letitia, a delightfully worldly woman, whose views on other women, and on the ethics of good society in general, make amusing reading, but are not to be adopted.

Mrs. Dudeney takes up this same problem of the danger of a woman marrying lest she should alter her mind, and meet the right man after she has bound herself to the wrong one. Her Angelina Peachey is a vivid contrast to Guinevere, she is a very charming, baffling, wilful, assertive personality. As a child of ten she has precocious love affairs with boys at her school, later, she is for a time inclined to marry the foolish son of a peer, but is revolted by his first kiss abruptly runs away from him, and will see him no more. Then she meets, and loves, the staid Antony, nephew of Lady Johns, but as she is not sure whether her love may be lasting, she will only consent to be his wife in name, they must pretend they have married secretly at a registry office, then if she changes her mind, it will not be too late for her to leave him. He consents to this arrangement, and all goes fairly well for seven years, but when Antony's friend Julius returns from abroad, he and Angelina are irresistibly drawn to each other, she realises that he is the man of her heart, and, having told Antony of her intention, goes away with him. Presently, he leaves her in a lonely place whilst he goes to London on urgent business, and, during his prolonged absence, she hears that Antony has been overtaken by misfortune, his house and valuable collection of old china are burnt, and he is ruined, and stricken with paralysis. She goes to him pityingly, and whilst she is looking after him, Julius returns—he has been to London to endeavour to save his failing eyesight, but the operation was unavailing, and he has come back stone blind. At the finish you find Angelina running a curio shop, the two men living with her, and being maintained by her earnings. The earlier chapters are the best part of the book. The story of Angelina's girlhood, her school days, and the whole life of the household over the chemist's shop at a corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, is faithfully and powerfully realised. Her father and mother, her sister Blanche, the bizarre old grandmother, and her wistful, likeable maid, Kitty, are veritable creations. The story is admirably written, the atmosphere of central London is very skilfully re-created in those earlier chapters, but you do not altogether believe in the reality of the grown-up Angelina, and that two such men as Antony and Julius would, even crippled as they were, settle down together under her roof, and consent to be wholly dependent on her is a little incredible, and a little ridiculous. Mrs. Dudeney writes so well that you are bound to go on reading to the end, but because she writes so well you wish she had left these freak

\* "The Sequence." By Elmor Glyn. 6s (Duckworth).  
"Set to Partners." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s (Hemann).

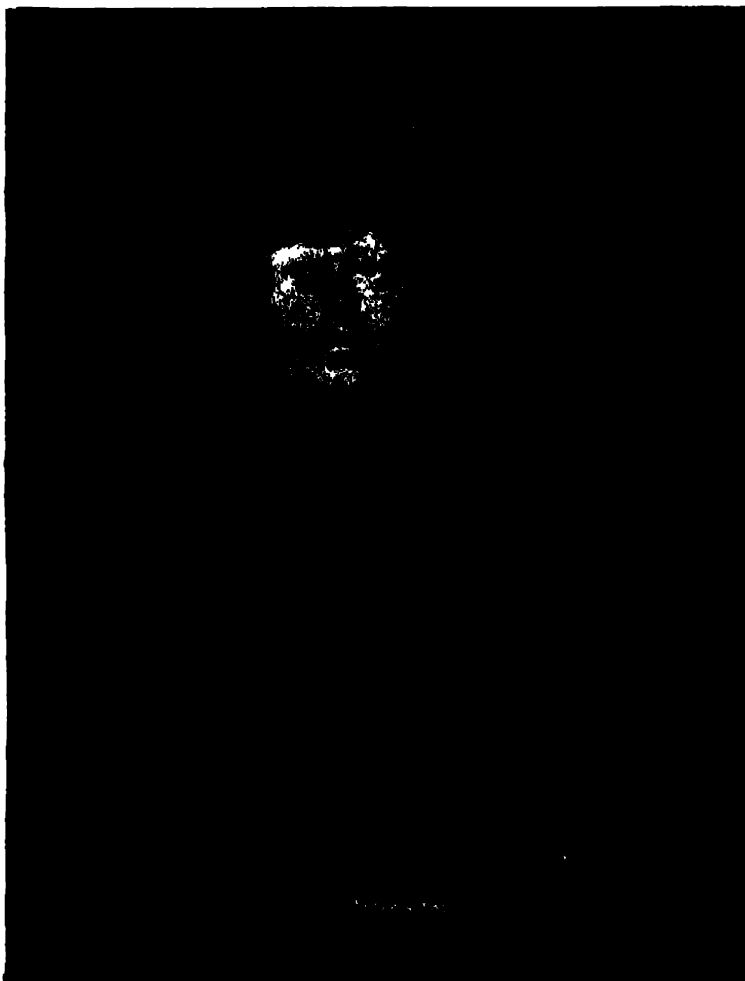
problems alone, had kept in the broad, main stream of normal human life and experience, and made this tale as strong and as finely true all through as it is in its beginnings

## TWENTY FIVE YEARS' REMINISCENCES \*

Those who have fallen under the spell of Mrs. Tynan Hinkson's enchanting lyrics—not to mention those who take delight in her novels—should hasten to acquaint themselves with this book. For it serves a three-fold purpose. It affords an intimate insight of that kindly, genial, sympathetic personality which is revealed on every page; it introduces the reader, on colloquial terms, as it were, to a whole host of interesting people. And it affords an exciting glimpse of that stormiest period of Irish political history which culminated in the Parnell *debacle*. Of this last Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson writes from a strongly partisan point of view, which probably renders her chapters more convincing, more effective, than any more unbiassed account could be.

Strictly speaking, two men loom so large in these "Reminiscences" as to overshadow all others,—the author's adored father, a strong and simple Irish Catholic farmer, and her adored leader, Charles Stewart Parnell. These two dominate the whole book. But between these two one encounters almost all the famous names of later-Victorian literature. W. B. Yeats in particular, Christina Rossetti, the Meynells, the Morrises, the brilliant unhappy Wildes, mother and sons, Frances Wynn, Dora Sigerson, and countless other interesting people more or less well known. There is some piece of generous appreciation,

\* *Twenty-Five Years' Reminiscences*. By Katharine Tynan (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson). 10. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)



Miss Katharine Tynan.

the Portrait by J. B. Yeats, R.H.A. in the Dublin Municipal Art Gallery

of enjoyable description, of amusing anecdote, to be met with at every turn.

The story goes in Cheshure of a certain vicar who called, in his parochial capacity, upon a poor, decrepit, somewhat squalid and sulky old woman. "My good woman," says he in dulcet tones, endeavouring to put her at her ease, "I understand you're Irish, and so am I Irish, too. This should be a bond of union between us. We ought to be good friends." "Ah!" replied the incredulous one, huddling herself closer in her ragged old shawl, "Sure, there's a many that *says* they're Irish. But *they're all sorts*!" The vaguely damnatory charge of being "all sorts" can never be laid against Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson. She is pure unmistakable Irish through and through, racy of the soil. And so skilful is she in enlisting our sympathies, that we are at one with her all along. With her, we are equally ready to enter a convent school or to join the Land League, with her, to worship Parnell through thick and thin, or to rejoice in the charming communications of the visionary "Willie Yeats." For there is nothing so infectious as enthusiasm, and this author is enthusiastic or nothing. A broad-minded gregariousness and tolerance, a devotion of hero-worship extended to women just as much as men, are here blent with native humour and vivacity. The result is at once enlightening and entertaining as though one chatted with a cheerful friend over the panoramic pageantry of vanished years. There is no cold Sassanach heart but must kindle to some responsive glow over the description of "dear dirty Dublin" in the 'Sixties, and in those of Irish blood these memories will awaken an atavistic, or altruistic thrill, as of happiness pre-experienced by proxy.

The passionate heights and depths of the Celtic temperament find no exponent here. The spiritual dreams and wild imaginings which beset a consciousness suffused with the cognisance of unseen powers, such as you may find (to take two widely differing examples) in "The Countess Cathleen" and in "The Crock of Gold", these are here subordinated to what one may call poetic materialism. They are lost sight of beneath the tender, gentle, lovable traits, the human, humorous, half pathetic traits, which make the Irish character what it is. Nature is dear to Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson, still more so human nature, but always in their more gracious and homely aspects. With the fiercely overwhelming passions common to both nature and human nature, the hurricanes and volcanoes of existence she appears to be calmly acquainted but as an outside spectator. Yet, perhaps, this very absence of anything "high-falutin'" will secure for her a wider circle of readers, for whose sake I forbear to spoil a prospective feast by untimely preliminary "tastings." Katharine Tynan has come in contact with so many fascinating folk, celebrities or otherwise,—her record has included so many crowded hours of eventful, if not glorious life,—that although she has not yet arrived at the hour when reminiscences are usually written, we welcome the "heavenly long-windedness" of hers. We are left looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to the two more volumes promised us in due course. For such is the grace of her style, such the charm with which she can endow the smallest episode, that there never seems to be one word too much in these three hundred and fifty pages. M. B.

## PARLIAMENT AND THE PRESS\*.

Visitors to the House of Commons glance at the reporters' gallery and are pleased to see a certain quiet bustle and alertness there. It helps to assure them of the interest of the scene. Whether

\* "The Reporter's Gallery." By Michael McDonagh. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

they commonly reflect that we are represented by its diligent occupants as well as by members on the floor may be doubted, but it is certain that the future student of history, looking back to these early days of the struggle to make of Parliament a truly democratic institution, will find some of its most indefatigable heroes among the reporters of debates. These craftsmen, in fact, have borne the brunt of it. Mr Michael MacDonagh's new book on "The Reporters' Gallery" makes romantic reading for that reason, and is a vitally important contribution to the political record of two centuries. Reporters maintained for generations, with infinite difficulty and in the face of frequent pains and penalties, the right of the nation to be governed publicly, and not privately. Nor is their full usefulness yet proved. It is to the reporters, as popular government develops, that Parliament itself must look for help in maintaining this right against Cabinets and the Civil Service, if it be unreasonably contested. Who knows? There is no extravagance in supposing it still possible that journalists may have to suffer in the public interest.

In the days before popular government, Parliament was just a secret convention against the King with his standing army. When it got control of the army, it remained secret out of contempt for the people. John Dyer, the first news letter writer, had humbly to beg the pardon of the House for trading in contraband intelligence, and was "upon his knees reprimanded by the Speaker for his great presumption." This was in 1694, and, after nearly two centuries of reporting, the House formally refused, in 1875, to say, on the motion of Lord Hartington, that it would not in future entertain any complaint in respect of the publication of its own proceedings or those of its Committees "save and except those conducted with closed doors or in the case of wilful misrepresentation." The reporters, moreover, may still be turned out at any moment, either on a vote of members or at the discretion of the Speaker.

From the literary point of view, Mr MacDonagh's book is not only to be praised highly as a thorough piece of work, done with due concern for the dignity of its subject, but to be welcomed as adding to our knowledge of famous writers. How long will Pitt's reply to Walpole be printed without Dr Johnson's name as the author? The whole mass of so-called Parliamentary speeches printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* between November '5th, 1740, and February 22nd, 1713, was a product of Johnson's imagination, and might be printed as the most characteristic example of his rhetoric—his trick, as Goldsmith said, of making little fishes talk like whales. He wrote those speeches in a garret in Exeter Street. Coleridge's labours for *The Morning Post* were far more strictly those of a reporter. No hearsay inspired them. He was down at Westminster by seven o'clock in the morning to get a seat in the "strangers' gallery," and, if he sometimes fell asleep towards midnight, that was not his fault. He had to work a twenty-five-hours day on more than one occasion. No wonder he refused to go on, even for a half share in the paper, £2,000 a year, and said on retiring to Kew that he would not give up the country and lazy reading for two thousand times the sum. But let nobody blame Johnson. He had not access even to the back row of the "strangers' gallery," and did his prodigious best in the circumstances. Both men lent the House their brains unstintingly. The result of such labours as they shared with distinction was that members began to wish themselves reported, and Sheridan could plead successfully for liberty of the Press against corruption. That liberty, granted as a privilege, was then asserted as a claim. The reporters boycotted those who grudged it, pushed their way defiantly to the front of the gallery, were turned out for it, re-admitted, and finally given a gallery of their own, with a great suite of rooms. Irishmen played a picturesque part in the struggle. There was Mark Supple, who, bored by the House's dullness one night, cried out "A song from Mr Speaker!" and Peter Finnerty, who told the attendant he did not care a damn for him.

"A certain noble Lord who was drinking at the Bar which once stood in the Lobby, thought that a newspaper man was watching him."

"'Hallo,' cried he, 'put down in your notebook that I have just drunk a glass of wine.'"

"'I certainly would,' was the reply, 'if I saw your lordship drinking water.'"

Wilkes's adroit use of his popularity as a City man to protect offending journalists, and Dickens's career—much more important in this connection than has been understood—are very fully treated. Dickens saw the new gallery provided. There seems no doubt that, even at twenty-three years of age, he was one of its ablest workers, though the story that he could fill a column and a half of *The Morning Chronicle* in an hour is, of course, absurdly ill-informed. He never claimed to have done so. In a brief review, however, the interest of the book can only be hinted at. For all politicians this is as great as for all journalists, and, the scale and treatment being entirely worthy of it, Mr MacDonagh must be congratulated on a permanent record of the long contest which helped to establish the fact that Parliament is the nation's servant, not its master.

KLIGHLY SNOWDEN

### NOVELS IN SOLUTION.\*

No doubt there will be, until the end of time, a fierce and edifying conflict of opinion as to the particular solvent which will effectively assign to works of fiction their quite especial relative values. It is not entirely a question of Art and No-Art, because, although splendidly dogmatic, that definition calls for volumes in its defence. Nor is it entirely a question of accomplishment, because accomplishment is not invariably a sign of the inferior artist, though it is frequently a mark of superficiality. What hampers the critic is that his theory has inevitably to embrace, and even to exalt, his own preferences—those preferences which no man has ever been able quite honestly to explain. For there are books that amuse the critic, there are books that edify him, and there are books that move him. All those books that bore him are ruled out, because the boring books often have—for different reasons—very large circulations, and thus alienate the sympathies of any theorist to whom popular taste is a study in pathology.

By what standard, for example, may one judge such works as "The Joy of Youth," "Gold Lace," and "The Sorrow Stones"? By what standard such stories as "Cake," "Sheila Intervenes," "My Lady of the Chimney Corner," and "The Irresistible Intruder"? The second question is easier to answer than the first, but the last four books conform to a recognisable convention, or to recognisable "conventions." The other three books are "different," as they say.

"The Joy of Youth" is apparently a satire upon the pompous garrulity of youth. It is very largely a series of broken monologues, in which all the characters use an extraordinarily inflated manner of speaking, and argue about themselves and their opinions in a very aggressive style. As was only to be expected, Mr Eden Phillpotts satirises these objectionable people to perfection, though perhaps, as a *jeu d'esprit*, "The Joy of Youth" is a little heavy in the hand, in spite of its subtle suggestion that all the speakers are as much behind the times as theorists always have been.

"Gold Lace" is a revelation by persistent analysis of the relations of naval and military officers with the feminine population of a district in Ireland. It is singularly able, complex, and sincere, though it is curiously static. Miss Mayne is a really delicate observer, who does not shrink

\* "The Joy of Youth" By Eden Phillpotts (Chapman & Hall). "Gold Lace" By Ethel Colburn Mayne (Chapman & Hall).—"The Sorrow Stones" By M E Williams (Longman).—"Cake" By Bohun Lynch (Murray).—"Sheila Intervenes" By Stephen McKenna (Jenkins).—"My Lady of the Chimney Corner" By Alexander Irvine (Nash).—"The Irresistible Intruder" By William Caine (Lane) 6s each.



the conclusions to which she is brought. Her illuminating discussion of the significance of women in the world is both wise and charming, and, while character is of more consideration with Miss Mayne than characters, the portraits in the book are often exquisitely subtle.

"The Sorrow Stones" is a tragic narrative of the Dales and Fells, or rather, the book is a series of sketches of life quite strangely wrought into poignancy by the effect of its tragic rhythm and of one final calamity. I have never read a book in which human speech was so perfectly rendered, and for that alone Miss Williams's work would be memorable. In addition, and in spite of an Imperialistic and injudicious use of the late Boer War, "The Sorrow Stones" is very beautiful and very moving.

"Cake" is a clever and charming book about an eccentric young man who chose to marry a delightful girl. It has many ramifications, and the questions of legacy, name-changing, and an unexpected title, are all satisfactorily settled. The author is a very dexterous and competent writer, and does this sort of thing so easily that one wishes he would do something else not quite so easily. But that wish is not meant to imply any reflection upon "Cake," which is the reflection of a particularly jolly and nonsensical mood.

More ambitious is Mr McKenna's "Sheila Intervenes" in which an alluring busybody nearly wrecks four lives before fate steps in and leaves everybody happy. The book is written with great confidence, but it is rather conventional, and the parade of political knowledge is less convincing than the frequent gay conversations which lift the material above the commonplace. Mr McKenna does not shrink from a blood-spitting hero, and a rather vulgar little heroine, he has other portraits which are more pleasing.

"My Lady of the Chimney Corner," which has its sentimentalities, in the main tells with considerable emotion the story of an Irishwoman who lived through horrible privations with undaunted courage. Mr Jack London is quoted upon the dust-cover as saying that "no more beautiful thing of the spirit has come out of Ireland."

Mr William Caine tells, in the person of a middle-aged bachelor, a rather simple story of love and a surprising little boy. The abrupt change from amiable romance into an almost passionate recital of an unexpected plot, laid by an apparently charming lady, against the hero's bachelorhood, is less welcome. But it is well done, even if it is unbelievable, and the hero's narration is as consistent as one could wish. Only the heroine's plan to marry him is exceptionally mean, and I for one could never forgive her such deceit. The style is Sternian, and well sustained. The Intruder himself is very cleverly steered clear of priggishness: he is a wholly delightful little boy, in spite of an unpleasant imaginary kingdom.

Of these books, to return to the question of a solvent, "Cake" and the "Irresistible Intruder" really amused me, "Gold Lace" edified me, and "The Sorrow Stones" moved me. Mr Phillpotts's book does not seem quite successful, because the young artist in it who talks almost humanly about bores, seems to be given an unnecessary walk-over. He is a poor soporist, and Mr Phillpotts would have given more point to his satire by contrasting Bertram Dangerfield's inexpressible ill-breeding and verbosity with the better behaviour of some ordinary humans. Instead, he opposes only pompous folk infected with the same disease equally tiresome. There were, in fact, moments when I wondered if the book really was a satire. In any case it is purely intellectual. Miss Mayne's book is intellectual also, and it does not move very deeply, but it is tremendously interesting. "Cake" and "The Irresistible Intruder" are simply amusing novels by capable writers, who are content to accept novel-conventions and work originally within those conventions. "Sheila Intervenes" is an acceptance of conventions and an effort to sustain them by cleverness, that is why it lacks real value and why it appears superficial. But "The Sorrow Stones" is really moving: one feels that simple lives are being simply unfolded. Art is certainly involved, although the outcome is apparently artless. Now "The Sorrow Stones"

is simple because the life it describes is simple, "Gold Lace" is complex because it deals with complex and not very passionately-felt emotions. "Gold Lace" is urban; "The Sorrow Stones" is among the mountains. It is a finer, purer air, perhaps, but "Gold Lace" is as deeply felt. The difference lies in the material, surely? Urban life is complex, full of subtleties, the life of Cumbria is otherwise. But in both of these books, which do seem to me to rise above the others as distinguished work, there is the one fundamental quality of sober, passionate sincerity to the author's emotional perception of life. I cannot, in the case of prose fiction, find any other universal solvent. We cannot in Mr Phillpotts's case, find much emotion, the talk is all theorising, and Loveday's transference of affection to her conversational wooer is not moving nor beautiful. In the other books with which these words immediately deal, there is hardly any attempt to move the reader deeply, the authors are content, and justifiably content, to skim the surface of life and to store the cream in jugs of antique fashion. Miss Mayne, although working with the delicacy of a lace-maker, is really engrossed in her material, and in the presentation of this her true and immediate vision, Miss Williams also, with less subtlety, but with equal preoccupation with the actual spectacle of life, cares more passionately for precise truth than for anything else. But in both books the fundamental attitude is one of sober detachment. Which is to say that both books are unmistakably works of art.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

## ART AND MORALS.\*

It is dreadfully the fashion amongst critics to apologise for Boucher, measuring his genius by unapplicable standards, to regard him rather as the baleful beautiful iridescence on the surface of the festering cesspool of French eighteenth century society than as the supreme artist and expresser of his age and surroundings, as authentic in his own way as Velasquez or Franz Hals in theirs.

One might just as well apologise for the rose, because it expresses in terms of beauty the ordure from which it has drawn its sustenance.

And Mrs. Bearnie is no exception to the rule. True, she disclaims any intention "to write a technical book on the life of Boucher" and indeed is not to be taken as a serious critic, but she adopts the general tone, mixing up morality and art as though they have of necessity anything in common. This is a matter which calls for serious protest. Take the following passage, which surely misconceives the function of art in the completest possible way Boucher's talents she writes, which

"might have served to raise the whole aim, tone and character of the French art of the day were only made instruments of its degradation. The subjects chosen by Boucher and the manner in which he painted them were exactly calculated to excite the admiration and encourage the tastes of the society in which he was everyday more popular and successful!"

And this, if you please of one of the supreme decorative artists of all time, whose function was not to preach but to mirror the spirit of the age in which he lived. Possibly, though this may be questioned, it would have been better for him to have turned Puritan and abandoned art altogether, but, having chosen his mistress, he would have been but a faithless servant not to have served her wholeheartedly.

Unconcerned with morality, he was concerned with Beauty, and must be judged in the Court of Taste, not in the Court of Arches, must be weighed by the avoirdupois of aesthetics, not by the troy-weight of didactics.

So much by way of protest against an assumption for which I admit Mrs. Bearnie must be held only indirectly responsible. For her book is rather the result of an industrious colligation of other people's writings than of her own original thought or judgment. It is, in fact, a

\* "A Court Painter and His Circle François Boucher" By Mrs Bearnie 15s net Illustrated (J. Fisher Unwin)

not unamusing *mélange*, without any very direct bearing upon its avowed subject, of the scandalous happenings of those very scandalous years which preceded the French Revolution, and of which Boucher was at the same time the product and the prophet. That the facts are ill-digested and poorly marshalled will probably not trouble the average reader, who reads not for instruction but for the killing of time. Nor will it trouble him that there is throughout the book an eccentric use of punctuation, which I take it is as much the fault of the publisher's "reader" as of the author. But those things should warn the serious student that this is no book for him. And this is a pity, for not only to have placed Boucher in his proper surroundings but to have shown him part and parcel of his environment would have been well worth the effort. And this because Boucher was not only a great artist. He was the founder of a school, the discoverer of the true French art-soul, doing more than any other to rid his country of foreign domination, and to set up in its place a domination native to her genius. It was a Frenchman who said, "Les grands artistes n'ont pas de patrie," but this does not mean that the picture painted for a French boudoir has as proper a place in an English gallery, nor that a Pieta by Michelangelo should be ravished from an Italian chapel and set up in a New York drinking bar.

Analogously, it is a good thing to write of an artist in his proper surroundings, not as an isolated marvel, independent of circumstances and influences. And, so far as this has been her object, Mrs. Bearne is to be commended, but, as I say, she has failed to digest the results of her industrious research. Good stories there are in plenty, with which to pass an hour or two, stories of Madame de Pompadour, of Madame Geoffrin, of Madame du Deffand, of Louis XV, and his disreputable relations, legitimate and otherwise, of John Law, the Comte de Charolais, Watteau, Chardin and Veret, of that amazing sisterhood Les Demoiselles de Nesle and a score of other so-called ladies, but real demureps. But as often as not, these *chroniques scandaleuses* have no direct bearing on the subject in hand, which seems rather to have been used as a peg upon which to hang the many piquant stories which the writer of the book has culled from various sources. In a word, this is one of those volumes which have no relation to literature, but which are turned out in ever-increasing numbers "to supply idle minds" (I quote the words of this morning's paper apropos of something else) "with such mild stimulus as will banish boredom for a few hours each day." Doubtless it will find its quota of readers. Economically perhaps it may be justified by the fact that it occurs in response to a demand. None the less it is pitiful that such a demand exists. It is the public that is to blame. If it demanded sound literature the publisher would not be slow to give it. But the publisher has to live and cannot, except in the rarest cases, take the risk of supplying what the large paying public will not have at any price. This volume is lavishly illustrated and its format does credit to the taste of its producer.

G. S. LAYARD

## THE STATESMAN OF THE REVOLUTION \*

The President of the French Republic having just given us a picture of "How France is Governed" at the present day, it is not inappropriate to receive from M. Barthou, the Prime Minister a study of France during the first phase of the Revolution, written round the life of Mirabeau, the one man who might have reconciled the monarchy and the national liberty, and so spared France the Terror. M. Barthou possesses to the full the lucidity and sense of proportion which have placed so many Frenchmen among the best biographers in the world. He has been fortunate, too, in being able to include some unpublished letters, which throw not a little light upon the real character and personality of the great orator whom Gambetta

\* "Mirabeau." By Louis Barthou 10s. net (Heinemann's "Illustrious Figures in French History" Series)

regarded as "the most glorious political genius this country has had since the incomparable Cardinal Richelieu." This eulogy remains unqualified in spite of the acknowledged blot of corruption upon his escutcheon. Mirabeau, it is admitted, was in the pay of that "inert creature," Louis XVI, but he never sacrificed his principles to his pecuniary interests, just as some of our own statesmen in earlier days proved it possible to accept pensions from abroad without sacrificing any of their loyalty to their own country. Mirabeau received money from the king in order to save the king, according to his own friend, M. de la March, and even his enemy, La Fayette, was generous enough to admit that "Mirabeau would not for any sum have supported an opinion destructive of liberty or dishonourable to his mind." He was the one man with a clear consistent policy in that chaos of ideas, but neither the king nor the queen would follow his advice. Mirabeau died, and the inevitable Revolution came, not by the way of Law, as he had proposed, but by the way of Terror, as he had foreseen. Could Mirabeau have saved the situation had he lived? It is a point which many historians have disputed. M. Barthou has no hesitation in declaring that Mirabeau's scheme was doomed to failure before his death by the Assembly's suicidal Ordinance of November 7th, 1789, by which no member could take office under the Crown while holding his seat or for six months afterwards. Limited as Mirabeau thus was to the obscure position of secret adviser to the Court, he possessed neither the confidence nor the esteem of those whom he was advising. They consulted him, but never heeded, and the Assembly, which at that period, as Minister, he might have mastered by the magic of his personality, afterwards grew out of hand, and would have brutally upset his plans.

"The decree of November 7th," as his biographer says, "broke the only power which could consolidate the Revolution by moderating it. It was on that day really, and not on the day of Mirabeau's death, that the ruins of the monarchy became the prey of faction."

The book is valuable for its intimate glimpses of Mirabeau's storm-tossed private life, as well as of his public career. The one reacted upon the other to an exceptional extent in his case, especially in regard to his inherited vices and virtues, justice to both of which is done by Mr. Barthou.

"His life and genius, his prodigious, great, able weaknesses, everything in his eventful life an irritating enigma to all who do not claim him as their ancestor."

Some of the letters, now published for the first time, also reveal the full extent of the tragedy of Mirabeau's early marriage, the fatal mistake of which was largely responsible for those excesses of his youth which he lived so bitterly to repent.

FRANK A. MUMBY

## A STUDY OF GEORGE MEREDITH \*

France, upon the whole, has not taken to the Meredith.

"The first step that she steppit in,  
She steppit to the knee,  
An', sighin' sair, says this lady fair,  
'Thus waters no for me."

Like the heroine of the Scots ballad, France has been disinclined to go deeply into the study of an Englishman who loved her as few Englishmen had the courage and insight to do, during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. This is the phenomenon which stirs the loyal soul of M. Photiadès. "There is in all countries, and above all in France, a certain class, which, by reason of its character and culture, is predisposed to read Meredith, but many well-informed people do not realise this, because the poet-novelist is little known, and still less translated." His aim in this book is to encourage the French to step into the waters of Meredith's prose and verse.

\* "George Meredith: His Life, Genius, and Teaching." From the French of Constantin Photiadès. Rendered into English by Arthur Price 6s. net (Constable)

It is from this point of view that the volume must be criticised. The sub-title is too large. English readers will not find in these pages very much original or fresh criticism of Meredith's philosophy. M. Photiadès does not supply even literary estimates of a particularly brilliant order. He writes for the outside public of men and women, especially women, and does his best to interest them in the personality and aims of the great English novelist. The opening chapter describes a visit to Box Hill on September 22nd, 1908. Meredith loathed interviewers, and told M. Photiadès so. "America, that cradled Hercules, infects us with the too free manners of her cowboys and rough-riders. These trappers communicate to us their eccentricity, that mania for besieging persons of note to expose their innermost secrets. Such effrontery stupefies us, we are too apt to take this unceremoniousness for strength. And now, behold, the English journals are enviously imitating the most insolent habits of their Transatlantic brethren!" What would Meredith have said if he had

when his visitor was to make copy out of his visit? The next chapter, on Meredith's life, put together the main acts about his career, partly based on Mr. Clodd's article in *The Fortnightly Review*. But is it quite true to say that Meredith came out of the ordeal of his first marriage "natured, purified by grief, with a fund of indulgence and pity towards women"? The chapter on Meredith's genius is disappointing; it is a paraphrase and analysis of "Harry Richmond," nothing more. For the purpose of interesting the French one would have imagined that "Beauchamp's Career" would have been more suitable. The next chapter on his art is better. But what does M. Photiadès mean by saying that "a character of Dickens passes for ever from our remembrance as soon as the thread of adventure is broken"? So far as that is true, it is just as true of Meredith's characters. The last chapter, on his teaching, does not go into any profound estimate, though it contains an interesting remark of Meredith upon Goethe: "He, to be making love to young girls! I hate in old man in whom passion is dead, and who yet desires to crush a young flower on his breast, I loathe it because nature loathes it."

It is doubtful if a book like this was worth translating. Its audience lies on the other side of the Channel. But if it stimulates French people to read Meredith's verse and prose, either in the original or in a translation, all success to it!

JAMES MOLLAT, D.D., D.Litt.

### MORE MAX.\*

Mr. Max Beerbohm has become a national institution. To say so may seem to overburden him with a deadly weight of ultra-respectable solemnity, but the fact remains, and to be caricatured by him is the hall-mark of fame. He is a national institution, like Guy Fawkes Day, Mrs. Grundy, and the Income Tax, but he is all unlike these or any other of the institutions that have taken root in the national heart. He stands alone, he is unique, even his resemblance to Guy Fawkes Day is merely superficial, so superficial that I don't suppose it would have occurred to me if this new collection of his caricatures had not come into my hands on the memorable Fifth.

He is not only unique among English institutions, but among English caricaturists. Most of our caricaturists, since the days of Gilray and Rowlandson, have been either admirable artists who could draw good portraits,

\* "Fifty Caricatures." By Max Beerbohm 5s net (Heinemann.)

or very indifferent artists whose portraits were not good, and whose virtue lay wholly in the humour of their ideas. But a true caricature is a very different thing from a true portrait, it is a subtler and actually truer thing than that, for it takes account of its subject's invisible characteristics as well as of his obvious features, and suggests these by a cunning exaggeration of the salient points in the face, figure, attitudes, manner and expression of its original. Mr. Beerbohm has done this often before, and in these "Fifty Caricatures" he has done it again triumphantly. Lord Halsbury, for example, is not like the broad, squat, dogged figure that stands for him in the picture labelled, "The Rising Hope of the Stern Unbending Tories," yet the broad, squat, dogged figure is exactly like him, and not merely suggests his outward appearance, but the whole personality of the man. It is the same with the delightful sketch of Justice Darling requesting his marshal to "get some bells sewn on" to the black cap, in the presentation of Mr. Thomas Hardy "composing a lyric," of Mr. Arnold Bennett sitting at ease on a milestone, whilst Hilda Lessways reprimands him for keeping her and Clayhanger "standing about here," waiting to be disposed of in the long overdue third volume of the Clayhanger trilogy. Or take the drawing of Mr. Masfield leaning over a cottage roof, looking down into a squalid village street in which a row is brewing among the natives, the nose is not really Mr. Masfield's, nor the mouth, nor the drooped eyes, nor the collar, and yet, so far from the final likeness being lost in the slight exaggeration, it is curiously emphasised, and you are made to realise intimate characteristics that before you may have seen without seeing, and the little legend underneath



Mr. Bernard Shaw.  
that the dear fellow has not moved

e who, revisiting I n  
From "Fifty Carl

"A swear-word in a rustic slum  
A simple swear-word is to some,  
To Masfield something more,"

completes the picture

Mr Beerbohm is our greatest living caricaturist, our most satirically humorous draughtsman, but the humour of his drawing is always edged and accentuated by the humour and often biting truthfulness of the thought that lies behind it. Usually his satire is so genial, for all its shrewdness, that even his involuntary sitters must be moved to laugh at themselves, and if now and then it cuts to the bone and deeper, and is mercilessly revealing—well, it would be a poor and ineffective satire that invariably left its victim rejoicing. But there is no need to go on. It is enough to say that these "Fifty Caricatures" include some of the most amusing and most brilliantly clever things even "Max" has given us, they may not be things of beauty—they were not meant to be—but they are certainly a joy for ever.

### RECENT POETRY.\*

The greater part of this poetry is of the humbler kind, a versification of thought and fancy that is not always perfectly intelligible to the stranger. When it is intelligible it is often homely, as when Mrs Spender begins

"Such a perfect April, on the Suffolk Coast"  
'Plain and flat and humdrum, are its features,' said mine host  
Humdrum! with the ocean roving, brawling on the beach

or when Mrs Cameron sings of "Grandmother's Garden"

"Over the mountains and over the sea,  
In the land where we never again shall be,  
There loth a garden of long ago,  
Where children played that we used to know

or when Miss Gregory praises Mentoni

"There is a place I know, and love, upon a Southern shore,  
A spot on earth most dear to me, I love it more and more,  
Where oranges and lemons grow, and feathery palms abound,  
And olive trees with grey green leaves grow on the terraced ground"

From these homely records of their affections they range to attempts at expressing their fancies or aspirations. Thus Mrs Cameron begins her first poem

"In Arcady I live Great Pan himself  
Hath taught me what I tell

and another poem tells us

Yet this is sure each has his key,  
His magic 'Open Sesame,'  
Wherewith to enter Fairyland  
Mine—was a doorway in the Strand"

Her chief success is a version of a familiar tune, of which the first verse is

once I went joyously Friends of the morning  
Walked with and guided me, and low in my ear  
Whispering, 'Prudence and wealth be your scorn,  
So shall we tarry a while with you here'  
Then was I happy with dreams for companions"

The last line is slightly varied for each of the six verses. Mrs Spender resembles her in crying 'Romance! Romance is here!' in a London night, and in exclaiming

'Take my hand, I'll lead the way,  
To our Silverwood to-day,  
For I feel in fairy mood  
And 'tis ever understood  
That silver woods are fay

\* "Grey and Gold" By Mrs Hugh Spender 2s 6d net (Erskine Macdonald)—"In Arcady and other Poems" By W J Cameron 3s 6d net (Erskine Macdonald)—"Dreams of Arcady" By Octavia Gregory 2s 6d net (Erskine Macdonald)—"The Flood of Youth" By Sherwood Spencer 1s net (Fifield)—"Moods, Metres, and New Lyric Poems" By Charles Newton Robinson 5s net (Constable)—"The Flute of Sardonix" Poems by Edmund John 3s 6d net (Jenkins)—"The Diwan of Zeb-un-Nissa" With Introduction and Notes 2s (Murray)

Miss Gregory prefers Greek gods to faeries, and says.

"Of the classics I grow fonder  
And of quaint old Grecian lore,"

but it is doubtful whether she has seen them in the flesh, and she is really more at home in her gentle tributes to Mrs. Browning, Lamb, Lady Hamilton, and her own pet cranes.

Mr Sherwood Spencer's verses are more interesting as poetry. They are hasty juvenilia "writ in the flood of youth" and nevertheless expressing more of youth itself than juvenilia often do. In "A Whistling Boy"

"Lusty, young and glowing,  
Carnal and unabashed,  
Song to the four winds throwing,  
Out of the wood he flashed,"

and in the feeling that pervades or visits even less perfect poems, there is more than the shadow of youthful joy, vigorous and profound. The author went to Tripoli in 1911 and was at twenty-one "the youngest, the highest-paid war correspondent in the world." Whether he would achieve such glory at poetry I cannot foresee. It is more likely that he will not attempt it, but if he does, he has, or had, a spirit which might do very much if it combined with experience and greater skill.

Mr Newton Robinson was a fencer, a connoisseur, and the organiser of the "Land Union." He died this year at the age of fifty-nine. This, his last book of verse, must be a pleasure to his friends for its many-sided personal revelation. For those who did not know him its value is less, because it lacks both subtlety and vigour and the verses have to be read with far more attention than they command if they are to yield anything. But "October"—and especially the last verses. So, Mary, bring a brace of trout," and "Bring up the eighty-seven port," down to

"Thanks, kindly nil of Paradise!  
My pint of 'eighty-seven,  
For just a glimpse of An  
Sweet, dark and bright

is good light verse.

Among these poets Mr John is the one whose grasp equals his aim. His verses are full of love and of remorse, of Greek or Græco-Roman gods, who mingle in a half-Christian, half-Pagan temple with acolytes, and with Salome, "Our Lady of the Ivory Tower," and many other ladies, real and imaginary. If it were not that initials are put at the head of some of the erotic poems it might be supposed that they were the result chiefly of reading Wilde and the early Swinburne. "For my Desire," he sings

"For my Desire, for Love and Song and Pain,  
Now hid beneath dead rose-leaves of regret  
I would walk joyous in the Devil's Net,  
And welcome death and hell—for you again"

He is full of voluptuous epithets and substantives arranged with firm, hard rhythms and plangent rhymes which produce the effect of imitation bronze work. He is cold with all his use of passionateness. He is scarcely more real than one of his women, whom he says Love made "from tears and cassia and a rose." He is melodramatic and declamatory. But his grasp is always equal to his aim, and though he conveys only a general sense of amorousness, luxury, melancholy and exhaustion, every poem, every verse, every line, is visibly the work of one who has mastered his trade, and must unlearn it if he would be a poet.

A good versifier also is Miss Jessie Duncan Westbrook, and she is able to reveal something of the poetry of that tragical great Indian lady, the Princess Zeb-un-Nissa, who called herself Makhfi, The Hidden One (1639-1689). Truly she said of her soul that it wore suffering like a kingly garment, and that in spite of all she was blessed because she possessed the "jewel of song divine." It might be said of her, as she said of the moth

"How strong hast thou become, O Moth, how great,  
Worshipping thus the flame!"

As a lover at least she is the peer of Dante, and Miss Westbrook's translation suggests a poet who combined in a unique degree, sadness and pride, fervour and humility.

EDWARD THOMAS.

## MONTROSE.\*

This is an altogether attractive book, and may be reckoned a serious piece of history; it is interesting throughout. It cannot be said that the writing is exactly brilliant, yet the concluding pages have a genuine eloquence arising from the author's enthusiasm. The publisher has done his part well, the illustrations are carefully chosen and excellently reproduced, the book would make an acceptable prize for boys, and should find a place in every school library. The serious historian will value it because the evidence is always carefully weighed, the notes contain an adequate biography. Mr Buchan shows that Montrose was a very great soldier, although he never took part in any battle which profoundly modified the course of history. In nature like so many of the finer type of soldiers, he was loyal and simple-minded, an upright liver and a religious man. But besides being a man of action, Montrose held with deep conviction opinions which were the result of much thought. His confession of political faith, 'a Discourse on Sovereignty,' is worthy of consideration as an expression of the leading principles of his life, and must be taken into account by every student of politics. He was a poet, the last four lines of the following verse are amongst the most familiar quotations

'Like Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone  
My thoughts did evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne  
' either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
that dares not put it to the touch,  
To win or lose it all"

He was handsome and dignified, caring for pomp and fine clothes, although these always took a very subordinate part in his life. Mr Buchan brings before us the outward picture of the man with great distinctness, though he does not help us so much in understanding his deeper nature. We occasionally feel that the biographer is not quite fair to those who opposed his hero, he does not conceal his dislike of the Covenanters, though he can see—as could Montrose—that there was some wisdom in their original intentions. In his relations with Montrose, as with so many of those who fought and suffered for him, Charles I cuts but a poor figure. We suspect that the parts of the book which Mr Buchan most cares about are those actually concerned with fighting and when he comes to the fighting Mr Buchan is always actual and vigorous.

## JANE AUSTEN.†

It may be admitted perhaps, that few biographies, if any, could be more difficult to write than that of Jane Austen, as there are few authors about whose work it is more hard to speak at once freshly and adequately. Occasional paragraphs of enthusiasm, like those of Scott and Macaulay, will seem often to express just the right thing. It is not so easy to analyse and estimate at any great length. For the fact is that Jane Austen's genius can scarcely be described in words. It is mainly a matter of instinct, a gift for creation, which is unerring and inevitable. She accomplished the final achievement of art by making her characters alive. There can be no question about whether all they said and did was right or wrong simply because they did it, and could not have done otherwise. So far as Mr Warre Cornish attempts to explain this mystery, he has selected an original, and suggestive, point of view, which is in itself absolutely sound.

"The miracle in Jane Austen's writing is not only that her presentment of each character is complete and consistent, but also that every fact and particular situation is viewed in comprehensive proportion and relation to the rest. She knew what every one of her people did yesterday and would do to-morrow, and what had happened, and was going to happen, to

\* "The Marquis of Montrose" By John Buchan 7s 6d net. (Nelson)

† "Jane Austen" (English Men of Letters series.) By F Warre Cornish, 2s net (Macmillan)

make them do it. Small facts and expressions which pass almost unnoticed by the reader, and quite unnoticed by other actors in the story, turn up later to take their proper place. *She never drops a stitch.* The reason is not so much that she took infinite trouble, though no doubt she did, as that everything was actual to her. She has no need to construct her characters, for *there they are before her*, like Mozart's music, *only waiting to be written down.*"

We cannot so readily accept his summary of "obvious faults" that "she has no remarkable distinction of style," whereas every word tells that "her plots are neither original nor striking," whereas they never obtrude because they are absolutely true to life, that "she has little tenderness," when we remember Marianne and Anne Elliot. Her limitations, of subject and emotion, were deliberately self-imposed. It would be idle to dogmatise upon what she had, or had not, the power to do. It is well said, however, that her "admirers, whether critics, authors, or men and women of the world, are innumerable, and their homage takes the form of unweariedly reading and re-reading her books." That, after all, is the mystery, that no one ever grows tired of her characters. Our delight in them increases at every reading. The more we talk about them, and wonder over them the greater their fascination. There are not many people in real life of whom one can say the same.

It is very doubtful whether our ignorance about Jane Austen's very self need be honestly regretted by any one. Inevitably we welcome the smallest item of information about one who has given us so much pleasure. Gratitude craves a personality for its expression. But no work could be more absolutely independent of its creator, so intimate, and yet so impersonal. The artist conceals herself, her work needs her not. To the credit of humanity we are glad to know that she was beloved by her own family, particularly the young people. Nothing else really matters. The letters confirm what the work proves, that her keen insight and sparkling humour was given as freely to friends as to the public, that she enjoyed life and humanity, if she saw through a great deal of it.

In the course of analysing the novels, Mr Warre Cornish announces a conclusion which will come as a surprise to many, and certainly merits careful attention. As an explanation of Elizabeth's rather abrupt forgiveness of Darcy it is far more satisfactory than the usual reference to Pemberley. "I can find no solution of this problem unless it be in Jane Austen's belief in the overmastering power, and the sufficiency of love."

Moreover, in the opinion of our critic this "high flown sentiment" may be found nearly everywhere in her work.

"In her philosophy love prevails over prudence, family feelings, social condition, worldly propriety. When love comes in at the door, all other considerations fly out of the window. Wickham and Willoughby in *Sense and Sensibility*, would have been forgiven if they had been true lovers. She has no condemnation for Marianne Dashwood—her disapproval, in *Persuasion*, however moderately expressed, rests not upon Anne, but upon Lady Russell, who gives the foolish-wise counsel of prudence. To her mind, the call of love, which comes to few, ought not to be resisted, cannot be resisted, when it comes."

We are so accustomed to hear Jane Austen criticised for lack of deep feeling, that the above paragraph seems to suggest an entire revision of judgment, and we must confess to a difficulty in reconciling it with other dicta by Mr Warre Cornish himself. He says "There is little passion in Jane Austen's lovers," and stigmatises the raptures of Emma, and Fanny, and Anne, as "moderate." He calls their life "real, not ideal, lived among moderate hills and valleys, for summits and abysses we must go to greater writers."

In all probability the confusion arises from the impossibility of finding words to estimate so fine an art. The first, and more original, opinion here enunciated, is too crudely expressed. The second, more conventional, criticism is superficial. We may assume that Jane Austen understood human nature sufficiently to recognise the infinite power of emotion—and we are grateful to Mr Warre Cornish for emphasising what her delicacy may have obscured. We may admit without cavil or regret, that the passions which the Brontës were the first

women to reveal, lay outside her sphere. She penetrated the heart without dissecting it, and never stimulated our sympathy by any abnormal appeal. It is her magical control over expression which may have blinded us to her essential romance.

It is not possible, unfortunately, to go over this whole volume in any detail. The discussion of persons so familiar to all readers as the characters in Jane Austen would quickly exceed the proper limits of a review. While, since every one must have his own ideas on the subject, he will appreciate those of Mr. Cornish without any comment from us. There is no occasion for any dogmatism on such matters; we do not expect to agree about them. We each have our own favourites, our own interpretations. The opportunity afforded us by Mr. Cornish, of studying them once again through the eyes of a friend, will be very welcome. At times even, we may be tempted to change our minds.

For our critic is an enthusiast who knows his subject, a sympathetic observer of detail, a patient chronicler of these delicate touches which mean so much, and may so profitably be compared one with the other. Miss Austen's work will bear the most microscopic analysis. Her sentences may be detached from their context without fear, for the most searching examination. A passage, when thus isolated, may have a message which we have overlooked hitherto, simply because it fitted so perfectly with what came before or after.

Wherefore we welcome the appearance of a volume on Jane Austen among the "Men of Letters" and we find pleasure in going over her work again with Mr. Cornish.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON

### A GREAT CHINESE STATESMAN \*

The editor of these memoirs modestly conceals his name on the title-page, though the initials W. F. M. and the address Shanghai, at the end of the "Editor's Foreword" give a clue to those who know the China Column. It appears that Li Hung-Chang left behind him at his death a vast mass of memoirs in manuscript, scattered about in various cities of his native land. His family collected these, and 170,000 words of them have now been translated into English, from which the selection in the present volume has been made by the editor. We are not told whether it is in contemplation to publish more hereafter, but we do not doubt that the interest aroused by what is now before us will be such as to encourage further publication. Some day, perhaps, we shall see the diary, if not in its entirety, at least in a form that will satisfy readers that they are listening to the real and undiluted opinions of Viceroy Li himself. For, however able and conscientious the translators and editor, it is impossible to resist the suspicion that preconceived notions have influenced the selection. Just as no brief anthology from his works will enable us to understand a poet, so no scattered extracts from a diary will permit us to master the writer's character.

Li Hung-Chang certainly had a character worth mastering, if such a feat ever be possible in the case of a great statesman, East or West. The Hon. John W. Foster, once U. S. Secretary of State, in his Introduction does not err on the side of rating Li too low. To him Li "was not only the greatest man the Chinese race has produced in modern times, but, in a combination of qualities, the most unique personality of the past century among all the nations of the world." If we must deal in superlatives, we would rather call Li the sublimest opportunist of the nineteenth century. He took for his motto in statecraft a maxim in the old Chinese work, known to us as "The History of Great Light"—"Force can only be successful in combating what is weaker than itself, but weakness can overcome what is far stronger than itself." This idea of "the policy of the weak," as he called it, was no

\* "Memoirs of the Viceroy Li Hung-Chang" With an Introduction by the Hon. John W. Foster 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

new and startling intuition of genius; but to the way in which he worked out the idea we will not deny more than a touch of genius. Few statesmen were ever put in a more difficult position than he was in guiding the porcelain jar of China down the stream among the brazen vessels of the "barbarian nations."

These fragments of diary give us a more pleasing picture of the great Viceroy than we might have expected. With all due deference to the Hon. John W. Foster, they do not set at rest all suspicions that he was under the undue influence of Russia. Such extracts as are presented show, indeed, that he was not ashamed of his conduct with regard to Russian aggression in Manchuria. This, however, we knew already from the letter which he wrote shortly before his death to the Empress Dowager's kinsman Jung-lu, by Europeans the most misunderstood of all the Manchu statesmen. What we do not know, and cannot expect to know from a diary (since very few diarists are like Pepys) is how far self-interest blinded his eyes about Russia. Before and since Li Hung-Chang men have conceived patriotism to be pointing the same way as their pockets. We may allow that he did not wittingly sell his country for gold. But we cannot see that the memoirs show him as one of those who would resolutely say to the tempters, "You must go away, gentlemen—you are getting near my price."

There is a simplicity which has no little charm in much of this diary of Li Hung-Chang. We like both the occasional great humility and the self-esteem, the early debate about the advisability of marriage and the enduring admiration of fair ladies, the filial devotion to his mother and the strict attention to official duty which made him acquiesce in the Throne's demand to shorten his display of mourning, his love of "old custom" (such as Westerners in the coast-ports find so irksome in their Chinese dependants) and his recognition of the advantages of progress, his bluntness and his appreciation of a diplomatic lie. Quite a new light, we imagine, will be thrown for most readers upon his literary ambitions and his far from inconsiderable literary achievements. On few things did he pride himself more than on his poem on Shen Nung, the Divine Husbandman, the patron of agriculture (The translators give a full version of this). How happy would he be, he writes, if he could speak as well of all his official and private acts as of this poem!

The translators appear to have done their work well, for the most part, though there are occasional oddities of style and a few Americanisms which strike a strange note amid their surroundings.

PHILIP W. SLICHLAND

### THE YOUNG IDEA.\*

Boys are harder to please than men, perhaps that is how it is you can number the famous authors of boys' stories on the fingers of one hand, and more difficult is it than writing their fiction to write a book of good counsel for boys—that boys will read. It cannot be done except by one who has very special qualifications for the task, and the first of these is that he should himself be something of a Peter Pan, he must have a wide knowledge of the world, he must have done his fair share of worrying, practical work in it, and have made a success of his own life, but through it all he must have remained at heart one of those wise boys who never grow up so fatally as to become middle-aged. Because when you become middle-aged you forget your own boyhood, and forgetting that you forget also what appealed to it, and so do not really know how to impart to other boys those broad truths they will understand and believe, and be the better for knowing.

Mr. Arthur Mee has these qualifications, you cannot read his "Letters to Boys" without realising that. Moreover, there is tangible evidence that he has this fine and

\* "Arthur Mee's Letters to Boys" 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



more too common understanding of the mind of youth, in the fact that some few years ago he commenced the issue of *The Children's Encyclopædia*, and it proved so great a success that he has never been able to stop it, and as *The Children's Magazine* it is still "running," and, combining instruction with amusement, it is unique among periodicals of its kind. On the same principle, his "Letters to Boys" are both instructive and entertaining. He begins with an address "To the Boy who will be Prime Minister." Of course, some of the Prime Ministers of the future are at present at school, they are necessarily a strictly limited number, but there are hundreds of possible Prime Ministers, and they will be the nobler men for the post—or, if they miss it, for any other post—if they adopt the manly, high ideals towards which Mr Mee would lead them. An admirable letter too, is that "To the Boy who is leaving School"—the whole book, indeed, is as inspiring as it is eminently common-sensible. There are letters to "The Boy who loves a Game," "To the Boy who will manage a great Business," "To the Boy who gets over Difficulties," "To the Boy who loves a Hero," "To the Boy who loves a Book," "To the Boy who loves the Highest." These, and the rest of the letters, are all written in the happiest, most genial spirit, and in a simple, lucid, pleasant English that enlivens and emphasises its teachings with anecdotes and aphorisms, and makes easy and interesting reading. It contains just those things that every boy ought to know, and we commend it as an ideal gift-book to all who are concerned for the welfare of the men of to-morrow, for in a word, it teaches the young idea how to shoot straight and at the highest things.

#### GERHART HAUPTMANN.\*

It is one of the ironies of art that the who undertake violent revolutions so often come to turn their backs upon the thing for which they stood. Thus the League of Youth," and later in "The Dolls' House" conceptions of drama by setting to work to build a house of naturalism, yet in the end, from "The Master Builder" onwards, he has turned upon that self same naturalism than any of his critics had done in the noise of the first battle. And time comes along with its own further irony by delicately giving a dullness, a staleness, to nearly all the plays written between "The League of Youth" and "Hedda Gabler," and an increasing freshness to the poetic plays written before that period, and to the semi-poetic plays written after that period.

Something of the same is to be found in Hauptmann. In the "consistent naturalism" on which he based the first of his plays, "Before Dawn," he needlessly sought to eliminate all trace of stage subterfuge, and not only of stage subterfuge, but that other subterfuge that is known as artistic order. He did not wholly do so. Dramatic beginnings and dramatic endings are part of that artistic order: their place, strictly, is only as the effective opener and closer of a plot, or sequence, that in its total effect provides a significant, or, at least, knowledgable microcosm of the larger and less weldy masses of life. In "Before Dawn," however, Hauptmann casts away that plot, that apt sequence, and in five acts, that is to say in five distinct and chosen scenes, displays a number of characters, many of whom have little relation with many others, recounts conversations whose only justification is that they occur, leads the mind (fed by an antiquated sense of "plot," and so of expectation) to anticipate developments that are not proceeded with, to take as clues what are no more than events sufficient in themselves, and concludes with what seem to be (again from our antiquated sense of things) a number of loose ends throughout the play. All show of plot, thus, has gone, in the name of fidelity to life—though to call mere happenings Life is to ask a challenge at once—but the beginning and the ending of a

plot, that is to say a dramatic opening and dramatic conclusion, are still retained. Loth's entrance and Helen's desperation preserve those foundations of dramatic semblance, and they at once raise the question whether artistic cause and effect, which, after all, is what is meant by plot, may not be as truthful as the necessity for a beginning and an ending.

In "The Weavers," the second of the plays given in these two volumes containing the "Social Dramas," the result is rendered still more amorphous by the vast number of characters he brings on to his scenes. None of these characters may strictly be considered as of minor importance. That is part of the method. If there is no action to be carried forward it follows that there are no primary or secondary characters, and that, therefore, each figure must receive equal attention in the transfiguration of personality. Over the five acts the figures of the weavers surge to and fro, unforgettably, but without gathering any drift or direction. Yet here, too, there is a carefully chosen opening, and a conclusion even so conventional as a gun-shot. Between one and the other the hungry, terrible figures of the weavers shift and pass in such a tumult of disorder that we watch them almost as we might watch a riot from a hotel-window, yet a little listlessly too, because we know that it is not real after all. The scenes have not the conviction of life, nor have they the other conviction of art, and this in spite of the epic character of the whole.

It is as though we were listening to some narrator. There is always the sense in Hauptmann's naturalistic plays that a narrator is seeking to make his narrative into a panorama. And here it is that the irony of his development enters. The insufficiency of this assaults him continually, until at last in "Hannele," "The Sunken Bell," and "Henry of Ane" the things he has rejected compel his service in the name of an Art that alone can satisfy spiritual craving. We will not speak of these now for they are yet to be produced in a later volume of this collected edition, it is only necessary at this time to note how the significance of a poetic content compelled the significance of form, of order, of artistic cause and effect, and so wrote Hauptmann's own criticism on his earlier, and amorphous, naturalism. Poetic content and poetic form—these are the only things that remain in drama, as is best proved by the things that depart from those ancient significances. In some words that Mr Lewisoohn quotes from Hauptmann's "Griechischer Frühling" the dramatist writes:

"The Green Gleam which mariners assert to have witnessed at times, appears at the last moment before the sun dips below the horizon. The ancients must have known the Green Gleam. I do not know whether that be true, but I feel a longing in me to behold it. I can imagine some Pure Fool whose life consisted but in seeking it over lands and seas, in order to perish at last in the radiance of that strange and splendid light. Are we not all perhaps upon a similar quest? Are we not beings who have exhausted the realm of the senses, and are athirst for other delights for both our senses and our souls?"

As Mr Lewisoohn justly remarks: "The author of 'Before Dawn' has gone a long journey in the land of the spirit to the writing of these words," and we may add, possibly, that he comes to see that it is not the ocean of humanity merely, but the ocean with the green gleam upon it that gives his material to the dramatist who satisfies both himself and us in his art.

One feels that in the first of these two volumes, where the dramatist (both actually and for us in the course of this edition) begins his travels toward that discovery. In "The Weavers," and the figure of Mrs. Wolf in "The Beaver Coat," we may see how that travel is rooted in humanity. "The Weavers" is almost epical in its darkness and its terror, when the people, rising from under the heel of industrialism and its concomitants of hunger and degradation, surge wildly over the pages. It is too epical, indeed, to be dramatic, though its skill is wonderful. In Mrs. Wolf we see a coarse shrewd woman, with a love of scrapes almost Falstaffian, thriving by outwitting the pomposities of this same social system. We cannot help admiring her for her success.

\* "The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann." Edited by Ludwig Lewisoohn. Vols I and II. "Social Dramas" 5s. net. each. (Martin Secker.)



The second volume contains work much later of production, though Hauptmann includes them under the same classification "Drayman Henschel," "Rose Bernd" and "The Rats," indeed, weave in and out, in point of time, with such plays as "Hannele" and "Henry of Ane." Mr. Lewisohn in his introduction suggests that they are a reaction to naturalistic methods even while the dramatist is seeking to discover the green gleam, but to contrast them with "Before Dawn" is to see how far Hauptmann has progressed from his "consistent naturalism." "Drayman Henschel" and "Rose Bernd" are very skilfully woven plays, and "The Rats" is in fact most elaborate of construction. In the last of these plays Hauptmann takes the opportunity of giving through Spitta's lips his opinion of tragic people in drama, though in his own practice now he condemns himself, since we do not feel tragedy in the death of Mrs. John whereas there is tragedy in the death of Henschel, not because Henschel is simply a carter but because Hauptmann, led by a sure instinct, made him of heroic mould. Naturalism receives further criticism in all the plays of this second volume by the clear dramatic need (to which Hauptmann like the skilled technician he is gave full play) of free entrances and exits. Nowhere do people come and go so freely arrive so desirably and punctually, have such unlimited access to other people's rooms depart so precisely when their hour is done, as in these plays. And they are the better mirror of life for that. They, in their own ritual, catch and portray the wider thing outside, and the result is an increased intensity that is of the very essence of truth. There is a considerable increase of art (artifice, indeed if one will) in the second of these volumes, and it has meant an immeasurable increase in significance. Mr. Secker, we need scarcely say, has produced the books with his customary sense of the fitting in dignity and artistry, and they will introduce Hauptmann to many readers to whom his vernacular original is out of the question.

DARRITT FIDGGS

### LADIES AND OTHERS.\*

The delightful qualities which charmed and fascinated us in "The Crock of Gold," with its freakish humour, its exuberant joy in life, its fantastic philosophy greet you again in Mr. Stephens' new book "Here are Ladies." He sets before your intellectual palate a wonderful assortment of vands, or, rather he flings them at your head, as who should say "Take them or leave them and be hanged." Many of the sketches—they are not stories in the accepted sense of the term, but fragments of life—are concerned with courtship and marriage, with the disillusionment or catastrophes which interrupted love's young dream with selfish husbands and dominant wives, and with the desperate monotony of two people sharing the same house looking at the same face and hearing the same voice day after day until some god or devil ended it.

Another writer might in dealing with such similar subjects produce a sense of sameness but Mr. Stephens does not, since he gives you different aspects and revelations of the elementary facts of life.

"I'll tell you what is in my mind," said the discontented stone-breaker as he paused in his work by the roadside, "a person that has neighbours will have either friends or enemies, and it's likely enough that he'll have the last unless he has a meek spirit. And it's the same way with a man that's married, or a man that has a brother. For the neighbours will spy on you from dawn to dusk, and talk about you in every place and a wife will try to rule you, in the house and out of the house until you are badgered to a skeleton, and a brother will ask you to give him whatever you value most in the world. There are three things a man doesn't like. He doesn't like to be spied on, and he doesn't like to be ruled and regulated, and he doesn't like to be asked for a thing he wants himself."

\* "Here are Ladies." By James Stephens 5s net (Macmillan)

And whether he lets himself be spied on or not, he'll be talked about, and in any case he'll be made out to be a queer man, and if he lets his wife rule him he'll be scorned and laughed at, and if he doesn't let her rule him he'll be called a rough man, and if he once gives to his brother he will have to keep on giving for ever, and if he doesn't give in at all he'll get the bad name and the sour look as he goes about his business."

"Maybe," answered the Philosopher, "your wife would be a good wife to some other husband, and your brother might be decent enough if he had a different brother."

"The Blind Man," who after he had been dispossessed in favour of a younger brother married a farm of ten acres, is a powerful little tragedy, as inevitable in its issue as fate. "A Glass of Beer," although a very effective piece of work, rather mars the congruity of the whole, the scene being laid in Paris, which is more remote from the Ireland of Mr. Stephens' inspiration than heaven or hell. But the humorous extravaganza called "The Threepenny Piece" is pure and bewildering delight. It is in representing the personal relations between mortal and immortal, human and divine, that Mr. Stephens excels all others. His very daring compels conviction. You ask no questions, but believe it all with the greediest credulity. "I hate these sinners from the kingdom of Kerry," said the Chief Tormentor, when Brian of the O'Brien nation had thrown hell into confusion, and threatened even the serenity of heaven, because the Seraph Cuchulain had stolen the threepenny-piece, which had been given him at his wake, "I hate the entire Clan of the Gael."

A delightful book, and as unique as delightful. We look forward with eager impatience for what Mr. Stephens will next give us.

H. A. HINKSON

### ELLEN KEY\*

Those who already know of Ellen Key through her writings will be glad to learn, through this translation of Louise Nystrom-Hamilton's well written biography, something of the woman herself, those who learn of her first from this biography will if they are interested in psychological and moral questions, pass on from this story of Ellen Key's life to the revelation of the woman herself in her writings.

At first we do not connect the name of Ellen Key, the Swedish lecturer, writer, and "liberator of woman's soul," with the Sutherlandshire clan M'Kay, but from this volume we learn, in the chapter devoted to "Ancestry," that "the Key family is of Scotch-Celtic lineage" and that M'Kay, the earlier form of the name is best interpreted by "war-flame," or "hery," or "warlike." And certainly it would seem that in spite of Ellen Key's thoughtfulness, self-control, and very gradual development, she does possess much of the spirit of the soldier, and is strong to fight in defence of her beliefs.

In the earlier chapters of this biography we see the child, Ellen, clever, serious, individual, with a precocious love for literature and a passionate love for her beautiful country home. It was a real grief to her that the world contained ugliness and was not entirely just and harmonious. And through childhood, girlhood, womanhood, we see her gradually growing towards that day when she should preach and labour for the happiness and the beauty of life as she understood it. Restless, questioning, inwardly chafing and striving, she was long in coming to the fullness of her life's work, but she was coming to it through careful thought and strong conviction, and, in reality, her way was straight and undeviating. When about the thirtieth year of her age, Ellen Key, owing to her father's loss of money, left the country for the town to earn her livelihood by teaching. With eagerness and individuality she strove to form the minds of her pupils, and gradually she spread

\* "Ellen Key, Her Life and Her Work." By Louise Nystrom-Hamilton. Authorised Translation from the Swedish by A. E. B. Fries. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. 5s. net. (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

out her powers beyond the schoolhouse, and began to give courses in history and literature. Gradually, again, the force within her expanded and she began to speak for various societies, leagues, and unions, her sympathies being ever with the cause of liberty, justice, and beauty of life, as she understands these things.

"Ellen Key's individualistic morale of happiness has given rise to both amazement and indignation." But these are her own words on individualism. "No individualist persuades himself that he lives for anybody's sake but his own, or for any other object than to develop and ennoble all the resources of his being. But the more fully he attains his self-realisation, the more strongly does he feel the complexity within, he is as sensitive to the weal and woe of others as he is to his own."

Ellen Key "believes in humanity's development according to natural law, through its own powers to achieve the earthly harmony which is its goal. Not only does she lay bare the faults, the present conception and its consequences, but she also knows that right through these progress must go. She analyses the many and varied reasons of happiness and unhappiness, she points out what it is that holds the marriage intact, and what sunders it." Storms of abuse have beaten about this woman's head, but to hundreds of people beyond her own country she stands as "a brave and noble priestess of high personal culture."

### THE ART OF SHADOW.\*

The world is fond of paradox, though it never believes in it. Yet it is the paradox more than the platitude it implies the significance of truth. For instance, there are few people who would believe offhand that from one æsthetic aspect the Victorian era was heterodox, subversive, even revolutionary in its effects. Yet, inasmuch as it crushed the free impulse of artistic reaction into a common mould of ugliness and garishness, it certainly made overtures towards its most embittered foe. The process was more positive with the plastic and ornamental arts and emphatic with the gentle art of silhouette. For in the thirties of last century, the chaste traditions and dignities of the eighteenth century profilists were not only undermined by all kinds of crude and charlatan innovations, but practically annihilated. An art almost as gracious as that of miniature was degraded into the abortions of "papyrotomy" and "scissorgraphy." And so violent a departure from loftier standards of achievement postulates a very definite convention in the heyday of the art. This had not so much to do with methods and material as is currently supposed. "Cut-paper," for instance, though it was largely enhanced by the great masters—the Augustans of silhouette—like Charles Miers, Rosenberg, Frith, Foster, Mrs. Beetham, Lea of Portsmouth, who painted much of their best work on chalk and convex glass, was a device before their day, and Edouart, the Puritan iconoclast of the Victorian horrors, painted backgrounds, bronzing, gold-tinting, lavish colouring, freakishness and the "profec-machine" of Sam Weller—cut both full-length and from paper. No, the canon was that a shadow is a shadow, and that decorative effects other than plain black are meretricious. That is all very well, but there are grades between the austerity of the shadow profile as such and the orgies of the pseudo-picturesque. I agree with Mr. Coke that a tempered variation from the ideal is even more felicitous than the ideal itself. So, apparently, did the masters themselves. Some of Miers', Charles's and Mrs. Beetham's most irresistible busts are relieved from the black by delicate patches of silvery grey, in a cravat, a frill, a hat, or a dressing of the hair. Mrs. Beetham's aptitude for meticulous detail adapts itself most appropriately to the fineness of colouring, and it serves to throw into more salient relief the lucidity of her outlines. Mr. Coke, in particular, points to a singularly delightful silhouette of the Misses Awdry, by Beaumont, dated as late as 1844, in which there is no

\* "The Art of Silhouette." By Desmond Coke. 7s. 6d. net. (Secker.)

trace of black at all. Even small threads of gilding may be indulged, without entirely losing sight of Pisgah. Unfortunately for taste, to ornament degenerated into a fashionable vice.

Mr. Coke devotes a chapter to that elusive purist, Edouart, and makes merry over his egoism and capacity for self-advertisement. But the profilists of the golden age were not a whit behind him. Mrs. Beetham, whose art certainly cannot be accused of the antics and expansiveness of the mountebank, could yet, early in her career, descend to these abysmal depths.

"Mrs. Beetham has enabled herself to remedy a difficulty, much lamented and universally experienced, by PARENTS, LOVERS AND FRIENDS, the former assisted by her ART may see their offspring in any part of the tempestuous Globe, nor can death obliterate the features from their fond remembrance. LOVERS, the rocks have advanced, can waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole," she will gratify them with more substantial, though ideal, intercourse by placing the beloved Object to their view."

And so on, in this immortal strain. It is indeed strange how opposite are the personal conventions of the arts of literature and silhouette. The latter at least has avoided the habit of an affected diffidence and modesty.

Mr. Coke's discursive annals make no pretension to an historical survey of his subject. They are rather a collector's scrap-book, embodying occasional and leisurely impressions. There is little padding, and the book is full of interesting side lights. But Mr. Coke would have been better advised not to stumble into the pitfalls of fine writing. Many of the reproductions are exquisite.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.



Mr. Liston in his own character.

(Cut by Edouart).

the Art of Silhouette, by Desmond Coke (Secker)

## A MASTER OF ART · LEONARDO DA VINCI.\*

There is no figure in the history of art which has gathered round it more of mystery than that of Leonardo. Partly, no doubt, this is due to the process, begun by Vasari and continued by the German art critics, of ascribing to him whatever in the period they found beautiful and unnamed. The very fragmentariness of much of Leonardo's work, too, when found in conjunction with such power, has made for glamour. But his many-sided genius, his science, his gift for catching life in movement, his mirror-script notebooks only interpreted in the nineteenth century, all these to the student of art are subsidiary to the fact of the power of inspiration for future ages contained in his sketches and few completed works. As the centuries passed, so the true Leonardo became obscured in a nimbus of cloud woven of men's dreams, the man who made a new epoch in painting by his "Adoration of the Magi" was forgotten in the man who planned the tunnelling of mountains and the mastery of the air. It is the task of Dr. Jens Thius, in the book before us, to remove the rubbish of accumulation round this great figure and to lay bare its essentials of greatness as shown in the germinating period, Leonardo's youth in Florence.

More especially Dr. Jens Thius is concerned with three things. He has to disentangle Leonardo's work from that of his master, Verrocchio; he has to trace to its source the origin of that culminating achievement of the Florentine Period, the "Adoration of the Magi" the unfinished altar-piece in the Uffizi which revolutionised European art; lastly, he has to prove how that painting showed the way, not only to a new method in art, but also to a new interpretation of human life and its mystery. Incidentally, too, we get in one chapter an illuminating study of the stages in the development of Florentine landscape painting from the first topographical charts to the panoramic backgrounds of Piero della Francesca, of Verrocchio and of Leonardo himself. It is a brief abstract of the evolution of aerial perspective, that feature which for all the subtlety or conflict of Florentine work, gives to their pictures such a sense of peace and dignity. Here we get the human being set visibly in the background from which it springs, the land the people that gave it birth. The shining rivers, the carved escarpments of the hills explain the Leonardesque smile, the virgin dignity of Verrocchio's women as well as the deep-graven lines of his Colleon statue, woman and soldier are nourished by the light and rigour of the land we see in these backgrounds.

Of the forty-two works in the Uffizi usually ascribed to Leonardo, Dr. Jens Thius will allow only seven to be genuine, some of these false ascriptions being due to forgery or carelessness, but most to a common-sense prepossession by the idea that Verrocchio was painstaking but uninspired. By a minute study of the "Boy with Dolphin" of the "Doubting Thomas" in Donatello's marble niche, of the great equestrian statue of the Condottiere Colleon in Venice, Dr. Thius proves conclusively that not only did Verrocchio know how to "marry" sculpture to architecture, but also how to transform sculpture from a purely decorative work to an art capable of expressing the undulations of life itself. This it was that made him the true forerunner of Leonardo, who in turn showed Raphael and Michelangelo that the body is a medium by which the soul of man may express itself, who made of art a sensualism that is all soul. In the figures of the "Adoration," in the smile of the Mona Lisa, in whole sheets of drawings, we have the inner man leaping to life through the outer. This is Leonardo's secret, but it was Verrocchio who showed him the way to it. Dr. Thius's vindication of the old bronze-caster is a magnificent piece of analytical criticism.

The whole book culminates in the work of tracing the genesis of Leonardo's "Adoration of the Magi." In the Royal Library at Windsor is a sheet of studies of eleven

profiles by Leonardo, with others on the back of it. These are extraordinary indications of his thought as well as of his art. For these profiles are all drawn from one type of face—old age, youth, maiden, woman, Roman emperor, bestial man, dragon and lion—all one type of face in different stages. It is a study of transmigration, it also contains in detail sketches of heads that were afterwards to be used in the great altar-piece of the "Adoration." Dr. Thius's analysis of that work, of its geometrical grouping, its architectural design of the wide vistas of conflict in the background, is a monument of subtlety and acumen. Practically every outstanding feature of the picture has been traced to the drawings that were its source. Also it is proved that two of the greatest works of Leonardo's later years, the fresco of the "Last Supper" and the destroyed picture of the "Battle of Anghiari," that conflict of man and beast which gives a whole vista of evolution sprang from the studies for the "Adoration." But this fine piece of criticism only subserves a greater task, an analysis of the reason why that picture is regarded as giving a new reading of the eternal mystery of the procession of human life across the planet through the simple well-worn device of the Madonna and Child and worshippers. All types of humanity are represented in the sixty figures of the picture, whole ages of the past are suggested by the background with its half ruined buildings, its warring groups, as in the foreground the philosopher and the way-faring man, the ascetic and the man of pleasure, gather round the Child and his Mother. All these spectators are men, the centre is the woman. The idyll and the pastoral have been used to show the human bending before the divine, here the idyll and the pastoral give way to drama and the mystery has become the merely human, a child, wise with promise, a woman, natural and modest. Behind her is the welter of past history, as in front are the nations, asking the eternal question of "Whence" and "Whither" of this strange panorama of life.

Dr. Thius has every gift required for his work—judgment, knowledge and discrimination combined with enthusiasm. To gaze at the beautiful reproductions and then to compare them with the letterpress is to be convinced of the truth of his conclusions. His appreciation of 'quality' is particularly refreshing in England, where art criticism is so constantly made a vehicle for moral platitudes. The whole of the editing, translating and reproducing is excellent, though it is a pity that so many misprints should have been left in the proof-reading.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

## FIVE BY SEVEN.

The seven authors of the four novels and the one book of travel that chance brings together on our table, are all writers of considerable accomplishment, and three, at least, of the books are works of some distinction, while one of them, and that by two new writers, is a really notable achievement. "Undergrowth"<sup>1</sup> besides being one of the most challenging first novels we have read for many a long day, is the only one of the books that is really contemporary, in any precise sense, informed as it is through and through with the young and ardently anti-materialistic spirit of the new Georgian era. In the nineteenth century, we all thought, in our exclusive complacency, that we had subdued the supernatural powers by disproving their existence. We refused to recognise them, at the same time taking infinite pains to explain to them, in elaborate and ingenious detail, that they were really not there at all, and that if they thought they did exist, they were only suffering from pitiful superstitious delusions. And how could superstition exist in the clear, cold light of that new Age of Reason, the Nineteenth Century? Strange to say, the supernatural powers do not seem to have minded very much. They hardly appear to have even realised they were being snubbed, or, if they did, they merely chuckled.

<sup>1</sup> "Undergrowth" By F. and E. Brett Young. 6s. (Secker)

\* "Leonardo da Vinci. The Florentine Years of Leonardo and Verrocchio." By Dr. Jens Thius. With 277 Illustrations. Translated by Jessie Muir. 42s. net. (Herbert Jenkins)



**Leonardo : The Condottiere (about 1478.)**

(Silver-point drawing in the Malcolm Collection, British Museum.)

From "Leonardo da Vinci" (Jenkins)

and bided their time. And it would seem that their time has come again. On all hands, there are signs that man is becoming conscious that his vaunted reason is but a farthing dip after all, which can at most illuminate only a few inches of the universe at a time, and that there are more things in heaven and earth than can be accounted for by any system of purely intellectual philosophy. So that, as in art is to be found the highest expressions of man's consciousness at its intensest and most urgent, we already find this new spirit improving the work of the more

distinguished of our younger artists. The elders will doubtless shrug their shoulders, and mutter the word, "Reactionary!" but the earth is for the young, and this time youth has allied itself with the oldest powers of the universe. The publication of "Undergrowth" is a significant symptom of the tendency of this new and vital movement. The tale is the story of the struggle of Forsyth, a Scots engineer, against the primeval forces. Being under contract to build a reservoir under the shadow of Pen Sarnadon, a Welsh mountain, he gradually

discovers that he is not merely pitting himself against a material mountain of estimable stone, but against a spiritual mountain of incalculable forces. He fights with every weapon he can clutch—reason, common-sense, drink, and the Calvinistic theology of his childhood—to retain his sanity, his self-possession, but the mountain is too much for him. Everything goes wrong with the work, every conceivable and inconceivable "accident" overtakes him, and in the end the supernatural forces triumph, and the primeval "undergrowth" closes over him and all his puny works. The tale is admirably told. The style has a tautness and realistic precision which adequately expresses the intensity of the imaginative conception. In the expressive American phrase, it bites. The grip never fails throughout, and the character-drawing is admirable.

Anything that Mr. Hewlett writes must carry itself off with a certain distinction, but his new novel<sup>1</sup> must be accounted as one of his less notable achievements, if, indeed, it can be considered to be anything but a positive failure. Though he has prudently attempted to avoid the charge of having drawn a false portrait of a great man by calling his Byronic hero Bendish, and by making him live at a later period than Byron, we do not think that he can altogether plead "not guilty." The circumstantial evidence against him is too damning. Byron, undoubtedly, has been taken as the prototype of Bendish, but it is a Byron who never was on sea or land, a Byron who never existed except in that inconceivable menagerie of "celebrities," the journalistic brain. Byron has never been one of our heroes; but, at his shallowest and most satirical, he could never have been the sawdust puppet that Mr. Hewlett labels "Bendish." Byron was flesh and blood, at least. Mr. Hewlett's hero seems to be made up of hints picked up from the worst of Byron's verse, and, even taken as a study of the temperament of a weak and blustering charlatan, the portrait is quite unconvincing. The character is never presented from within, it is only described superficially. And Mr. Hewlett is scarcely more successful with his other characters. He seems almost pathetically eager to persuade us of the charm of his heroine, Rose, but to the end she remains a pretty doll, and Gustave Poor only bears as much relationship to the real Shelley as Bendish does to the real Byron. Mr. Hewlett's failure is singular, because one would have expected him to have some understanding of the nature of poets. Needless to say, there is much in the book that is entertaining. Mr. Hewlett always writes with a graphic and picturesque pen, though too many passages of the present narrative read rather too like Mr. Max Beerbohm's parodies of Meredith.

"The Yoke of Pity"<sup>2</sup>, which has been admirably translated from the French of M. Julian Benda by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, is, within its limits, a masterly and dexterous performance. It is a novel written according to a thesis, and the fact that the thesis seems to us to be utterly false, and its exposition consequently ineffectual, does not detract from our approbation of the fine workmanship of the book. M. Benda sets out to prove that it is impossible to live "the intellectual life," and maintain the ordinary decent human relationships at the same time, while, of course, the truth is that only he who lives in the completest and most familiar relationship with his fellows can attain any spiritual or intellectual life worth having. M. Benda never gives any precise definition of his conception of the intellectual life, but we gather that it is a sort of stererous existence, wherein a man may attain to immunity from the disease of human emotions and sympathies.

"The Desirable Alien at Home in Germany"<sup>3</sup>, though the work of two expert novelists, is a singularly amateurish performance. Mr. Hucfel, who himself supplies the preface and two of the chapters, thinks otherwise, and somewhat complacently assures us that his collaborator has written "a very good book about a country." Miss Violet Hunt

has a quick eye, but we find that her observations are superficial in the extreme, as her comments on what she sees invariably are, and her writing is too desperately light-hearted, too strenuously airy, too pathetically facetious, to be anything but unutterably tedious. And we cannot really feel that we are worthy of sharing the domestic confidences which either collaborator, in turn, thinks fit to lavish on us. No doubt it is flattering, but it only makes us feel shy!

In "Youth Will be Served,"<sup>4</sup> Miss Dolf Wyllarde relates how Gillian Joyce, the girl-wife of the grizzled Colonel Joyce, is gradually taken captive by her own unwanted child, Clavis, who, in the end, saves her from the fascinations of her husband's kinsman, Lionel Sinister. It is a pretty, harmless tale of the development of the maternal instinct, told without any distinction of conception or expression.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

### MRS PIOZZI'S LETTERS \*

It is an arguable point whether too much attention has not been bestowed by commentators and biographers on that frivolous, if rather captivating little lady, who is equally well known as Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Piozzi. The lover of letters owes her a debt of gratitude because she and her first husband between them provided a haven of refuge for Dr. Johnson in which he could expand and meet with the softening influence of feminine society. A second and even greater service she did both to him and to posterity by recording in her "Anecdotes" her impressions of his character and table-talk, never in so small a space has a better portrait been furnished of Johnson, and this notwithstanding that the light-headed hostess failed sometimes to catch the drift of his conversation. Were it available for general study, it is likely enough that another work of hers still apparently kept under lock and key—the diary which Johnson urged her to start and she was advised by her brewer spouse to entitle "Thraliana," would put students of her times under fresh obligations, though, to judge from extracts issued in Abraham Hayward's volumes, and additional quotations to be found in a just-published booklet of Mr. Charles Hughes, its indiscretions are far in excess of matter that is genuinely informing. For the rest there are her letters since any other books of hers, even her account of her Italian travels, have passed into limbo, and Mrs. Piozzi, while a vivacious, was in no sense a brilliant letter-writer. Hers was an alert and sprightly intelligence, for a woman of her day she kept surprisingly in touch with what was going on in politics, literature, society, and even science; her disposition was mercurial and friendly, she had the desire and the capacity to please, and the charm of her personality found its way into her correspondence. But her circle was too limited, her talents were too irresponsible, her interest in life was too superficial, too much concentrated on trifles, for her letters to repay perusal to any readers save those who are curious about the manners and culture and social atmosphere of her age. Her correspondence with Dr. Johnson, published after his death, is noteworthy mainly on his account, other letters, addressed to men of parts or to literary women such as Fanny Burney, prove that she could hold her own with accomplished persons and carry no little learning easily. And the latest batch to see the light, some two hundred letters sent, save for an interval of fifteen years, quite regularly to her friend Mrs. Pennington, from 1788, not long after she had married a second time, till 1822, the date of her death, and now edited by Mr. Oswald G. Knapp, have the merit of being lively, confidential and unaffected, but are narrow in their

<sup>1</sup> "Youth Will be Served" By Dolf Wyllarde 6s. (Stanley Paul)

<sup>2</sup> of He Pi and Penelope Pennington, 1788-1821 Edited by Oswald G. Knapp 16s. net. (Lane)

<sup>3</sup> "Mrs. Piozzi's 'Thraliana'" By Charles Hughes. 2s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall)

<sup>1</sup> "Bendish" By Maurice Hewlett 6s. (Macmillan)

<sup>2</sup> "The Yoke of Pity" By Julian Benda 5s. net. (Unwin)

<sup>3</sup> "The Desirable Alien at Home in Germany" By Violet Hunt and Lord Madox Hueffer 6s. (Chatto & Windus)

range and far from profound in their observations. It is a right instinct which attributes more significance to Mrs Thrale than to Mrs. Piozzi, and regards her association with Johnson as her real passport to fame.

The editor of the new letters cannot be felicitated on the system of annotation he has adopted. He has been at enormous pains to elucidate references to all persons and events not likely to be familiar, but instead of placing his notes at the foot of his pages or at the end of his volume, he has incorporated them in the text along with his running comment. So that it is impossible for the reader to get away from them even if he would, and the fact of no distinction being made between Mrs. Piozzi's own talk and the explanatory material gives the work a look of stodginess with which, when all is said, its main contents do not deserve to be credited. If the letter-writer is curiously discursive, inconsequent and casual, she is never dull or apathetic. She, at any rate, pays her correspondent the compliment of being interested herself in the topics of her gossip. It is the fault of the topics, as a rule, and of her own confined circumstances, that her chatter proves monotonous. Mrs. Piozzi was getting on in years when she began this correspondence turned forty-eight—and she was soon living in an isolated corner of Wales. Her marriage with her Italian and Papist husband had cut her off from most of her literary friends, as well as from her daughters, and Johnson had been some while dead. Her correspondent, Penelope Sophia Weston, was a spinster lady who ruled over a little literary coterie at Ludlow, in Shropshire, and married the gouty master of ceremonies of the Clifton hall-room, so that Mrs. Pennington's situation did not permit her to feed her "dearest friend" with very first-rate material. Bulletins on their husbands' respective attacks of gout, rumours about women-writers and blue-stockings they had known but ceased to meet, such as Mme d'Arblay, Anne Seward, Hannah More, and Mrs. Montagu, confidences about the actress they both esteemed and the illnesses of the Siddons girls, a rivalry of admiration, when they were old, over the handsome young player, Conway, for whom both had a doting fondness—such, together with forebodings as to the issue of the war and laments about the high prices it caused, are the exchanges they made each other generally over a generation and more of time. It is startling to find that the one celebrity (if Miss Farren and Tom Moore and Rogers are excepted) with whom Mrs. Piozzi came into direct contact in these years, was Sarah Siddons. As for her comments on the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, they were such as any clever woman might have made, and her forecasts were just as often wrong as right. She is for ever "mounting a turnip-cart to predict the end of the world" to quote her own words. She suffers, like her neighbours, from invasion panic. She grumbles over Nelson's "playing double or quits too often and tempting fortune too far." Her concern about the Terror gains half its intensity from the fact that a girl she knows, Helena Williams, has trusted herself to the tender mercies of the sans-culottes of Paris, and is reported to be living there under the protection of an English Jacobin. In general, like the rest of us, she is much more excited over the love-affair of an acquaintance than the tragedy of a nation. Will Harriett Lee marry the Marquis Ortoffi? Will Conway be accepted by Miss Stratton? are questions that mean more to her romantic heart than the fate of the French aristocracy or the progress of the generals of the Revolution.

Needless to add, Mrs. Piozzi's uncomfortable relations with her children occupy no small portion of her correspondence. She was the sort of mother, conscientious and yet flighty, whose society her children escape at the first chance of freedom. And they were the kind of children, sedate and self-assertive, who disapprove of sensibility and gaiety in a parent. What wonder that she fell in love again as a widow of forty, and they voted her undignified, and visited her romance with resentment. The elder girls had set up for themselves before her correspondence with Mrs. Pennington opens, but Cecilia was with her still, and it is not difficult to discover that the mother found the duties

of chaperonage tiresome. Cecily ill stirred her compassion and tenderness, but Cecilia eager for balls and love and a girl's happiness, draws from her the complaint "One's arms do so ache with pulling at an unbroken filly that longs to hurt herself by skipping into mischief." And so the youngest went the way of the other Thrale girls—married and forgot her mother, drifted from her so far that she, in her turn, started a lawsuit, became reconciled, and again let love grow cold. Mrs. Piozzi complained, and the Thrale blood may have told, but she must share the blame, especially when we see the drama repeated in the case of her adopted son—a Piozzi—Sir John Salusbury. For ten years of this correspondence the name of Dr. Johnson never appears, so long did indignation last. After that the allusions to him are reasonably frequent and every now and then we get the echo of his thought and even style. Thus, "There is no real inference to be drawn from people's behaviour in their last moments to the character they would sustain in life, was their recovery permitted. No inference at all. The great Duke of Marlborough was known to show pusillanimity at the parting hour, and people are not weary of saying how Samuel Johnson was afraid of death." Characteristically, Mrs. Piozzi offended the recipient of these letters by some sort of ill-advised speech. Hence the gap of fifteen years.

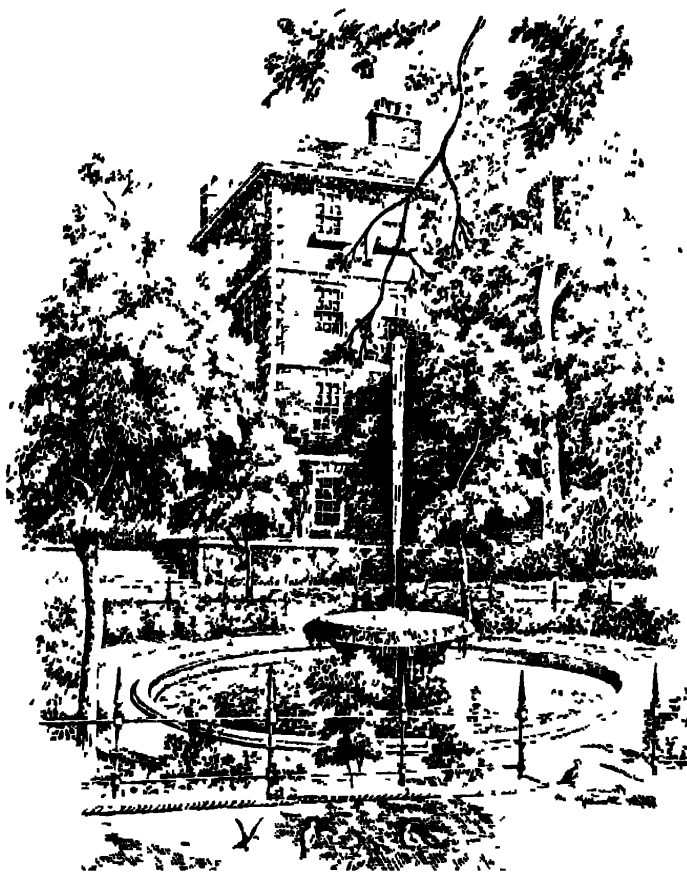
Mr. Hughes' interesting book conveys his opinions on "Thraliana," all six volumes of which he seems to have been privileged to read recently. The extracts he quotes provide scandalous stories of the author's father, paint an ugly picture of Burke at home, offer less favourable estimates of Siddons as actress than the letters to Mrs. Pennington, and hint at a confidence of Johnson's which put him "in Mrs. Thrale's power," but which, to her credit, she never revealed. It is pleasing to discover that her recklessness of speech had its limits.

F. G. BULLIANY.

#### THE BOOKMAN'S BAEDERER.\*

Certain books are invidiously distinguished by the epithet of "problem", but there is usually a problem in most books. About some the problem is to discover why they exist at all, about others, to discover why they did not exist before. Mr. Adcock's volume belongs to the latter class. It is so inevitable and desirable that every man of letters who sees it will wonder why he did not think of writing it himself. After which he will console himself by doing the next best thing to writing it, namely, reading it. To glance through its pages is to live over again some of the choicest scenes in fiction. Others have described the London of real people who lived and worked in it, Mr. Adcock takes us through the London of those much more real people who never lived at all. Think for a moment of the difference. Bob Cratchit going down the slide on Cornhill in honour of Christmas is a much more abiding person than anyone you may see there to-day. Clerks may come and clerks may go, but Bob slides on for ever. Is he not more really alive than they? We know almost everything about Hamlet, but we know almost nothing about Shakespeare. A thousand are familiar with the life of Micawber to every one that is familiar with the life of Dickens. Cast your mind back several centuries and try to recall something about the London of a distant period, and it is highly probable that you will find yourself thinking, not of the bloodless veracity of established antiquarian fact, but of "The Boar's Head" in lastcheap, with Falstaff guzzling exhaustively and lying superbly, Pistol swaggering out his vague and tremendous abstractions, Francis bleating "Anon, anon, Sir!" to the sack-thirsty customer, and Mrs. Quickly prattling interminably to some earlier Mrs. Gamp at the round table by a sea coal fire in the Dolphin chamber. When we try to think of someone whose knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar, we think instantly of Sam Weller, and not at all of the gifted gentleman who compiles the Directory or of the doctors and

\* "The Booklover's London." By A. St. John Adcock. With twenty illustrations by Frederick Adcock. 6s. (Methuen.)



The meeting-place of Tom Pinch and his sister in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

From "The Bookman's London" (Methuen).

saints who make great argument whether London is named from "Hlyn-din" or from some aboriginal ground-landlord called Londinos.

This London of literature then, this London trodden by the feet of those who step out of the pages of Dickens and Thackeray, Disraeli and Trollope, Besant and Gissing, Deane and Ben Jonson, is Mr. Adcock's theme, and so happily does he handle it that one knows not which to admire most, the enviable extent of his reading, the gossiping ease of his writing, or the inspiring gusto of his appreciation. It is difficult to see how it could be better done. The author is himself a born Londoner (like his present reviewer) and that counts for much, though it is remarkable that the man who has put all the soul of London (and much of its body) into books was born at Portsmouth. Mr. Swinburne, happily inspired, includes the River Thames among the characters of Dickens. We might go further and include London itself. Walk through and about the heart of London and you will find scarcely a street or a building without its Dickensian associations. That intense energy of characterisation, in which Dickens is not inferior even to Shakespeare himself, moved him as strongly in his descriptions of places as in his descriptions of people. Windsor Terrace is as vivid as Micawber.

The London of joy and pathos, of farce and terror, of glittering lights and foul darkness, is Dickens' London, just as the London of drab joyless lives, too meagre and neutral ever to be tragic, is George Gissing's London. Through all these streets of light and shade, Mr. Adcock conducts the reader most happily and with scarcely a single stumble—a most remarkable fact when we consider the enormous range and multitude of his literary and topographical allusions. We ask him, however, more in sorrow than in anger, why he makes Pip and Estella dine in Wood

Street, when the meal was merely tea for the lady, a distinction of some importance, as the description of that exiguous refreshment is one of Dickens' happiest bits of comedy. Two features of the book strike us as especially excellent, namely, the zest of the writing and the choice of apposite quotations. The author is no hired and weary cicerone who drones out, "Thus is Blank Street, mentioned by Asterisks in 'What do you call it?'" He is a reader writing for readers, not afraid to salt and season his narrative with the appropriate passages from old plays and newer stories, not afraid, too, to let himself go in the matter of enthusiasm. That is excellent. There are already too many dull fellows writing books. Give us someone who can write with a communicable relish!

The book is charmingly illustrated by Mr. Frederick Adcock, whose drawings of places where famous scenes were enacted have a double quality, very rare in pictures of this kind, they combine vision and fact. In such a volume as this we want the drawings to look like the places they represent, and we want them also to have the slightly glamourised air of places in a book. Mr. Adcock has triumphed over this double difficulty, and his twenty pictures are both excellent in themselves and entirely in harmony with the subject.

Altogether, the book is one that goes straight to a reader's affection. It is full of the love of literature and the sense of places, and illumined, moreover, by a large and kindly humanity of which we should like to record our special appreciation. If you are a Londoner Mr. Adcock's book will give a new zest to your walks through the streets, and if you are not, it will be just one more temptation to a holiday in town.

GEORGE SAMPSON

## EARLY WARS IN WESSEX.\*

Out of the Heptarchy and its "battles of kites and crows," Wessex emerged as mistress of Britain. Wessex indeed, became England, and—so to say—wedding Normandy, she arrived at great estate. But what of her birth and breeding? Recollections set down three or four hundred years after the events were very misty. Critical readers of this part of the Saxon chronicle find much to doubt. A constructive mind, anxious to see the story whole and thinking that disbelief has been strained, tries to piece out legends with new evidence. In the attempt there may be considerable value, especially if the new evidence is trustworthy, and in this book we have more than a recast of the chronicles. The author is known to many as Hon. Secretary of the Earthworks Committee of the Congress of Archaeological Societies, and his knowledge of the hill-forts and defensive dykes in the southern counties is serviceable in reconstructing the strategy of the long warfare in which the Britons may have held them against the Saxons. He does not suggest that all these earthworks were first thrown up in post-Roman times, but that they were re-occupied and defended by the Welsh as the Saxons advanced, step by step, from Hampshire, which Mr. Major takes to be the original Wessex. Its boundaries in 519 A.D. he infers to be those of the present day, and supports the view from the archaeological map. At the same time it is admitted and deplored that little has been done in examination of these sites. We can hardly say that they have yielded all the evidence we may expect from them.

When the Saxons are at last brought into Somerset the plot thickens with fuller detail. The editor of this volume

\* "Early Wars of Wessex. Being Studies from England's School of Arms in the West." By Albany F. Major. Edited by the late Chas. W. Whistler, M.R.C.S. With Maps and Illustrations. (Cambridge, University Press.)



was for many years Vicar of Stockland near Combwich, and interested in local antiquities. Hence, no doubt, the somewhat elaborate discussion of the Saxon advance from the taking of Glastonbury in 670 to Ine's capture of the Parret valley in 710. This is worked out with the help of early charters, assumed to be trustworthy so far as regards places given to the Abbey after each successive victory. But the point is well made that this long struggle with the West-Welsh trained the Saxons to war, and ultimately enabled Alfred to overcome the Danes when the North and Midlands fell before them.

An episode in the saga is devoted to Watchet and Combwich and their Norse fisher-folk. Mr. Major premises that recent Scandinavian antiquaries have remarked possible connections of Britain with Norway and Sweden from the Bronze Age downwards, long before the registered arrival of the first Vikings. That the seas were sailed and one country known to another need not be doubted, it is fairly evident that the adventurers of 705 knew the lie of the land and the chances of "acquiring property" as they called their freebooting. But a Norse trading settlement in Somerset before 710 is not easily proved from place-names and folk-lore. Similar circumstances are observed in many parts of the country; place-names of Norse form are found sometimes, in the North of England, even as late as the twelfth century, in survivals of heathen myths the persistence of old beliefs after Christianisation must not be forgotten. But the point is a curious one, if the question raised here will lead to a closer examination of the supposed pre-Viking settlements of Norse it will not fail of a welcome.

The third "book" expands an argument familiar to readers of the Viking Club's publications. For many years Messrs. Major and Whistler have been accumulating evidence to support their view of Alfred's campaign in 878. Their point is that the fighting must have gone on near Athelney. That view was sketched by Bishop Clifford nearly forty years ago, but his conclusions were hurt by his treatment of place-names. In the form now given to it, be it with a little of chronicle-extracts and supported by a lucid account of the topography, it reads persuasively. We are taken with the Danes on their rapid ride from Cambridge to Wareham and shown their route. We view the fort where Hubba may have landed and fallen, here located at Cannington Park near Combwich, and the skeletons uncarried from trenches laid by, where the Danes may have buried them, and from the story as told it seems reasonable to believe that here, rather than at Appledore near Budeford, was the *Arx Cynuit* of March, 878. Then, as Guthrum was in daily fight with Alfred whose headquarters were at Borough Mump near Athelney, what more likely position could Guthrum hold than the ridge of the Poldens, just across the marshes? Edington is actually the name of the hill he must have occupied. Seven weeks after Easter, when the neap tides tempted the Danes to attack across the marshes, Alfred signals to his lieges in the east from a Quantock hill invisible at Edington, meets his men in Selwood, rushes on the enemy as they quit their strong position to cross the flats, and drives them westward along the ridge to the old earthwork at Downend. There they are trapped between the river and the Saxons, after a fortnight they capitulate and the Peace of Wedmore is assured.

The story is vividly told. The details hang together excellently. Some difficulties still remain in the place-names. If *Arx Cynuit* be Cannington Park, "*Cunyz*" (*temp.* Henry III.) for Combwich is the nearest equation for the name *Aecglea* or *Iglea*, where Alfred mustered his men before Ethandun, is a name common in Wessex, but absent, in this form, here. Mr. Major proposes Butleigh, in early charters *Budeclege*, at the east end of the Poldens. Edington, at first sight near enough to Ethandun, is in *Domesday Eduuinetone*, this, Mr. Major suggests, may have been a mistaken expansion of *Ed'indon*, for Glastonbury documents give the place as *Edindone* and *Edintone*. These doubts remain to shake the full acceptance of a theory which otherwise commends itself to the imagination. It does

not carry the conviction of Dr. Nelson's identification of Brunanburh, though it contributes in an interesting way to the solution of this parallel difficulty. If any other sites than Combwich and Edington on the Poldens are now maintained for the battle-scenes of 878 it will be important to work out the topography with no less completeness.

W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

## Novel Notes.

THE MASTERDILLO. A Story of Youth 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

The too-sophisticated, the fatally grown up and growing old should not read this book, for it is not meant for them. Its anonymous author rightly describes it as "A Story of Youth." And its charm can only be felt by those who are still young, or by those who have not lost their own youth with the passing of years, or who, if they have, can remember it sympathetically, knowing they have lost something that was better than all the wisdom and wealth and dignity they have obtained in exchange. People of that happier sort will read "The Masterdillo" and be delighted by it. The young husband and young wife of the tale are just what most of us were before we grew too old to be so joyously and gloriously foolish, or what we shall be when we grow old enough to marry. You blush for them now and then and call them silly and in self-defence perhaps, tell somebody else who is reading the tale that they are absurdly sentimental, but secretly you are in love with both of them for that very reason, and know in your heart that you were as bad or as good yourself in those days when you first set up housekeeping and the world was so very a fairland that you did not grudge paying your taxes. The manner of telling the story is gaily and charmingly inconsequent, but it is exactly in harmony with the laughing spirit of youth in which it is all written and in which it must all be read. It is quaintly, daintily humorous; it is full of tenderness and of the pathos of those little things that are the greatest things in life to the young man and woman who are utterly in love with each other. To repeat the story in any bold outline would be cynically profane, the story is nothing, the freshness and naive simplicity with which it is told are everything, and you can only make acquaintance with these and realise the book's curious charm by reading it for yourself, wherefore there is no more to be said but go and read it.

HORACE BLAKE. By Mrs. Wilfred Ward 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. Wilfred Ward's style has a distinct charm, and her novels have a high seriousness. Horace Blake seems to us so far her best book. The characters develop in a way which is true to life. She has knowledge and understanding, her main incident recalls what actually happened to a well-known literary man, but all will feel that she has not merely copied, but has made an artistic use of her material. Mrs. Ward makes her readers feel the fascination that Horace Blake exerts over every one. Her theme is the salvation of the hero which is wrought by his own clearness of vision and the faithful loving devotion of his wife. His wife is first conquered by admiration for his genius. She helps him loyally and with her help he has won success. She knows him and forgives his great wickedness; her admiration and compassion have turned into true love. She wants his true life to be written, but realising that the world will neither understand nor believe, and knowing how through all he has never feared the truth, she reluctantly gives this up. The story of Trix and Stephen is on a less high note, but is very human.

**PERRIS OF THE CHERRY TREES.** By J S Fletcher 6s  
(Eveleigh Nash)

Mr Fletcher may always be relied upon for a good story, and in "Perris of the Cherry Trees" the author will delight old friends and make new ones. Abel Perris was a farmer in a very small way with a very stunted vision of the possibilities of his farm, the Cherry Trees. He had married a girl who was his superior in every way. When the story opens we find Perris behind-hand with the rent, due to his drunkenness and indolence, and a prospect before him of being turned out by the Steward. The gentleman-farmer of Martinthorpe (Mark Taffendale) had land abutting on the Cherry Trees, and within his domain were some profitable lime-kilns, the scene of the most dramatic episodes in the book. To him Rhoda goes by night and borrows money on the understanding that she is to manage the farm herself. Now Mark Taffendale was a bachelor, and of course it was inevitable that he and Rhoda should find themselves attracted to each other. Rhoda has as much money as she wants, and on the day when the Steward comes round he is surprised to find the farm in good condition, and the rent ready for him. Abel Perris's only workman was Pippany Webster, who is dismissed by Rhoda for stealing. He resolves on revenge, and finds a means at hand by a chance discovery of the clandestine meetings of Rhoda and Taffendale. It would spoil the reader's pleasure to disclose more, but we are sure that he will not put the book down until he has reached the conclusion, where Abel Perris is revealed in a surprisingly noble light.

**JOAN THURSDAY.** By Louis Joseph Vance 6s (Grant Richards)

Mr Vance's reputation has been made by a number of bright and exciting stories of adventure, very modern and American in spirit, partly melodramatic, partly humorous, partly sentimental. In this manner he is comfortably at home, confidently master of his material. "Joan Thursday," however, is a surprise. It is a careful and painstaking study of theatrical life in America, written with a minute and slightly depressing realism. In fact, not at all the sort of book we expected. However, the reader's disappointment may be tempered by the assurance that Mr Vance has achieved something that is nearly a triumph. His book might have been better for a trifle less insistence upon detail, it would have been more likeable had its heroine been less ambitious and mercenary, but for all that it is a very fine piece of work. Practically plotless, what story there is centres around Joan Thursday, a beautiful girl who takes to the stage as a more attractive manner of earning her living than serving in a shop, and her success—at a price—after rather more than a year of varied experience brings the book to an end. We congratulate Mr Vance heartily upon this very successful example of his versatility.

**SUBSOIL.** By Charles Marriott 6s (Hurst & Blackett)

"Anyhow, after any big event," says Saffery, the novelist, in Mr Charles Marriott's new novel "you are apt to get an upheaval of a different layer of national character—subsoil, in fact. Some quiet things get thrown up, but it's native stuff, and we've got to make the best of it, not only in art." This is the idea that Mr Marriott plays with very plausibly and very effectively. He thinks the Boer War was responsible for a great upheaval, and that its effect upon our national life and, directly or indirectly, on our national art, ideals and general outlook has been broad and deep. Modern movements in art, politics and social economy are discussed by his men and women shrewdly, brilliantly, suggestively, their conversations are, as they should be, vastly cleverer than the studio and dining room talk that most of us have an opportunity of listening to, but the power and interest of his story lies in the subtlety and vivid truthfulness with which he limns his characters. Saffery is a masterly study. Neither Sylvia Bradley, to whom Sutherland is engaged, nor the widowed Loveday Rosewall, whom he loves in vain, are ordinary women, but

they are natural, baffling, charming women notwithstanding. You suspect a touch of cynicism when Sylvia breaks off her engagement with Sutherland because she feels that he keeps her outside the best interests of his life, and they are not suited to each other, and then shortly after becomes engaged to the handsome, conceited, rather shallow young novelist, Reginald Vaughan, and when about the same time Loveday Rosewall rejects Sutherland because, though she loves him, she also has given her heart to the somewhat egregious young Reginald. She confesses that she loves Sutherland, but thinks he is one of the men that "no woman ought to have." You are too big a proposition. We must either lose ourselves in you or keep you at a distance. Perhaps it is a wise and good instinct that makes us spare you and give our nonsense to somebody else. It is very well for her to tell him, with gentle scorn, "Little you know us!" Loveday does not represent the average woman, and perhaps the reader even more than Sutherland will be at a loss to understand her. But she has a large share in making "Subsoil" a story of cunning and compelling interest. It is admirably written, the story it tells grows easily and naturally out of the characters of the persons concerned in it, but if it told no story at all it would still hold you by its searching insight into the hearts and minds of modern humanity and its piquant, provoking discourse of men, women and things in the complex world of to-day.

**OTHERWISE PHYLLIS.** By Meredith Nicholson 6s (Constable)

Mr Nicholson's success in this novel is dual: he has created one of the most engaging heroines of recent fiction, and through the medium of a highly interesting story has interpreted with praiseworthy lucidity that sensitive spirit of citizenship which is peculiar to the inhabitants of American mushroom-growth towns. Phyllis Kirkwood is a harum-scarum young lady of the defiantly unconventional type, but possessed of such high qualities of heart and mind that, while she is the despair of her three most proper aunts, she is the darling of the township. Being the daughter of Tom Kirkwood, whose wife, Lois Montgomery, ran off with Jack Holton when Phyllis was a child, the young lady is the central figure for sympathy in a scandal involving the two leading families of Montgomery, in Indiana, a fact which disturbs her not at all. At a crucial period of the town's history when the community is threatened with disgrace through the unsoundness of the Holtons' affairs, Phyllis's mother returns and takes up her abode with her brother, Amzi Montgomery, causing a flutter of interest in the town, and winning the love of her daughter. Amzi is a rival banker to the Holton firm but when the integrity of the town is in jeopardy, he large-heartedly sinks his personal affairs, and, with the assistance of Tom Kirkwood, succeeds in straightening out the scandal, and saves the situation. In this, Phyllis is a very active agent and, in the end, cements the restoration of the Holtons' reputation by becoming engaged to a nephew of her mother's second husband. Mr Nicholson has written a powerful book, full of humour, compactly constructed, and reflecting, through a gallery of perfect types, the authentic spirit of the American people.

**THE LOVERS OF MADEMOISELLE.** By Clive Holland. 6s (Hurst & Blackett)

The French Revolution may not have been an unmixed blessing for France, but it has certainly been a fine thing for novelists the world over. It has equipped them with a theme of unparalleled interest, a fund of romantic episodes, a background of breathless suspense and bewildering horror. All these factors are to be found in Mr Clive Holland's new novel, which gives a very vivid reproduction of the aristocrats and the *canaille* of those stirring times. The story opens in Normandy in the year 1792, with a spirited account of the mob's attack on the chateau of the Vicomte de St Hilaire, who, with his wife, son, and daughter, Cécile, is taken prisoner and sent (after a brave but futile attempt to escape) to Paris, there to be tried by

the dread Revolutionary Tribunal Cécile's lover, the gallant Basile, Comte Dubois, is also captured, and one of the big scenes in the story occurs when the prisoners are offered their liberty on condition that Cécile is promised in marriage to the son of one of the revolutionaries—an ex-steward whose sister has been cruelly wronged by the Vicomte in a closed chapter of the past. Dramatic, too, though hardly original, is the ruse by which Basile is enabled to escape from the sinister Conciergerie. The terrors of that melancholy building are made very real in these pages, and one gets a lasting picture of Marcel Telhier, the head-jailer, with his numberless little subtleties of cruelty, he "took a devilish delight in his daily task of reading aloud the list of the condemned, and with a love of theatrical effect posed himself in the light at the foot of the steps leading up to the great door of the chamber, with one of the National Guards with fixed bayonet on either side of him." "The Lovers of Mademoiselle" is just the book for those who cannot resist the spell of Madame la Guillotine.

**THE TRUTH ABOUT CAMILLA.** By Gertrude Hall 6s.  
(Heinemann)

Without doubt Miss Hall has revealed considerable ingenuity in the conception of her heroine. Camilla's character is one which it would be difficult indeed to summarise in a paragraph. Obviously her governing instinct was to create herself, to make something of life, throwing the limelight on one figure, which all the world should recognise as supreme in charm and distinction. She had her dreams, this child of the people, this intrepid adventuress, to whom the slightest of opportunities offered such infinite scope. She had absolutely no respect for truth, a very limited sense of honour, and phenomenal concentration in the pursuit of her own interests. Yet somehow she was actually charming, except to those who would venture to cross her ambitions. Moreover, she was extraordinarily competent in a thousand ways, punctiliously conscientious about everything she undertook, and capable of marvellous self-restraint. It is difficult to say whether or no circumstances were really kind to Camilla. She had certainly many exceptional strokes of good fortune, but one and all were attended with serious limitations. The way was never quite smooth for her, entirely straightforward. Obviously Miss Hall has set herself deliberately to expose the Latin temperament, through one supreme example. Camilla is always, or nearly always, governed by a most startling degree of common sense. And yet, as we have said, she dreamed dreams. She could, at least temporarily, risk all for the satisfaction of her fiery emotions. We are inclined to believe that her one experiment in passion was sincere, and we recognise that it was foredoomed to failure. There was a good deal of Becky Sharpe in Camilla. Her denouement was more picturesque, as fitted the skies of Italy, but it had all the essential elements of greyness and subdued satire. "The Truth about Camilla" is a remarkable, and an artistic, production. Its permeating and profound cynicism just escapes unreheved bitterness, since Camilla is quite human. The characterisation of her lovers, her benefactors, her enemies, her allies, and her family is managed with a firm hand, all are interesting in themselves, all skilfully fitted into their place in her development.

**THE MISCHIEF MAKER.** By E Phillips Oppenheim 6s.  
(Hodder & Stoughton)

To get the full flavour of this capital story we recommend a visit to a Soho restaurant fairly far on in the evening, and a chapter of "The Mischief Maker" in between each course. We say a Soho restaurant, because on a certain evening Sir Julien Portel, former Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and his journalist friend Kendrick, were to be found dining there. And what brought so high an official as Sir Julien to so low a quarter? A grave scandal, which drove him out of public life, and to a resolve to travel the



**Mr. Clive Holland.**  
Other of his novels have just been  
in his Misses Fynwood

world over. But a little message from a mysterious woman at the Soho restaurant caused him to travel no further than Paris. The message contained instructions to call on a certain Madame Christophor, who turns out to be —, but let the reader discover her identity for himself. Another character, whom we soon detect as disguised, is Herr Freudenberg, of Leipzig, maker of toys. Herr Freudenberg is Prince Falkenberg, of Germany, the inveterate foe of England and the uncompromising opponent of the Anglo-French *entente*. The remainder of the book is a breathless account of the contest between the two statesmen, resulting in the ultimate downfall of Falkenberg, engineered by a magnificent journalistic "coup" which was suggested by Kendrick, the journalist, and performed by Sir Julien. Then follows Sir Julien's return to power and the establishment of friendly relations between England and Germany. The spice of international politics, combined with a strong love interest, make "The Mischief Maker" a most delightfully exciting book, and one which we defy the most lethargic to fall asleep over.

**THE MERRY MARAUDERS.** By Arthur J Rees. 6s.  
(Heinemann)

This amusing and unconventional book describes, in the form of letters, the adventures of the Merry Marauders Dramatic Company during their tour in New Zealand. The writer obtained the post of advance agent, after selling his watch and chain in order to provide the necessary guarantee of his commercial probity. Needless to say, the company was brimful of talent, from Miss Audrey Bendalind, the leading lady, to Mr Barney King, the stage manager, who had "packed a bewilderingly diversified stage career into his thirty-five years, having played in his time the widest range of parts—from leading man to the hind-quarters of a stage bullock." Such versatility, indeed, was constantly needed, for while the stock pieces of the company were such straightforward things as "Demon Drink, the Destroyer," and "The Unkissed Bride," constant adaptation had to be made to meet local prejudices and requirements. On some occasions, too, the stage-manager could only secure his full cast by bailing his men out, through an arrangement with the local police. We cannot pay this book a higher compliment than by saying

that it is true to the tradition of the first and greatest of its kind, the *Roman Comique*. Mr Rees writes with insight and humour, and his cheerful tale of vagabondage will prove a pleasant departure from the more usual grooves of the season's fiction.

**WATERSPRINGS.** By Arthur Christopher Benson 6s (Smith, Elder)

This is an intimate book. Mr Benson is always intimate. In certain moods one is apt to be angry with him. Here, as elsewhere, he gives one the feeling that one is guilty of eavesdropping. But, like the Don of this story, which is at once something less and something more than a novel, he contrives to carry out his programme and to carry the reader with him. Though the background is Cambridge, the opening pages of his new book are eloquent of the unfamiliar medium in which the author is working. They contain phrases and sentences such as are common in the work of the 'practic hand'. But by and by we get into touch with real life. Jack Sandys the frank undergraduate, his father the talkative Vicar, Mr Redmayne the caustic Vice-Master of Beaufort, Mr Gretton the Dean, Aunt Graves, her companion Miss Merry—these are real people. Howard Kennedy, Fellow and Classical Lecturer at Beaufort, and Maud his young wife monopolise attention, but their views rather than their personalities arrest one. The passages about the dream-child recall "Ella". But the real charm of the book lies in its reflections on the problems of existence, religion and science, reason and instinct. For example, "Instinct is the only guide for women, if they begin to reason, they get run away with by reason, that is what makes fanatics." Jack's description of the tutor's life—"Just learning things till you are twenty-three, and then teaching them till you are sixty-three." The same young man's choice of books—"The books I like are those in which people say what they might say, not those in which they say what they have had days to invent." Or this remark of the author's—"The old untroubled necessary work of the world flows on in these fields and villages, peopled with lives hardly conscious of themselves, with no aims or theories, just toiling, multiplying, dying, existing, it would seem, merely to feed and clothe the more active part of the world." There is the suggestion of this thought at the back of the mind of many a teacher—of the futility of it all, the lack of real confidence in the things taught. One cannot but sympathise with the view that "there are such a lot of fine and obvious things in the world, perfectly distinct, absolutely necessary, and yet the moment they become professional, they deprive one of all spirit and hope." Mr Benson's quiet humour is often compelling, as in this observation of Howard Kennedy's—"I have to talk over their careers with a good many young men, and it generally ends in their saying they would like a secretaryship which would give them interesting work and long holidays and the command of much of their time, and lead on to something better, with a prospect of early retirement on a pension." As might have been expected there are delightful bits of scenic painting, impressions of "the charmed dusk and the fragrance of hidden flowers." And there is mysticism too—of a kind that belongs to something far removed from those "vague and even muddled emotions of which scientific psychology would probably dispose."

**THE DREAM SHIP.** By Cynthia Stockley 6s (Constable)

It is hard to see just why the hero of this book should be all he was merely in virtue of being Irish. A great surgeon, difficult, idealising, incapable of understanding other people's lives and needs, hard to live with, and sentimental—why should it all be harped upon as the outcome of his Irishry? The real portrait of the novel is his wife, Val Valdanha, a charming young woman, a man's woman, a journalist whose free lance articles from every corner of the globe had won world-wide fame for her pen-name, Wanderfoot. Married first to a wastrel, meeting Garrett Westenra on a cross-Atlantic steamer just

after Valdanha was supposed to have died heroically in South Africa, she and Westenra come together like meeting flames, marry, and begin their troubles. Incapable of domesticity, she finds it impossible to run Westenra's private hospital, and when Valdanha turns up she runs away from Westenra, taking her boy and an adopted daughter. Misunderstanding with Westenra makes life barren and hard, but in the long run Valdanha dies, and Westenra comes to a proper sense of Val, and life begins over again in deep love. The skill and completeness with which Val is drawn and made alive for us, and the comprehension of a complex, rich, sympathetic character, are most admirable. Val is real and modern, and it is difficult not to imagine that she has a prototype, though a prototype the details of whose life are not to be identified with the incidents of the novel. The subsidiary characters fall into their proper places, and preserve their proper proportions, without sacrificing one jot of their reality. Altogether "The Dream Ship" is a notable piece of character study and of story making.

**CRUMP FOLK GOING HOME.** By Constance Holme 6s (Mills & Boon)

There is the fragrance of the brown earth, the music of the wind, the freedom and freshness of the hills in Miss Constance Holme's new novel, "Crump Folk Going Home." With the background of Crump, a stately, ancestral hall, in the possession of the Tyndesays, Miss Holme weaves an interesting story around a group of wealthy, propertied people, centring it on a girl's wounded pride. Betrothed to the Master of Crump not for love of him, nor for the sake of position, but for sheer passionate attachment to the land that she feels is hers, yet has no actual claim to, Deborah, the reserved self-controlled heroine, is saved from the tragedy of marrying the wrong man by his sudden death. But the subsequent discovery that he is already married to another woman flings her into an abyss of humiliation, making her the target for scornful glances and spiteful snatches of scandal. She braves this mortification, and growing to love with a true, self-sacrificing love, the new Master of Crump, she is able to renounce him and to shut out all hope of owning the land that is so dear to her. But after all they both care too much to let the story end on this unhappy note, and in her fluent pleasing style, with touches of humour that make the book all through delightfully attractive, Miss Constance Holme drops the final curtain on her happy Crump Folk, wending their way home at last across the evening-shadowed land.

**THE GARDEN WITHOUT WALLS** By Coningsby Da 6s (Heinemann)

There is so much that is fine and human and beautiful in this story that one marvels at its striking want of balance. Sex-obsession cramps, distorts, overbalances and devastates the novel. The life story which is here developed, and which in its early stages readily kindles the reader's sympathy and enthusiasm, is swamped and surfeited with a tempestuous passion which rages unhealthily like a destroying blast through the greater part of the story. The trouble with Dante Cardover's father was that he was "an emotionalist ashamed of his emotions," which he carefully suppressed, Dante's trouble would appear to be that he was an emotionalist impelled by a restless and inflamed imagination. The plot of the story may be summed up as the tragedy of a young man who, after repeatedly playing with the fire, attempts to drug a hopeless passion for a married woman by succumbing to the physical fascination of another woman. And like most tragedies of this nature, the young man, Dante Cardover, is not the only victim involved. Many alluring and delightful characters figure in the novel—one remembers with special pleasure Dante's youthful-hearted uncle, Obadiah Spreckles, who is appropriately nicknamed "The Spuffler"—"A spuffler is a gay pretender, who hides his lack of success beneath the importance of his manners. . . . The prime

requisite (for a spuffler), is that he should affect the prosperity of a bank-president, and be dependent on some quite obscure source for his pocket-money." As might be expected from the clever author of "The Road to Avalon," his new novel is studded with brilliant descriptive gems, and it is good to note that from beginning to end the story is rich with the promise of bigger achievements ahead.

**A MASTER OF LIFE.** By Philip Gibbs 6s (Cassell)

Titus Harsnett, the leading character of Mr Philip Gibbs' new novel, is a kind of Hamlet of the modern industrial world, burdened not with the purple or with revenge, but with introspection, hesitation, a conscience that speaks of duty to those who have helped to make the huge fortune of two-and-a-half millions left to him by his father, the artistic-temperament, and a mother who drops her "h's" and can no more drop her servant-like devotion to her late husband's memory than she can enter into the humanitarian ideas of her only son. One feels that but for the constant coaching from his old tutor Gerard Langbaine, and his cousin's wife, Mrs Jack Lavington, Titus would have made a hopeless mess of his life and his inheritance. As it is Titus and Mrs Lavington betray a woeful ignorance of the ways of a censorious world, and pay very bitterly for their blindness. Mr Gibbs is one of the most interesting of our younger novelists, and in his latest book he displays a marked increase of power, power of maintaining the reader's attention, power of depicting character, of displaying the warp and woof of modern political and social life. There are constant flashes of epigram, particularly in the pages devoted to the philanthropic Duchess, and the style is sustained throughout at a high level. It was, perhaps, a pity to make Will Jennings accept the bribe. But if there is cold cynicism here, there is cynicism enough in the portrait of the "living image of Nell Gwynne," who "would rob a graveyard or bleed a millionaire to death, or flirt in a disgraceful way with Satan himself," for "the sake of her precious societies." The *dénouement* is cleverly disguised, and as much as anything else sets a mark of distinction on a book which will make every reader eager for its successor.

**THE HEART OF A HERO** By Morice Gerard 6s (Hodder & Stoughton)

Mr Morice Gerard has written this novel round the simple love story of a great soldier—General Wolfe. At the outset he gives an animated picture of the gay city of Bath with its elegant ball-rooms, its crowded pump-rooms and fashionable coffee-houses, and introduces an interesting character in the exquisite person of Beau Nash, a venerable figure at the time the story opens. Wolfe's love story begins in the year 1757 with a momentary glimpse of the beautiful Katherine Lowther, the toast and belle of Bath, and thanks to the assistance of his devoted friend and admirer, Lord Dion Blair, Wolfe manages to win Katherine's heart before setting forth on the great venture which culminated on the Heights of Abraham. It is, however, the love story of Lord Dion which gives to the novel its peculiar poignancy; for Lord Dion was himself in love with Katherine, but, because of his affection for Wolfe and his own unhappy physical deformity, he elected to stand aside and facilitate Wolfe's courtship. The character of Lord Dion—a noble figure in spite of his humped shoulder and his slightly crossed eyes—is sketched with sympathy and understanding. "Perhaps his friendship for James Wolfe grew out of, or at any rate was stimulated by, a longing to play a similar part in the world. He felt in a curious way that his soul and that of the fiery, intrepid young officer were fused together, linked by the same spirit—that Wolfe was engaged in doing what his own courage would have effected, had his body been fitted for martial service." What the courage of the one man and the great heart of the other effected is set down in these pages with a dignity and restraint worthy of the theme.

**MARTHE.** By Reginald Nye 6s (Sampson Low)

The one doubt you have about "Marthe" is whether Marthe, loving the large, good-natured Bovril, would give herself body and soul to John Blaine on purely artistic grounds, and in order that his career as a singer might be furthered and his wonderful voice not lost to the world. But Marthe was an altogether exceptional girl. She is not to be judged by ordinary standards. She is charming when, at the outset, a mere pretty slip of a girl, she passes along the road in France, and John and his stolid friend, who answers to the absurd nickname of Bovril, see her and hear her singing as she goes, and she is charming at the close but pathetically charming, after she has sacrificed herself wholly to Blaine's welfare and, when she is dying, he can leave her almost without a pang for another love and a new artistic triumph. Blaine is a vacillating, eager likeable creature, afflicted with an artistic temperament. He can paint cleverly, he writes neat verses, composes music, swims excellently, and is a good horseman, he can do many things well, but his supreme gift is song, he has a marvellous voice, and it is Marthe who discovers this and urges him to his right work, and willingly offers herself up on the altar of his ambition. The characters are all drawn very skilfully, Blaine with his foolish, insatiable love of play, his instability in whatever he undertakes, his keen sensitiveness to his own sufferings, and his sheer inability to feel much for the sufferings of others, "Bovril," the genial, easy-natured, loyal friend, who tells his story here and, to say nothing of the gay, beautiful, gracious, tantalising Helen Hendred, and many minor characters, Marthe herself—in all her sweetness, sagacity, recklessness, a very fascinating and finely sympathetic creation. For its freshness its skill in characterisation, its vivid pictures of life in France, and the poignancy and interest of its story "Marthe" is emphatically a book to read. We believe it is a first novel, and as such it is an achievement that is full of high promise.



Mr. R. R. Nye.

## The Bookman's Table.

**THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS.** By Francis Grierson 6s. (John Lane)

This new edition of Mr Francis Grierson's memoirs of his early career is beautifully illustrated by Miss Evelyn Paul. The book is a study of American life in the days of the Civil War, and especially of the farming communities just before the outbreak of the great conflict. The moonlight of history has already fallen over the scene, dimming the trivial details and throwing out in a sort of looming majesty the figures of the famous heroes of the battlefields. Mr Grierson paints it all with quiet, wistful touches of romance, and Miss Evelyn Paul works in the same manner. Her thirteen pictures are in colours, and each of them has a charming air of romance about it. Some of them, indeed, have a jewel-like splendour—such as the study of a Red Indian Medicine Man, sitting in his wigwam in some strange ritual of magic. Excellent also are the pictures of battle, but to our mind the scenes of farm life are the most charming. They are painted in the pastoral manner, and remind one of the grace and beauty that our artists import into their pictures of eighteenth-century England. In both cases the facts are seen in a mist of sentiment.

but the sentiment is in itself a natural fact, just like the blue veil of air that lends an enchantment to a distant landscape. Romance is largely a matter of distance, and if Mr. Grierson now sees the scenes of his youth in the light that never was on land or sea, well, that is exactly the charm that the years bring us in compensation for all that they steal as they pass.

**THE YEAR'S MIND.** By the Author of "Leaves from a Life." 10s. 6d. net (Leveleigh Nash.)

This volume is very like previous works by its author, indeed, at stages there is more than a suggestion of repetition. It belongs to no definite branch of literature, being a mixture of gossip about flowers and folk, of placid old-fashioned fiction, with dashes of melodrama, and of comments on existence, naive or candid, rather than deep. One feels that the writer would be very genial and interesting in a garden, or by a quiet fireside, the commentary and conversation would have an agreeable flavour, and would leave a pleasant memory. But set on paper, and turned into a book of nearly 350 pages, the offering is another matter altogether, and its continued appreciation demands patience as well as simplicity of nature. However, there must be a goodly number of simple and conventional souls to whom it will appeal. It might well be a quiet classic for various orders of housekeepers, or mean animation for gentle ladies with a passion for flower-pots. While it is entirely innocent of glow or inspiration, its homely, human nature, despite the slowness and occasional tedium of detail, is acceptable.

**COMMERCIAL GARDENING.** Edited by John Weathers. 4 Vols. Fully Illustrated. 36s. net (Gresham Publishing Company.)

To the craftsman with the spade or the plough the commercial side of gardening is as offensive as the commercial side of painting a picture, writing a poem, or carving a statue is to the craftsman of the brush, the pen, or the chisel. It is an aspect that has not been frankly or fully dealt with by most textbooks on gardening. We therefore welcome these four attractive volumes which have been issued by the Gresham Publishing Company with the efficiency with which they treated agriculture in their Standard Cyclopedia of twelve volumes. The writers on the various aspects of commercial gardening are, we are glad to note, men who have been engaged for the most part in earning their living as growers of fruit, vegetables, flowers, or as nurserymen. We have at any rate been spared another volume from the pen of that "popular writer on gardening," Mr. So-and-so of Fleet Street. It is interesting to find in one considerable writer in this series, Mr. Lobjort, in what a pleasant style a professional market gardener can express himself. Here and there one notices a little looseness in the editorial control, such as when writers give us the average profits arising from different crops which are somewhat at variance with the introductory chapters. The space devoted to packing and marketing might surely have been greater, and we think that in specialised work like this the essays on the science of plant-growing, excellent as they are, might have been reduced to find room for this and other aspects of growing for the markets. But we will not grumble, for on the whole the compilation fulfils a unique place in our gardening literature. The illustrations are beautifully reproduced. We could wish, however, that the design on the cover had been as artistic as that on the companion volumes which dealt with agriculture.

**AN EXILED KING.** By Sophie Elkan. Edited and translated by M. Lucien Koch. Illustrated. 2 vols. 24s. net (Hutchinson.)

The first thing needful for a good biography is not that the subject of it should be a great man, one who has done wonderful things in the history of the world, but that he should be a man if not of some greatness at least of some strength or peculiarity of character. Gustaf Adolf IV of

Sweden fully answers to this latter requirement. He was neither a great leader of men nor a great statesman, but he was almost equally eccentric and strong-willed, and a certain dark streak of melancholy and a touch of religious mania would seem to suggest that a taint of madness was in his blood. Moreover, he was unfortunate and ended in failure, and misfortune and failure are generally more romantic and nearly always more interesting than success. His hatred of Napoleon amounted almost to a mania. He joined the league that was formed to subdue that scourge of Europe and restore the Bourbons to the throne of France. After Napoleon had harried and defeated him, he fell out with his Allies, and made himself in divers ways such an impossible ruler that his own subjects deposed him and banished him, and he died in Switzerland after some twenty-eight years of life in exile. Like most crownless Kings, he fretted miserably in his banishment and cherished a conviction that his people would yet recall him and restore him to his throne, but though neither this hope nor the hope that they would choose his son to succeed him were to be realised, he at least had the satisfaction of seeing his most hated enemy, Napoleon, a broken exile like himself, and of outliving him. He makes a strangely pathetic, rather a pitiful figure, but one's sympathy goes out more readily to the wistful, long-suffering woman who was his Queen. Mrs. Sophie Elkan has gathered all his story up into her two stout volumes, and told it with such narrative skill and such insight into character that the poor King emerges a vividly human being and, with all his loves and hates, his friends and his enemies, becomes the central person in a live and intensely interesting romance. It is distinctly a book to be read for pleasure, but it is none the less sound and reliable history. M. Koch has translated it admirably, and the numerous illustrations add much to its attractiveness.

## Notes on New Books.

MR W. I. SPALDING

[22, Lightcliffe Road, Palmer's Green, London, N.]

Mr. William I. Spalding is his own publisher, and in *Foreign Banking Appointments* (1s. net), he has written a little book that is not for all readers, but should be of the greatest usefulness to the particular section of business readers to which it is addressed. Mr. Spalding is a certificated associate of the Institute of Bankers, and has made a special study of the requirements of foreign and Colonial banks, and furnishes a lucid and thoroughly well-informed epitome of the conditions governing entry into the principal banks in the Colonies and abroad with some account of the prospects offered to the enterprising young man who is disposed to adventure upon a career in one of them. He not only sets out the remuneration that is paid to different classes of clerks in such banks, but tells you of the climate, general local conditions and gives you a careful estimate of the cost of living in the countries where they are situated. The ambitious young bank clerk who has any idea of trying his fortune in the banks of Egypt, Persia, Canada, America, South Africa, New Zealand, India, China or elsewhere in the East should consult this handy little booklet and profit by its expert guidance.

MESSRS JOIN LONG, LTD

In *Green Girl* (6s.), Mrs. Henry Lippott tells an enjoyable story of life in the Latin Quarter, and of a young girl who dislikes the idea of being tied by the marriage bond. This sounds a little risky, but the book is not, in fact, in the least erotic or unpleasant, it is emphatically on the side of the angels. It is a well-constructed tale, and, on the whole, a well-written one, although the characters are inclined to talk too much, and the Bohemian scenes are described with a convincing restraint.

MESSRS MILLS & BOON

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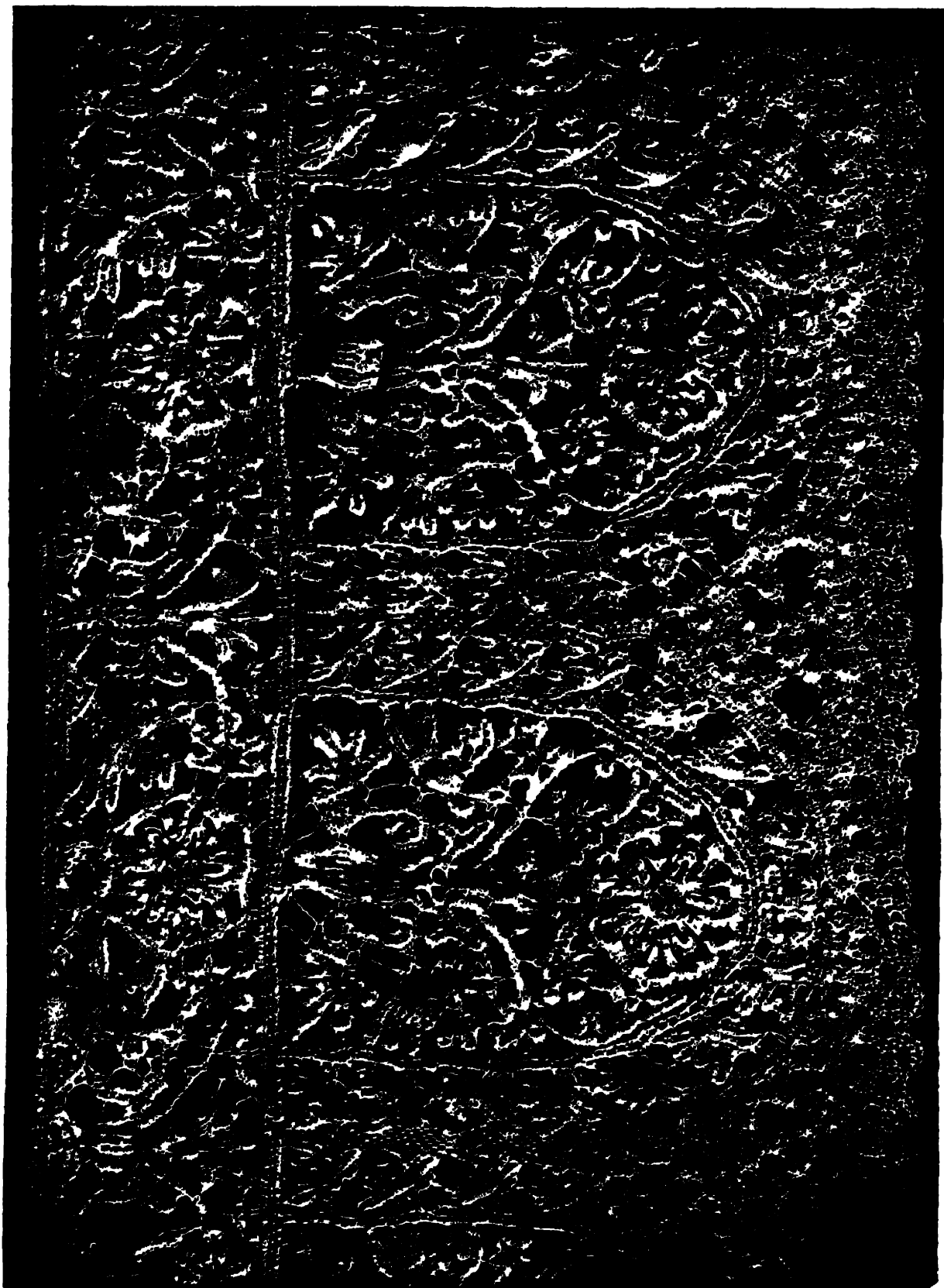


# THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913 LITERATURE AND ART.

We are always hearing that the public has no love of poetry, yet, perversely enough, new poets are always publishing something and the publishers always busy reissuing the old. I say nothing of the many that must satisfy my share, I first of all, it includes a handsome volume bound in cloth boards, with a canvas back deckle-edged paper, and this

volume contains the "Collected Poetry of Francis Thompson," the man who in the few years since his strange chequered life ended, has been recognised as one of the great English poets—even one of the greatest among that splendid company of poets that glorified the second half of last century. With this comes a new edition of a very different singer Thompson was a religious mystic, a visionary dwelling remote among the high and sacred things

"The Collected Poetry of Francis Thompson" 20s net  
£2 2s. net, and £5 5s net (Hodder & Stoughton)



From Old Italian Lace (Heinemann)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

of the spirit: Stevenson was an essentially human soul, he sang of his friends, of his wistful, mundane memories, and homely, everyday experiences, and just because every man is both mortal and a spirit we are drawn to him on the one side as we are drawn to Thompson on the other. Stevenson's 'Poems' comprises also the inimitable 'Child's Garden of Verses' which has hitherto appeared only in a book to itself.

A steady flow of new editions testify to the enduring

but the verse is good, there are, moreover, seven hundred and sixty-two quatrains, instead of the hundred or less that satisfied FitzGerald and Mr Johnson claims to have kept closely to the original text. It is interesting to compare this rendering with the other and increases your admiration of FitzGerald as an original and richly imaginative poet. His version is appears in Mr Foulis's Rose Garden Series, with ten ornately illuminated pages from old Persian manuscripts and a series of illustra-



It is Old Italian Lace (H. M. H. S.)

popularity of Omar Khayyam. You have a choice of four for this Christmas. One is a new version translated from the well known Lucknow edition by J. A. Johnson (Pasha). It has not the magic of FitzGerald's version.

\* Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson (Florence Type Edition) 15 (1 net) (Chatto & Windus)

\* The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam Translated by J. A. Johnson (Lush) 35 (1 net) (Kegan Paul)

tions in Mr Langwyn's new edition. It is a fine, large size and more complete than the others of FitzGerald's. Or in all the little hand and illuminated J. Sullivan's edition from the latter with a charming, elegant introduction by Mr Langwyn.

\* The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam Translated by FitzGerald Illustrated in (1 net) (Kegan Paul)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

effective black-and-white drawings. In his unmistakably individual manner, Mr. René Bull has caught in these remarkable paintings of his the spirit and atmosphere of Fitzgerald's immortal adaptation, the glowing imagination, the sombre occultism, the mystery and Oriental magnificence of the poem as sensitively and glamorously expressed in them and in his beautiful, ornately decorative work. There is strength and a bold play of imaginative suggestion in Mr. Sullivan's wonderful line drawings,\* and the curiously modern touch in some of them—as where he introduces into one a Salvation Army lassie in a labelled poke-bonnet, or where in illustrating "His Ill" a chequer board of night and days—he places a little figure of Napoleon among the chessmen on the table when you have recovered from the first jar, serves only to emphasise that though Omar wrote in an age that is long past, his philosophy is not so dated but belongs to to-day—and will belong to to-morrow.

"Villon is the greatest and truest of French verse writers," says Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole in a preface to his translation of "The Poems of François Villon."<sup>7</sup> "He is the only French poet who is entirely real. He was the supreme master of the Ballade, perhaps the most artificial form of poetry yet in his hands, and became a wholly natural medium



From Greek Art and National Life  
**ASIAS, AFTER LYBIPPOS**  
(Nisbet).  
(Delphi Museum)  
Photo, T. Agnew & Sons.



From Early Poems of William Morris  
(Blackie)

"IN THAT GARDEN FAIR  
CAME LANCELOT WALKING, THIS IS TRUE, THE KISS  
WHEREWITH WE KISSED IN MEETING THAT SPRING DAY

for the expression of his thoughts, feelings and emotions, and Mr. Stacpoole has Englished the finest things in his poetry so skilfully that he has rendered the

\* "The Rubayyat of Omar Khayyam" Illustrated in Colour by René Bull 15s net (Hodder & Stoughton)

\* "The Rubayyat of Omar Khayyam" With a Frontispiece in Colour and numerous Black-and-White Illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan (Methuen)

\* "The Poems of François Villon" Translated by H. de Vere Stacpoole (Hutchinson)

magic and music of them as well as their meaning. "The Charm of Edinburgh,"<sup>8</sup> Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt's excellent anthology of the best that has been said in prose and verse

at the Athens of the North, takes its place among the most desirable gift-books in a fresh edition that is beautiful with twelve delicately-finished colour plates by Harry Morley. The Oxford Press issues, in its cheap and tastefully produced Standard Authors series, the "Poems and Translations" of D. G. Rossetti,<sup>9</sup> including the poems and the prose story, "Hand and Soul," which he contributed to *The Germ*, and, among the translations, his "Dante and His Circle." Miss Florence Harrison reflects with delicate skill and much charm the romantic mood and old-world fascination of Morris's best verse in the series of colour illustrations she has done for "The Early Poems of William Morris."<sup>10</sup> There is the true imaginative

\* "The Charm of Edinburgh" Compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt. 12 Illustrations in Colour by Harry Morley 5s net (Chatto & Windus)

\* "Poems and Translations of D. G. Rossetti (1850-1870)" 1s 6d net (Humphrey Milford)

\* "The Early Poems of William Morris" Illustrated in Colour by Florence Harrison 12s 6d net (Blackie)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *Early Poems of William Morris*  
(Blackie)

"GUENEVERE! GUENEVERE!  
DO YOU NOT KNOW ME, ARE YOU GONE MAD?"

touch of mediæval quaintness and magnificence in Miss Harrison's work, as in the pleasing, almost severely simple paintings of Mr M I Kirk that illustrate "The Story of Evangeline"<sup>11</sup> the pastoral sweetness and Quaker-like simplicity of Longfellow's narrative poem are faithfully and sympathetically preserved. Mr Clayton Edwards, who edits the volume, has supplied a prose adaptation of the poem, and the poem itself follows this, so that a reader may enjoy the story in whichever medium pleases him most. I suppose "The Ingoldsby Legends" have lost the first bloom of their phenomenal popularity, but, outside the pages of Hood, there is no body of English humorous verse to compare with them. Barham was a born story-teller, a master of clever and catchy rhythm and a cunning hand at daringly-ingenious rhymes. There is humour, the wildest and most farcical, in his Legends and the humour of them is heightened and made irresistible by the crispness and jollity of his chuckling, tripping, trickily-dancing measures. "The Jackdaw of Rheims,"<sup>12</sup> is one of the most successful and popular of his works, and, clothed as

and a realism that is that of the visionary who sees the wind blowing visibly from the fields of sleep and the clouds shredding into airy evasive shapes and flying darkly before it. There are examples in this book of every variety of Mr Rackham's beautiful and versatile art, and an interesting preface by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, which bears many alike to the thought and

a Christmas book, and illustrated in a grotesque, irresponsible spirit of kindred gaiety and whimsicality by Charles Folkard, it strikes again a note of merriment that is in harmony with the season and should delight old lovers of Barham and win him many new ones.

The same seasonable note is struck in "Arthur Rackham's Book of Pictures,"<sup>13</sup> in such eerie fancies as the drawings of "Flies," "The Little People's Market," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Man who was terrified by Goblins." But the humour of Mr Rackham has subtler, more delicate, more graceful qualities. It holds, too, a higher, more imaginative sense of the weird, the terrible, the supernatural—a feeling for the spiritual side of life and the loneliness and wonder and majesty of nature, which you rarely glimpse in Ingoldsby except in the haunting last lines that he wrote. If you only know Rackham as a humorous artist, the power and imaginative impressionism of such studies as "Hauling Timber," and "The Regent's Canal" will be something of a revelation to you. There are fantasy and exquisite grace of line and cunning colour effect in "The Magic Cup," "The Little People's Market" in "Log" and "Shades of Evening," but the result in one is sheer beauty and delicate fancy, in another the quaintest freakish humour and in the others a grim, grotesque realism.



From *Greek Art and National Life*  
(Nisbet)

<sup>11</sup> "The Story of Evangeline" Illustrated in Colour by M L Kirk 7s 6d net (Headley Bros)  
<sup>12</sup> "The Jackdaw of Rheims" Illustrated in Colour by Charles Folkard. 10s 6d net (Gay & Hancock)

<sup>13</sup> "Arthur Rackham's Book of Pictures" 15s net (Heinemann)

APOXYOMENOS  
(Rome, Vatican)  
Photo, Anderson.

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

husband, and the priest whose chivalry brought about his own and her undoing. The three sections of this volume give the story of the poem, a vividly-written description of the country of the story, and an account of its people as they appear in the poem. There is a beautiful frontispiece in colour and over a hundred photographs, maps and plans.

(C. W.)

written somewhat on the lines of his lectures, a book that will be full of interest to his students, and to many others who would like to be students if they could. Mr. Kaines-Smith must be found guilty of writing purple passages, and some stern critics prefer an uniform texture of hadden grey, but a good many of us like a little embroidery, a line of colour, such as was picked out

in borders to the drapery on later Greek statues, we are told, key patterns in brilliant red and green.

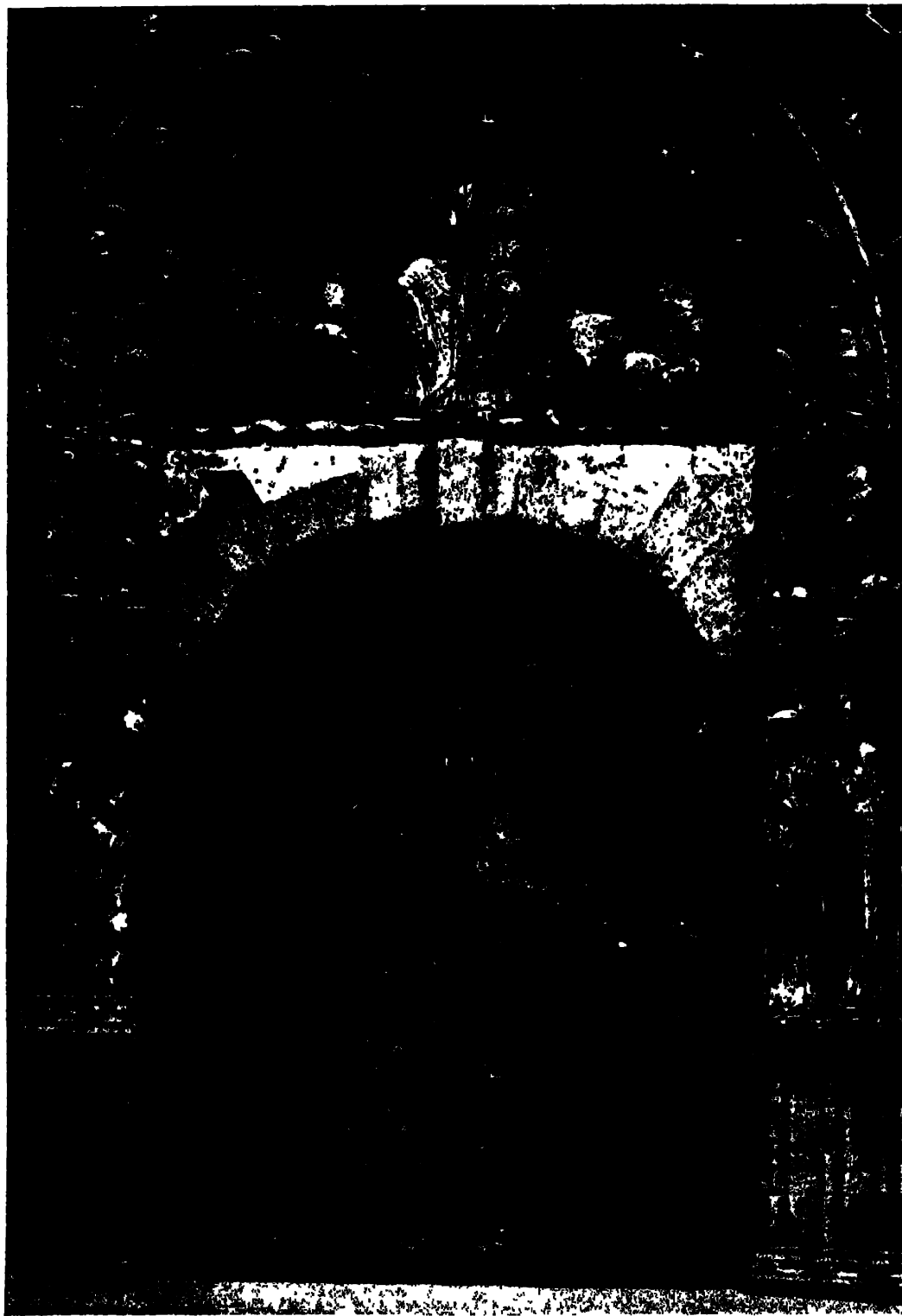
Thus, Mr. Kaines-Smith will not only describe Knossus for you, but imagine what the sack of Knossus was like, and then, with a falling cadence, tell of the desolation that ensued. "The place became a maze of horrible associations full of ghosts as it was full of bats and night-birds. Painted figures, faded with rain and sun, stood out grimly in the corridors, like dead kings walking. The traveller took away with him stories of winding paths between great walls, in which a man might wander till he died. There were stones with pictures carved upon them of monsters, half bull and half man. And so, a like monster, half truth and half grisly imagination, grew up the story of the Labyrinthine maze, and of Theseus and the slaying of the Minotaur."

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from the eleventh century to the eighteenth. The smith's craft has played an important part in the growth of civilisation, it has not only been indispensable in war, but has supplied no small share of the necessities and luxuries of common domestic life. It has furnished both carpenter



From *Decorative Ironwork*  
(Methuen)

THE GREAT DOOR, ANGERS CATHEDRAL,  
XII-XIII CENTURY.

### GREEK ART AND NATIONAL LIFE.

By S. C. KAINES-SMITH, M.A. 7s 6d net (Nisbet)

We know Mr. Kaines-Smith as a popular University-Extension lecturer, and he has now given us a book



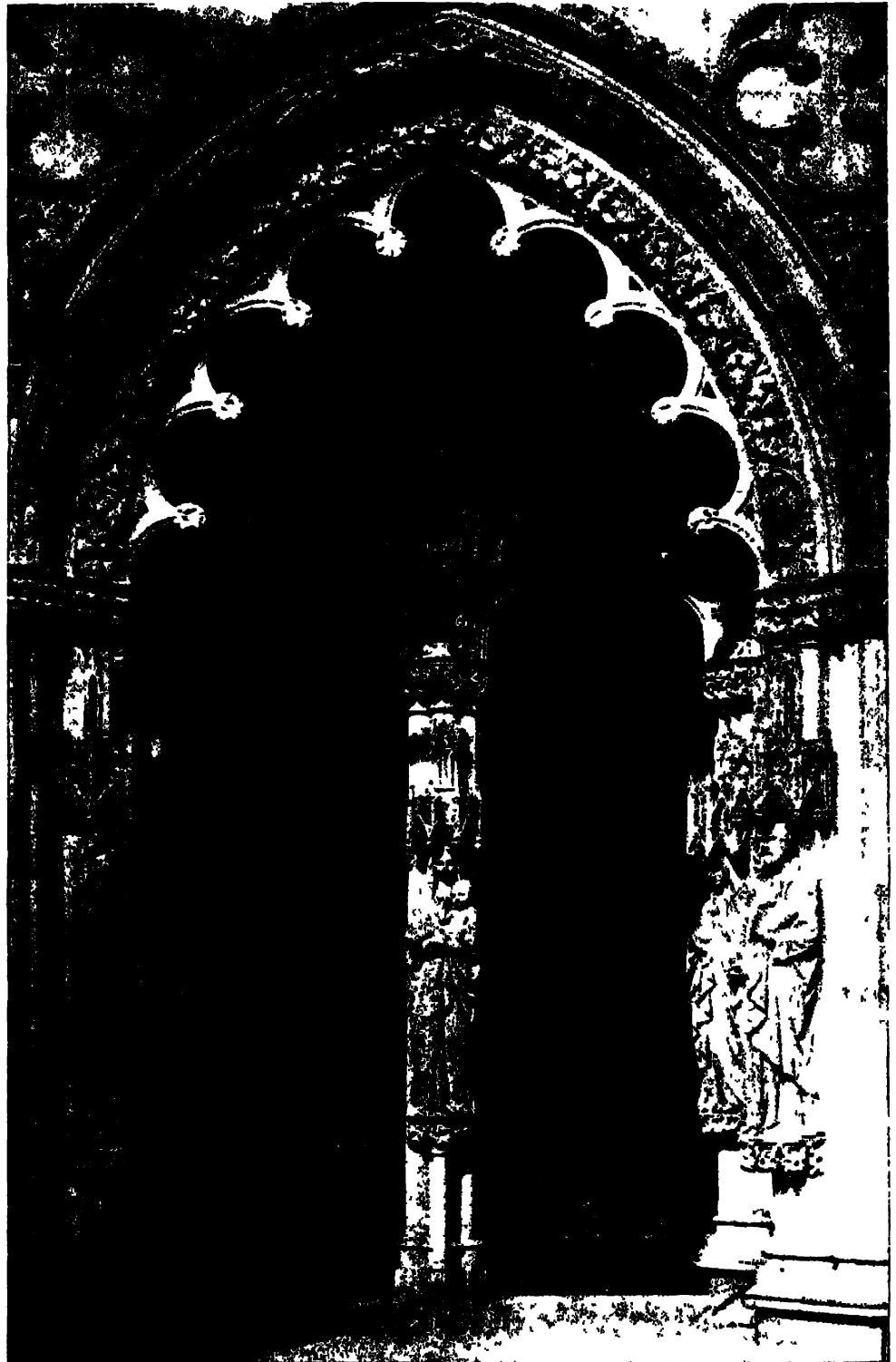
and goldsmith with tools, the kitchen with some of its most useful utensils, and the drawing-room with some of its ornaments. Mr. Boulton writes a full and very interesting survey of the rise and progress of this art of decorative ironwork which has made railings, hinges and door-knockers objects of beauty, as impartially as it has beautified chests and caskets, clocks, mirrors and furniture. He has dealt with the subject most exhaustively, and his book is much the amplest, the best informed and most valuable in its kind that has yet been published. The thirty-one plates and eighty smaller illustrations are excellently reproduced and add considerably to the use and beauty of the volume.

### CHARLES CONDER HIS LIFE AND WORK

By FRANK GIBSON  
With a Catalogue of  
the Lithograph and  
Etchings by CHARLES  
CONDER. With  
151 Illustrations.  
21s net. (John Lane.)

It would not have been in keeping with Charles Conder's personality or art had much space in this memorial volume been occupied by the 'Life'. A narrative of solid structure, a portrait of definite outline we do not expect or desire in his case. Conder's father was a civil engineer, a direct descendant of the statuary Roubiliac, whose virility was dashed with a queer emotionalism. James Conder took up an appointment in India, whither he was followed by his wife, with her baby son, Charles. The artist was five when he returned to this country on the death of his mother. There ensued ten years at various schools, and another two, apparently, spent in preparation for the father's profession. In pursuit of it the lad joined an uncle in the Lands Department of the New South Wales Government, but, wearying of trigonometrical surveying, he left the up-country party, and, in 1886, at the age of eighteen, started artist in Sydney. Conder remained in Australia, keeping himself by black-and-white work, and practising painting in the company of Mr. Arthur Streeton and others, until 1890. In the autumn

of that year he entered Julien's, and France was his home until 1894, when he settled in London. The chief incidents of his life after that, besides his marriage and travels abroad and his friendships, were the various exhibitions of his works at the Carfax Galleries (1899 and 1900), M. Moret's, Paris (1901), Van Wisselburgh's (1903), the Leicesters



From Decorative Ironwork  
(Methuen)

WEST DOOR, LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.  
XIII CENTURY

Galleries (1904 and 1905-6) and incidentally at the International and the New English Art Club. During the greater part of this time Conder had been living in Chelsea, but after 1906 he sought renewal of health at Brighton, Newquay, and elsewhere. The search was unsuccessful, and he died in London in 1909, at the age of forty-one.

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From Charles Conder *His Life and Works*  
(Lanc)

THE "BLUE BIRDS" FAN  
(The property of Geoffrey Blackwell, Esq.)

The production of this brief career is recorded in the present volume in a full list of Conder's exhibited paintings, and an exhaustive catalogue of his lithographs and etchings, compiled by Mr Campbell Dodgson. Mr Frank Gibson, who knew the artist from his Melbourne days, adds to the chapter on his life another on his art illustrated by about a hundred and twenty excellent reproductions, several in colour, which compose the body of the book. Together they make a very proper memorial of an artist, the quality of whose gift was above all, exquisite. Mr Gibson emphasises somewhere the effect of Australia upon Conder's colour, and India too, may have told. The sun was in his blood. In the estimate of his art it is conceded, as it must be, that he never became a good draughtsman. His Austrian friend, Streton, and afterwards, Puyss de Chavannes, Gabriel St Aubin, Daumier, and especially, Anquetin, are mentioned as influencing him, and obviously in respect of his oils in particular. Whistler's name ought to be added. That there are memories of Watteau in his work goes without saying and if said, does not signify very much. Far more true it is that all essential pieces of it are filled with memories of Conder. Memories of things observed by himself, memories of the observations of others, sensitively recorded at the time, and recovered again and again in the evocations of his fancy, and always with

the significance refined out of them, except their appeal to his momentary mood. They are not related to any experience save that of their recovery itself. Too remote from life to be any comment upon it, they are too wholly things of sense to take on the reality of the mystic. That element in them which seems sometimes dramatic, is generally only the surprising introduction into so languid a context of things that still have hanging about them a faint, reminiscent association with drama. It is this rareness, and not the originality, of his gift that tells, and that causes the most important event in his career to have been the discovery for himself of the fan convention. Within its limitations, all the disturbing appeal of reality chastened out, his gift moved freely. It admitted within them for it was a cunning spirit—just the things of its choice, for usefulness and companionship, it created no original world of its own, but out of such pieced a world—a coterie of *ferie*—which Conder made his own by dwelling in it.



From *A Visit to Venice*  
(Llunt Stock)

MURANO GLASS BOWL  
1' 1 1/2" ht, 6 1/2" inches, Width, 8 inches.

### MORE ABOUT COLLECTING.

By SIR JAMES YOXALL  
Illustrated 5s net  
(Stanley Paul)

"More About Collecting" is a helpful guide by a collector, who in this well-informed, capably illustrated handbook, enlightens the less experienced with an account of his own adventures in the bewitching art of miscellaneous collecting.



From Charles Conder His Life and Works  
(Lane)

THE PALAIS ROYAL  
(The property of Mr. John Lane)

## A VISIT TO VENICE, AND OTHER SKETCHES.

By WILLIAM WOODROOFE 2s. 6d. net (Elliot Stock)

Mr. Woodrooffe's half a dozen slight sketches probably please his circle of friends for whom they have been collected, rather than for the general reading public. The art of the essayist resembles the art of writing blank verse: it is temptingly easy and yet extremely difficult. Mr. Woodrooffe has been tempted by its ease but he has not appreciated the difficulties. There is no charm of personality in his little book, in spite of the fact that he tells the reader a good deal about his way of life, his ailments and his tastes. "A Visit to Venice" is a good piece of pedestrian prose: it gives merely a summary of the guide-book facts of the Queen of the Adriatic, and the quality of personal vision is lacking. And though Mr. Woodrooffe is a keen dog-lover, he fails to make his description of "The London Dog Cemetery" anything but commonplace. Yet he seems to be himself a man of unusual qualities of character, the trouble is that he lacks the art of giving these qualities a literary expression.



From A Visit to Venice  
(Elliot Stock)

## SPECIMENS OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE

Edited by W. M. METCALFE, D.D. 2s. 6d. net (Blackie & Son, Ltd.)

The purpose of this little book we understand to be chiefly concerned with the grammatical forms of the Scottish tongue, during the several periods between 1325 and

1835. For carrying out such a praiseworthy object no one could be more competent than the editor. So far so good. It is, presumably, a text-book for the student, a brief investigation into the formation of words. At least so we imagined when we began to read Dr. Metcalfe's introduction. But the following paragraph set us wondering: "The book appeals more directly to Scotsmen, and many of them I trust will read it. They will find in it many points of interest, and in easy means of studying their national, and by no means unbrilliant, literature in all the three great stages of its history." This, we presume, was inserted to cover the title "Specimens of Scottish Literature," which strikes a more popular note than the book warrants. As a text-book, we are confident that a scholar as profound as Dr. Metcalfe can give instances of dialect in 130 pages, together with notes and a glossary. But the field of Scottish Literature

MURANO GLASS BOWL.  
Height, 6½ in. high, Width, 8 in. diam.

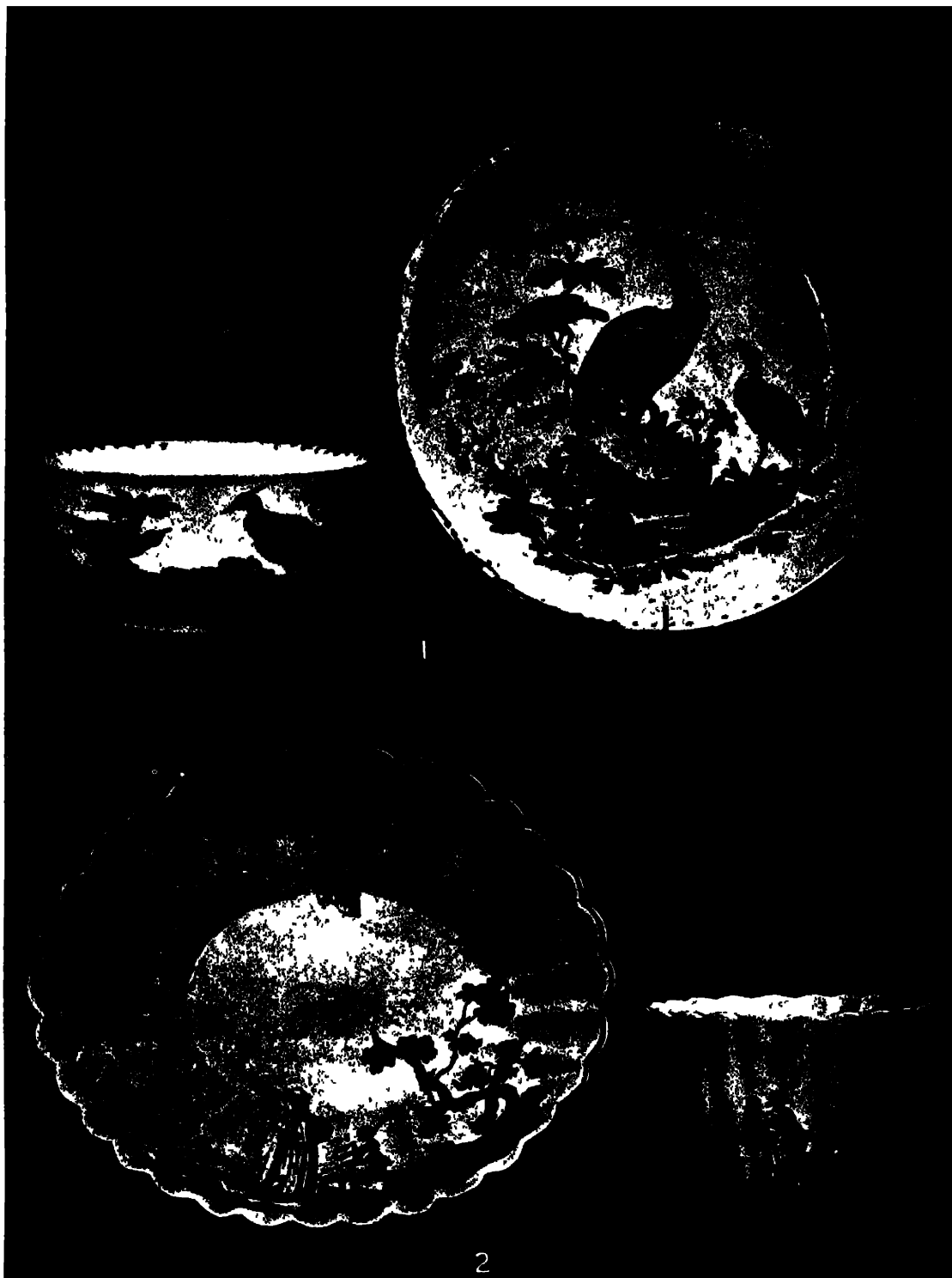
## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

deserves more generous treatment, especially when the early forms of the Scottish "language" comprise nearly three-quarters of the book. We must not we may not appear Philistine when we remark, that our admiration for literature is largely dependent on modern conveyance. Such lines as

### OLD ENGLISH CHINA.

By Mrs WILLUGHBY HODGSON. Illustrated. (G. Bell & Sons)

Some little while ago Mrs Willoughby Hodgson wrote a useful and very successful little book on "How to Identify Old China", she follows this now with an exhaustive



From Old English Chin.  
(Bell)

**CHELSEA.**  
(1) Chinese Cup and Saucer decorated at Chelsea. (2) Fluted Chelsea Cup and Saucer painted in monochrome in Meissen style. From the Victoria and Albert Museum

"And he heicht hym he suld do swa  
Athers thar with that can ta"

leave us comparatively cold. As an educational text-book though the scope be limited, "Specimens of Scottish Literature" should prove invaluable, but beyond that it should not look for recognition

work on Old China, written not as if it were a task, but as one of the pleasures of a collector who feels the fascination of the art of the old English potter, and has a real love for whatever concerns it. Mrs Hodgson writes in an easy, familiar fashion, and does not make the path of her reader hard and pebbly with technical terms. She may know that

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

language of the expert, but here she uses only the language of ordinary intelligent people, with the result that her book is the more informing because it is so thoroughly readable. There is a full and careful account of old English china in all its varieties, brief histories of famous factories, and

### NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH CERAMIC ART

by J F BLACKER Illustrated 5s (Stanley Paul)  
Mr Blacker, who is a specialist in this sphere, points out that while there are many books on English pottery and



From *Old English China*  
(Bell)

practical hints as to housing and arranging a collection. The numerous illustrations, sixteen of them in colour, are beautiful examples both of old china and of the engravers' art. Collectors will find the book an entertaining and an invaluable guide.

porcelain, a number treating of old ceramic art, very few deal with the later work of the nineteenth century. He has an earnest feeling for the ceramic developments in the Victorian era and in our own day, and this book is designed to justify the faith that is in him. It is a study in exhaustive

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From **Staffordshire Pottery  
and its History**  
(Sampson Low),

LANE END d 22  
From the Stoke on Trent Museums

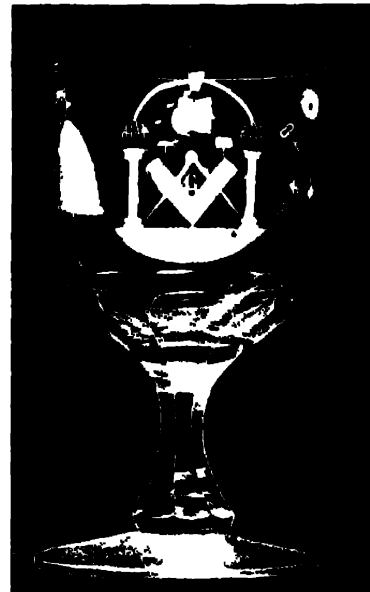
### A HISTORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS.

By SIR HENRY FREEMAN WOOD, SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY.  
With a Preface by Lord Sanderson, C.C.B., Chairman of the  
Council. 15. net. (Murray.)

"Royal and Ancient" was the headline I had given this review, but it seems too suggestive of golf, and golf is one of the few matters with which the Royal Society of Arts has as yet had no association. The Royal Society of Arts cannot claim to have encouraged the invention of even the bath, waffle or the Senechady putter. And the name of the inventions encouraged by the Royal Society of Art is legion.

Save to its thousands of members the Royal Society of Arts is, I fear, a kind of mystery. We all know its Adelphi home, designed by Robert Adam, 1792, the wonderful Scot, who along with two talented brothers created the

Adelphi as it is to-day, but what more is common knowledge? Even the Society's title is misleading, for the institution in the Adelphi has little concern nowadays with the fine arts, though in its earlier years the Society did much to aid people who drew, and its original signature-book has the names of many painters of world-wide fame among them Cosway, Allan Ramsay, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The book has also the names of Samuel Johnson, James Boswell, and Samuel Richardson. Johnson took a great deal of interest in the Society, attended its meetings, and contributed to its deliberations, though by his own account he was no orator. He told Boswell that he had several times tried to speak at the Society of Arts and Sciences, but found that he could not get on. Also he acknowledged that he rose in the Society to deliver a speech which he had prepared, but that all his flowers of oratory forsook him. It is an obvious comment that the environment of a learned Society, with speeches made upstanding, was not the ideal environment for an oratorical Dr. Johnson. For him the Mitre, the Cock, or the Strettham villa of Mrs. Thrale. A formal speech-making Dr. Johnson is not a figure of history. A curious point, by the way, is that Goldsmith (probably prompted by Johnson) thought of sending in his name for the post of the Society's paid secretary. He never did so, though two of Goldsmith's biographers say he applied to Garrick



From **More about MASONIC DRINK-  
Collecting GLASS**  
(Stanley Paul)



From **Staffordshire Pottery  
and its History**  
(Sampson Low)

**SCRATCHED BLUE SALT GLAZE  
CUP, DATED 1780.**  
From the Stoke on Trent Museums

for a testimonial. It is added that Garrick, annoyed by Goldsmith's criticisms, declined to give him one. Potently may think Garrick became a bad Goldsmith got the post there would have been in interference with his literary work. Also the Society may thank Garrick, for Goldsmith would in all likelihood have proved a far from effective Secretary, and his records might have had gaps to distress the Society's present meticulous historian, Sir Henry Freeman Wood.

Sir Henry has done his work brightly and well, despite the confused nature of the material available, and made clear all that has been attempted and accomplished by the Society since its foundation, in the year 1751 by William Shipley, an absent-minded amateur, a native of Leeds, a man of no conspicuous importance, as an artist or art teacher. A tradition of Shipley's absent-mindedness is that on his way to church to be married he was led away by the sight of a rare butterfly, started in pursuit, and arrived late for the marriage ceremony. Perhaps Sir Henry Wood does not do full justice to this man, who must at my rate have been well abreast of his time. In 1766 a silver medal was given to Shipley for a lighted buoy for saving life at sea. Of this Sir Henry writes: "As

the invention does not seem to be specially valuable or remarkably original, it may perhaps be assumed that a certain friendliness of feeling dictated the award, as respect for his memory may have led to the publication of a description of the apparatus in the 'Transactions' a few years after the inventor's death." Lighted life-buoys were employed in the dark the other week (after Sir Henry's proofs had gone to Press), when the steamship *Tollurno* was a blazing charnel-house in mid-Atlantic.

Sir Henry Wood sets forth the biggest achievements of the Society, and there is natural satisfaction in the tone in which he tells how it pioneered the great Exhibition of the year 1851. That was the Society's most important work, and the recital of the Society's part is interesting. More readable is the account of its many small achievements. It produced, among other things, a shilling box of paints, eleven millions of which were sold. Political interest to-day attaches to the fact that it is to this non-party, unobtrusive Society that we owe the mangel wurzel, though not, it would appear, the pleasant. More than a hundred years ago the Society got some mangel wurzel seeds, and some were given to a member, the celebrated Dr Lettsom of Denmark Hill, who experimented with them, to some mind.



From **More about MASONIC DRINK**  
**Collecting DRINKING GLASS**  
(Lucy Paul)

wurzel leaves did not like them, and reported they were doubtless fine food for cows. That was the beginning of the wurzel in Great Britain.

To-day the Royal Society of Arts proceeds smoothly with examination that cover the whole country, deal with 30,000 candidates each year, several lectures each week, a weekly magazine, and a spirit of enterprise, though much of the work it set out to do now in the hands of the specialised bodies that are descendants.

Thanks are due to Sir Henry Trueman Wood, the Inventory, the value of which is increased by competent index. A defect is the scarcity of anecdotes. There must be scores.

DAVID HOBBS

## STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY AND ITS HISTORY

By JOSIAH C. WEDGEWOOD, M.P., C.C. With 20 illustrations. 6d net. (Sampson)

This is a specialist volume upon a most interesting



From **Staffordshire Pottery**  
**and its History**  
(Sampson Low)

**ENAMELLED SALT GLAZE JUG**  
Presented by Biddley of Shelton dated 1760. It is in the Stoke-on-Trent Museum. The jug was reproduced in picture by the Rev. J. Middleton, showing a picture with the above Biddley.

and almost an untouched subject, in which Mr Wedgwood would give details of every side of the pottery industry in North Staffordshire. The author's name alone should ensure authority for a book which collectors and amateurs of all kinds will find of the utmost value.



From **Staffordshire Pottery**  
**and its History**  
(Sampson Low)

**SALT GLAZE TEAPOT, DRAB BODY**  
Supposed to be by Josiah Wedgwood, dated 1737. From the Stoke-on-Trent Museum.



## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

### THE LIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

By the MEDWIN  
A. N. S. Edition  
first edition, 1847  
revised and  
corrected by the  
author, and left in  
perfect state of  
the introduction  
and commentary by  
H. F. Forman  
Clarendon Press  
Oxford  
London

some good things  
have been said of  
Captain Thomas Med-  
win and his late edi-  
tor Mr. H. F. Forman  
quote them  
without endorsement  
let it be said in his  
introduction to the new  
edition of Medwin's

'Life of Shelley.' He  
can do no doubt weary of  
hearing the book be-  
nounced for its obvious  
shortcomings, a he  
utter a timely warning  
that it is more plausi-  
ble to deny Medwin  
the rank of a good  
biographer. Published  
in 1847 Medwin's

'Shelley' was the first  
attempt to present a  
full-length biography of  
the poet. Mary Shelley,  
whom trusted Medwin  
trembled at the thought  
of a biography in such  
hands, and well she  
might for Medwin's  
love of gossip could  
not have been known  
to her. Byron had been  
the first victim on  
whom he tried to play  
Boswell, he pumped  
him for all he was  
worth and rubbed out  
a collection of con-  
versations, while all  
the world we  
mourn the  
poet's death.  
The book  
which is full  
of inaccuracies  
and contains  
superficial  
sketches of  
Shelley, but  
the vitality  
and energy  
however  
with which  
Boswell went  
to his work  
were all  
simultaneously  
lacking in  
Medwin's  
character.  
So when Mr.  
Shelley real-  
ised that

Medwin was meditating  
a biography of his  
cousin she appealed to  
his better nature in her  
efforts to stop the pub-  
lication of private  
details of her husband's  
life. But she was  
unsuccessful and Mr.  
Forman makes out a  
pretty clear case against  
Medwin in his attempt  
to sell her manu-  
script. Although Med-  
win declared in the  
introduction to his

'Life of Shelley' that  
it was written in no  
indolent haste it was  
carelessly put together.  
It is full of tedious  
digressions which often  
bear little or no re-  
lation to his subject,  
but Medwin's chief  
fault is his proverbial  
unworthiness. So  
much so that it is  
hardly ever safe to  
accept unreservedly any  
fact on his statement  
alone. And if one  
delves from his 'Life  
of Shelley' some enter-  
tainment one is always  
conscious while reading  
it of an ever present  
lack of confidence.

Medwin was evidently  
conscious that there  
was something wrong  
with his book for he  
set about correcting a  
copy in anticipation of  
a second edition, but  
his efforts were far from  
successful as is shown  
by Mr. Forman's nu-  
merable corrections.  
No reprint however,  
was called for during the  
author's lifetime, and  
a corrected copy answer-  
ing to the description  
of that from which Mr.

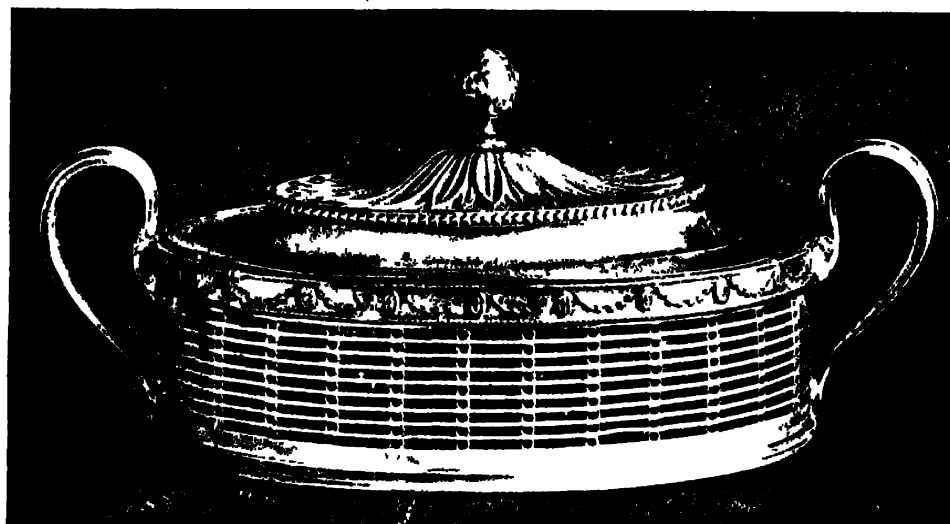
Buxton has printed his  
new edition  
apparently  
the identical  
copy was  
formerly in  
the posses-  
sion of the  
late Mr. Dy-  
kes-Cumplish,  
who lent it  
to Professor  
Dowden,  
when he was  
writing his  
'Life of  
Shelley,' and  
the Professor  
used what  
was new in  
it. In this  
reissue, under  
the able  
editorship  
of such a



From French Pottery, by Henri Lantz  
(Batsford's Collectors' Library)  
(about 1840)

#### PALISSY DISH

Collection of George Salting, Esq. Length  
12 inches - Width 16 inches



Sheffield Plate, by Benja. Wallis  
(Batsford's Collectors' Library)  
(Batsford)

#### BUTTER DISH WITH GLASS LINING ADAMS PERIOD

(The property of Gordon Thomson, Esq.)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

veteran in Shelley bibliography as Mr H. Buxton Forman, the book gains not a little. He has provided a most readable introduction, and nothing could be fairer than his examination of Medwin's character, and his qualification for writing biography. Mr Forman has, moreover, supplied some valuable notes which display his wide and peculiar knowledge of all that relates to the poet and his times, and he has ensured for the book a useful and comprehensive index, which the first edition lacked. Judging from the trouble in this respect, of a page of the original text covered with corrections in Medwin's singularly crabbed writing, Mr Forman's task cannot have been an enviable one. Yet the book was worth reviving as an original document, supplying as it does some particulars that are not to be found elsewhere, although judged as a biography it has long been superseded by Professor Dowden's masterly monograph of the poet.

If Medwin is often inaccurate, there is often a germ of truth even in his most irresponsible statements. For instance, when he repeats the tradition of the poet's grandfather, Bysshe Shelley, marrying the widow of a miller and practising as a quack doctor in America, he is obviously on the wrong track, as Bysshe could have been no more than a child when he came to England. It is known that his father (Percy Shelley's great grandfather) married a widow in America, but whether her first husband was a miller and whether he practised medicine, there is as far as we are aware, no information forthcoming. Most of Medwin's quotations from Shelley's printed works were incorrectly copied, he altered and muddled his numerous citations from Mrs. Shelley's notes, and Hogg's papers on Shelley at Oxford. These quotations are duly corrected by Mr Forman, who sets right many misstatements, but it is not quite clear why he abstains from correcting others. The task of



From 'Old Pewter,' by Malcolm Bell (Batsford's Collectors' Library) (Batsford)

(1) Henricus, XVII Century, height 10.4 ins.  
(2) Pinder, Scotch XVII Century, height 6.1 in.  
(3) Flagon, German XVIII Century, height 11.5 in.

Keith, who was notorious for performing clandestine marriages, and who is said to have united Prince George, afterwards George III, to Hannah Lightfoot, the fair Quaker, got into trouble for celebrating marriages without banns or licences, and was, at the time of Bysshe Shelley's nuptials, duly lodged in the Fleet, where he continued to officiate at weddings. If therefore he joined Bysshe to his bride, it is evident he could not have done so at his chapel in Curzon Street. Medwin, moreover, states that two of Bysshe Shelley's daughters by his second marriage were not mentioned in his will. This statement also calls for correction, as they both received small legacies from Sir Bysshe, Robert Owen's chapel, which is or was till quite recently standing, was in John Street, now Whitfield Street, and not in Charlotte Street, as stated by Medwin on page 10. These blunders, besides others, are Medwin's, and Mr Forman may not have considered them worth correcting.

amending everything in the book is one that might well have daunted the most industrious of editors.

Mr Forman makes no comment on Medwin's information that when Bysshe Shelley eloped with Mrs. Mitchell he was married in the Fleet by the Fleet Parson. The pedigree printed by Mr Forman in the first volume of his edition of Shelley's prose works, from a copy in the College of Arms, gives [Bysshe Shelley's place of marriage as "Kerth's Chapel, May Fair."

The volume contains as frontispiece a picture which is described as "a portrait of Shelley from a drawing by Alfred Scott." It is to be presumed that it is an idealised likeness of the poet, but whether intentionally or not it bears a striking resemblance to the head of our Lord, as sketched by da Vinci for his picture of the Last Supper. While on the subject of the portraits of Shelley, attention may be directed



From 'English Table Glass,' by Percy Bate (Batsford's Collectors' Library) (Batsford)

INScribed GLASSES BEARING NAVAL TOASTS AND DESIGNS  
1. Height, 8 ins. 2. Height, 6.1 ins.  
3. Height, 6.1 ins. 4. Height, 7.1 ins.

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



**MR FORSTER ROBSON**

Photograph of the dramatist, *Min and the Col. (then All Hours, Hana mon)*

stand by the word—at the time—that this picture has since been reproduced.

Medwin was an odd character, with ambitions to become a man of letters. In the theatre he perpetrated a novel and some verse, his book entitled *The Angler in Wales*—but excepting volume on Byron and Shelley, his writings are practically forgotten. He has been described as a mild observer who had much to say and who said it badly.

His motive in writing about the two

once fixed on terms of intimacy has been represented as entirely dictated by him, but I think this is open to question. He was doubtless proud—as most people were to have known Byron and Shelley—and for the latter he seems to have had a sincere affection and expressed admiration.

time when it was anathema to timid people.

ROGER INCH.

### ADAM BEDE

By George Eliot  
With coloured Drawings and numerous  
Black and White  
Illustrations by George  
Dowd, George  
and W. & A. K.  
Chapman

Charles Reade, in his breezily enthusiastic fashion, declared on reading *'Adam Bede'* that it was 'the finest thing since *'Snake and Spirit'*.' Anyhow, it is a fine and great story, and Mr. Gordon Brown has illustrated it very beautifully and with real imaginative sympathy. In this new

to Mr. Forster Robson's note  
P  
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spla

William's sketch had not at the time been engraved or otherwise reproduced at all. The sketch is generally supposed to have been lost, but we now under-

and attractive edition *'Adam Bede'* makes one of the most artistic and wholly desirable of the season's gift-books.

### FOUR TRAGEDIES.

By ALAN MONKHOUSE. 6s. (Duckworth.)

### THE PRICE OF THOMAS SCOTT.

By ELIZABETH  
& JACKSON

1 and 2s. net. (Sodgwick)

### THE MOTHER

By EDITH PIERCE. 2s. and 1s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Because what politicians regard as the backbone of England, the middle class, has an inchoate mentality that can only be described as stodgy, some of us think it will always be difficult for the dramatic artist to make acceptable any realistic reproduction of their mental or spiritual life. The straight-jacket of convention has so mired them to habits of self-repression that their souls have become lean like those quaint dwarf Japanese trees, they have become stunted growths with the semblance of reality, minus the vigour and bloom of virgin growths. That thought may explain why Mr. Allan Monkhouse's *'Four Tragedies'* have such a depressing effect upon the reader. I have no bias for 'happy ends'—but it is sometimes well to remind oneself that the Greek dramatist, even in his direst moments, always managed to inform his tragedy with that sense of pitiousness that redeems and uplifts. Admittedly it is difficult to avoid using the photographic method in dramatising the middle-class, but it is hopeless to surprise thus the likeness of truth out of their souls. Without a vision the people perish; and without vision the dramatist must always fail to make the popular appeal.

The reason being this, the public always wants to believe the best about what, after all, is itself, viz. human nature. The other point I wish to make is that in choosing the middle class as a subject matter for what appear to be

examples of scientific natural history, Mr. Monkhouse has deliberately set out to explore

him, if he has failed to the

the saying family, and

The Strickland, for both are well observed and carefully recorded pieces of contemporary life, informing, certainly, but wanting in that purging and uplifting quality we look for in tragedy. The protagonist in the first play, Hayling, is a quaint megalomaniac who, having squandered his own and his wife's fortune through his incompetence, expects his children to sacrifice theirs as well. To the last resort he forges a cheque, and on the Hayling family declining to pay up, their father is marched off to prison. When the convict returns to a shabby home, he is still the dandified megalomaniac insisting on his parental rights, till Mrs. Hayling decides to give him poison, but is thwarted through the husband felling her



From *'Personal Experience in Spiritualism'*  
(Laurie)

"SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH"

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

with a stone club. There is a certain austerity about the dialogue that gives it a touch of actuality, but as the etiolated characters are lacking in any friendly warmth by reason of the dry light thrown upon them, I confess to a feeling of profound relief at the curtain-fall. In "The Stricklands" the element of surprise is well sustained to the last. Gerald Strickland, a literary gent, has for fiancée Georgie, a handsome woman, full of animal spirits. When Robert Strickland, a masterful type, returns from a successful West African rubber exploit it is evident that Gerald's engagement is in peril. Two years pass, and the Stricklands' mother and daughter are waiting for the arrival from West Africa of Robert and Georgie, who have been married, and also for Gerald, who subsequently joined them. Only Gerald and Georgie return—Robert is dead. The pretence is that he was killed in a quarrel among the rubber slaves; the truth is

detained for analysis here, but Mr. Phillpotts has yet to learn Burns's secret of lopping off ruthlessly the unessential acts and words.

ROBB LAWSON

### THE LOG OF A ROLLING STONE

By HENRY ARTHUR BLOOME. Illustrated from Water-Colour Drawings by the Author. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

The book is essentially the diary of a wanderer. Mr. Bloome, who was the younger son of a Norfolk vicar, writes of his early days at Houghton Hall, in the patrimony of Horatio Walpole, where he was born. He then describes his apprenticeship to wood engraving for *Punch* and Fleet Street celebrities whom he met, including G. A. Sala, George Du Maurier, Crankshaw, etc. His dislike of a sedentary occupation, however, sent him abroad. At heart he was a rolling stone from the first. But then it is mostly the observant rolling stone that either the blessed productive moss of wisdom. He spent three years in what was afterwards known as the Cape Mounted Police, an authorised band of trolling, and more or less gentlemen with bonds with whom he was wounded in the Gorka war, and went through the rebellion in Giqualand East. After a few months as a clerk in the Government railway engineering office in Cape Town, he bought a spanking set of mules and a wagon, and became a transport rider between Cape Town and Kimberley, making a success of his venture, in which there was plenty of trial and some adventure. His next move was to Ladak, where nothing of moment happened to him, so he returned for a spell in the wine-making district of Cape Colony. Tiring of this, he sailed for New Zealand, and went on to Australia, carrying his way from trial to trial, a compulsive pressman. In the



From *The Poems of D. G. Rossetti*

(Woodcut by the Author)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

From the drawing by him, 1844 in the National Portrait Gallery, London. (The Trustees, London)

that Gerald had killed him because of his brutality to his wife and his slave. It is a straight, clean-cut tragedy, but it seems to me the author has not shown us the most dramatic moment in the tragedy, which would have been that West African scene. And I do complain that Mr. Monkhouse, in his desire to make his characters logical, causes them reason to inform their passion, instead of the reverse, in time they have thought, but no passions.

The two one-act plays, *Resentment*, which cleverly gives us Brecht's typical monotic, and *Requiem*, the *Whirlwind*, are feats in characterisation all too rare in plays of this genre.

The author of *Chans*, Miss Elizabeth Baker, returns in "The Price of Thomas Scott," to her observation of middle-class life. It is a study bare of beauty, showing a certain dry quality of analysis that is careful rather than inspired, and its gripping qualities would best be tested before a little Bethel audience, to whom the main situation possesses a more tragic value than for the normal spectator. I doubt if the fact of a tradesman refusing, although it be in ruin—to sell his premises because it was proposed to use them as a dancing saloon, would impress a modern audience.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts's four-act play "The Mother" has already been produced by the Liverpool Repertory Theatre. It is an impressive piece of work, possessing a dominating note of tragic beauty in the presentation of the mother, Avis Pomeroy, that lifts a commonplace series of episodes into the region of poetry. The plot and character are too



From *Social and Political Reminiscences*

(Williams & Noyes)

THE RT HON JAMES BRYCE

May 25th 1896

(Portrait sketch by the author, 1896)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

former colony he put

armed policemen up country. When that became too tame, he shipped before the mast to Valparaiso, reached Santiago de Chile, and returned to Liverpool as captain's mate. After owning and conducting a newspaper in the Isle of Wight, he went again to South Africa and there passed through such phases of life as quarry master, convict guard, sheep breeder, chief constable and resident magistrate. Yet wherever he went or whatever he did, and all his occupations are not mentioned here, there was ever one progress made, accompanied by a certain recklessness as to consequences, and behind it all the wanderlust working through to the front again. It is a book to put heart into would-be doers who are afraid, especially into those who desire to be wanderers and doers alike.

### THE WALLACE COLLECTION

By FRANK RUTTER.

Handy in size, well printed in price, this little book by Mr. Rutter is likely to become the most popular of all guides to the glorious palace of art in the West of London. The writer is one of the best known of our art critics, and he has made his little book on the treasures of Hertford House into something far better than an annotated catalogue of pictures, porcelain, furniture, sculpture, and armour. It is an introduction to the great arts of beauty, written out of the experience of a lifetime. It gives its readers new points of view in the appreciation of the masters of art, besides providing them with the knowledge necessary in estimating the glories of the Wallace Collection. It is, in short, an education in art as well as a guide book, possessing a literary value of its own independent of the wealth of information it imparts. Mr. Rutter has a clear, engaging way of writing and a vivacity that comes from original thought and original feeling. If all the guides to



From Hans Holbein the Younger (Allen)  
An important critical biography by Arthur B. Chamberlain, which was in review in the January *Bookman*.

PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN  
ELDERLY MAN  
Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin

(Grant Richards)

well illustrated, and cheap



From The Wallace Collection  
(Grant Richards).  
LADY READING A LETTER.  
TERBORGH

our chief museums of art were written by men of his stamp, these prisons for beautiful things would be transformed into centres of living influences. The Wallace Collection is, of course, one of the most inspiring places in which to study. The deadly museum atmosphere is entirely absent; it is a true home of art.

### THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

By ARNALDO CIR  
VISATO. 218 net.  
(Unwin.)

This is the translation of a book that was published in Italy some time ago when the conditions on the Carriage were even as endurable as they are to-day for Signor Cirvisato has had some of the reforming influence of a Dickens. We wish by the way that he would allow himself to diverge a little more into Dickensian descriptions of odd characters. The book is too much of an en-

lopedia and it is too dry. Now and then, as in the client account of people cutting up a dead horse, the scene is vivid and vivid these wretched barbarous surroundings we require relief. There are a good many historical and orthographical mistakes, which is extraordinary in a man who knows the Campagna as does our author. And the illustrations are more remarkable for quantity than quality; the interest of some of them does hardly compensate for the amateurishness and ineffectiveness of others. What we gather, though from a perusal of this book is a sense of the great misery which lies on the inhabitants of the Campagna, even with the efforts towards anchorage which the Government is making. Signor Cirvisato devotes himself not only to the present but to various epochs of the past and it is doubtful whether he is not too ambitious, even as he stretches his Campagna to unusual limits. We should have obtained a clearer picture if he had concentrated more on a smaller strip of country and described it, say, for the last century. The other method savours too much of

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

a photograph made from an air-ship, such as indeed he also gives us. A few villages, with their human inmates, and part of the wilderness with its buffaloes and wild horses, would have given us a picture of the whole. There is too much dull information, with too little charm of style, though this may be due to the translator. Yet one cannot but applaud a man whose heart is evidently set upon improving the lot of his unhappy countryfolk, and for many of us who imagine that Italy is a land of universal laughter this will be a revelation. Marion Crawford has described some squalid villages of the Abruzzi, and with the knowledge of Signor Cavosito one could write a book as powerful as those, and as artistic.



From A Dictionary of Irish Artists  
(Munnich)

SIR FREDERICK W. BURTON.  
(Painted by G. F. Mulkerry, R.H.A.)

### MODERN DANCING AND DANCERS.

By J. J. CRAWFORD BLITCH, M.A. With 8 Illustrations in Colour and 40 in Black and White. 7s 6d net. (Grant Richards.)

It is refreshing to note that the modern revival in the art of dancing has extended also to the literature upon the subject so that a sufficient demand exists for a cheaper edition of Mr Crawford Blitch's masterly "Modern Dancing and Dancers," which was published last year for the first time. It is almost unnecessary now—as it is also beyond our scope—to do more than mention the fact of this new edition, and to observe that in the manner of production no material alterations have been made. To students of modern dancing—one of the most "live" of all the arts at the present moment—the volume carries its own recommendations.



From The Wallace Collection  
(Grant Richards.)

BOOR ASLEEP  
BROUWER

### MY COSMO- POLITAN YEAR.

By the Author  
of "Mastering  
Time" to 61  
net. (Mills &  
Boon.)

That the chapter headings neuterly misleading entirely unimpressive that is the first impression one gains on opening "My Cosmopolitan Year." One wonders how the publisher came to price to them, one pictures how the proof reader, hardened though he probably was must have groined over them. "In Rehearsal (New York)"

The Broken-down Actor (Madrid) certainly these suggest anything

of sketches of life and conditions in various great cities of the world, and there are several more headings of the same type, well calculated to head off the average reader who is a subscriber to illustrated papers, and has therefore had a surfeit of things theatrical. As a matter of fact, how-

ever the book has nothing to do with the stage. Instead it consists of some shrewd well-written pictures of things seen by the author in Paris, London, Vienna, New York and Madrid. The five cities are well chosen because of the strong contrast between them. The author has gripped the essential points in his subject and his book is a

### THE CHARM OF THE WEST COUNTRY

An Anthology. Compiled and  
Edited by THOMAS BURKE.  
2s 6d net. (Arrowsmith.)

### THE CONTENTED MIND

Edited by THOMAS BURKE.  
3s 6d net. (Fuslove &  
Hanson.)

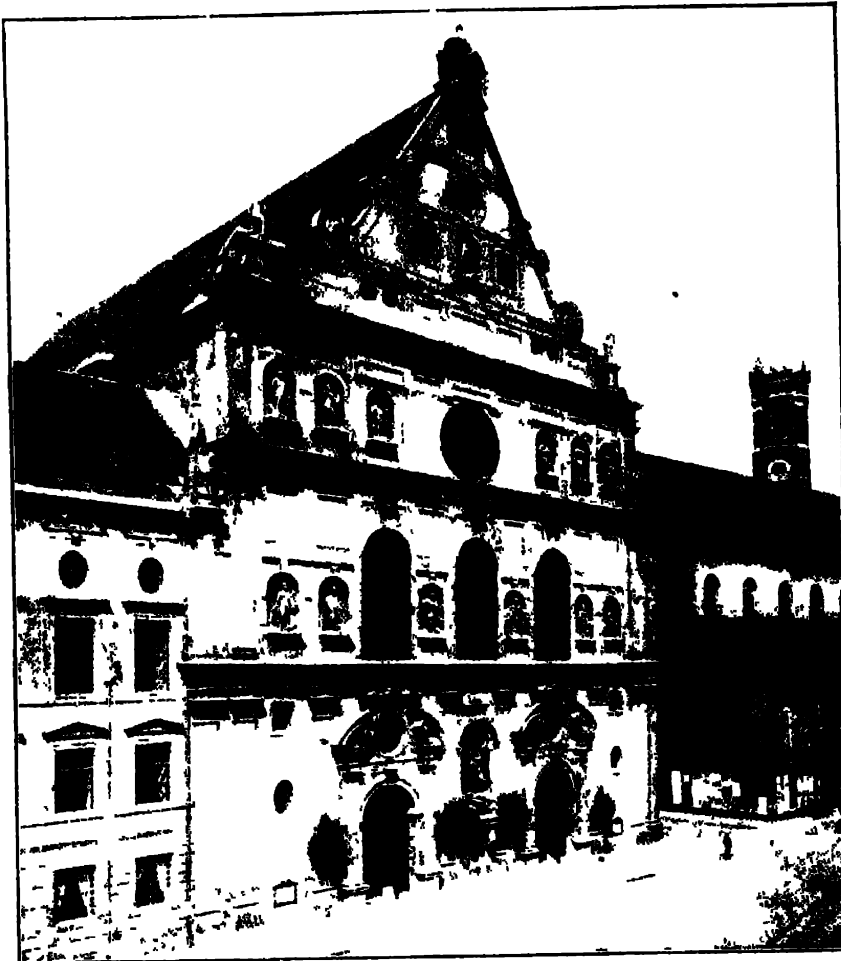
### THE CHARM OF ENGLAND

Compiled and Edited by  
THOMAS BURKE. (Fuslove &  
Hanson.)

Those who love anthologies will be delighted with these three that Mr Thomas Burke has edited and compiled.

## THE BOOKMAN

### THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From Baroque Architecture  
(Unwin)

MUNICH ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH

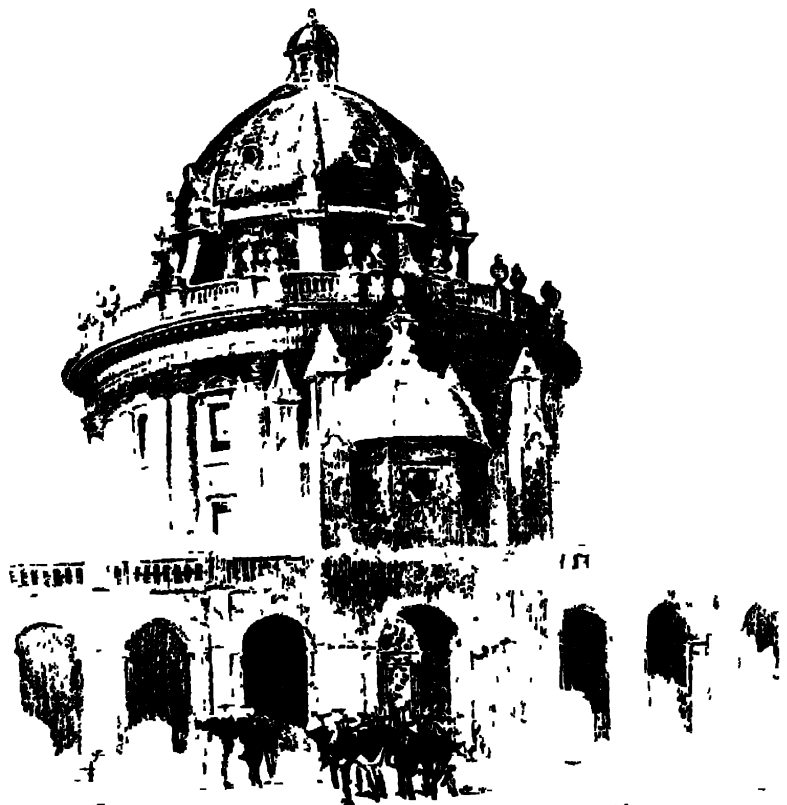
Mr Burke is himself a poet of fine achievement, and he has done his work in these books with the judgment and good taste we should have expected of him. The West Country has reason to be proud not only of its shining list of native authors, but of its other famous men and its own beauty, that have inspired so many alien authors to write of them. In "The Charm of England" Mr Burke throws a wider net, and you have the best things that have been said in prose and poetry about the English girl and woman, about the English house and garden, the town and countryside, about love and marriage in England, and English customs and festivals carefully gathered up and admirably arranged in his hundred and seventy pages. The outer world and the loveliness of visible nature are only incidental to "The Contented Mind" which, as its title indicates is more concerned with the inner life of man and the things of the spirit, and, as befits the contented mind the prevailing note of all the selections is of the bravest, most optimistic philosophy. It ranges so far up and down the ages that on one page you have Chaucer's "Good Counsel," and on another Mr Edwin Pugh's thumb-nail sketch, "A Merry Heart." St. Augustine's "Of Joy" jostles a jolly song from "Ralph Roister-Doister", Lord Avebury lies down on the same page with Charles Lever, the benignly dignified Emerson walks immediately on the heels of the rollicking rhyme of "Old King Cole." It is good to have the sweetest

the wisest, the most carelessly happy things about life and the right way of living distilled thus into this one pleasant book. Each of the anthologies is compiled with a taste that is as sound as it is catholic, and from the widest most miscellaneous reading, and each in its different way is entirely well-timed. They are just the fascinating sort of books that you buy to give away and then have to keep for yourself. Mr Burke has dipped his bucket into the great rivers of literature, but he has dipped it also into all manner of charming little brooks and streams that do not run and sparkle always in the sight of everybody, and it is thus that makes his volumes so fresh and so refreshing.

### ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK SERIES

OXFORD BY FRED RICHARDS, CAMBRIDGE BY WALLER M. KEESEY  
Each containing 24 Drawings 1s net each (Black)

The latest additions to Messrs Black's "Artist's Sketch-Book Series" are both excellent little books in their way. The work of Mr Richards and of Mr Keesey is especially attractive where architectural "bits" form their subjects. Neither is so effective in the sketches in which the everyday life



From The Artist's Sketch Book  
Series: Oxford  
(Black).

THE CAMERA FROM ALL SOULS,  
COLLEGE QUADRANGLE.



of the undergraduate at the 'Varsity figures at all prominently Mr Richards, for instance, introduces young men in cap and gown into a large number of sketches. One is not so bold as to say that this is an unusual sight but in Oxford it is far less common than the purchaser of this book might think. As a matter of fact it is quite possible to get through an academical career at Oxford without buying a "college cap" at all. A good borrower could easily arrange loans for the few occasions on which it is absolutely necessary. One must have a gown, of course. At Cambridge the proctors or the University regulations seem to be stricter, or the custom is different. Anyhow, Mr Keesey's undergraduates are dressed in a more likely way than are Mr Richards's, but the lack of knowledge of punting shown in his sketch of *Clare Bridge* is simply amazing. With these reservations, however, and they are trivial reservations, after all these two little books are quite charming.

### THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES TRAGEDIES AND SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

Savoy Edition 7s. 6d. net

(d.)

The special attractiveness of this well printed, handsomely bound edition of Shakespeare lies in its illustrations. Twenty-eight of these are in colour, including a beautiful reproduction of the Chandos portrait, paintings of the birthplace and of Anne Hathaway's cottage by Edward H. Pritchard and reproductions of scenes from the plays by the Hon. John Collier, Harold Speed, F. A. Abbey, D. Macise, Landseer, Teslie, Opie, Millars, Sargent and other famous artists. In addition there are some seventy excellent reproduced photographs of celebrated actors and actresses in the Shakespearean characters they have presented before the footlights. An adequate biographical and critical introduction and a useful glossary almost complete what should prove a very popular edition of our greatest dramatist; at the poems printed at the end, though the title page does not promise them, crown and really complete it.

### A HATCHMENT

By R. B. CUNNINGHAM-GRAHAM

Of the contents of Mr Cunningham-Graham's volume "A Hatchment" the general characterist can be said to be that of retrospect, tinged by Whither the author sets his scene in Spain, in America or in the Scottish Highlands, he is always



From *An Artist in Italy*  
(Holtby & Son, Ltd.)

A CANAL IN VENICE



From *The Works of Shakespeare - Savoy Edition*  
(Eyre and Spottiswoode)

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE  
(Drawn by Edward H. Pritchard)

his eye back across the years in a wistful attempt to recapture some glimpse or memory of the past. The picturesque, the flamboyant, the elemental are what he looks for, and though not a single one of his new sketches can by any stretch of language be called a short story - three only, "A Moral Victory," "A Page of Pliny," and "A Belly God," have a title to rank even as anecdotes or yarns, they all possess the real glamour of things seen and felt. As is naturally the case in tales describing raids or the herding of cattle the horse figures largely in most of Mr. Graham's latest impressions, and the author, loving and knowing horses as he loves and knows them, shows a quite admirable skill in the variety of parts he sets these

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

noble animals to play. The men and women who figure in "A Hatchment" and its companion vignettes, are shadowy if picturesque, but the horses—whatever their breed may be—have real life and being.

### THE MEANING OF ART ITS NATURE, ROLE, AND VALUE

By PAUL GAULTIER. With a Preface by J. M. L. BOUTROUX.  
Translated from the Third French Edition by H. and J.  
BALDWIN. With 36 Illustrations. 5s. net. (George Allen)

This work was crowned by the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and there must be many

His view that the work of art is no more or less than to embody and objectivise emotion by means of sounds, lines, reliefs, colours, etc., is one that is assuredly gaining ground. Art, he says, "is the charm of our days and the joy of our life." It refines our sensibility, it stimulates it for the good, it enlarges and socialises it, and, at the same time, it enlarges the field of our intuitive knowledge in the most unexpected ways. Nature, he maintains, is the school to which the artist should always go. Granting that art is non-moral, M. Gaultier does not suggest that it has no action on manners; rather, he suggests, it is too deeply involved with life to fail to be of great assistance to morality. Though art does not purify everything,

it is 'the best discipline in refinement that there is.' It is M. Gaultier's faith, too, that art is social by nature, simply because it is beautiful. It is not beauty but it must be beautiful. And "the duty devolves upon the artist even in the interest of his work, of not injuring society, in the expression of his feelings, by opposing the interests of morality." As to criticism, for the appreciation of works of art, finesse is more important than argument, feeling than intellect, emotional capacity than logical faculty. M. Gaultier's monograph is masterly and fascinating in its stimulating effects on the imagination.



From The Meaning of Art (Illustration).

MORNING LANDSCAPE, COROT LOUVRE.

English readers who will be grateful for its presentation in an English dress. We venture to think that M. Gaultier is on the right path in throwing off the shackles of intellectualism in approaching his intricate and difficult subject.

Poet, Mystic and Moralist. By HENRY ROSE. 6d. net (Fifield).

The great artists and moralists must have many a time turned over in their graves at the consequences of that

desolating adage *quot homines, tot sententiae*—to the appreciation of their work. At any rate we feel tolerably sure that Ibsen's hair would have bristled in horror, had he been alive to read Mr. Rose's interpretation of his philosophy. A few homely tracts upon human conduct, a caution to the new-fangled ideologues of to-day that the spiritual progress of mankind is "evolutionary" and not "revolutionary", a timely reminder of the claims of love, duty, truth and freedom (preferably in capitals) in



From The English Year: Autumn and Winter (Jack).

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.  
By Sir Alfred East, R.A., P.R.S.A. (By kind permission of the Leeds Corporation.)

## OUR VILLA IN ITALY

By JOSEPH LUCAS, 5s net (Unwin)

"I love this Tuscan corner of God's earth," says Mr Lucas, and although this is a short book and the love of Englishmen for Florence is traditional and there are many famous shrines, medieval and modern, ecclesiastical and secular Italian and British, where we come in homage, yet we must find room for this old villa. Mr Lucas is apparently not an old hand at writing books, but he has a

delightful way with him and one thinks of Montgomery Carmichael's "In Tuscany."

This volume is slighter, and it does not fear to deal with events one would have called hum-drum, such as are in all countries, even the most romantic, associated with the buying of a house. To Mr Lucas, and to us, it becomes an exhilarating adventure, and if he sometimes keeps us overlong with his meditations on human happiness and the catacombs we plunge back with all the more eagerness into his ultimately successful quest. For those and there must be a considerable number of English people who become per-

"COME,  
FOR LOVE IS OF THE VALLEY COME THOU DOWN  
AND FIND HIM"

manent exiles in Shelley's Paradise, this book will be of great service, not only does it assist one with the house agent, but from the author's varied experience always pleasantly conveyed one learns a good deal about furniture, ancient and modern, and the garden, which, of course, was a necessity. The glimpse of his relations and other Florentines with whom he is brought into contact are, in some cases, provokingly brief and we hope that like Marianna when she came to Sussex he will unload his mind freely on the subject. How infinitely more agreeable is a humorous and urbane book of this kind than

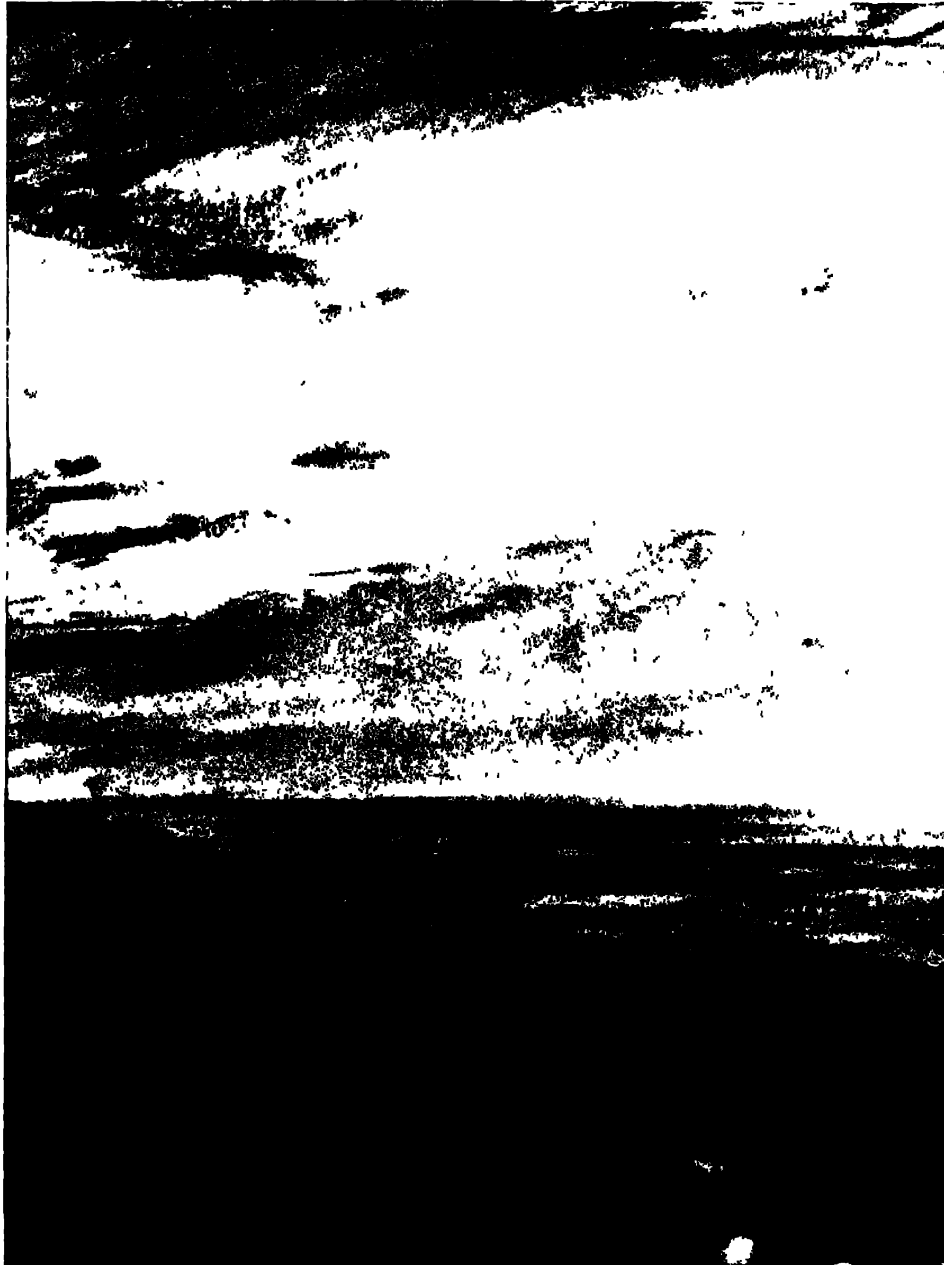
opposition to "selfishness," a trumpet blast to emphasize the essentials of individual and social responsibility and, hey presto the walls of the problem are crumbled to dust! Mr Rose's cardinal triumph of theoretic exposition is centred upon the contract system. For his delimitations of the moral teaching of the plays he conjures up two potent talismans "the practice of prudence and wisdom in entering into contracts," and "fidelity to contracts when made." Thus armed he soon drills the plays into order. No Jesuit could be more ingenious. In the "Doll's House" for instance

he is confident that Nora's evasion of her marital obligations would not possibly have solved the complexity of her position, as Ibsen, he feels, would agree, and it was really too bad of her to suppose that her husband would take upon himself the responsibility of a crime of which he was all along innocent. In "Rosmersholm" again, he pursues the same quarry, ignoring the fundamental tragedy

the failure of Rebecca's vitality to vanquish the hereditary family skeleton of the Rosmers. In "The Lady from the Sea," he remarks, did not Ibsen's theories of life require that Ellida

should recognize a priority of claim towards the stranger? Our faculties are paralyzed before the *nautech* of Mr Rose's criticism. At least the readers of Ibsen will be reassured that he was quite respectable. The equation of morality is not after all an intricate one. 'Be good,' is its discovery, and all is well. If Ibsen can be pinned down to this summary crystallization of moral ideas we should have imagined that Mr Rose's analysis of his mystical outlook was altogether superfluous.

H M



From *The Open Road*  
(Methuen)



From Ancient Painted Glass in England  
(Methuen)

EAST WINDOW, FAIRFORD CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

those triumphant books of travel to the countries where we have no wish to go and where we often find ourselves believing that the author has not been! It is possible also, as we know, to write exotically about Florence, and it would have been as well if more than one writer of memoirs had followed Mr. Luc's advice as to gardens. 'The supreme pleasure of a garden,' says he, 'is its privacy.'

## ANCIENT PAINTED GLASS IN ENGLAND

By PHILIP NELSON, M.D., Ch.B., F.S.A., and Lect.  
(Methuen)



From Religious Art in France  
(Dent)

Painted window from its known beginnings—about the sixth century—and describes the methods of the early craftsmen. The various styles are classified in accordance with the presumed date of origin and peculiarity of decoration, each style being dealt with in successive chapters covering a period from the beginning of the thirteenth to the end of the sixteenth century. Following, come chapters on English Domestic Glass, Medieval Glass Artists, and the Vicissitudes of Ancient Glass, after which—arranged in countries—come lists of the most notable examples to be found throughout the country. The index to these, by the way, leaves something to be desired, for unless the reader knows the county in which any particular church is to which he may desire information is situated, he may have a long search before finding it.

Needless to say, ecclesiastical buildings enjoy an almost complete monopoly of relics of the art, and even after the ravages of the Puritans and other Vandals their treasury is far from depleted, judging by the extensive lists of cathedrals and churches in which ancient stained glass is to be found. Nowadays it has little to fear but the maw of time, and we are glad to notice that in an appendix the author gives some practical hints in the direction of restoring and



From Religious Art in France  
(Dent)

Whatever may be our national deficiencies in other branches of Art, we can at least claim that during the Middle Ages our country held the first place in the art of the stained-glass window, and in recording and describing the most important relics of medieval painted glass to be found in our churches and cathedrals. Mr. Nelson has done a useful work. The book (which forms part of the excellent series of Antiquary's Books) opens with a brief history of the



From Religious Art in France  
(Dent)



From Religious Art in France  
(Dent)

preserving old painted windows which (especially in manufacturing towns) are, unless protected, liable to injury from the acid vapours in the air. There are many plates and illustrations, and the book, in the production of which Mr. Nelson acknowledges the assistance of artists, clergymen and others interested in the sub-

ject, is a valuable contribution to antiquarian literature.

FOR THE THOUGHTFUL CITIZEN  
**SOCIALISM AND SYNDICALISM**  
By PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

**MODERN VIEWS ON EDUCATION**  
By THISTLETON MARKS, B.Sc.

**EUGENICS.**  
By EDGAR SCHUSTER

**SANE TRADE UNIONISM**  
By W. A. OSBORNE

**INDUSTRIAL GERMANY**  
By W. H. DAWSON

**THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF SMALL HOLDINGS**  
By JAMES LONG

Each is net. (Collins' Nations' Library)

The most interesting and provocative one might even say the most vital of this series of handbooks, is Mr. Snowden's 'Socialism and Syndicalism'. For a book on this subject it is exceptionally free of rhetoric, and though it bears marks of hasty composition, it is written like a well-knit essay that one can read without a break from the first page to the last. To open

with a long trenchant criticism of our existing social conditions was inevitable, but Mr. Snowden does more than this. He tells us how Socialism might eventually be won, and he manfully faces the difficulties on the road. That is the most valuable part of his book. It meets the demand of the ordinary business man.

Mr. Thistleton Marks's 'Modern Views on Education' carries with it that quality which should be the special characteristic of every one of these controversial handbooks. It is stimulating. Most of us pick up with suspicion a book on education written by a professional educationalist for many of us have felt with Mr. Bernard Shaw, "My education was interrupted by my schooling." Mr. Marks, however, is human. He has a sense of humour, and says many a fine thing finely. 'Shakespeare,' he truly observes, 'was man first, poet second, hence he is supreme as poet. He has the courage to face Mr. Holmes's dictum.

Whatever else the current system of education may do for the child there is one thing which it cannot fail to do to him - to blight his mental growth, and he tries to find devious ways to remove this blight from the brows of children. The author is alive to the value of the Montessori system though he warns us it would fail in our overcrowded class-rooms with their fifty or sixty children policed in one class. 'The exhilarating teacher,' he says with real insight, 'is the one who really disciplines, for he sets free the life.' Perhaps what is chiefly wrong with our schools is that our teachers have to build on a rocky base. 'If the nation knew,' says this experienced schoolmaster, 'what head-teachers could tell them of children who come to school tired out and unfit to learn, a crusade of some sort would almost certainly be started.'



From Religious Art in France  
(Dent)



From Religious Art in France  
(Dent)



From *Lohengrin*  
(Harrap)

AND SUDDENLY IN WRATH  
THE KING HATH SEIZED THE DARK WITCH-WIFE

It will be interesting to watch the circulation of a shilling handbook on a subject about which only the highly-educated know anything. Mr. Edgar Schuster constantly uses a terminology which is *carrot to the dog*, no less than to the human, or at any rate a means of preventing much unnecessary misery.

The volume on Trade Unionism by Mr. W. A. Osborne, is an anachronism in this series. It is an attack upon the whole modern policy of trade unionism, and most of us are wearied of flogging a horse which though it might have passed off a winning post, is too aged to run another race. The volume should have been entitled "Insane Trade Unionism," for the very existence

of trade unionism is dependent upon political action. Without political action trade unionism would have been impossible, and our Factory Acts have become dead letters. Workmen having grasped what their employers were quick to learn, that their executive power lay in the House of Commons, show no disposition to-day to reverse their policy.

In the *Practical Side of Small Holdings*, Mr. James Long, gives sensible advice, but the small-holder can learn nearly all this book contains in any elementary book on agriculture.

Mr. W. H. Dawson contributes to the series a very informative volume on "Industrial Germany."

I. F. GREIN

## IN MY STUDY.

By ANTHONY DIANE  
(Nisbet)

Sundry papers contributed to "The Treasury" by Mr. Anthony Deane have been collected and published by him in book form. Emphatically it was worth doing. Even when his pen loses its inspiration, and his Pegasus becomes such an ambling nag as Dr. Syntax bestrode, his pleasant genial humour always pervades his

And there are times when the reader's pleasure becomes a keen and enthusiastic delight. For Mr. Deane knows his rights. He pictures as Mr. Frankfort Moore instructive of Queen Anne's times is known in St. Paul's, delivered in more than one sense, for up into the most enormous

very happy. He pictures the ladies' skirts are bl convex as Mr. Spectator is remarked. Mr. Deane adds what is, after all, a very shrewd and playful self would not have disdained the authorship of the chapter on the Fairyland book-store,

where the books are, so to speak, turned topsy-turvy or inside-out, as in "Alice through the Looking-Glass," and "The Life of James Boswell, Esquire, by Dr Samuel Johnson," rubs shoulders with "Mrs Pepys Diary" on one side, and on the other with "Plain Words about Socrates, by Mrs Xantippe."

The author also discusses in more serious vein the value of our modern education. Does it repay the enormous labour spent upon it, the endless requirements concerning floor space, "hoppered" windows, the weighings, the measurements, and the working-out of "their health in printed tables to the decimal of a meal?"

If we were asked "What is the special value of these papers?" we should point to the literary criticisms, especially those that deal with Mr Deane's much-beloved eighteenth century. He is very emphatic, and rightly so on the "enormous skill" shown in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," on the art which conceals artifice. In giving you "the impression that he is merely an amiable and garrulous donkey, Boswell deliberately uses himself as a foil in order to display the character of Johnson." This is well put. Boswell is vindicated.

Mr Deane perhaps builds with too much assurance on a doubtful foundation when he finds a close resemblance between

Goldsmith's picture of the lonely room in which "the muse found Scroggen stretched beneath a rug," and "The Dwellings of the Poor" in Crabbe's "Borough." Such resemblance as there is comes naturally enough when practically the same miserable dwelling is described. It might be more to the point to emphasise the likeness between Scroggen's room and the inn in "Sweet Auburn." Another subject, well adapted to the author's humour comes to his hand, when making an excursion into the by-paths of literature he finds the Duke of Buckingham, a well-known figure on the eighteenth-century stage boldly attempting to rewrite "Julius Caesar" in the polite and elegant diction then in vogue. No better example could be produced of the gulf that separates Shakespere from the classical school.



From Lohengrin  
(Harnap)

"LIKE A MORNING CLOUD IN THE FIELDS OF AIR,  
THOU CANST IN SPLENDOR

## THE JUDGMENT OF THE SWORD

By MAUD DIVER (a constable)

In this vivid chronicle of the disastrous retreat from Kabul, Mrs Diver has easily eclipsed her "Hero of Herat." Noble and stirring as was that account of Edward Pottminger's earlier achievements, it pales beside this glowing record of his trials and struggles when caught in the Afghan toils in 1841. "India fertile in heroes has shown since the days of Clive no man of greater and earlier promise than Edward Pottminger," wrote Sir Henry Lawrence. But even he has to share the interest of the reader with such officers as Broadfoot, Codrington and Haughton. The history





From The Art of the Great Masters  
(Sampson Low)

risers  
times Lpi  
of the

Dive  
blam

chapte  
Chalde



History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting  
(Chapman & Hall)

a decrepit and used-up soldier as Elphinstone. Equal blame, too, must be apportioned to the Government at home for its fatal parsimony in cutting down expenses, and not only that, but for its deliberate breach of faith. The miserable £3,000 deducted from the subventions granted to loyal Afghan chiefs might have been easily obtained by suppressing the useless Residency at Kabul, whose occupant chiefly concerned himself with his port, his maraschino and his salmon grills. Dramatic in the extreme is the contrast between the epicureanism of this lazy sensualist and the superhuman struggles of Pottinger and his friends.

## HISTORY AND METHODS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PAINTING.

By JAMES WARD. 2s 7s 6d  
net (Chapman & Hall)

Mr Ward's volume covers much the same ground as M. A. P. Laurie's "Materials of the Painter's Craft," published three years ago. It is, however, decidedly more comprehensive. For

go y pages are devoted to the art of which Mr Laurie did not touch, and the earlier on the painting methods of the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, and Greeks, are particularly in condite. Egyptian wall-painting was the most of the arts of which we have historical knowledge.

It had but little structural value. "They had little regard," writes Mr Ward, "for the principles of constructive decoration, as their figures and other designs usually covered walls, piers, columns, and pylons alike, some of the figures occupying three or four courses of masonry in upright measurement, regardless of the joints and seams of the building." They did not understand the art of decorative space-filling. In spite of technical excellence in the handling of distemper, a fund of invention, and a wealth of colour, they never outgrew a certain artistic childishness. The neighbouring Chaldeans and Persians went much further in this direction, though it was less by their painting than their pottery and textiles that they became memorable. About Greek painting we knew, until comparatively recently, just as much as Pliny, another scribe and the Greco-Roman, copies in the catacombs told us. But the discoveries of Schliemann at Tiryns and Mycenæ, of fragments of painted plaster enriched our

knowledge of Greek polychromy very considerably, and Sir Arthur Evans's excavations at Knossos lifted the veil still further. Mr Ward tells us that fragments painted in Buon Fresco were unearthed by the latter Buon Fresco in 1500 B.C. It makes the famous treatise of Cennino Cennini, not to mention "Vasari on Technique" seem purveyors of stale information. This book should be welcomed not only by the students for whom it is principally intended, but by the average amateur, who, if he is mostly vague about modern painting processes, is usually quite ignorant of the older ones.

### THE PLAIN MAN AND HIS WIFE.

By ARNOLD BENNETT 25 Gd net (Hodder & Stoughton)

For intellectual anæmia we always prescribe a course of Arnold Bennett, and, like good doctors, we take our own physic. Whenever we begin to feel too complacent and comfortable, we reach down one of Mr Bennett's philosophical little manuals, and soon find the effect most bracing. In his latest book Mr Bennett seeks to read a lesson to the average man in the art of living, and first he draws an almost uncannily true picture of the life he leads. "The plain man on a plain day wakes up, slowly or quickly according to his temperament, and greets the day in a mental posture which might be expressed in words: 'O Lord! Another day! What a grind!'" "All means and no end" is how Mr Bennett characterises the average man's life. The men who are happy in the hours of business are few. The whole attitude of the average plain man to business implies



From The Art of the Great Masters  
(Sampson Low)

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. GEORGE,  
(By Paolo Veronese)

that it is a nuisance, scarcely mitigated. His home does not bring him peace. The shadow of the next day is always upon him.

He stays up late at night, weary of impairing his vigour for the morrow, and even when he gets to bed he carries with him ten million preoccupations.

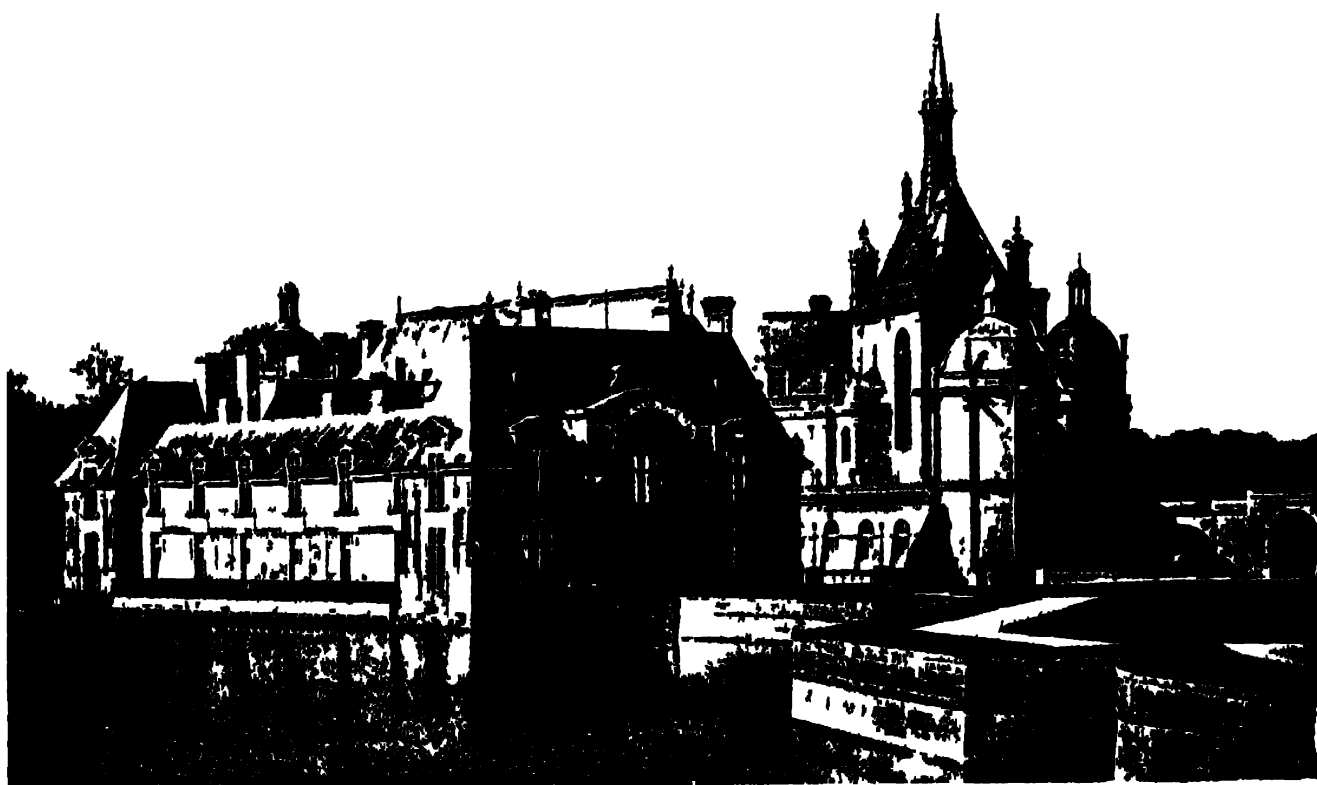
Having diagnosed the disease, Mr Bennett proceeds to tell the patient some plain truths. He tells the plain man to ask himself a fundamental question in some such form as the following:

"I am now this morning engaged in something rather tiresome. What do I stand to gain by it this evening, to-morrow, this week, next week?" In order to return a satisfactory answer, Mr Bennett insists on a thorough, honest self-examination. This knowledge of one's self, he observes, is about as difficult to acquire as a knowledge of Chinese. First, our plain man asks himself, "What am I and what bores me?" "Everybody has, or has had, a secret desire, a hidden leaning." For a most amusingly comprehensive *omnium gatherum* of interests which it is possible for a man to have, we suggest a careful reading of page 55, beginning with gardening and concluding with "even golf." When our plain man has discovered a long-forgotten enthusiasm he is to give it a chance of recaptivating him. "He must be ready to treat his hobby somewhat as though it were a woman desired—with splendid and uncalculating generosity," for a hobby demands real sacrifice.

Mr Bennett entitles his last chapter "In Her Place," and perhaps the plain man's wife as conceived by Mr Bennett will rather astonish the plain husband who reads the book, unless he is getting on in years, for Mrs Omicron is a Victorian. Nevertheless, there is no harm in being told again very plainly that the true secret of domestic happiness is sympathy.



Frontispiece to The Complaint Angler  
(Foulsh). IZAAK WALTON  
(By Jacob Huisman)

**Topic: Chantilly in History and Art (Monday)**

## THE CHATEAU CHANT


## CHANTILLY IN HISTORY AND ART

By Fourteen I know (Myself I know) With  
a 3 Illustration in the middle even is it  
(Myself)

[illegible]

## SAMPLERS AND TAPESTRY EMBROIDERIES.

1.5 Mm x 1.5 Hm x 1.5 B With 4 colored Plates and 1 other Illustration 10 fold net (10 mm) Green 10 p



Old Edinburgh from Waverley Bridge.



Г. III The Charm of Edinburgh  
(1 half 14 and 2)

• **OLD EDINBURGH FROM  
WAVERLEY BRIDGE**

pathetic. Some of the inscriptions, too, would be entirely pathetic if they were not pathetically humorous as, for instance

"And now my soul  
another year  
Of this short life is  
past  
I cannot long continue  
here  
And this may be my  
last"

The grave embroiderer of these lines was aged seven

We have but little space to speak of the tapestry embroidery discussed in this volume but Mr Hush's writing on the subject is full of first-hand knowledge, and this added to a delightful style of expression and magnificently reproduced examples make his book a veritable treasure

### EDINBURGH REVISITED

By JAMES BONE With 8 Plates and 30 Illustrations in the text by HANSIE FLETCHER 5s net (Sidgwick & Jackson)

One of the most charming books on Edinburgh published



From *Edinburgh Revisited*  
(Sidgwick & Jackson)

EDINBURGH FROM CALTON HILL

in recent years was "Edinburgh Revisited," in which Mr James Bone gave voice to "the impressions and opinions formed during a visit to Edinburgh in 1910 after a long stay in the South" and the present attractive volume is a revised edition of that book, which, although it is cheaper, it was published originally in a very elaborate manner contains an additional chapter and all the fine original illustrations of Mr Hansie Fletcher, who has not often done better work than here.



From *Charles Conder His Life and Works*  
(Lane).

"FROM CONDER'S HOUSE"  
(In the possession of Mrs. Richard Raphael)



From *The China Collector*  
(Jenkins).

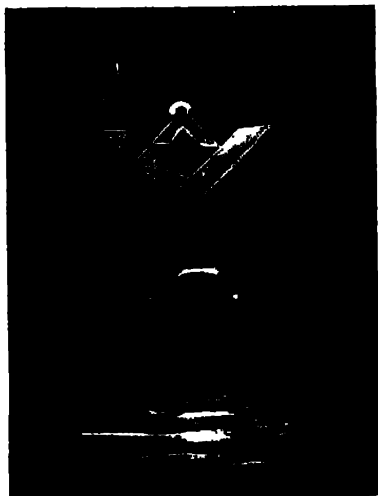
**NANTGARW**  
laboric border of painted  
dwork of gold. Painted with  
and insects. See the of  
varkans. faintly impressed  
a raised scroll painted with

## THE CHINA COLLECTOR.

By H. WILLIAM LEWER. With 1  
(Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.)

Among the  
written by chu

oks, expens id  
rs for china collectors and would-  
be china collectors.  
Mr. Lewer's volume  
will take its place  
as a practical help  
and a sensible  
encouragement. We  
probably all know  
the book which we  
take up with a light-  
hearted enthusiasm  
and lay down with  
a groan, balked by  
the amount of know-  
ledge and money  
necessary to us  
before we can begin  
our quest as col-  
lectors. Mr. Lewer  
instead of balking  
us, encourages us,  
trained enthusiasm  
is, he says, the one  
thing needful - and  
he proceeds to train



From *More about* "FIRING GLASS."  
Collecting MASONIC DRINK-  
ING GLASS.  
(Stanley Paul).

us The china he writes of is old English porcelain, and he pays his readers the compliment of taking for granted the fact that they are serious in their search for help and anxious to learn the essentials of the study of Ceramics. After a general chapter on china collecting, the author gives detailed chapters on the factories of the period which produced the treasures named "Old English," a period which, after all, stretches only from about 1750 to 1820. There were nearly a score of these factories, and this volume includes some beautiful illustrations, specially helpful because they represent the more general rather than the more elaborate pieces of porcelain. In addition to these extremely good reproductions, there are about two dozen plates giving authentic marks and signatures.

## ENGLISH DOMESTIC CLOCKS.

By HERBERT CESCINSKY and MALCOM R. WEBSTER. Illus-  
trated from Drawings and Photographs by the Author.  
(Routledge.)

This handsome volume continues or supplements an earlier work on "English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century" by the same authors in which clocks were necessarily dealt with as only one of many details that belonged to the subject. They required a book to themselves, and Messrs. Cescinsky and Webster have here traced the clock fashions



From *The China Collector*  
(Jenkins)

**CHELSEA.**

(1) Plate, painted in blue and white under-  
glass, in Chinese size Dia. 6½ ins.  
Mark, blue anchor. (2) Plate, with raised  
scroll borders, painted with flowers. Size  
Dia. 9½ ins. Mark, red anchor.

that have come into vogue and sometimes gone and come again from 1665 to the present day, and have done so in an entirely interesting and instructive way. They write of the problem of the measurement of time, the law of the pendulum; the regulation and mechanism of clocks; and enter into details of design—a

history of the old long-case clock from its rise to its decline, and the introduction of the Chippendale and Sheraton clock cases, and an equally ample record of bracket clocks, and of mural and cartel clocks. It is a very ably-written well-informed book, that appeals to craftsman, dealer and collector alike, and will unquestionably take its place as the standard work on its subject.



**JOSEPH KNIBB, LONDON**  
Month striking clock. Skeleton dial with minutes numbered. Case of oak veneered with laburnum banded with olive wood, and inlaid with marqueterie in oval and circular panels. In the possession of D. A. F. Wetherfield, Esq. 6 ft. 8 ins. high. 10 in. dial. Date about 1680.  
*From English Domestic Clocks (Routledge)*

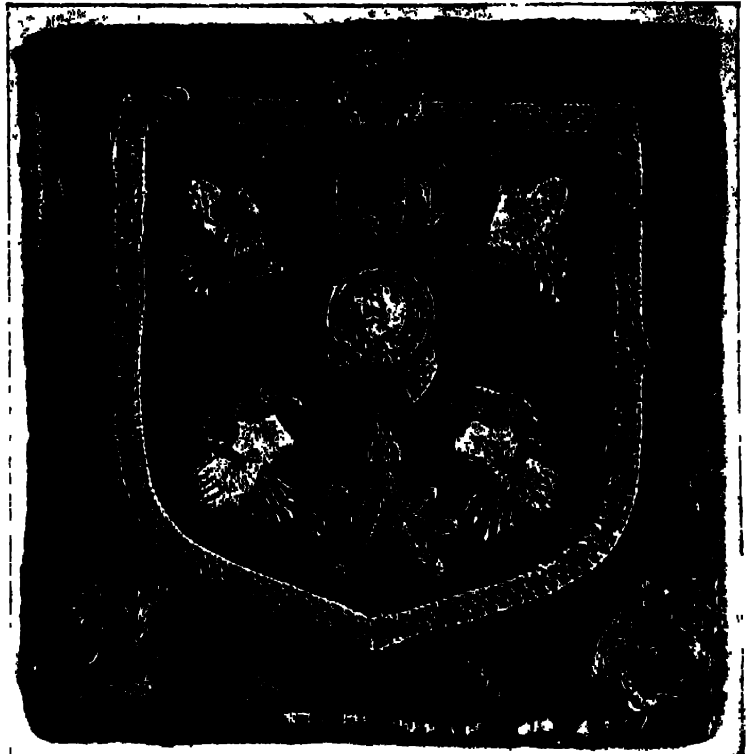
faith. It is with these various rebellions, and particularly with that of the West, that Miss Rose-Troup deals. The author shows a deep knowledge of her subject, and, while her book will appeal more strongly to the student than to the general reader, it is one which fully deserves to be read, if only for its lucid style and the elaborately-detailed description of an episode of history which has not yet been exploited as it deserves.

### THE WESTERN REBELLION OF 1549

By FRANCES  
ROSE-TROUP  
With 6 Illustrations  
net (Smith,  
Elder)

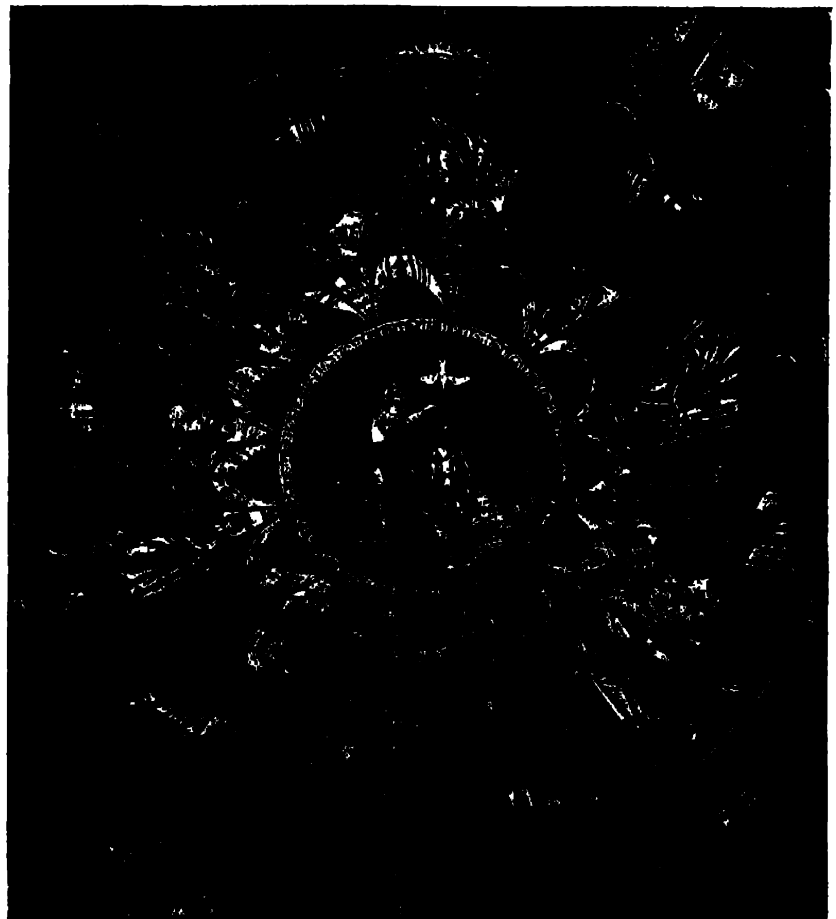
At the time of the Reformation the whole of England rose up

against the changes brought about by King Henry VIII—a fact which, as the author points out, is not generally realised—and many prominent men lost their lives for the tenacity of the "old"



*Antispiece to The Western Rebellion of 1549*  
(Smith, Elder)

THE BADGE OF THE  
FIVE WOUNDS.



*From Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture*  
(Cambridge University Press)  
(Reviewed in a recent number of THE BOOKMAN)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *Ancient Art and Ritual*  
(Home University  
Library)  
(Williams & Morrow)

THE APOLLO  
BELVEDERE

### ANCIENT ART AND RITUAL

By J. I. HARRISON (Williams & Morrow)

Assuredly this must be one of the most learned books of the "Home University Library." Not that the talented authoress sets out to frighten the general reader, but because the book teems with the results of the well-known learning of Miss Harrison. We may describe it as a plea for a restatement of the questions surrounding the meaning of art, and the restatement has to be made in terms of ritual.

Ritual is a bridge between life and art, and this bridge all men have to cross. So, if there be difficulties in Greek art or ritual, it is well to turn to Egyptian; if Egyptian will not make itself clear, then we must turn to savages, for every form of civilisation throws light on others. A most interesting feature of this little volume is the way in which modern scenes are compared and contrasted with ancient, sometimes rather disconcertingly, and it is refreshing to find a plea for a thoroughly modern art which is to look at life not only steadily, but at first hand, and with optimistic and exploring eye—and now the Futurists may count on the support of the archaeologist. We must add a word of congratulation to Professor Gilbert Murray and his co-editors; on the calm and sound judgment shown in the choice of subjects for this admirable series than in the authors that deal with them.



From *Arthur Rackham's  
Book of Pictures*  
(Heinemann)

### VIE DE BOHÈME

*A Patch of Romantic Paris* By ORLO WILLIAMS Illustrated 15s net (Martin Secker)

This book by Mr. Orlo Williams is quite a good one upon a very fascinating subject. From it the uninitiated, alike through the excellent pictures of a past age of Parisian life and of dead Parisian celebrities and by means of the author's sympathetic and intelligent text, will gain at least some idea of what Bohemianism was and is. It certainly



From *Ancient Art and Ritual*  
(Williams & Morrow)

FRIEZE OF THE  
PARTHENON

is not and was not a pose, but a more or less definite expression of a mentality and even spirit. Loving and knowing Paris as we do we have read the book with particular interest and pleasure. The introduction is, we confess, somewhat "weighty," but when Mr. Williams gets to his subject, which is practically the Paris of the middle half of the last century, he shows that he has studied it, and mastered it, with a thoroughness which is often lacking in writers upon this period. Mr. Williams has, however, little patience with the modern Bohemian of Paris who is a Bohemian, he appears to think, because he wishes to adopt a code of lax morals rather than because he possesses the artistic temperament which distinguished his forerunners of old. The true Bohemianism, Mr. Williams asserts and insists, came to an end with Louis Philippe. All may not agree with him as to the precise date, but few will dispute that the "spirit" has evaporated during the last two decades. For ourselves we think it began earlier than Mr. Williams appears prepared to admit, and ended later. Surely Rousseau (for example) was a Bohemian if ever one existed? And coming down past Louis Philippe and his age, what about Verlaine, Rimbaud,



Frontispiece to *Atta Troll* (Sidgwick & Jackson)





## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*  
(Methuen)

QUATRAIN LXXIV "AH MCON OF MY  
DELIGHT WHO KNOW'ST NO WANE."

### BOHEMIAN DAYS IN FLEET STREET

By A JOURNALIST 108 6d (John Long.)

That there are no days like the old days— that there something mean, cheap, and flat about to-day— is a c familiarised for humanity down the ages. The "Journalist" who is the anonymous author of "Bohemian Days in Fleet Street" is evidently so convinced of this that, after reading Philip Gibbs' "Street of Adventure," he sat down and turned out this entertaining collection of reminiscences just to show what a vastly superior place Fleet Street was in his time to the somewhat sober, nerve-wrecking district it has been portrayed to-day. Perhaps the concentration of the newspaper world into a few powerful hands has done something to eliminate the striking characters who haunted the street from 1870 to 1890—the period of which the author writes. The book is unquestionably the best collection of gossip about newspaper men that has appeared for many a day. The author's first real journalistic position was obtained by an introduction to Harrison Ainsworth, whom he paints as a cheerful, benevolent old gentleman with a very clear eye for the "main chance." He had acquired a magazine some time before, and, finding that its circulation did not come up to his expectations, he had resold it to a

relative—a cousin of his own. It was on this short-lived paper, of which the author writes most amusingly, that he had his early training. It is impossible to give even an idea of the book, but his stories deal with everybody worth knowing, from Carlisle to Pigott the forger, from William Morris to "Jimmy" Davis. Regarding "Jimmy" Davis—who first made his name as a solicitor, then established a reputation by his papers, *The Hats* and *The Phoenix*, as one of the bitterest writers of our time, and finally ended his days as the author of a whole series of amazingly successful musical comedies—the author makes a curious mistake. He declares that Davis, after libelling Lord Durham, fled the country to avoid the results of the action brought against him. As a matter of fact, "Jimmy" went to prison gaily, and came out none the worse for his experience.

One of his best stories is about Father Healy, of Bray, who, dining one night at a house in London, found himself at the table with an Anglican bishop, whose air of easy condescension was almost more than the witty Irishman could stand. He bided his time, and at last the bishop gave him his opportunity. "I have lived sixty years in this wicked world," he exclaimed, "and I have never yet been able to see the difference between a good Catholic and a good Protestant." "Faith, me lord," answered Healy, "you won't be sixty seconds in the next before you'll know all about it."

He gives us a most illuminating glimpse of George Borrow, who, he says, firmly believed that he had personally experienced all the wildest transactions described in his "Bible in Spain." In a country inn Borrow pointed to a man sitting by himself in a and said in a stage whisper,



Reduced from The Coloured Plate presented  
with Pears' Annual, 1913.

THE OLD FARM.

"That man is a murderer. Finish your swipes. I'll tell you all about him when we get out." Borrow was as good as his word, and detailed graphically the horrible crime the man had committed and the means by which he had managed to escape justice. The author, out of curiosity, visited the inn the next day, to learn that the man in question was a simple, God-fearing, hard-working carter, against whose good reputation never a word had been uttered until George Borrow selected him as a peg on which to hang one of his lurid fancies. The author knows his subject thoroughly, and this is distinctly a book that everybody will enjoy reading, whether they are connected with the street of adventure or not.

### A LEISURELY TOUR IN ENGLAND.

By JAMES JOHN HISSEY 10s net  
(Macmillan)

The word "leisurely" suggests anything but a motor-car, and it is evident that, though Mr Hissey travelled at ease, he has none of the characteristics which have made motorists the "Enemies of the People." On the contrary, he reveals the very genius of the true wanderer, careless of his destination, ready at every step to linger or turn aside by the way, indifferent alike to speed or the guide-book. "My only care was, as far as possible, to find fresh roads to explore and taverns new wherein to take my ease." He avoided big towns, popular beauty-spots, and busy thoroughfares, thereby securing the real charm of travel, the unexpected adventure. Seldom deter-



From The Book of Psalms  
(Hutchinson)

LET THEM BE AS CHAFF BEFORE THE  
WIND, AND LET THE ANGEL OF THE  
LORD CHASE THEM"

(Psalm xxxiv, v. 5.)



From A Sea Anthology  
(Gay & Hancock).

"FROM THE DEEP ABYSS  
ROLLS THE BLACK WIND-VEV'D SAND;  
AND EVERY JUTTING PEAK THAT DRIVES  
IT BACK  
RE-ECHOES WITH THE ROAR."

mining at dawn where that night should be spent, or by what paths he should ride during the day, he "trusted wholly to the fortune of the road, letting, so to say, the good things come to him, he did not go in search of them."

Mr Hissey quotes, with approval, the old saying that "The lane is a work of genius, the highway that of the engineer", and, being the master and not the slave of his car, he fearlessly explored so-called "bad roads," in pursuit of a whim, at the dictation of a sign-post, on the hint of a confiding wayfarer. It is, indeed, the traveller without responsibility who finds the treasure trove, and such methods enable our author to hunt out many an old manor-house of rare beauty and priceless historical associations. He has an eye for the quaint outline, the true charm of old-worldliness, the haunt of legend. He loves old inns and hidden churches, he has the instinct for extracting curious information. It would be hard to say whether he and his readers will value most what he has seen or heard.

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

Perhaps the most interesting items of Mr Hissey's personally-acquired church lore, are the "small doorway on the north side of churches to let the Devil out when a child was baptised," kept open for the purpose, the old painter's bill, "*To mending the commandments, altering the Belief, and making a new Lord's Prayer £1 10s*", the epitaph, "a virtuous woman is 5s to her husband", and the tower believed to have been built "by the life-savings of two servants, a butler and a dairy-maid."

A reward of twenty pounds for "*dragging the King out of bed on Easter Monday*" opens a fascinating vista of possibilities for the place-hunter: the observation that "ants are throwing up their tiny heaps on the bowling-green" is an unfamiliar sign of good weather: and there is much pagan philosophy in the "rule of life" attributed to miners:

"Hear all, see all, say nought,  
Eat well, drink well, and care nought,  
If thou dost ought for nought  
Do it for thyself."

Such are but a few out of many delightful, and unexpected discoveries of the countryside. Mr Hissey has further given us many pages of attractive description—of scenery, architecture, and people. He is equally persuasive and interesting as an observer or raconteur. He never wears by ornate language or idle superlatives. His tour should entice many from the beaten track: in their turn to echo his praises of quiet pathways, English landscapes, ancient buildings, and roadside inns—like that immortalised by Ashton-Sterry.

"'Tis a finely-toned, picturesque, sunshiny place  
Recalling a dozen old stories,  
With a rare, British, good natured, ruddy hued face,  
Suggesting old wine and old stories  
Ah! many's the magnum of rare crusted port,  
Of vintage no one could cry lie on,  
Has been drunk by good men of the old fashioned sort  
At the Lion."



From *The Wagner Stories*  
(Grant Richards)

KUNDVAT  
(From a story)

G. C. Willemhurst



The Crescent Moon

THE HOME

(A room a drawing by Nan

(By R. Indramath Jagore, just published by Messrs. Macn

## THE TRADE OF THE WORLD.

By JAMES  
& Hall)

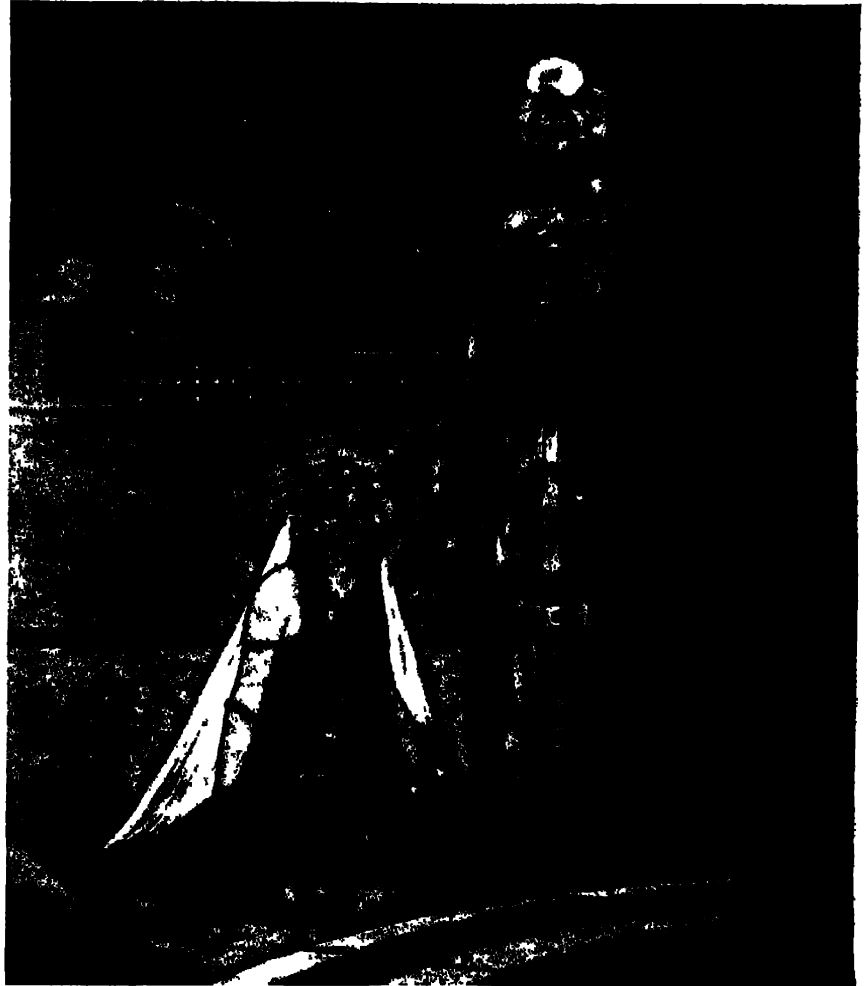
net (Chap

Boldly planned and brilliantly executed, this American survey of the principal commercial forces in modern civilisation deserves wide and deep attention in our country. For it gives us an outside view of some of the chief problems in our own industrial expansion. We are treated, along with Germany, France, other European nations, and Japan as competitors in trade and finance against the United States. "Britain has bled herself too freely, and her heart now shows some signs of weakness," says our American critic. "But it is to the British nation, to its world-wide and broadcast sowing of right-thinking men and women that the world owes its progress in the last two centuries." In his opinion, it is with Germany that the advantage now lies in the struggle for the trade of the world. The United States is only preparing for the silent, bloodless fight for industrial dominion. Russia looms in the background, one of the grand factors in the future economic battle. France has already been hopelessly beaten by Germany, and England, though strong in finance, is going the way of France in the struggle for foreign markets. Canada, our American authority is confident, will become an economic province of the United States, and the British Empire will probably fall to pieces. The industrial power of Japan does not trouble Mr. Whelpley as it does many of his countrymen, he says that the Japanese worker is so slow and inefficient that he can never compete with the men of the white races.

# ALL MEN ARE GHOSTS.

By L. P. JACKS. 5s net. (Williams & Norgate.)

We all remember Grant Allen's history of the Reverend John Creedy as one of the world's remarkable short stories. Can the Ethiopian change his skin? This was the text upon which Grant Allen wrote a commentary informed by all his knowledge of sociology and philosophy, and then artfully disguising his tract in the form of a magazine short story he wilfully deceived many guileless persons into reading it for the sake of pure amusement, and they never suspected it had any other design. The clover book before us now is suitably prefaced by a quotation from Vaughan, "Some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes, and into glory peep." But Mr Jacks following upon the lines of Grant Allen, has not quite the same gift of deception, for the most casual reader will see there is more in these pages than meets the eye, and that the author intends you shall pause to think what the "something" is he wishes to imply and not to say. "Is the world one or many?—fated or free?—material or spiritual?"—"On such trifling notions Mr Jacks writes you a short story, and this book is a collection of these stories. They often contain a good deal of ironic suggestion. In the story about Farmer Jeremy and his Ways, for instance, where you are led into a discussion of Primitive Religion, you will meet with irony of a sufficiently appalling nature. But we must not be understood, in saying this, to refer to Farmer Jeremy's



From Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám  
(Hodder & Stoughton)

QUATRAIN LXXIV: "AH, MOON OF MY  
DELIGHT WHO KNOW'ST NO WANE . ."

contention that "the land *likes* to be high-rented," though we imagine many a simple Pantheist sitting down to enjoy Mr Jack's stories may object to such a conclusion, and consider that that is carrying the thing a little too far, perhaps.

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM

By HEReward CARRINGTON With 22 Illustrations  
7s 6d net (Laurie)

Mr Hereward Carrington is a convinced believer in spiritualism and a well-known authority upon the subject. This attractive collection of some of the most striking experiences which have befallen him is therefore assured of its audience, and we have no doubt whatever that they will be deeply interested in the remarkable collection presented between the covers of this book. As we have said, Mr Carrington's attitude towards his subject is one of belief and sympathy, but it must not be imagined that he is not a skilled detector of fraud. He is—one of his principal duties, in fact, as a psychical researcher, has been to expose fraudulent mediums. There are some cases, however, which he believes admit of no material explanation, and the most important of these is that of the famous Eusapia Palladino. The second half of this book is devoted to that medium's American séances, while the first half is mostly a record of the frauds practised by other mediums. The volume is fully illustrated and is one that is well worth reading.



From Joseph and his Brethren  
(Lane).

JOSEPH.  
Drawing by Dorothy Parker.)



THE WATER SELLER  
From the paper jacket of *All  
Men are Ghosts*  
(Williams & Norgate).

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



*Frontispiece to The Jackdaw  
of Rheims  
(Gay & Hancock)*

### ACROSS UNKNOWN SOUTH AMERICA.

By A HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR  
Plates, and 200 Illustrations  
Author 2 Vols 30s. With 2 Maps, 8 Col  
from Photographs by  
(Hodder & Stoughton)

In these two magnificent volumes Mr Landor has given us a full, vivid, and startling account of his recent wanderings in the wildest parts of Brazil, and across South America to the Peruvian Andes. His narrative is one of extraordinary difficulties successfully encountered. The vile cowardice and cupidity of his followers (the very dregs of Brazilian prisons, for the most part), the attacks of fever, the evils of starvation and fatigue, and all the mysterious dangers of the forest, made his undertaking one of almost superhuman effort. The value Brazilians put upon it may be gauged by the fact that the Congress voted him £4,000 in recognition of his great services.

The story of his adventures can be divided into four parts. The first deals with his arrival in Brazil (January 9th, 1911), of the arrangements for his exploration, and of his plunge into the wilderness with a handful of ruffians and an elaborate convoy of stores and scientific apparatus. In a purely human sense this is the most fascinating part of all. Mr Savage-Landor's description of the primitive Brazilians of the far-land settlements is highly instructive. With one accord they seem to be idiotic, conceited, ignorant ruffians, whose chief pleasure in life appears to be assassination, and who are not merely unattractive but utterly lacking in any kind of virtue or good quality whatsoever. No wonder they almost drove him into frenzies of irritation. But he had resolved never to lose his temper (oh, wisest of men), and he never did. In this part of his travels his hardships were often acute, but never desperate. Had it not been for the folly of his companions, who wasted their stores of food

and ammunition without a thought, they would have had a comparatively easy time of it. But as it was, their stores began to give out and they had to turn aside to Diamantino to replenish their supplies. Had they held on straight for Manaus, as he had planned, they would all have perished in the bush.

The whole of the opening volume is concerned with this first part of the undertaking. In it we are introduced into the most savage, untrodden part of Central Brazil. It must be owned that pictorially we get a shock of disillusionment. Instead of being a land of vast, teeming forests, of innumerable birds and butterflies, of hordes of Indians, it is a flattish and nearly deserted land of pampas and swelling plains. Mr Savage-Landor was chiefly impressed by its immense possibilities for the grazing of countless herds. It is such land that, in his opinion, will help to make Brazil the greatest country of the future.

But in the second part of the story, the journey in canoe down the River Arinos, we are introduced into country more closely resembling the tropical Brazil of travellers' tales. This episode opened auspiciously (the volatile Brazilians being delighted to exchange the saddle for the paddle), but it ended with a disastrous series of accidents. They again began to run frightfully short of food, the men developed an ominous state of incipient mutiny, and more than once the rapids nearly ended the lives of all. But Mr Savage-Landor, with his cat-like energy, with his resource and courage, brought the cruise to what one may call "a successful termination." At any rate, if he lost almost everything else he saved his life, his photographs, and the lives of his followers. It is a fine chapter in the history of dogged perseverance.

Part three, his two journeys through the dark horrors of the forest with two followers (the rest temporarily left behind), where they were actually sixteen days without food, is by far the most terrible section of the book. The



*From The Open Road (Ward, Lock).*

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

story of how, starving, covered with bites and sores, with sinking strength, and without hope, they struggled on to the river's brink and built a raft, and had the amazing good fortune to meet in mid-stream some friendly canoes full of rubber collectors, resembles the incredible adventures of a Ballantyne or a Captain Marryat. This is the crown of the whole book, a feat of daring and endurance that can seldom have been equalled in the astonishing annals of adventure. But Mr Savage-Landor makes so light of it all in the simplicity of his realism that one has to rub one's eyes and read it all over again. It is like a dreadful glimpse into the sombre heart of the wilderness.

At the close of this adventure Mr Savage-Landor suffered so severely from fever and prostration that it was not thought possible he could live. But he not only recovered but resolved to pursue to the bitter end the plan he had set himself — which was to cross over the Andes and reach the Pacific Coast. And this he accomplished without any great hazard or discomfort. After his other adventures Mr Savage-Landor may have thought so lightly of this deed that he did not think it worth while dwelling on too fully, but, however that may be, this section is one which we would gladly have seen expanded. For in itself, it is a feat which requires an uncommon amount of determination and grit. The author of this article has penetrated the Peruvian Andes to some small extent, but he has never descended eastwards below 12,000 feet, and he has heard quite sufficient of that journey to make him shudder.

Enough has been said to prove that Mr Savage-Landor has produced a singular and striking book. It is written in a very decided manner, but in its egotism it is not bombastic. It is the narrative of a wonderfully assured man, of a man who knows his own mind, who is ignorant of fear, and who has been touched to the very core of his being by the romance of adventure. The style is direct and vigorous, though it is wanting in just those finer shades which makes the travel-book a classic. Mr. Savage-Landor will never write an "Arabia Deserta," or "A Naturalist on the Amazons." He has not the magic touch which can transform the grandeur of the forest into the printed page. But his descriptions are not lacking in sturdiness or observation. And, indeed, how could he fail to enliven the blood when he has unknown South America for his subject? Imagine these ghost-like forests, as silent as the grave, and where the trees are so eaten into by termites and so full of water, that they often fall down if you

lean against them? No wonder that savages have a horror of woods!

The photographs that accompany Mr. Savage-Landor's text are very numerous, but somewhat disappointing. They add to our interest without exciting it unduly. Of more value are the two maps. For they help materially to show us the course of Mr Savage-Landor's year-long wanderings, which, in the very nature of a book like this, are apt to be far from clear in the reader's mind. Even more than pictures are maps an incentive to imaginative grasp of such a subject.

RICHARD CURLE



From Arthur Rackham's Book of Pictures (Heinemann)

ONCE UPON A TIME.

### THE WORLD'S ROMANCES

Dante and Beatrice and Kilnugh and Olwen. 1s. net each.  
(Nelson)

If cheapness be a matter of comparison, then many of the cheapest editions of the classics, and other literature which flood the market to day, must be reckoned expensive when set against these two volumes of this remarkable new series of "The World's Romances." Messrs Nelson have always been the pioneers of the cheap book, but if this latest series of theirs fulfils the promise of these earliest volumes, they will, surely, justifiably claim to have broken all records in regard to value. Bound in a large square shape in a strong, handsome binding, with



## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales*  
(Warne)

DOVER CASTLE.

her son was a year old, "certain that it will help you to admire God's Providence." It is an extremely interesting record of the life of a courageous, reverent, and unlucky woman, and Mrs Le Blond has done well in translating it, for it is a genuine contribution to literature.

### CHRISTINA OF DENMARK, DUCHESS OF MILAN AND LORRAINE, 1522-1590

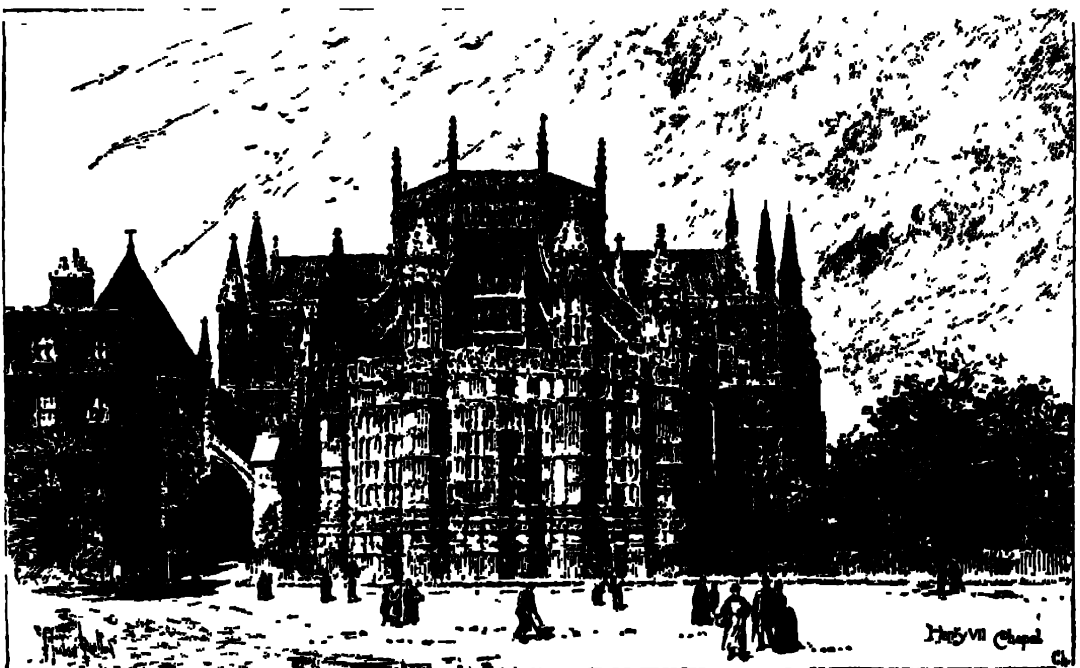
By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS ADY) With 22 Illustrations  
18s net. (Murray)

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLOTTE AMÉLIE, PRINCESS OF ALDENBURGH, 1652-1732.

Translated from the French of the Original Manuscript,  
and Edited by Her Descendant, MRS AUBREY LE BLOND  
With 17 Illustrations 15s net (Nash)

From the point of view of the writer of this short note it is a little trying to find that the publishers of this book have been beforehand in making a *résumé* of the interesting introduction with which Mrs Aubrey Le Blond prefaces her translation of the autobiography of her ancestress. This *résumé*, moreover, is printed on the paper cover of the book—the most conspicuous position—and it is almost impossible to write a note on the book without paraphrasing it. Still, it is necessary that the reader should have some idea as to the identity and the personality of Charlotte Amélie, and we shall therefore quote from the publisher's note "Charlotte Amélie was a member of the family of de la Trémouille . . . and a granddaughter of Marie de la Tour d'Auvergne (sister of the famous general Vicomte de Turenne). She left France as a girl owing to religious persecution and lived in Denmark with her cousin the Queen. Three Kings and numerous German Princes proposed to her, but she gave her hand to Anthony I, Count of Aldenburgh." Six months afterwards her husband was poisoned at the instigation of the heir-presumptive, a villain who later tried to rob Charlotte Amélie's son of his inheritance. Charlotte Amélie, therefore, travelled to Vienna to seek the protection of the Emperor, and she started her autobiography when

The life-story of Christina of Denmark, so ably told by Mrs Ady, is interesting to an English public for two reasons, first, because her portrait in the National Gallery is one of the most famous and most successful examples of the art of Holbein, and secondly, because she had an opportunity of being numbered among the wives of Henry VIII. But though she was spared this she experienced many other troubles. "She lost her first husband," in the words of the author, "at the end of eighteen months. Her second husband, Francis, Duke of Lorraine, died in 1545, leaving her once more a widow at the age of twenty-three. Her only son was torn from her arms while still a boy by a foreign invader, Henry II., and she herself was driven into exile. Seven years later she was deprived of the regency of the Netherlands, just when the coveted prize seemed within her grasp, and the last days of her existence were embittered by the greed and injustice of her cousin, Philip II." There in brief is the tragic story of the



From *Westminster Abbey*  
(Seeley).

HENRY VII'S CHAPEL (EXTERIOR).  
(By H. Raiton.)

original of Holbein's Duchess of Milan, a story which Mrs. Ady has clearly spared no pains to make as complete and authoritative as possible, and the result is a biography which deserves to be in many hands this Christmas

# REMINISCENCES, SERMONS, AND CORRESPONDENCE

By AUGUSTA E. STETSON, C.S.D.  
With 10 illustrations 21s net (Putnam)

This is a very long "specialist" book, of a kind which can hardly be expected to appeal to the general reading public in this country, although no doubt it will be found interesting and satisfying by people of the writer's way of thinking. Mrs. Stetson was the Pastor of the First Church of Christ (Scientist) in New York—an office to which she was ordained in 1890, and from which she resigned in 1909. Her correspondence mostly takes the form of encouraging letters to her supporters, and a considerable portion of the book is more or less polemical and apologetic. As it is beyond our scope here to criticise it in detail, we can say no more than that it seems to us interesting and well put together.

# ENGLISH TRAVELLERS OF THE RENAISSANCE.

By CLARE HOWARD 7s 6d net (John Lane)

This book is the outcome of a study, evidently pursued *con amore*, of Renaissance travel—the journeys for

adventure and education undertaken in the days before steam and electricity—to say nothing of photography, travel-books, and newspapers—had dispelled the elements of peril and surprise. From the chapter on "The Beginnings of Travel for Culture," which includes the pilgrimages at the close of the Middle Ages, the travels of scholars to distant centres of learning, and the errands of courtiers to acquire foreign tongues and new ideas of statecraft, we pass to the travel of the Elizabethan period, into which there entered a more scientific and military spirit, the educative influences being still borne in mind. In a succeeding chapter the author describes a phase of reaction against travel in England, resulting in satires on the foreign airs and graces acquired by the Englishman abroad, and much resentment against the heretical opinions on religious and social questions imbibed by students and others from contact with the Continental mind. The

quickening of animosity between Protestants and Catholics played also a part in this change of attitude, and, indeed, introduced some very real perils to the Englishman trained in Protestantism who ventured into Catholic countries without a clear recognition of the necessity for extreme vigilance. In the chapter on "The Grand Tour" we learn of the revival of the idea of developing personal culture by travel, but by that time considerations of fashion and "deportment" had grown up, and the "governor," or tutor, was regarded as an indispensable companion to the young man on tour. Then came



FOUNTAINS ABBEY

From *Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales*  
(Warne)



From Westminster Abbey  
(Seeley).

WESTMINSTER ABBEY FROM DEAN'S YARD.  
(By H. Ralston)



*From Scott's Last Expedition  
(Smith, Elder)*

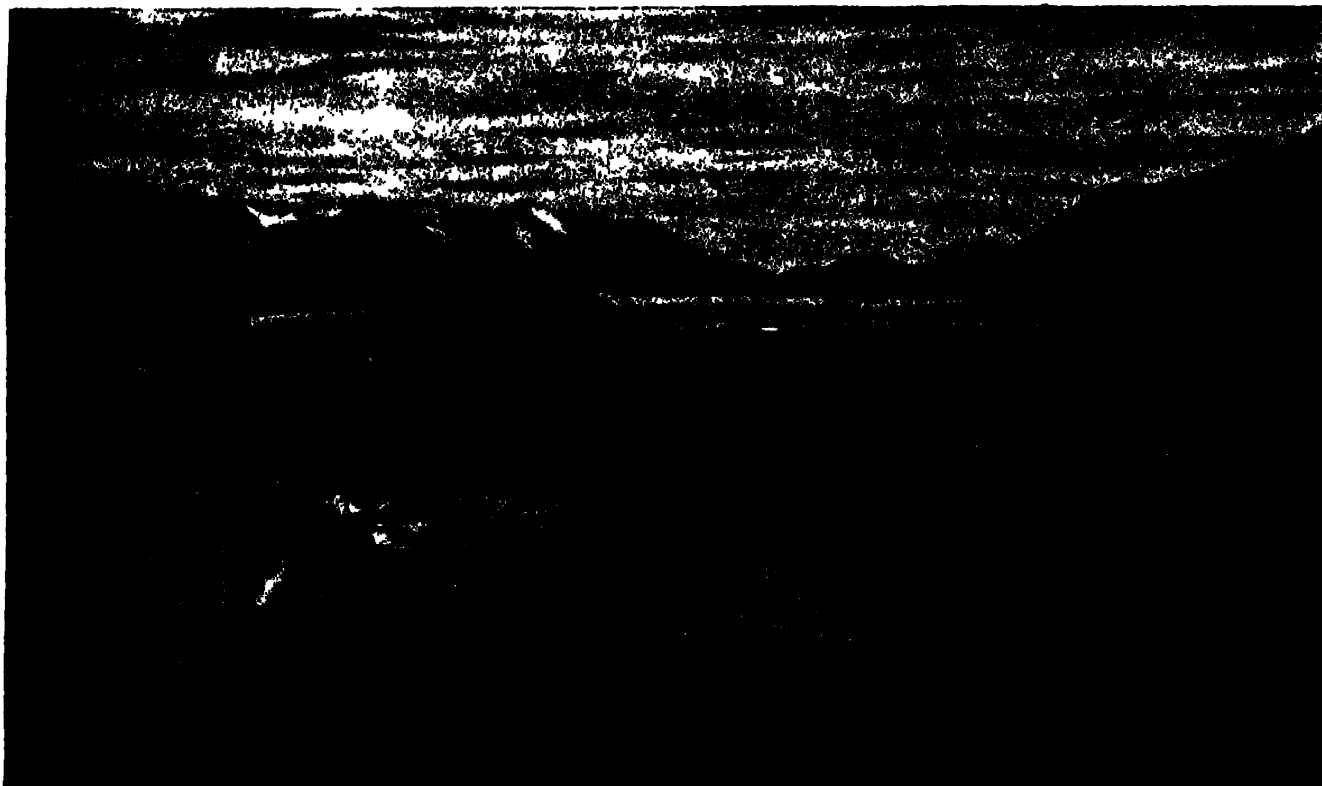
**THE FREEZING UP OF THE SEA.**

decadence—religion, scholarship, adventure, fashion, had enjoyed each their turn, and with the approach of our own prosaic days much of the dignity of travel departed. With its twelve illustrations from old pictures and engravings, and its citations from travel documents of the past, the book is a welcome study of an attractive phase of our social history.

#### **WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**

By W J LOFTIE 6s (Seeley, Service & Co)

This new edition of Mr Loftie's excellent book on Westminster Abbey is enhanced by the very fine illustrations of Mr Herbert Railton. The book is quite one of the best on the subject and deserves to rank with Messrs. Woodruff's and Dank's "Memorials of Canterbury." There is nothing omitted which is of importance, and the reader will find here much information which he will seek in vain elsewhere. For example, the author takes the trouble to tell the reader why Westminster Abbey is called an abbey and St Paul's called a cathedral. "St Paul's is an establishment which consisted of secular canons whose business it was to maintain Divine worship in the church under their charge. Each of them had his estate to which he could retire at intervals, and there is reason to believe that before the twelfth century many of these canons were married men with families. In an establishment like that of St Peter, at Westminster, on the other hand, Divine service was maintained by monks, and the church, instead of being the first object for which the establishment existed, was only a chapel of the monastery."



*From Scott's Last Expedition  
(Smith, Elder)*

**AN 'OUTLET GLACIER' VALLEY COMPLETELY FILLED WITH  
LOOKING UP THE FERRAR GLACIER TO THE SOUTH-WEST.**

## ANNALS OF A LANCASHIRE VILLAGE.

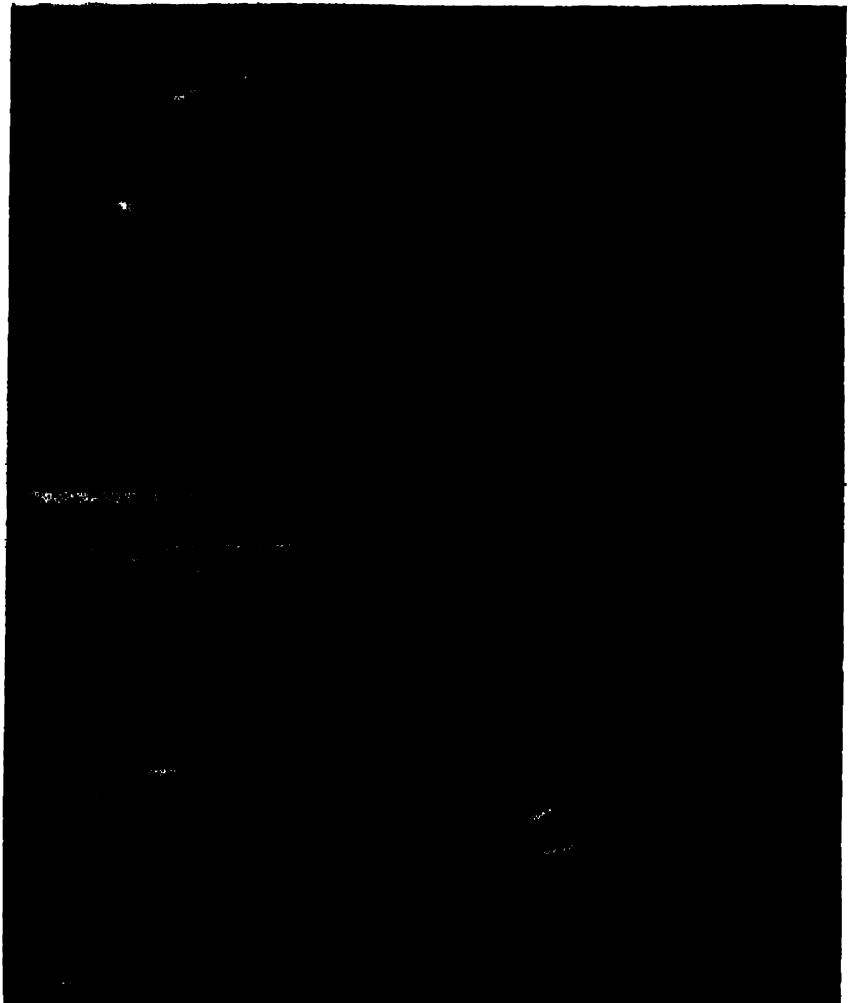
By CLARE DORNING 3s 6d (Digby, Long)

This little book is a collection of character sketches, some humorous and some sad, and all told with an understanding and sympathy that make them alive. Miss Dorning has the gift of observation, and she is especially successful in putting on paper the many quaint and amusing sayings of her village folk. Though some may call it small beer, the book is admirably successful in rendering the spirit and atmosphere of village life in an age just past.

## MOTOR WAYS IN LAKE-LAND.

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM 7s 6d net (Methuen)

Although we cannot claim, as Mr. Abraham can, a lifelong knowledge of the Lake Country, we have had the pleasure of wheeling our way along most of its roads, and we can fully endorse his claim that "Every lake and every valley is worthy of exploration, and the roads are remarkably good, though sometimes there is a spice of adventure in their conquest." The adventure will, however, be more pleasing than risky to anyone who arms himself with the information here given. The author makes a special feature of the hills and their gradients, and ends with a summary of routes and distances. But before we come to the end of the volume, we are treated to other things than motoralities. There are yarns of the old



From Scott's Last Expedition  
(Smith, Elder)

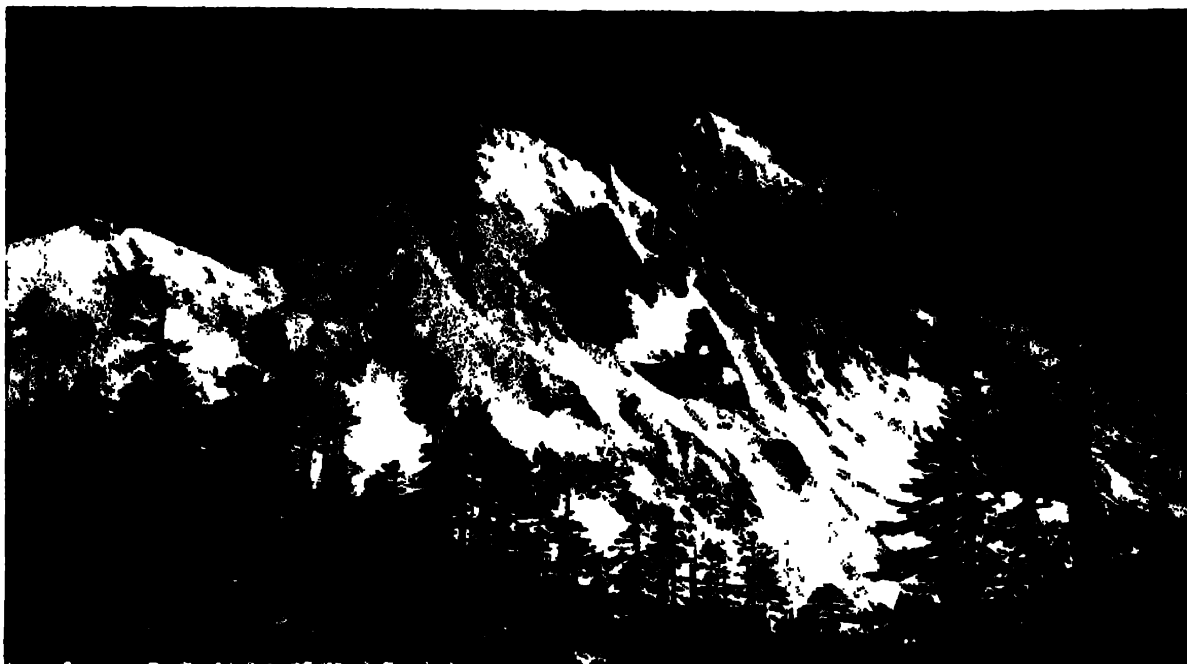
EVENING SCENE IN THE PARK.



From Scott's Last Expedition  
(Smith, Elder).

THE MOUTH OF DRY VALLEY, SHOWING THE COMMONWEALTH GLACIER DEBOUCHING INTO IT FROM THE SOUTH

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *The Land of the Blue Poppy*  
(Cambridge University Press).

FRANCIS GARNIER PEAK (14,000) AT THE HEAD  
OF THE CHUN-TSUNG-LA.

type of Cumberland fell men, notes on mountain climbing, and some very effective descriptions of the Lake District scenery. We are also pleased to find that Mr Abraham has a tilt at the speed fiend "It is sacrilege to rush through such spots. Is it not a reflection upon motoring habits that a wayside halt at once suggests that something must be wrong (with one's car)?" A particularly useful and sane volume of advice and information

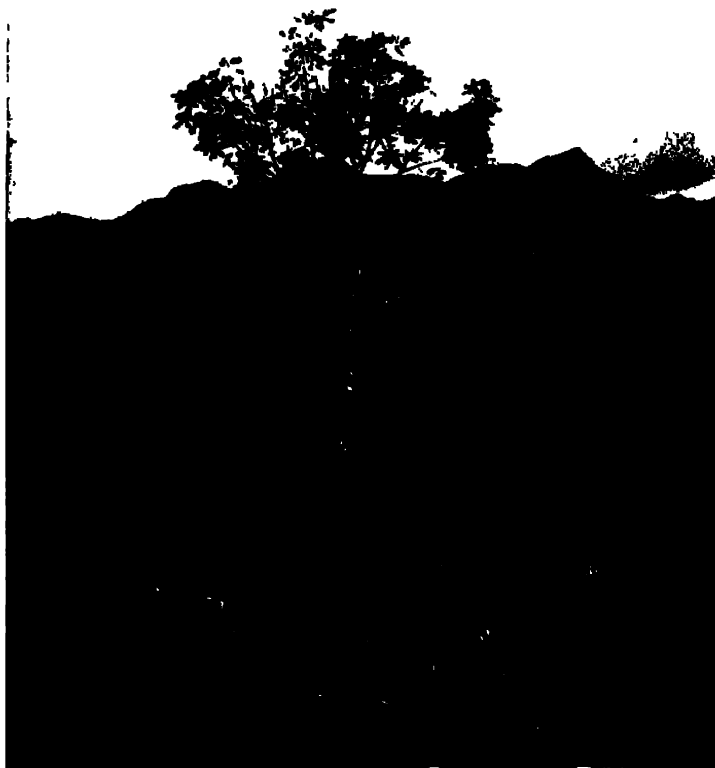
of Indian History and Topography. The chapter "Bits about Bears" is both amusing and interesting. The author remarks with reference to bears, "that the tameness or interest of the sport of bear shooting lies with the sportsman, if you go out on a twilight night in June, and play 'here we go round the mulberry bush' with a bear, or simply sit in or near the mulberry trees until he comes, and then blow his head off, I confess it is not very interesting

or exciting *shikar*. Sometimes" he goes on to say, "you sit up all night, and perhaps a bear never comes, or if he does come you see but little and blaze off at an indistinct mass, which you may or may not hit." "Some Pages from the Life of a Bear" is really a most interesting chapter well worth reading, and gives a vivid impression of the bear's life. Shooting mountain sheep in the Himalayas must be even more exciting than chamois hunting in the Alps. A word of praise must be given to the excellent reproductions of interesting photographs which adorn the book; they are not only well reproduced but well chosen, and illustrate the subject in every variety of aspect, adding no little to the charm and general interest of the volume. There are some particularly good ones of scenes in the mountain ranges. There is an appendix containing information relating to gamelore, questions of licenses, routes, etc., which will be useful to sportsmen.

### SPORT AND FOLK-LORE IN THE HIMALAYA

By H. L. HAUGHTON. Illustrated. 12s 6d, net  
(Edward Arnold)

This handsome volume is far more readable than many of a similar kind we have come across for one thing it is unpretentious in style, and for another the author has the gift of jotting down interesting and unusual facts and incidents. In the first chapter entitled "Tales of Fair Kashmir" the author throws some light upon a point which must have puzzled many, namely, the fact that there are two names for many of the places and other things in Kashmir. This has arisen very largely from the fact that the "Sahib-Log" failed to catch exactly the right, and native, pronunciation of certain words, and eventually the servants of the Europeans took their pronunciation from their masters, and so the two names grew up side by side, often to the puzzlement of students



From *A Naturalist in Western China*  
(Mothuen).

THE LACQUER-VARNISH TREE  
(*Rhus Vernicifera*).



From Sport and Folk-Lore in the Himalaya (Arnold).

HIMALAYAN VIEW

## JAPAN'S INHERITANCE

The Country, its People, and their Destiny.

By L. BRUCE MITFORD, F.R.G.S. With 12 Maps and Plans and 75 Illustrations from Photographs. 10s. 6d net (Unwin)

This excellent piece of work, by Dr Bruce Mitford is, for the most part, an essay in the science of geography, as newly expounded. That is to say that a study of the characteristics of the country affords data for a study of its inhabitants and for the reasons for its development along certain lines. The visions of dullness aroused by this statement may be banished immediately from the reader's mind. Mr. Bruce Mitford has a sense of humour and he has travelled widely in the lesser-known parts of Japan, where one may still have curious and sometimes uncomfortable experiences. The later chapters of the book are devoted to a study of Japanese society, religion, and government, and of her empire, and prospects for the future. Written from what is clearly a very wide and sympathetic knowledge of the Japanese nation and character, "Japan's Inheritance" should do much to explain a point of view which few Europeans have troubled even to try to understand. The volume is fully and well illustrated.



From Japan's Inheritance (Unwin).

## WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

His Early Life and Times. 1721-1748

By [The Hon. EVAN CHARTERIS.] 12s. 6d net. (Edward Arnold.)

In the history of our country certain battle-fields retain an imperishable place in our minds and memories. In

England such names as Hastings, Marston Moor, Blenheim, Sedgemoor, carry with them a distinct impression like a colour, emphasising either love of country, love of king, love of glory, or the bitter sorrow of defeat. In Scotland that land of conflict, there is no sadder name than Culloden. Around it songs are sung, verses made, tales still weaved—such an abundance of romance and poetry as surely no battle ever inspired before. It has worked itself into the national life. It stands like a monument raised to self-sacrifice, it has, one fears, obliterated real issues in the glamour that has fallen across the years.

Behind all the blood and smoke of the '45 stands the sombre figure of the Duke of Cumberland, reviled as "The Butcher," because he acted with a harshness unprecedented even in an age not associated with leniency.

Mr Charteris, in his most admirable study of the life and times of Cumberland, does not set out to "whitewash" his subject. There is nothing sensational in

FUJI FROM LAKE MOTOSU THE PARASITIC GONE IN THE LEFT MIDDLE DISTANCE IS MARUYAMA ("ROUND MOUNTAIN.")



From *Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer*, Second Series  
(Unwin)

THE OLD OX WAGON.

the book. Cumberland is just the methodical, coarse, conscientious and unattractive man we believed him to be. True, Mr. Charteris has made an effort to prove how clever and fascinating he was as a child, in just the same way as all biographers of royal personages have done. That he could speak various languages when other children are playing hide-and-seek is very similar to the anecdotes of his rival, Charles Edward Stuart, who, for all his diligence, could not even spell simple English as an elderly man. Such things are better ignored. The main difficulty that confronted Mr. Charteris was the fierce antipathy to the Duke. To pacify this he set about making Cumberland a much-injured and misrepresented person. He mentions him as a general who commanded a greater number of troops than Wellington or Marlborough, a creature of

genial and sturdy temperament, and a political force to be considered. Let us take these points in their order omitting only the last, which Mr. Charteris has not dealt with in this volume.

Now to the ordinary person, and in military matters most of us are very ordinary persons indeed—the fame or obscurity of a commander rests upon his success or failure. For, after all, that is the

practical (though possibly unreasonable) test of a general. If he does not win, his retreat, no matter how impressive, will leave the man in the street comparatively cold. The Duke certainly was in command of very large bodies of men. That he was popular with them we gather from our author, who mentions with gratification that at Culloden they shouted, "Now Billy for Flanders!" From a casual study of his campaigns one can only admire their high spirits.

But grant him his popularity (which, however, was not sufficient to keep his statue intact for very long), and certainly every bluff, rubicund, hard-living officer has won the admiration of his men far more easily than such leaders as Wellington—allow that he was looked up to after Culloden by troops more accustomed to running than



From *Thirty Years in Kashmir*  
(Arnold)

AT THE FOOT OF THE KHARDONG PASS.  
(From a photograph by Mr. G. Mills.)



facing cold steel—but do not let us pretend that the judgments of history are false and that Cumberland was a distinguished tactician. According to Mr Charteris he nearly did this, and he might have done that but the fact remains that the '45 affair was his solitary achievement, and those who care to study the conditions of the two armies in that engagement, will realise

that it would have been a wondrous piece of stupidity had the Duke not been, to quote Mr Charteris, "the hero of Culloden." He towered admittedly above such pantomime artists as Cope and Hawley, he carried out his plans skilfully and methodically and with rigorous determination, but it is new to learn that he had more eminent qualities than we have hitherto supposed.

The truth of the matter is, that apart from Culloden and what it entailed, nobody has the smallest interest in the Duke of Cumberland. In other words, had the Duke not fought at Culloden no one to-day, including Mr Charteris, would have bothered two pins about him. On the Continent they did not capture him because he was their best friend in war—at home he was only exploited as a royal person gifted with a little more than mediocre intelligence.

No one in his senses can deny that there were not gross atrocities after Culloden. Anyone who is familiar with the class of soldiery Cumberland commanded would look for such behaviour. It is also essential to remember the bitter hatred that the English had for the Highlander, a hatred that can be compared to the treatment of Red Indians by the American Government. But in defending the Duke Mr Charteris weakens his case considerably by laying stress on anecdotes and insignificant evidence. He replies, for instance, that the Jacobites were no better. This is not true, but for the



From The Old Transport Road

By Stanley Portal Hyatt, which Mr Melrose will publish in the Spring of 1914

moment let us suppose it is. What does it amount to? Now, if the American Government had remarked in all gravity, "We cut them to pieces because they skinned us," the statement would not have relieved them of an odious crime against humanity. And Mr Charteris bases his accusation on the most slender ground. He quotes a letter, written by the Duke to Newcastle, with reference to the affair at Clifton in which Cumberland asserts that the Highlanders gave no quarter. Now, to fling an assertion of this sort wholesale is unfair. The engagement at Clifton was a lonely skirmish on a miniature scale, fought in the dark, and by the rearguard of the Jacobite army. Someone may have shouted, "No Quarter," there is no evidence to suppose that it was the official order for the day.

Let us examine the position at the time of the '45. The Highlands had long been the scene of serious menace to the Government, the Highland chiefs were unscrupulous and disloyal and in so far as Cumberland deemed it expedient



From The Old Transport Road

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## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *Athletics in Theory and Practice*  
(Hutchinson)

WALKING, OLYMPIC GAMES,  
1912 GOULDING (CANADA),  
WINNER

to punish with severity he must be treated with reason and not foolish partizanship. That Cumberland acted in accordance with the panic-stricken wishes of the Cabinet and the country at large is probably not fully appreciated, that it was a brutal age and that his troops were drawn from the lowest scum of the slums is also not sufficiently remembered, but that he, as Walpole remarked, "loved blood like a leech," is difficult to explain away. Tradition is too strong, even though, as Mr Charteris observes of the Lyon in Mourning, it may be a "hotbed of recriminations." Recriminations are often the warmer when they have the inspiration of injustice.

That there were seventies Mr Charteris allows. That it was an age of severity does not greatly help us out. But whether he was as cruel as we imagined or only as cruel as it was customary to be, does not affect opinion at this lapse of time. Cumberland is doomed to unpopularity whether he was cruel or not. Who could sustain popularity when confronted with the glamorous figures of Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald? Though Mr Charteris will shrug his shoulders at such a profane standpoint one must admit that dullness was Cumberland's as it was the Georges' unforgivable sin. Against that nothing can avail, certainly not the meagre explanations and counter-charges that the author has gathered together. The thing does not depend on historical data, and so far as Mr Charteris

hoped to win people to sympathy with the Duke we fear his book has not succeeded.

For history may pass its verdicts, but popular opinion flings them down. There is in the heart of all of us a love for colour and a joy in romance, especially for the side that loses, and there is a movement and a glamour in the '45 that is not false nor theatrical, but very chivalrous and profound.

Mr. Charteris has written an interesting and unbiassed book, and his picture of social life in Georgian times is most effective. His vigorous treatment of his subject, his sound historical accuracy, and his handling of battle-fields (particularly Fontenoy) are most admirable. That he has not established the subject of his study well, we feel sure, make him infinitely more popular than if he had, and sympathisers with the Stuart cause will purchase his book with pleasant anticipations, which will not be disappointed.

FREDERICK WATSON



From *The Surgeon's Log* "TWO! WOMEN WERE  
DRESSING FOR CRAB"  
(Chapman & Hall)

## ATHLETICS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

By F. W. HJERNBERG. Illustrated (Hutchinson & Co.)



From *The Silent India*  
(Blackwood).

Now that the question of national support for British competitors at the next Olympic games is so much to the fore, this book written by the coach of the Swedish team, who was formerly coach to the Columbia University Irish-American Athletic Club, and the Manhattan Athletic Club, should prove interesting to many amateur athletes. All branches of sport which come under the general title of athletics are ably and lucidly dealt with, and valuable hints are given on training, diet, care of the skin, treatment of injuries, sleep, attire and other important matters including the arrangement of athletic meetings. A special feature of the book is its numerous, excellent, but not always quite clearly reproduced, photographs of athletic events. These should be particularly useful to amateurs, as many of them were taken at the Olympian games, and, therefore, are pictures of champions in the various events. In this excellent book the smallest details have been carefully attended to, even the question of how the holes should be dug for the feet to enable a runner to get the very best start off in sprinting and long-distance running. At the end of the book are some useful tables showing schemes for training for the various events mentioned in the book. We can thoroughly recommend this little volume to would-be and actual athletes. The former will find much of interest and importance, and even the latter, we fancy, will gain some valuable hints.

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *The Bonds of Africa*  
(Long).

RETICULATED GIRAFFE,  
NORTHERN GUABO  
NYIRO RIVER

### THE BONDS OF AFRICA

By OWEN LETCHER, F.R.G.S. With about 50 Illustrations  
from Photographs and a Map 12s 6d net (Long)

"The Bonds of Africa" consists of a series of the impressions of one who has travelled about Africa for the last eleven years and knows the continent, if not perhaps inside out, at least very thoroughly—the countries dealt with by the author being Rhodesia, Mashonaland, Portuguese East Africa, Nyasaland and the Lower Zambesi, the East Coast, British East Africa, Uganda, and Egypt. The experiences of a wanderer of this description should obviously be interesting, and Mr Owen Letcher does not disappoint. Perhaps he is a little too fond of the purple passage, but he has many excuses for his indulgence and he does not allow his pen or his feelings to suffer with him. In fact, "The Bonds of Africa" is quite a fine book and that is well worth getting.

### FAIRSHIELS: MEMORIES OF A LAMMERMOOR PARISH.

By T. RADCLIFFE BARNETT. Price 2s 6d (Oliphant, Anderson & Fernier)

These pleasant idylls of a Scottish hamlet, while carrying here and there a reminder of Alexander Smith, have their own individual note. The author has gleaned "the harvest of a quiet eye" in his descriptions of the country of the Lammermoor hills with its rolling pastures and fragrant pine woods. There are flower fancies, sketches of manse and village life, garden musings, and a chapter on "An old Secession Kirk," full of happy touches. Here is one concerning John Cooper, one of the former ministers at the kirk. "It was this Cooper, of the pawky wit, who said that at the last great judgment day, when the secrets of all hearts were revealed, there would be none from Fairshiels. Which would appear to mean that we are fine claspers." For the benefit of the Southern reader we translate the last word as "gossips" that the point



From *Fairshiels*  
(Oliphant, Anderson,  
and Fernier)

MIDSUMMER HEAT AT  
COSTERTON

may stand revealed. There is a delicate pastoral charm and freshness about the work that will make it especially grateful to the town reader. And it is not obtrusively Scottish—it belongs only in spirit to the Kailyard School. The book, which is in its second edition, contains twelve illustrations of the scenes and people described.

### A CHRONICLE OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY

By A. E. McKILLIAM, M.A. With Portraits 7s 6d net  
(James Clarke & Co.).

To have made the chronicles of the Archbishops of Canterbury interesting, even fascinating, to the general reader, as well as to the clergyman and the historian, may seem something of an achievement. Mr McKilliam has undoubtedly succeeded in doing so, and his account of the first Archbishop, the great Augustine of the seventh century, is as good to read and as vivid as that of the men of the nineteenth century. By his own clear realisation of the Early Christian missionaries, their landing on the Isle of Thanet and their settlement at Canterbury, he has presented them to us as living men, not as archaic figures. This is all the more admirable when we consider that he has not yielded to the temptation to popularise his subject by writing with the freedom of the novelist at the



From *The Strand of Mercy*  
(Hutchinson).

WOUNDED JAPANESE BROUGHT  
INTO CAMP UNDER THE RED  
CROSS FLAG.  
(Hutchinson, Underwood.)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



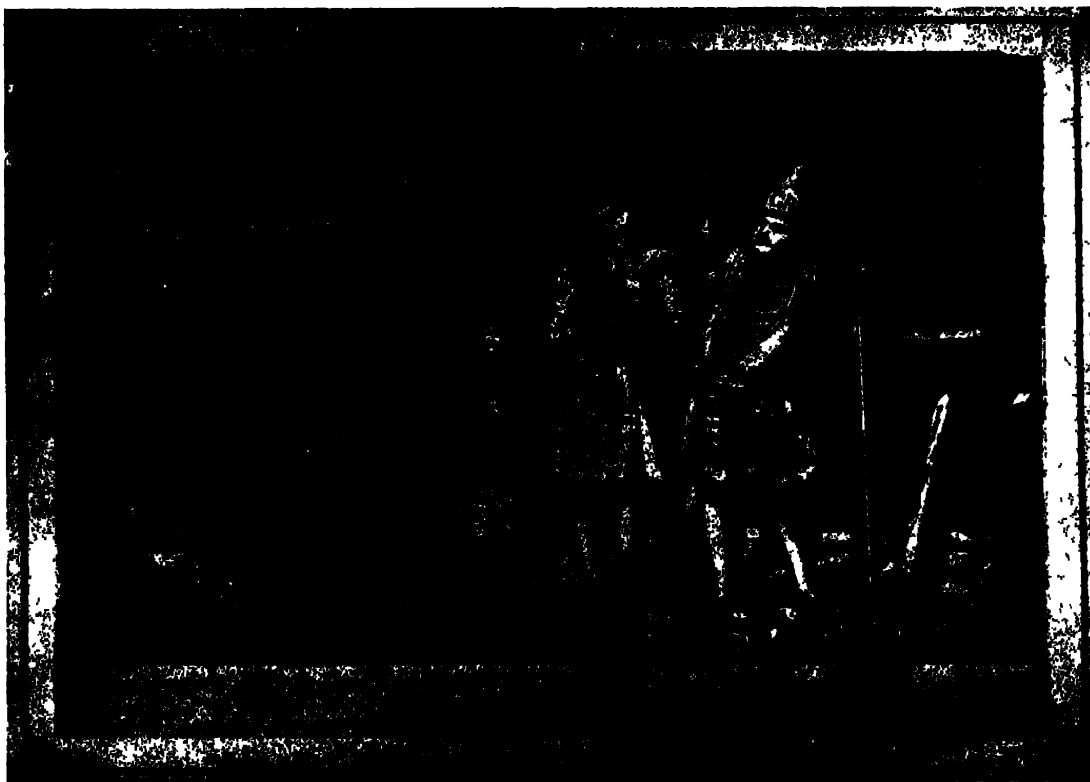
*From A British Chaplain in Paris  
(Chapman & Hall)*

**A PARIS PROMENADE IN 1801-2**  
(From the Coloured Aquarelle of J. P. Debucourt.)

expense of verity. Mr McKilham has evidently searched and delved for facts, and he presents them in clear, terse form. There are ninety-four archbishops in our Church's history, a notable tale of men from Augustine to Randall Davidson. And when we remember that the list includes such names as Lanfranc, Anselm, Thomas à Becket, Stephen Langton, Henry Chichele, Thomas Cranmer, William Laud, Gilbert Sheldon, and Archibald Campbell Tait, we know that the author has had dramatic as well as critical periods to deal with. This volume necessarily, and cleverly, gives a continuous picture of English history as a background to its prominent figures—an impressive piece of work

which he may base his own independent conclusions, or better still, proceed to make an extended study of the comic dramatists of the Restoration (as they are usually styled), for himself. For such is the subject. Mr Palmer deals in detail with Etherage, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, illustrating his points and pleas by judicious and enlightening citations from the plays, the whole being so arranged that despite the fair measure of quotation, the work does not lose coherence and unity. He considers the plays and the dramatists in relation to the manners, conventions and notions of their time, and on the whole makes a clever and interesting defence of

them against the narrow, and in the real sense uncritical judgment of Macaulay and others. The work in fact is a notable apologia, and both from the historical and critical points of view, is undoubtedly valuable. Mr Palmer modestly disclaims the notion of writing for specialists. We doubt that the number of specialists on this ground is very large. But there must be many, who have accepted the popular prejudice against the Restoration playwrights, and this book may chasten them and change their general attitude.



*From The Comedy of Manners  
(Bell)*

**ENGRAVING OF A SCENE FROM FARQUHAR'S  
"RECRUITING OFFICER."**

## THE COMEDY OF MANNERS.

By JOHN  
PALMER.  
Illustrated.  
(G Bell &  
Sons)

Mr Palmer has given us a piece of critical and interpretive work that is sometimes lively and generally illuminating. At the same time, he takes his theme or themes in serious wise and affords the student a wealth of material on



From "The Fairy Book," by Mrs. Craik  
With 38 Illustrations in colour by Warwick Goble  
Published by Macmillan & Co. Ltd. 4to. 15s. net



**PIERRE,  
GARAT :  
SINGER AND  
REQUISITE.**

By BERNARD  
MIALL. With  
35 Illustra-  
tions, 20s. 6d.  
net. (Unwin.)

Pierre Garat, the subject of Mr Miall's vivid biography, was a remarkable man and a fine artist, but he was not, as Mr Miall admits, of any political importance. He was merely a singer and a dandy, a leader of fashion. His story, therefore, becomes a history of the French society of his period (he was born in 1762 and died in 1823) with a central figure of as much fashionable importance as a Brummell or Nash. Incidentally, also, Garat's morals—like those of nearly all the people among whom he passed his life—were lax in the extreme, and, regarded in this light, his life was no more than a continuous succession of successful intrigues. However, there was probably more in Garat than that. He was a singer—possibly almost a great singer. Mr Miall handles his subject with an assurance and a ready wit that are altogether admirable, and, though nobody could claim that his book is particularly edifying, at least it makes amusing reading and presents excellently drawn picture of the times.



Frontispiece to *Pierre Garat*  
(Unwin)

**GARAT AT THE ZENITH OF HIS CAREER.**  
(A CARICATURE OF THE PERIOD.)  
From a coloured engraving. Mme. a—Mme. d'Angely (?),  
Mons. b.—Dauvot, Mlle. c.d.—Mlle. Daclump, Mons. g.—

**THE STORY OF THE WORLD.**

By ELIZABETH O'NEILL. Illustrated in Colour and Black and White from authentic sources 7s. 6d. net (T. C. & L. C. Jack.)

It almost takes one's breath away to think of anybody sitting down to relate in one volume "The Story of the World." It is a hard enough task to unfold the history of a single nation, to be faced with the project of writing a history of the whole human race from the beginnings of time is a prospect that is calculated to daunt even the



From *The Story of the World*  
(Jack).

**THE SOLEMN CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME AT PARIS IN 1804.**  
(From the painting by David.)



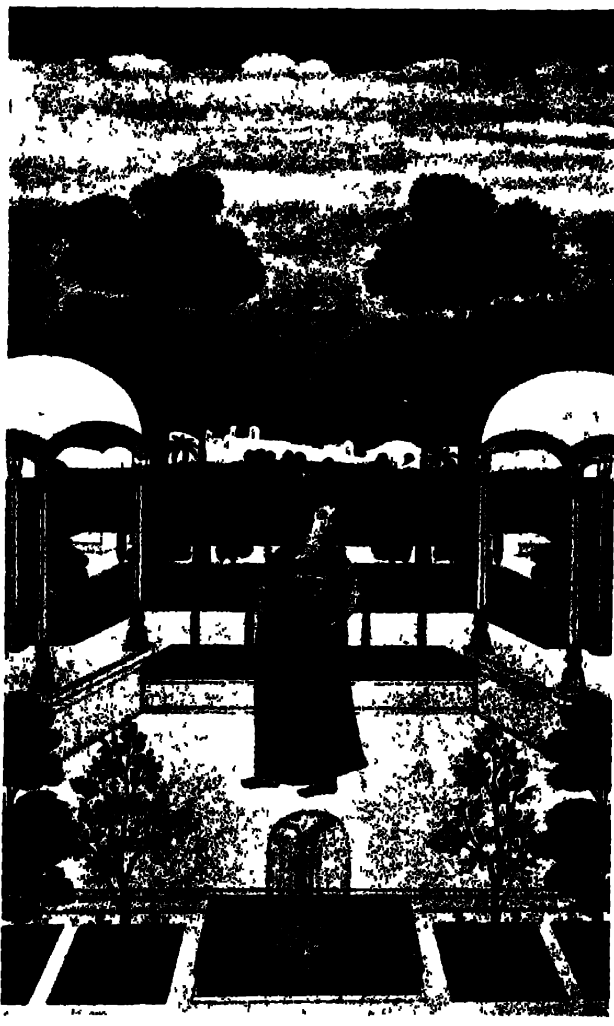
## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

most daring of authors. Yet such is the scope of Miss O'Neill's new volume, and this world-history of hers for boys and girls is really a very attractive and masterly performance. Her first chapter deals with "The Coming of Man," and her last with "Our World to-day" and in the forty-six intervening chapters she gives you a clear, concise, well written history of the Jews and Phœnicians, of Greece, Rome, the contemporary barbarian nations, and so on to a well-arranged, well-informed account of all the great peoples of the earth. About half-way through, you start upon the history of modern times. The history of England and her Colonies is adequately set forth, there are admirable chapters on the French Revolution, on India, China, Japan and the colonising and growth of America into a separate and great nation. It is a book of real educational value, and the more valuable because it is written in an easy, interesting fashion that will lure children into reading it for pleasure, which is the most profitable way of study. A word of special praise must be added for the colour plates and the numerous black and white illustrations that have been selected and arranged by Mr S. G. Stubbs, they comprise some excellent photographs and a large selection from old prints, and add enormously to the interest and attractiveness of the volume.

### A WINTER IN INDIA

By ARCHIBALD H. SPENS 6s. 10d. (Stanley Paul)

Mr Spens describes his work, in his sub title, as "Eight Impressions of its (India's) Cities, Peoples, and Customs," whereby he succeeds in putting it off accurately enough. Last winter he paid his second visit to India, and he gives



From Gardens of the Great Mughals  
(Black)

"A RIVERSIDE GARDEN."



From A Winter in India  
(Stanley Paul)

A TEMPLE IN THE DESERTED  
CITY OF ANGER

his impressions in a chatty, often flippant, but always vivid, journalistic style. In the course of three months he saw a lot, though nothing far from the beaten track. The public at which he aims is not that which knows India, but the untravelled multitude. He likes to recall the history of the places which he passes through, to picture the scenes of the Indian Mutiny, and of the days long before that, and never scruples to digress in pursuit of the associations of the spot on which he stands. The plan has its merits, though it makes the book easier to read in brief snatches than as a continuous whole. "A Winter in India" would make an excellent companion volume to the guide-book for one who desired to "do" India for the first time. Its letterpress is illustrated by nearly a hundred photographs, nearly all of which were taken by the author. They are both good and varied in character. Mr Spens, if but a tourist, made his tour with an intelligent mind and a quick eye.

### THIRTY YEARS IN KASHMIR

By ARTHUR NEVE, F.R.C.S.E. With 24 illustrations and a Map 12 6d net (Arnold)

Dr Arthur Neve arrived in Srinagar in 1882, having gone there to take over the charge of the Kashmir Mission Hospital. The first chapters in the book are descriptive of life in the Punjab in 1881, and of the author's experiences in Srinagar at a slightly later date. But the principal interest of the book lies in the author's accounts of his travels, climbs, and adventures in the Himalayas, and to this by far the greater space is devoted. Dr Neve is a daring and indefatigable explorer, and in the course of his journeys he has had many interesting experiences and has met many strange peoples. Written with a becoming modesty, the book is one of the best of its kind it has ever been our good fortune to come across.

## THE LIFE AND THOUGHT OF JAPAN.

By OKAKURA  
YOSHISABURO  
3s 6d net  
(Dent)

A word of commendation should be given to the dainty dress provided for this book by the publishers, because daintiness and prettiness are befitting a book about Japan. The author says the typical flower of Japan is the *sakura* cherry blossom and says "It is precious to us because it affords us a kind of widespread canopy beneath which we may dwell. Every year at the end of spring we find ourselves living in a common home made of the blooming *sakura* trees in their fulness of glow. All through the book the note struck here of life in common is repeated and a point made of contrast with the individualism of Western nations. The typical Western flower is the rose, but the *sakura* is not like the rose, an individual flower. It is a congregated flower. With us it is not individuals before family as is the case with you, but family before individuals. A man is not so and so by himself, but a member of such and such a family. Again the author says emphasizing the contrast between East and West. With us marriage is an affair of the house, not of the individuals. The union had its fundamental idea in ancestor worship and to leave the world without male issue came to be regarded by us as the greatest sin. Elsewhere he insists 'We feel the constant presence of our guardian spirits. Christian theology can be taught so as to be accepted by the Japanese, but whether it can ever succeed in touching our heart of hearts and make us care no more for the spirits of our forefathers hovering in the air is a question not likely to be answered in the affirmative. So he continually brings home to us his meaning when in speaking of the typical flower of Japan he says it makes a widespread canopy beneath which its devotees may dwell. An interesting account is given of the influence of the Chinese upon Japan and of the kind of amalgamation that has taken place of the native Japanese Shinto religion with Confucianism and Buddhism. Filial piety (in the sense they ascribe to it) is the virtue *par excellence* our author repeats of the Eastern world.

## THE BOOK OF PSALMS

With 24 Illustrations, in Colour by FRANK PAPE 10s 6d net (Hutchinson)

Of the many beautiful books of this season none is more beautifully produced than this of the Psalms. The illustrations of Mr Pape reflect the splendour, the sombre mysticism, the tenderness, the lyrical sweetness—all the



1 The Life and Thought of Japan  
(D. H.)

THE TEA CEREMONY (CHANOYU)

varying moods of these immortal songs powerfully and with most delicate imaginative art.



From Myths of the Hindus and  
Buddhists  
(Harrop).

DAMAYANTI  
(By Khatundra Nath Mazumdar)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *Nelson's Last Love*  
(Hutchinson)

EMMA, LADY HAMILTON,  
AS THALIA.  
(From an engraving by Raphael  
Morgen, Rome, after a painting  
by Angelica Kauffman.)

## MYTHS OF THE HINDUS AND BUDDHISTS.

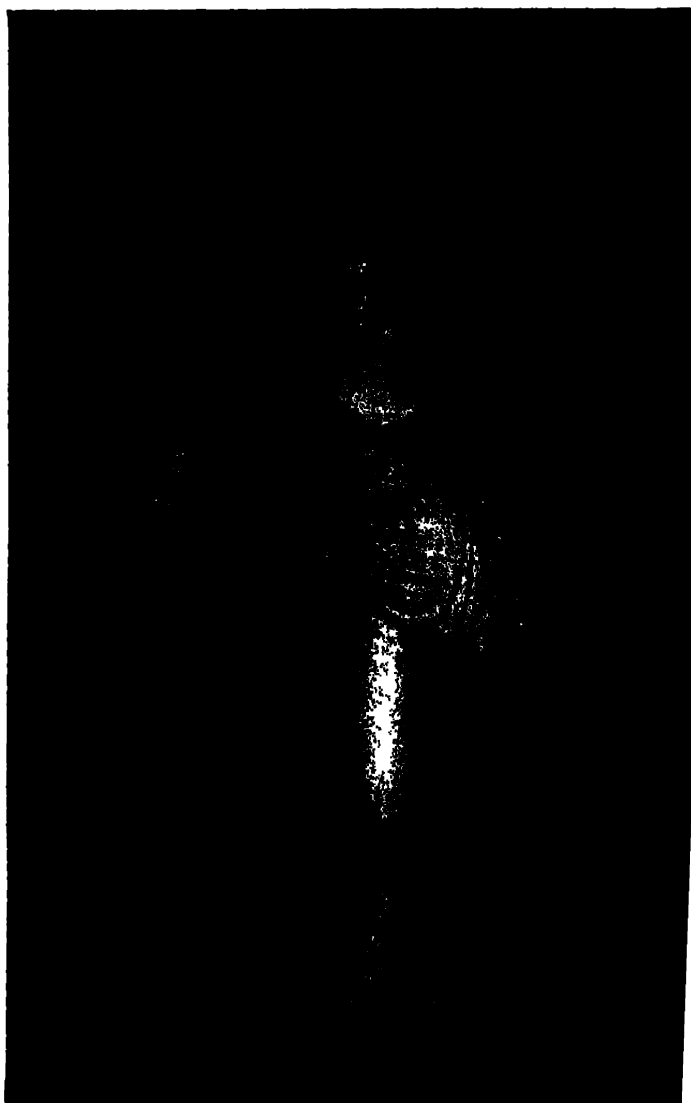
By the SISTER NIVEDITA (MARGARET J. NOBLE), of  
Ramakrishna-Vivekananda, and ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY. With 32 Illustrations in Colour by Indian  
Artists under the Supervision of ABANINDRO NATTA  
TAGORE, C.I.E. 15s net (Harrap)

In the course of a short note it is impossible to do justice to this very unusual and remarkable book, and we have space, unfortunately, only to indicate very briefly what the volume contains. The text is divided into eight chapters. Opening with a brief study of the mythology of the Indo-Aryan races, it is continued with two chapters upon the *Rāmāyana* and the *Mahābhārata*. In these chapters, after briefly summarising the story, the authors proceed to retail and expand the myths and traditions contained in the two great classics of India. These chapters take up rather more than half the book, the remainder of which is devoted to chapters upon Krishna, Buddha, Shiva, Other Stories from the Puranas, Epics, and Vedas, and the conclusion. Very well and simply written, the book should appeal alike to the student of Indian religions and to the general reader who is in search of something more arresting and unusual than the ordinary novel of the day. The illustrations, of which there are thirty-two, are all reproduced in colour, and have been made by Indian artists. They are as remarkable as anything that we have ever seen, and we imagine that many people will regard them as a vindication of Indian pictorial art. It would call for a good deal of knowledge adequately to criticise them, but it may be said at once that everybody is sure to find them fascinating, even if their beauty does not appeal. Certainly this book is, as its publishers claim, "a genuine product of the East."

## THE BEAUTIFUL LADY CRAVEN.

By A. M. BROADLEY and LEWIS MELVILLE, 2 vols. 5s net. (John Lane.)

The memoirs of Elizabeth, Lady Craven, afterwards Margravine of Auspach, were published originally in 1840, with a dedication to the Duke of York, so soon afterwards to die. They are now "edited with notes, and a biographical and historical introduction, containing much unpublished matter," by Messrs Broadley and Melville. That the autobiography in itself possesses sufficient merit to call for republication at the present date could scarcely be argued. But the long Introduction, in which the editors "have endeavoured," they say, "to reconstitute the life-story of an exceptionally attractive lady," the numerous documents, many of them the property of Mr. Broadley, which now for the first time see the light, and the admirable illustrations, forty-eight in all, which decorate the two volumes—these give the work a value which cannot be denied. The memory of the lady is very faint nowadays, though, as the editors point out, there are Margrave Road and Margravine Mansions to recall that she and her husband once resided in Hammersmith at Brandenburgh House, the site of which is occupied by the Hammersmith Distillery. In her lifetime, however, she was a figure which we may call, as we will, either famous or notorious. Queen Charlotte had no doubt which was the correct term, and refused to have



From *The Beautiful Lady Craven*  
(Lane.)

ELIZABETH, LADY CRAVEN, WIFE OF  
WILLIAM, SIXTH LORD CRAVEN.  
(From the portrait at Combe Abbey, attributed  
to Thomas Sneyd.)

her at Court; in justification of her attitude.

Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the fourth Earl of Berkeley, married, when she was not yet seventeen, William Craven, who, two years later, succeeded his father as Baron Craven. She bore him seven children before he settled £1,500 a year on her, and packed her off as a bad wife. Her editors think that in her relations with Craven she was "possibly more sinned against than sinning." But, whatever Craven's sins, he had forgiven in her a particularly scandalous infidelity before he turned her away in 1783. In

her subsequent travels on the Continent she entered into a friendship, of the type mis-called platonic, with Christian Frederick, Margrave of Brandenburg Auspach, and Bayreuth, a great-grandson of George I. His wife died in 1790, and Lord Craven at the end of September, 1791. In October, 1791, the widow and widower married. He had already, by her wish, sold his principality to Prussia, and the pair came to England, bought the house already mentioned, on the bank of the Thames, and hoped to be received by Society. So, indeed, they were generally, and the royal princes had no compunction about visiting Brandenburg House, but they never got to Court.

The Mar gravine wrote, besides her Memoirs and some travel-letters, poems, and a few plays. She acted, according to an admirer, *tout à la Jordan*, but other criticisms make us suspect that this was a libel upon Mrs. Jordan. Certainly, however, she was keenly interested in theatricals, and she made Brandenburg House celebrated for its stage-performances, assisted by Mrs. Abingdon, Bannister, and a host of titled amateurs. Messrs. Broadley and Melville say that, though she was "not, possibly, what the world calls a good woman"—this is rather quaint—she "exercised, for a lengthy period, power of fascination." That she was beautiful the portraits, by a large variety of artists, prove. Beauty and fascination are her claims to remembrance.

ed some hard facts

## BOOKS OF THE BORDER.

This season has seen almost a plethora of books relating to the Border Country on both sides of the Tweed. That locality—narrow in extent—is second to none for its wealth of literature, for the memories that cling to every landmark, for the poetry and romance which are its peculiar possession. Scott, to be sure, is the great central glory of the Border—its "Guardian Genius," as Wordsworth said. Nevertheless, other names than his have helped to make Tweedside glorious and renowned among the sons of men.

It is not only for the sake of Sir Walter, but for the sake of Sir Walter's friends and associates—men like Hogg, the singing Shepherd of Ettrick, and Leyden, the most prodigious pundit of his time, and gentle Willie Laidlaw; and Lockhart—it is for their sakes, and a host besides, earlier than the Wizard's time—"good worthy Mr. Thomas Boston," for instance, the Erskines and the Baillies, mighty supporters of the Covenant, and many others—that the valleys of the Tweed and Teviot, of Ettrick and Yarrow, have grown into a kind of happy hunting-ground for thousands of pilgrim feet from the realm of Everywhere.

Is it surprising that such a vast and attractive literature should have fastened itself, ivy-like, around this



From Society, Politics, and Diplomacy (Unwin).

### LADY ELIZABETH COMPTON.

Only child of Charles, 7th Earl of Northampton, by Lady Anne Somerset, daughter of the 4th Duke of Beaufort. Born 25th June, 1760. Died 7th April, 1831. Married 27th February, 1782, Lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish, created Earl of Burlington in 1831. After Sir Joshua Reynolds.

charmed and charming land? We welcome, first of all, Mr. Lang's fine contribution,<sup>1</sup> reviewed elsewhere in this Number, and destined, one feels, to be the "open sesame" into this so precious treasure-house.

Mrs. John Lang's book<sup>2</sup> is the fragment of a more ambitious scheme, as one happens to know. She follows to some extent that Border evergreen, Wilson's "Tales." But a more finished pen is apparent here, and the stories are scarcely so lugubrious (barring that terrible tale of

<sup>1</sup> "Highways and Byways in the Border" By Andrew Lang and John Lang 6s net (Macmillan)

<sup>2</sup> "North and South of Tweed" By Jean Lang 5s net. (Jack)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From The Public Prosecutor of the  
Terror Alphonse Quentin  
Fouquier-Tinville

FOQUIER-TINVILLE

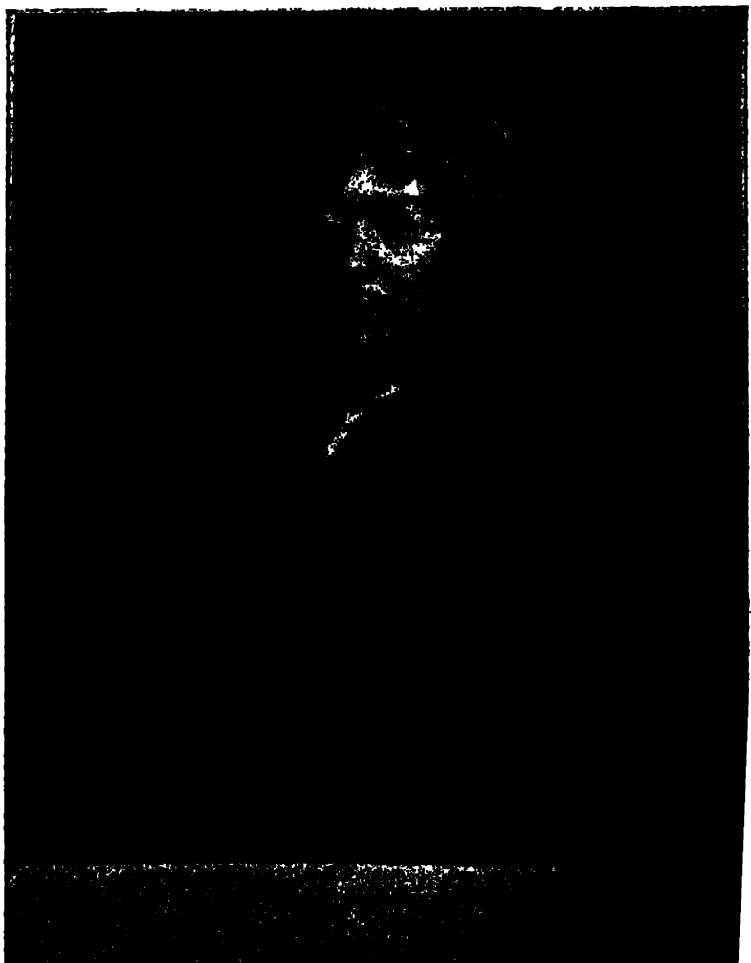
Spoti Manse), they are more or less based on historical data, and form a delightful resume of the folk-lore of not a few quiet and undistinguished nooks of the Border. The book should make an acceptable Christmas gift. What shall be comprised under that magical word "the Border"? Mr Hannah's task<sup>2</sup> takes him much further afield than Mr Lang has ventured, though it could be proved that once on a time (far-off, to be sure) Edinburgh itself might be included within the term. It was a phrase that constantly varied with the fortunes of war between Scots and English. Nowadays the delimitation is simple. Geographically, the Tweed and the Cheviots constitute the natural boundary line—the counties of Berwick, Roxburgh, and Northumberland being, therefore, the Border Counties in the stricter sense. But the fostering of a literary signification, brought about mainly by the work of Scott and his compeers, has finally settled that the Border is to be regarded as consisting of the whole watershed of the Tweed and its tributaries, to wit, the counties of Berwick, Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles, with the portion of Dumfries which abuts on the Solway. Mr Hannah has taken no end of pains in preparation for his agreeable word-picture of the Berwickshire coast, and the conveyance of his readers right along the Lothian line to Linlithgow and Bo'ness. The book is packed with solid material. The writer is especially helpful when he discourses on the geological and architectural features so much in evidence around the "country of St Abb," for example, where, at Coldingham, one of the oldest religious houses of the kingdom still does duty as the parish kirk. The account of Berwick-on-Tweed is almost all that one wants to know about the "good town." But to say that this book

<sup>2</sup> "The Berwick and Lothian Coasts." By Ian C. Hannah. 6s net (Fisher Unwin.)

is at its best in the purely Border section, would not be just. For the remaining chapters are equally interesting, and equally valuable, only they do not come within the present purview.

Two scholarly contributions to Border history *per excellence* have recently appeared. Thanks to the cultured leisure of Otterburn Tower, we now know all we can know about the men who kept the Marches in the days of the deadly feud, when, "if any two be displeased, they expect no law, but bang it out bravely, one and his kindred against the other and his, they will subject themselves to no justice, but in an inhuman and barbarous manner, fight and kill one another." To go through Mr Pease's pages<sup>4</sup> is to recall a very desolating epoch in the national annals. English and Scots were continually "in bad blood," and many were the forays and the fights, much was the terror and the anguish of that so unhappy time. It was Edward of the Long Shanks who blew the coal that set the fire ablaze. He charged his son "never to make peace with Scotland until the nation was subdued." And not for many long years was the sound of the unholy strife stilled at last. Wardens (or Guardians) were needed to hold in check the wild clamorous clans of the Border. Both alike were inbred thieves. If Barty of the Comb should discover that his sheep were missing, all he did was to step over to his neighbour Corbit Jock to tell him so, and the twain, sure that "Scotland would ha' them," set off on the "hot trod" down Blakehope, and into Redewater, and across the Carter to Teviotside, where they would "lift" the best Scots wethers they knew of, and flashing (if need

<sup>4</sup> "The Lord Wardens of the Marches of England and Scotland." By Howard Pease, M.A. 10s 6d net (Constable.)



From Macanlay's History of England  
(Macmillan)

SIR PETER LELY.  
From a Mosaicist by J. De Witt after  
painting by Sir P. Lely.

has their swords on the wall, they would fight to the death rather than return "loomhanded." Let us be thankful for our own quiet era. For now

"No Warden keeps the Marches,  
From Tynedale to the Tweed,  
Broad winds the road to Scotland  
Beside the streams of Rede"

There were pleasant and peaceful spots on the Border throughout those centuries of blood and iron. To fight may be the breath of one man's life, to pray is the very breath of another's. Thus the monasteries were constructed, "not in cities, or in castles, or in towns, but in places remote from the society of men." And when Dervorgilla the Devout set up her noble Abbey of the Sweet Heart at the foot of Criffel, with his diadem of transfigured mist, his wreath of red heather, his deep battle scars of the glaciers, his Titanic ribs of granite, and calm Loch Kindar with its leafy, lonely isle asleep beneath him, surely never was site more ideal for the Sanctuary of God on earth! It is the story of this Lady of Galloway, this daughter and mother of princes, this bountiful doer of gracious deeds, which Mr Huyshe has narrated so charmingly.<sup>6</sup> She is among the most winsome women in history

"A queenlier heart  
never throbbed  
more true  
'Mong Galloway's  
rocks and rills"

Her whole life was surrendered to religion, to the creation and endowment of Friaries, and to such acts of beneficence as bridge-building; for Dervorgilla's Bridge at Dumfries is that town's chief relic of the olden time. Save one, however, all her religious foundations have perished. And Dulce Cor stands open to the winds of heaven. It was on Dulce Cor that she lavished her greatest love, and somewhere within its broken walls she waits the Morn.

It is but a step from the meditative life of the monasteries to the life of those who commune with Nature, and to whom every aspect of Nature speaks with a voice unheard by ordinary mortals. There are Whites of Selborne in many of the parishes of Scotland—men who live in the close enjoyment of the sights and sounds about their own Manse door, and to whom the truest revelation in bird, and beast, and flower, ensures a harvest of unspeakable joy. It is the ability to bring blessing out of the commonest things, to see more clearly that which lies at our feet that

<sup>6</sup> "Dervorgilla, Lady of Galloway" By Wentworth Huyshe 6s. (David Douglas.)

is Heaven's best boon to the human soul. Lady John Scott sings of "wild and stormy Lammermoor," but, as the present writer well knows, Lammermoor holds many a kindly mood in her lap. And it is like breasting the old road again, it is like being enwrapped by one's native air, it is like listening to the lilt of Leader Water, to read those scholarly and sympathetic essays of the minister of Lauder.<sup>6</sup> Mr Bolam's book<sup>7</sup> is necessarily technical and cyclopædic. It tabulates the experience of a born naturalist, whose nights and days have been ungrudgingly given to a most intimate fellowship with the feathered tribes which predominate in the East Border. An account of the chief Border ornithologists makes a singularly pleasant introduction

In one sense, the "Country of Sir Walter Scott" is synonymous with the Border. Scott belonged to the Border, was nursed by it, lived in it, died in it, and the Border holds his dust. There is a sense, however, in which Sir Walter's country broadens and widens to many a farflung shore. It is the Country of the Novels, beginning with "mine own, my native land," making many an inroad upon England and Wales, crossing to France and Germany, touching Syria and the Golden Horn, and extending to India. Mr Olcott<sup>8</sup> is apparently an American (his book bears an American imprint), who loves his Scott, and made a pilgrimage through most of the scenes of the Waverleys. The result is an addition to Scott literature which justifies its use by every student of the Master

THE DAUPHIN, LOUIS XVII (1745-1795 (P)).  
After the portrait by Kucharzinski made in 1792.  
(Photo, Ncurdin.)

Hunnewell's (also an American) "The Lands of Scott," has been long out of print, and there is no better book to take its place. With Olcott for guide, those who are entering the Waverley realm for the first time are fortunate, and those who oft return to it (and who does not?) will derive fresh stimulus (if that be possible) for a literary sojourn which does not seem likely ever to brook a rival. The children are ever with us, and Miss Grierson's little book<sup>9</sup> will fill a fine niche till the day for reading Lockhart has dawned

W S CROCKETT.

<sup>6</sup> "In the Lap of the Lammermoor." By William McConachie, B D 6s (Blackwood)

<sup>7</sup> "Birds of Northumberland and the Eastern Borders" By "Hun" 7s 6d (Black)

<sup>8</sup> "The Country of Sir Walter Scott" By Charles S Olcott 6s net (Cassell)

<sup>9</sup> "Sir Walter Scott" By Elizabeth Grierson ("Peeps" Series) 1s. 6d (Black)



From The French Revolution  
(Jack).

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *Phiz* and Dickens  
(Nisbet)

HARLOT K. BROWNE ("PHIZ")

### THIRTEEN APPRECIATIONS.

By PRINCIPAL ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D., LL.D. 3s 6d  
net (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier)

These thirteen sketches deal each with the life and work of some character distinguished in the realm of religion, or of religious literature. Thus we have amongst them appreciations of Santa Teresa, Jacob Behmen, Samuel Rutherford, Sir Thomas Browne, William Law, Cardinal Newman, and John Wesley. The material is handled with understanding, the cardinal features of each life being skilfully disengaged, while the writing is marked by ease and sureness of touch. The essays are obviously the outcome of a close and sympathetic study of the lives and writings of the personages with whom they deal, and

the fact that they were for the most part originally given in the form of addresses to Principal Whyte's classes, makes them additionally readable by reason of the absence of formality. The subject of Jacob Behmen is rather a heavy burden for a brief essay, but the difficulty is surmounted with considerable success. In the case of Sir Thomas Browne, too, the treatment is notably discriminating and adequate. With their feeling for essentials, and certain happy touches of phrase and anecdote, Principal Whyte's



MRS. STETSON

Author of "Reminiscences, Sermons and Correspondence"  
(Putnam)

"Appreciations" give us a clear presentment of the worthies whose spiritual portraiture he has undertaken. And although his first interest is naturally the religious, we had almost said the theological, side of the subject, the literary aspect is by no means neglected. Thus, in the essay on Cardinal Newman, we are bidden to observe the "strength, the richness, the pliability, the acuteness, the subtlety, the spiritualness, the beauty, the manifold resources of the English language" in Newman's writings. Altogether the "Appreciations" may be considered as yielding to the reader very much more than a mere introductory acquaintance with their subjects.

### THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

By LORD MACAULAY Edited by CHARLES HARDING FIRTH, M.A. In Six Volumes Vol I, with Photogravure Frontispiece, 9 Coloured Plates, and 173 Black-and-White Illustrations 10s 6d net (Macmillan)

The main feature of this fine reissue of Macaulay's "History of England" lies in the illustrations which have been included under the direction of Professor Firth. Not only are they extremely numerous, but the selection of them has clearly been made with the utmost care. They do really illustrate the text, they are all of a good size, and they have been very carefully printed. Their inclusion marks an epoch in the publishing of Macaulay's History, and if—as seems likely—the succeeding volumes attain to the high standard of the first, Messrs Macmillan's illustrated edition will become easily the best to be had.

### THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By H. F. B. WHEELER With a series of Illustrations from authentic sources. 7s 6d net (Jack)

The story of the French Revolution is one of those stories that seem to grow newer the more you tell them. Since Carlyle wrote his famous history many new facts have come to light, fresh contemporary memoirs have made their appearance, letters and private documents have emerged to throw vivid sidelights on the monarchists and republicans of that unparalleled period. Mr H. F. B. Wheeler has done useful historical work in this, as in other fields, and in his latest volume, "The French Revolution," he tells the tale of that terrific uprising picturesquely, interestingly, making use of all the most recent revelations and discoveries on the subject and writing a thoroughly sound and eminently readable history of that portentous time and the remarkable men who flourished in it. A special word of praise is due to Mr S. G. Stubbs to whom the author ascribes all responsibility for the scheme of illustration, and the selection of the eighty portraits and the old engravings of characteristic scenes and events that increase both the attractiveness and the helpfulness of the book.



PRINCIPAL ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D., LL.D.  
(Author of "Thirteen Appreciations")  
(Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier).



**THE CASE FOR CO-EDUCATION.**

By **CECIL GRANT, M.A.**, and **NORMAN HODGSON, B.A.**  
5s. net (Grant Richards)

Two Oxford men here give us a statement of the case for educating boys and girls together at the public schools which lacks nothing in courage, sincerity, and powerful argument. Their conclusions are based on the experiment at Keswick and (subsequently) St George's School, Harpenden, of which Mr Grant is headmaster. That experiment, which lasted fifteen years, was directly caused



*From In the Footsteps of Borrow  
and FitzGerald*  
(Jarrold)

**GEORGE BORROW**  
(From a hitherto unpublished  
photograph)

by the hope of finding a remedy for the moral evil in our schools. Conducted on right lines, using such simple safeguards as all good schools should employ, co-education, they insist, can render any school as securely immune from immorality, as good boys' schools are immune from small-pox, or from epidemics of stealing. Displeasure is plainly hinted at the custom of adopting co-education, on the ground that boys and girls can be more cheaply educated together than apart. American experience is very fully dealt with. In spite of Professor Stanley Hall, it is clear that co-education is a distinct success in the States. Particularly interesting is the testimony of a high American official authority, that it "explains in great measure the freedom that women enjoy in this country, with respect to the pursuit of careers, and especially the large share which they take in the educational work of the country." In view of the great changes which the authors, in common with all experts, foresee to be imminent in our educational system, this able presentation of the case for co-education is very timely.

**LADY HESTER LUCY STANHOPE**

By **FRANK HAMEL**. With 20 Photogravure Plates. 15s. net  
(Cassell)

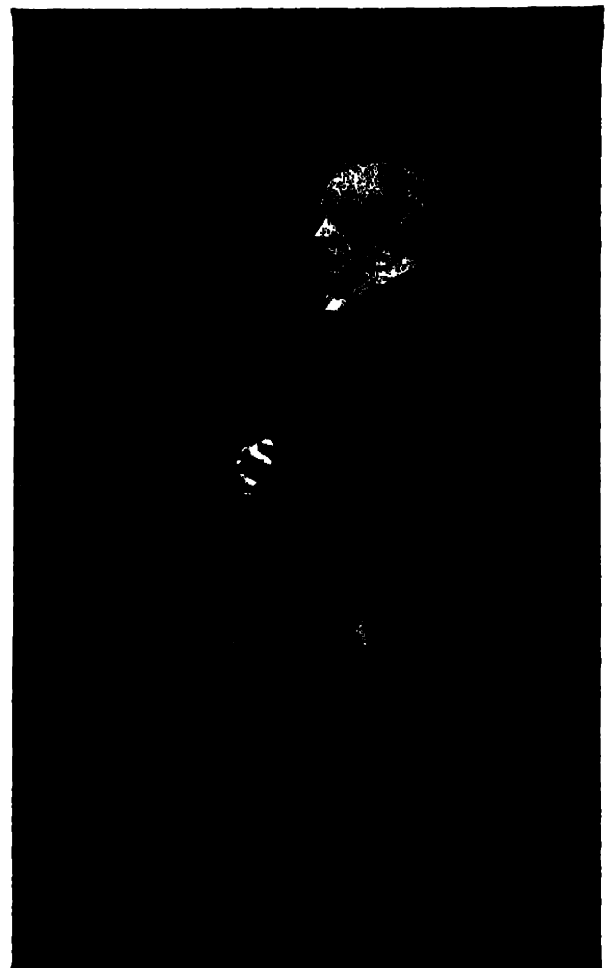
Miss Hamel's new discoveries tend only to make more remarkable the remarkable history of Lady Hester Stanhope, the eccentric woman who left England and travelled

in the East, eventually settling down in Damascus, where she died in 1839. The author of this book has had access to material which has never before been published even in the life written by Lady Hester's niece and privately printed in 1897. "In the first place," says Miss Hamel, "she does not mention Lady Hester's love affair with Michael Bruce, and her magnanimity in giving him up when the time came for him to follow his career in England—a career which unfortunately did not turn out as brilliantly as Lady Hester expected."

In the second place, the Duchess of Cleveland never attempted to solve the question of the possibility of Lady Hester's marriage or love affair with an Arab sheik, a matter which Lady Hester refused to discuss openly to the close of her life. On these two points Miss Hamel's biography is of great value and may claim to be the most authoritative life of Lady Hester yet published, and every reader who encounters the book will find his feelings divided between wonder at the remarkable career of Lady Hester and admiration for the ability with which Miss Hamel handles her material. History and biography need be none the less sound for being interestingly written, and, keeping close to the facts, Miss Hamel has deftly fashioned Lady Hester's strange career into one of the most fascinating of romantic stories.



**THE REV CECIL GRANT, M.A.**  
Part author with Mr Norman Hodgson,  
B.A., of 'The Case for Co-education'  
(Grant Richards)



*From John Bright*  
(Constable).

**JOHN BRIGHT**  
(From a photograph by Mr  
Rupert Potter, 1881).

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope  
(Gussell)

LADY HESTER ENTERTAINING A VISITOR  
IN HER RECEPTION ROOM AT DJOUN.

a love of books that was catholic and discriminating. His son has drawn his character with a deep sense of the nobility and the warm humanity of it, and has told ably and sympathetically the story of a full and happy life that touches you with no regret except [that it has ended.

### A LIFE OF JOHN COSIN, BISHOP OF DURHAM, 1660-1672.

By PERCY H. OSMOND,  
M.A. 8s 6d net  
(Mowbray)

### LOVE AND LIFE

The Story of J. Denholm Brash. By his Son. With Two Portraits. 2s 6d net (C. H. Kelly)

Mr W. B. Brash has written a very interesting record of a very useful and beautiful life. His father was the well-known Methodist minister, Denholm Brash, whose memory will be long cherished in Shetland, in Aberdeen, in divers towns of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, which were the scenes of his ministerial labours. It is a vivid picture of a charming and lovable personality that grows upon you as you read these pages—the personality of a man who was passionately sincere, a great preacher, for "preaching was the supreme passion of his life, and to him it was no weekly task, but the divine privilege of his days", a faithful and hard-working servant of his Church, and yet one who was keenly alive to all the varied interests of the life about him. He was so much of an enthusiast for cricket, and so young in his old age, that at seventy-one he could "count the selection of a Test Match team as something of inexpressible importance." There is a delightful chapter on "My father and his books," from which you gather that he was a real bookman, with

This is the biography of that Bishop of Durham whose life covered a period which is of tremendous interest to all students of Church history. It saw the conclusion of the labours of the Reformation, and the rise and subsequent triumph of that great movement which we know as Anglicanism. In his desire to preserve the æsthetic side of religious observance, Dr Cosin appears to have suffered much at the hands of those who to-day are mainly represented by the followers of the late Mr Kennt. It was the Bishop's aim to conserve the direction of progress by withstanding the extremes of reforming zeal. It was a time of warfare for the Church, and "The Knave Cosin"—as he was pleasantly described by another bishop—was in the thick of the fray. The book, indeed, gives us some lively pictures of the ecclesiastic stress and terror of the time, and incidentally throws valuable sidelights on the evolution of the Anglican movement. As a liturgical scholar the Bishop did useful work in the revision of the Prayer Book. Priest, scholar, and intellectual gladiator, he made his mark on his age. But as a lover of books, music, and architecture, he appeals equally to our sympathies.



From Ships and Ways of Other Days  
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

SIXTEENTH CENTURY SEAMEN STUDYING  
THE ART OF NAVIGATION.

### THE SOUTHLAND OF NORTH AMERICA.

By GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM. With 96 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author, and a Map. 10s 6d. net (Putnam)

The importance of the Central American republics will be materially enhanced by the Panama Canal, and these once comparatively unknown regions will doubtless spring into considerable prominence. The American traveller, therefore, naturally finds these countries of very much interest at the present moment. Mr Putnam's recent wanderings took him into all the republics with the exception of Honduras, which shares with Nicaragua the distinction of being in the worst financial position of almost any state in the world. The writer is a traveller with keen powers of observation and a sense of humour, and he does full justice to a fascinating subject.

## THE ANGLO-FRENCH ENTENTE IN THE XVII. CENTURY.

By CHARLES BASTIDE.  
10s. 6d. net. (John Lane)

If these latter days, when the Entente, the alliance based on similarity of interests and mutual respect between the French and ourselves, is one of the accepted things of life, it is difficult to conceive that, for so many generations, the two first nations of the world should have regarded each other as deadly enemies. Probably it was because no one else approached us that we were so keen, and so bitter, in our rivalry. During the nineteenth century the combined folly of our rulers and those of France allowed rival powers to grow unhealthily big. What chances we lost when we failed to guarantee Jefferson Davis' dollar bills, or to heed the cry of the Danish people in Holstein. But to-day France and ourselves have been forced into alliance as the guardians of civilization. Out of that alliance has come a mutual understanding. A few years hence and, in all human probability, the Fashoda affair will seem inconceivably remote, our quarrels of the past will appear as something unreal. Still, it is well to be reminded that the friendship between the nations is not merely a thing of yesterday, that it began centuries ago. M. Charles Bastide has done a useful work in tracing the beginnings of the present entente. His book is scholarly and thorough, although it is strange to-day, when France has broken away from Rome, and we ourselves allow so much latitude in matters religious, to find how strong a factor religion was in the seventeenth century, how enormously it could affect international relations.

### ROSE BERTIN

The Creator of Fashion at the Court of Marie Antoinette.

By EMILE LANGLADE.  
Adapted from the French by Dr. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT. With Photogravures and other Portraits and Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (John Long)

The life of the Court milliner of Marie



From *The Anglo-French Entente in the Seventeenth Century* (Lane)

"L'ANGLAIS," POPULAR REPRESENTATION OF AN ENGLISHMAN, c. 1670, AFTER BONNART



From *Rose Bertin* (Long).

FASHION IN 1778. set called *Le Lecer de la Rame* Musée Carnavalet.

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

Antoinette, the creation of the numberless dainty, ridiculous, extravagant *poufs* and hats and bonnets, is so intimately connected with the Court itself that much of the charm of that ill-fated period enters into this biography. Rose Bertin's real name was Marie-Jeanne, and Marie-Jeanne is more picturesque than Mary Jane. So, too, this French daughter of a policeman had a charm and an ambition which were more common and more possible of fulfilment among French women than among women of other countries about this period. The Court was frivolous and fond of dress. Therefore, if one could contrive and create becoming novelties, however startling, one was likely to become "the fashion." Rose Bertin possessed a millinery genius and plenty of courage, and she became the familiar adviser of the Queen in matters of dress. Throughout that gay, extravagant period, when the French Court was at the height of its brilliance, the gold flowed into Rose Bertin's purse, and she was often haughty and self-seeking on the strength of her popularity with the Queen, but the story goes that when the days of the Terror came, and accounts had to be rendered, the loyal milliner burnt her ledger with all the enormous sums owed to her by the aristocracy, that the millinery bills of Marie Antoinette also recorded there might not be made known to the New Masters and brought as a further charge against the poor Queen. The volume is vivacious and interesting, and the illustrations are excellent.

### MORE ABOUT KING EDWARD.

By EDWARD LEGGE 16s. net. (Evelough Nash)

Having written one admirable book on King Edward VII., Mr. Edward Legge has been driven to compile yet another by a veritable passion of bitter resentment and indignation. And the cause of his wrath was Sir Sidney Lee's article on the late King in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Sir Sidney, in fact, figures rather like King Charles's head—he is always cropping up to be



From *More about King Edward*  
(Nash)

**KING EDWARD.**  
By Albert Bruce Joy (Photo, W. E.  
Grav, London, W.)

severely trounced and mauled just when Mr Legge is becoming interesting. "When you wrote your article," he asks Sir Sidney with a rhetorical flourish in his preface, "did you bestow a thought of the widowed queen still in her garb of woe? Did you ask yourself if your wounding phrases would soothe her lacerated heart? Did you think of the dead king's children—one a king, another a queen? Do you respect or do you mock at the injunction "De mortuis nil nisi bonum"? To anybody who has read the article in the Dictionary of National Biography, it will seem quite unnecessary for Sir Sidney Lee to reply to any of these questions. But apart from this obsession, Mr Legge's book is delightful. Indeed, the long chapter entitled "King Edward in Story" is quite the best collection of anecdotes ever yet published. There is another chapter to which the author has given the title of "The Iron Fist" which the eager reader will find somewhat disappointing. The author gives the impression that he is going to lift the veil that hides the mystery of the theft of the Dublin Crown jewels, but all he has to tell us is what we know already with this exception, that he declares that King Edward deliberately squashed the enquiry. "I will not have any scandals," said His Majesty, and Mr. Legge explaining this remark, declares that an enquiry "might have necessitated the publication of evidence having no bearing upon the crime, but a direct bearing upon the reputations of persons not in any way implicated in the robbery of the jewels."

### **EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS.**

By VIOLETTE M. MONTAGU With Photogravure Frontispiece and 16 other Illustrations. 15s net. (Long.)

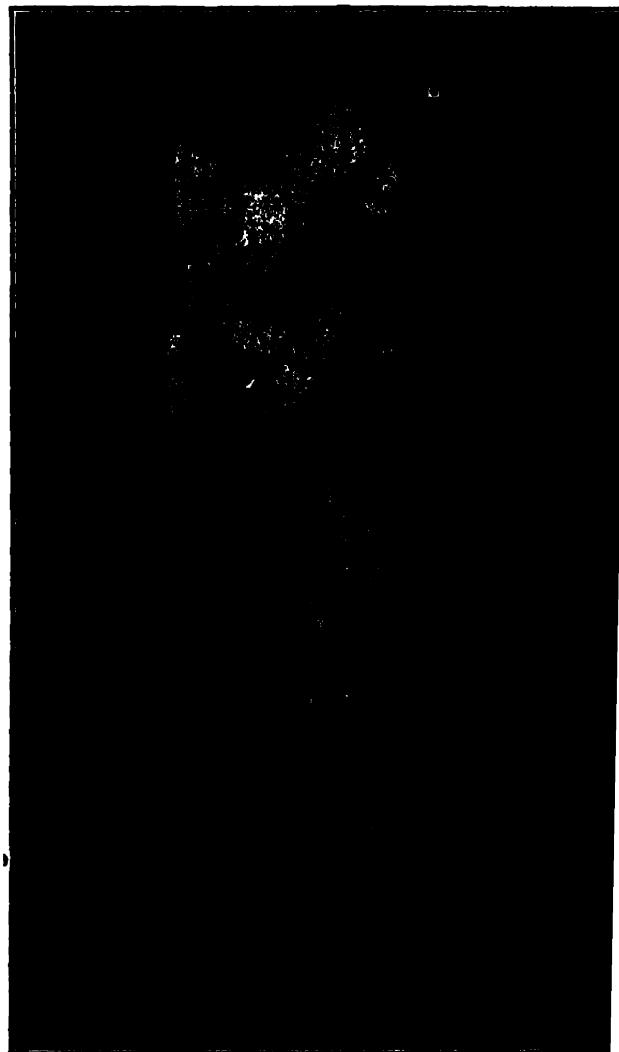
Miss Montagu's book deals with the life of the son of the Empress Eugénie by her first husband, the "adopted son"

of Napoleon, who loved him so well that for his sake he forgave his wife her infidelities more than once before finally he divorced her. Eugène had a weak but lovable character, and Miss Montagu gives us an interesting account of the early years of poverty, the mature years of high favour, and the latter ones of comparative seclusion of this plaything of fortune. The figure of Eugène is sketched in against a background of European politics and the wars of the Napoleonic period, in the handling of both of which Miss Montagu shows familiarity and assurance. Napoleon himself is strikingly and sympathetically delineated, and as a whole the book is well worthy the attention of serious readers.

### **FLAGSHIPS THREE.**

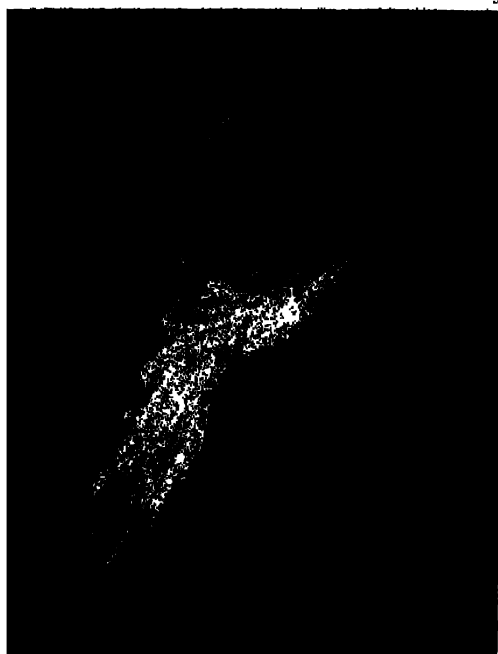
By C. E. W. BEAN With 4 Plates and about 30 Head and Tail Pieces by the Author. 5s net (Alston Rivers)

Anybody who read "On the Wool-Track" or "The Dreadnought of the Darling" will know that Mr Bean can write, and in "Flagships Three" he has what is, perhaps, the most inspiring theme that he has yet dealt with—the recent formation of an Australian Fleet. In 1908 Mr Bean published a little book dealing with the naval needs of Australia and demanding very much the same sort of fleet that is now rapidly in the making. In five years his dream has been realised. The present volume consists of the greater part of the old one, together with a large amount of new material, dealing mostly with the building and launching of the new battle-cruiser *Australia*.



From *Eugène de Beauharnais*  
(Long)

**NAPOLEON BONAPARTE  
IN HIS YOUTH.**  
From a bust by an unknown sculptor  
the Museum of Ajaccio.  
(Photo, A. E. Montagu).



Frontispiece to Volume I of the Life of Florence Nightingale (Macmillan)

## THE LIFE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

By SIR EDWARD COOK cl. net  
(Macmillan)

To mankind generally, Florence Nightingale is still the lady with the lamp, the ministering angel. Popular feeling and imagination fastened on that mission to the Crimea, and the mystery and seclusion of Miss Nightingale's later life could not efface the heroic story from men's minds.

Now that Sir Edward Cook has told us in this full and well-ordered biography, all the mental activities that followed the return from Scutari, and has revealed the enormous correspondence, the interviews, and the wire-pulling conducted by Miss Nightingale in her seclusion, it seems to us that the episode of that journey to the seat of war—and it was but an episode in a long and busy life—is by far the greatest thing to be remembered, and that while ever brave deeds are valued in this world, we shall always rightly think of Florence Nightingale as "the lady with the lamp." Yet, what a mass of work was accomplished in the after days, what strings were pulled, and what judgment, pertinacity and tact were used to get things done! Getting things done became a fine art for Miss Nightingale from the days of the first Sanitary Commission, and by their capacity for this art did she judge her contemporaries, men and women alike. Hence the strong and lasting friendship with Jowett of Balliol—so well brought out in these volumes—and the admiration for Sidney Herbert, Dr Sutherland, John Lawrence, Lord Ripon, and other famous men who took her counsel. "The combination of masterful powers of organisation with womanly gentleness and sympathy," characterize her public work from the first, Sir Edward Cook notes. "She is a noble-minded woman," Robert Lowe said of her in 1867, "and so charming." A practical mystic is an easy description. And her spirit was nourished on the literature of the great mystics, on St Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St Peter of Alcantara. All the intriguing, the wire-pulling, and the art of getting things done were used, not

as we commonly use them, for personal or party ends, but solely for the health of the race, in the cause of sanitation. Provided that mortality was decreased in the army, in the workhouse, in the homes of the poor, and amongst Indian ryots, no pains were too great to be taken. But never-failing good sense made Florence Nightingale understand that her energetic prompting must not be made public. Hers might be the hand that pulled official wires, and set official puppets moving to carry out her high behests, but no word of it must reach the Press. The long years of seclusion favoured her methods. In vain John Stuart Mill urged her to come out in the open, regretting the preference for moving hidden springs "so very general among women." Miss Nightingale, beyond allowing her name to be placed on the General Committee of the Women's Suffrage Society in 1871, and her opinion to be published, would not be persuaded to public controversy on Votes for Women. Similarly, when Mrs Josephine Butler crusaded, and successfully, for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, Florence Nightingale privately supported Mrs Butler, and refused absolutely to assist the War Office in selecting medical officers to carry out the obnoxious Acts. But she would take no part in the public agitation for repeal. When the question of the Registration of Nurses was raised, and hotly discussed in 1887, Miss Nightingale was prominent against the proposal though she admitted its possible advantage in forty years time. Her objection to inoculation was never removed. "she loathed and mocked at it," writes Sir Edward Cook.

Happy in her usefulness, and in her friendships, Florence Nightingale is no less happy in her biographer.



From Things I Remember  
(Nash).

MY GRANDMOTHER.

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From Provincial Russia  
(Black)

### THE ART COLLECTOR'S LIBRARY

8 vols 6s net each (Batsford)

Mr Batsford has issued eight volumes in his new and useful "Art Collector's Library" series, from four of which specimen illustrations have been selected for this Supplement, these four concerning respectively "English Table Glass," "French Pottery and Porcelain," "Sheffield Plate," and "Old Pewter." Like the rest of the volumes in the series (on "Old French Furniture," "French Furniture," "Dutch Pottery and Porcelain," and "English Embroidery") they are written by authors who are acknowledged experts, each in the particular study he has undertaken. The books are well printed, strongly and artistically bound, and they have information to impart that is both new and reliable. The whole series should prove an indispensable addition to the collector's library.

### PROVINCIAL RUSSIA

Painted by J.F. DE  
HAENEN. Described  
by H. STEWART.  
7s 6d net. (A. & C.  
Black.)

[This is not a record of travel, but rather a sober, careful attempt to give a picture of the condition, the ways, the morals of Russia as it now is after the first disillusion. For the reformation or revolution appears not to have brought in its train half the blessings that the *intelligentsia*, or the free-thinking, educated middle classes, expected and dreamed of. The burden of the book, as of most books on Russia, is that time must elapse, perhaps centuries, before the wonderful Russian people come into their

CONVOY OF PRISONERS ON FOOT

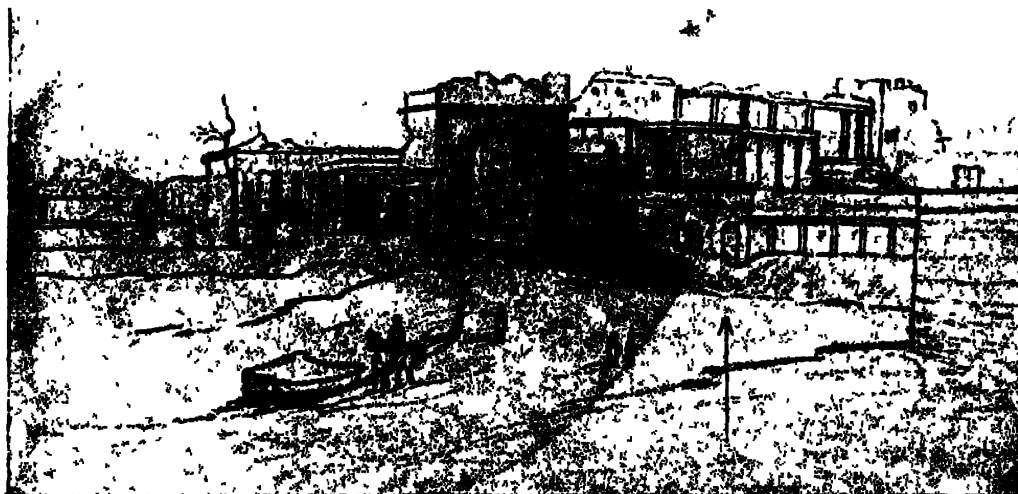
own. We know little about their literature, their enormous mass of folk-lore, their aspirations and their creed. The various chapters deal with Central and North Russia, with the Urals, with Provincial towns, with white Russia, with the steppes, and, lastly, with the Crimea, where winter is not known. A plea is made for a Russia in Asia which, with a sympathetic England, is the only civilising power in the northern East. The illustrations, sixteen of which are in colour, are delightful.

### THE BIJOU BOOKCASE.

With 60 vols 24 4s. net. (Glasgow David Bryce & Son)

One of the most attractive of Christmas gifts is the artistically designed Bijou Bookcase, supplied by Messrs David Bryce & Son, and the miscellany of miniature books that fill it. These dainty little

books, and they include Burns's Poems in six volumes, and Scott's in another six. Poems of Hood and Moore, and the Poems and Plays of Goldsmith, Chaps from Dickens and Thackeray, Gleanings from Wordsworth, Lamb's Essays, Pepy's Diary, an Atlas, a Gazetteer, and, to say nothing of various volumes of extracts from Thomas à Kempis and other authors, a Bible, a New Testament, and English, French and German Dictionaries, that are surely the very smallest and most quaintly pretty books that were ever published this side of fairyland. Such a Lilliputian library in such a charming Lilliputian bookcase makes a dainty present from and to any lover of books.



Frontispiece to Reminiscences of India and  
North Queensland  
(Constable).

BAILEY-GUARD, SHOWING BREACH THROUGH  
WHICH HAVELOCK'S TROOPS ENTERED.



From Unknown Mongolia  
(Hutchinson)

SHEEP GROUND OF THE UPPER BOROTALA  
(Photo, J. H. Miller)

## UNKNOWN MONGOLIA.

A Record of Travel and Exploration in North-West Mongolia and Dzungaria. By DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS. With Three Chapters on Sport by J. H. MILLAR. 28s. net (Hutchinson)

This is the story of a fine piece of exploration in the heart of Asia that won for the writer the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society in 1912. As Lord Curzon remarks in a preface to the book, it will long remain a classic on its subject. For, in addition to discovering a large tract of unknown land at the source of Yenisei and giving a varied description of the reindeer-owning Nomads who live in a vast forest swamp on the frontiers of Mongolia, Mr Douglas Carruthers deals in a large way with all the problems of the central deserts of Asia. He shows how the wild Mongols, who were once the most destructive force in the world, have been tamed and hopelessly weakened by the degraded form of Lamaism in-

troduced by Tibetan monks encouraged by the subtle and Machiavellian Chinese. The author also gives a most interesting sketch of the Nestorian Kingdom on which were based the legions of Prester John, whose Christian subjects have been converted to Mohammedanism and now form the most energetic and warlike of the tribes.

The Uriankhai tribes, living between Russian Siberia and Chinese Mongolia, in the new country explored by Mr Carruthers, are a very simple and happy people. They want nothing from the outside world, for their reindeer supplies them with food and winter clothing, and the bark of the birch-trees is sufficient for their other needs. The explorer came with a caravan to trade with them, but he had great difficulty in buying even a specimen of their reindeer, for nothing he possessed could excite their curiosity or tempt them to a bargain. For two years Mr Carruthers and his party wandered on the frontiers of the Gobi desert in an untravelled region that for centuries



Frontispiece to With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem  
(Macmillan).

THE VANGUARD OF A THOUSAND PILGRIMS  
GOING DOWN TO THE JORDAN.



From *A Woman's Winter in Africa*  
(Stanley Paul)

OVAMBO WOMAN AND CHILDREN

has formed a borderland between rival races, creeds and political powers. The work of exploration was done in a thoroughly scientific spirit, the land was surveyed, the animals and plants collected and the geology of the country carefully examined. Mr Carruthers has a brilliant and vivid way of writing, and the general reader will be deeply interested in his work. The people of the various nations are studied from the life, by a man with a remarkable insight into character and a lively sense of the romance and picturesqueness of the wilds of the Orient. To an historian the book is quite as attractive as it is to the lover of the adventures of geographical exploration. The effect of different religions on men with originally the same force of character is traced in a striking manner, and the mystery of the enfeeblement of the Mongol race is clearly and finally solved. The chapters on big game hunting in the new lands are written by Mr J H Miller, who, with Mr M P Price, contributed to the funds of a private

enterprise in geographical exploration which has brought honour and glory to our country.

FROM  
THE  
CONGO  
TO THE  
NIGER  
AND THE  
NILE

By ADOLF  
FRIEDRICH,  
DUKE OF  
MECKLEN-  
BURG. With  
514 Illustrations from  
Photographs and Drawings, and a Map. 2 Vols. 38s net (Duckworth)

These two finely-produced and elaborately-illustrated volumes chronicle the journeyings of the German Central African Expedition of 1910-1911 under the leadership of the Duke of Mecklenburg. The main route of the expedition led from the Congo River to Lake Tchad and thence across to the Niger, but auxiliary parties broke off at various points along its march, two of which practically crossed the continent and reached the Nile, and the book is accordingly planned in such a way that the heads of the minor expeditions contribute chapters upon their own experiences and the scientific results they obtained. It is safe to say that few journeys of exploration have been conducted more thoroughly or more successfully, and the enthusiasm of the principal members of the party will transmit itself to the reader. It is quite impossible here to give any idea of the scope of this remarkable work, but it is safe to say that in many ways this is the travel book of the autumn. The illustrations from photographs are

extraordinarily varied and effective, while those for which Herr Ernst Heims, the artist of the expedition, is responsible are sometimes remarkable for their beauty.

### A WOMAN'S WINTER IN AFRICA.

By MRS CHARLOTTE CAMERON.  
10s 6d net Illustrated. (Stanley Paul)

There have been women travellers, but not many, and of recent years few indeed who have travelled so variously and so far, or with such strict observance of the rigours of the game as Mrs Mary Gaunt and Mrs Charlotte Cameron. Her experiences in India and in Morocco,



From *From The Congo to the Nile*  
(Duckworth)

GIANT CHIMPANZEE.  
(Killed by Von Wiss.)





VANITY FAIR

"Don't break her heart, Joe, you rascal"





Mrs. Cameron used as material for two novels; she journeyed some thousands of miles in South America, and a vivacious and very interesting narration of her travels and adventures in "A Woman's Winter in South America" was the result. Last winter she set out to make a journey alone round East and West Africa, from Mombasa to Sierra Leone, and across Rhodesia to the Victoria Falls. She covered in all twenty-six thousand miles of the Dark Continent, and her record of things seen,

dangers faced and difficulties overcome, of the curiously interesting cities, towns, villages she visited, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants, makes a varied, stirring and at times, fascinating history. Perhaps the strangest, most terrible and pathetically interesting place of all was Robben Island with its sad colony of lepers. She describes the people and the life they live there with vivid and haunting realism, and moves on to admiration of those heroic souls who devote their labours to mitigating the long-drawn misery of that forlorn community, and perhaps the most exciting moments of her adventure came when she was passing through that part of the West Coast of Africa that is the lurking-place of the sleeping sickness; or when she was interviewing the cannibals of the Cameroons, whom she found not so black as they are commonly painted. Mrs. Cameron has a pleasant gossip style and a real gift of descriptive writing. Her book is one of the most informing and entertaining African travel books we have read, and with its useful maps and numerous excellent photographs should appeal irresistibly to the large travelling public, and the even larger public that cannot travel far but likes to see the world, and the wonder and the



From Tigerland (Chapman & Hall)

FOUND DEAD.

peril and the beauty of it, through the eyes of one who is enterprising and courageous enough to go out of the main track and bring back news of people and places unknown to the average voyager—especially when that adventurous spirit can write of such things with such charm and interest and outspokenness of opinion as Mrs. Cameron has written of them here.

## TIGERLAND

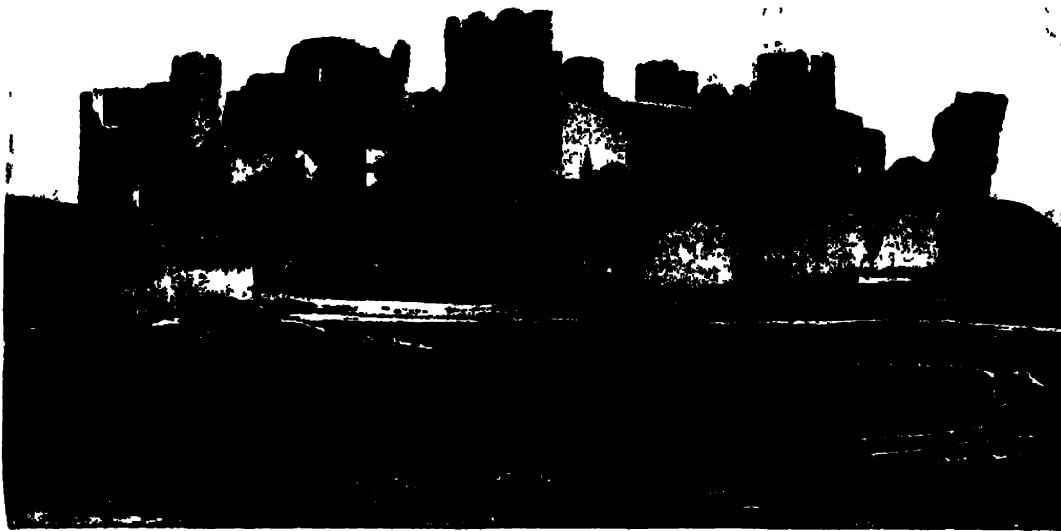
By C. I. GOULDSBURY 7s 6d net Illustrated (Chapman & Hall)

One would say with apparent safety, that it was well-nigh impossible to write another readable book on big game shooting, yet Mr. Gouldsbury has done so, and thoroughly confounded those who thought the subject exhausted. The modest friend from whose diaries and records the present volume is put together, ran away to sea when a youngster, and, after some years of roving, landed at Calcutta on the eve of the Mutiny. Enlisting in the Bengal Mounted Constabulary, he fought through the revolt, meeting with many unique experiences, and when the country was once more quiet was appointed a junior



From The Book of the Lion  
(Murray).

AN ALGERIAN LION.



Abbey, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales  
(Warne)

CAERPHILLY CASTLE.

officer in the new semi-military police, or constabulary. Drafted to a good sporting district, gifted with plenty of nerve and the hunting instinct, he was soon enrolled amongst the devotees of the gun. During nearly half a century he shot tiger, leopard, panther, bison, bear, ibex, sambhur, and elephant, ranging over the whole of his own and his neighbour's districts in Bengal, and spending his rare leave on sporting trips to a friend in the hills of Travancore. Excellent are the glimpses of camp life, of the Commissioner's tours of inspection, of the good relations existing between natives and officials, of the whole-souled devotion to duty of the old type of civil servant. Of yarns other than sporting there are any amount. The anecdotes of elephantine intelligence, of the habits and customs of the various beasts and birds, the sayings and doings of the native helpers, are well chosen. "The Major's Tale" is as weird a ghost story as anyone could wish to hear, "The

By A C COOPER-MARSDIN 10s 6d. net (Cambridge University Press)

The Lerins are a group of islands forming a sort of natural breakwater at Cannes off the south coast of France. At the beginning of the fifth century, a young Roman noble became a Christian and fled as a hermit to the Lerins to study and meditate in quietness. He was joined by other men of his way of thinking, and while Gaul was being destroyed by the Franks, the islands of the Lerins grew in importance as a religious centre of Western Europe. It was a brilliant school of missionaries, and both St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, and St. Augustine, the apostle of England, studied there. Many of the leaders of Christian thought in the fifth and sixth centuries, owed their training to the monastery on the island, and Canon Cooper-Marsdin gives a scholarly account of their lives and labours there, and brings

out clearly the great importance of the Lerins in the days when the Roman Empire had fallen under the attacks of the northern barbarians. The work is an able contribution to English theological literature, for the school of the Lerins has not hitherto excited much interest among the Anglo-Celtic nations that owe most to this ancient centre of missionary work.



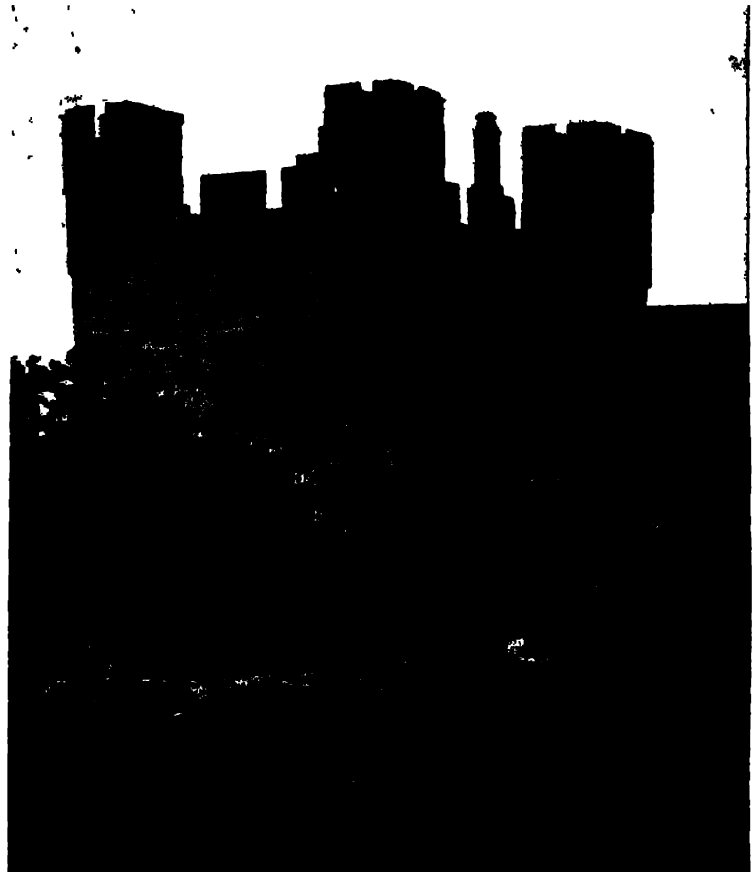
From The Castles and Towers of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire, North-of-the-Sands  
(Titus, Wilson, Kendal).

BROUGHAM CASTLE AND KEEP.

# MADAME NECKER.

By MARK GAMBIER-PARRY. 12s. 6d. net.  
(Blackwood)

That Madame Necker was the mother of Madame de Stael is sufficient justification for the publication of this informed and appreciative biography; and when it is remembered that it was in great measure due to the powerful influence she exerted through the medium of her famous salon that Jacques Necker secured the Director-Generalship at such a crucial period of the history of France, we feel that Mr Gambier-Parry has made a valuable contribution to the literature of the Revolution. To students the personality and social eminence of Madame Necker have long been familiar, through the pages of Comte d'Haussonville's "Le Salon de Madame Necker," and the various memoirs of the period, but the present volume is, so far as we recollect, the first separate account of her life in English. The daughter of an impecunious but cultured Swiss parson, she gave early evidence of unusual qualities of heart and mind, and as a girl of seventeen she won and reciprocated the affection of Edward Gibbon, at that time residing at Lausanne. As is well known, this affair terminated unhappily. Gibbon, on meeting with parental opposition to his engagement, complacently renouncing his claim to Suzanne's hand, after keeping his lover in suspense for five years. Two years after this break the much-admired girl, reduced to penury by the death of her parents, met and married the man who was to play so conspicuous a part in the crisis of his adopted country's history. As soon as they were established in Paris, Madame Necker, who possessed in rare degree attributes of beauty and character peculiarly adapted to the rôle she was to play, proceeded to gather round her in her salon the *beaux esprits* of the literary world, several of whom became her life-long friends. In doing this her object was not self-gratification, but the promotion of her husband's interests. Her affection for Necker was deep and enduring, and she perceived in him possibilities which she determined should have their opportunity. It is held by some that she was insatiable in this ambition, but, be that as it may, the result fully justified the means. Whatever weakness Necker may have shown in grappling with the



The Castles and Towers of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire North-of-the-Sands  
(Titus Wilson, Kendal)

YANWATH CASTLE

chaos of the early revolutionary period, it is a question whether any one man could, in the circumstances, have done more than he attempted, and it is probable that had he been permitted to carry out the reforms he projected in his first administration, the Revolution might have been averted. The portrait of Mme Necker which the artist has given us is of a refined and beautiful woman, who

wins our admiration as a devoted wife and mother, and as one who, surrounded by the temptations of a morally corrupt age, preserved her integrity unsullied to the end. Religious by temperament and training, she was her own hard judge in matters of duty, carrying to excess the principles of introspection and self-castigation, and if she failed to appreciate her remarkable daughter it was due to the blindness of mother-love.



The History of the Islands of the Lerins  
(Cambridge University Press).

THE CHATEAU FORT  
(Specially photographed by kind permission of the Most Reverend Father Abbot Dom Patrice.)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



*From The Country of Sir Walter Scott  
(Cassell)*

### DESERT AND WATER GARDENS OF THE RED SEA.

By CYRIL CROSSLAND, M.A., B.Sc., F.R.S., F.Z.S. With  
91 Illustrations from Photographs and 12 Diagrams. 10s. 6d.  
net. (Cambridge University Press.)

Mr Crossland's interesting book deals with the western (the Egyptian) coast of the Red Sea, a district which in spite of the recent foundation of Port Sudan, and the building of the railway thither from Athara, remains almost completely unknown to the traveller. It is sparsely populated, but nevertheless it contains, as the author shows, material of interest and importance to the ethnologist. The second part of the book deals with

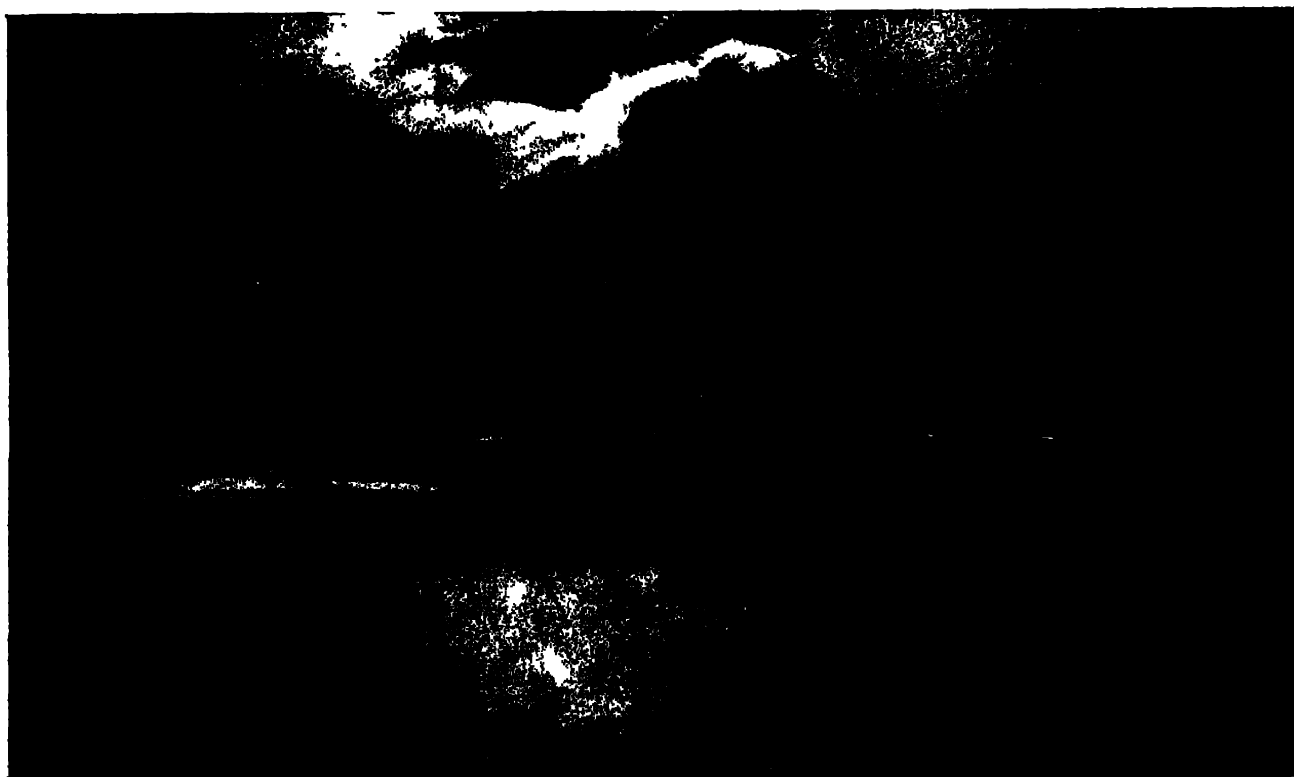
corals and coral reefs and the making of the Red Sea, in a manner that will appeal alike to the specialist and to the general reader. The volume is finely illustrated with numerous good photographs and some useful diagrams.

### CAMP FIRE YARNS OF THE LOST LEGION.

By COLONEL G. HAMILTON-BROWNE (MAORI BROWNE). With 8 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Laurie.)

There is something exceedingly attractive about Colonel Hamilton-Browne's unliterary manner. His method of telling a story is that of the *raconteur*, not the writer—and it is

by far the best method for the material at his command. And what stories he has to tell, how varied and unconventional! He draws upon! In New Zealand and South Africa he has gone everywhere and to have done something which offered the least promise of excitement and interest and he has hunted bushrangers in Australia. He is a gentleman adventurer in the South Seas. His experiences have endowed him with a stock of marvellously good yarns which everybody who has the slightest love of adventure or the smallest sense of humour ought to read. This is a book, in fact, which we cannot help feeling resembles its author in one respect at least—it is an ideal after-dinner companion.



*From Desert and Water Gardens of the Red Sea  
(Cambridge University Press)*

*A SANDSTORM SEEN FROM AMONG THE BARRIER REEFS.*

## **THE ROMANCE OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.**

By A. A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, F.R.G.S., F.R.P.S. With Frontispiece in Colour and 72 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author, 39 Illustrations in the Text, and 2 Maps. 12s. 6d. net. (Heinemann)

Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore is perhaps the most distinguished exponent of the art of shooting without a rifle. We never saw better wild animal photographs than in "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," and we can easily say the same for this very remarkable book. Mr. Dugmore has, in fact, reached the top. He cannot improve upon his former work, because it was of the best. But he can at least equal his earlier achievements, and, as we have already said, he does so in "The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou," which wonderful book is accurately described in the sub-title of "An intimate account of the life of the Reindeer of North America." Having said so much it is necessary only to add that nobody who is in any way keen upon natural history can afford to neglect Mr.



**Camp Fires of the  
Lost Legion  
(Laurie)**

**BUSH TRACK.**

Dugmore. He appeals strongly alike to sportsmen and the general reading public—for he writes almost as well as he takes photographs.

## **TWO YEARS WITH THE NATIVES IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC.**

By DR. FELIX SPEISER. 10s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Mills & Boon)

A good travel book is a difficult thing to write. There are so many of them turned out every year, and nowadays the world seems to have grown very small. The same ground is covered over and over again, and the latter-day narratives lack all the colour and excitement of those written by the early explorers. The old wood blocks, grotesque though they might be, were infinitely more interesting than the modern photograph. When we see them, they carry us back to the days when an explorer seemed the most heroic of all people. We do not know whether Dr. Felix Speiser went out intending to write a travel-book, but rather think he must have done so, for he seems to have been on the look-out for "copy" all the time. At any rate, he got good "copy," and he has known how to make the most of it. His English is quite good,



**From The Bonds of Africa  
(Long)**

**FALLS ON THE CHANIA  
RIVER, BETWEEN  
NAIROBI AND FORT  
HALL.**

and the book is readable throughout. His choice of a hunting-ground was a wise one. Very few people know anything about the New Hebrides, and this is an age in which everyone is ready to learn. Now and then, one comes across controversial things, but these really add to the interest of the volume, by proving that the writer is in earnest. His strictures on French colonial methods are very severe, though one wishes that he had come into collision with German officials. His comments on them would have been more interesting still. The photographs in the book are excellent, and one puts them down with the feeling that, after all, there are very much worse places than those islands of the Western Pacific. The rate-collector and the party agent do not appear to have penetrated there.



**From Round the British Empire  
(Jenkins).**

**IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.**



*From Two Years with the Natives in the Western Pacific  
(Mills & Boon)*

**CANOE FROM NITENDI**

### **JERUSALEM AND THE CRUSADES.**

By ESTHER BLYTH With 8 Plates in Colour by L. D. LUARD, and a Series of Reproductions of Pictures of Historic Interest 5s net (Jack)

Men and women, boys and girls, will equally be interested in this handsome volume. It tells in graphic language of the early state of the city of Jerusalem, and of the several

crusades undertaken to win the city for Christ and the Christian people. Very thrilling are these historic stories, with their periods of glorious hope and of sad defeat. And the saddest episode of all is, perhaps, the tragic, pitiful tale of the Children's Crusade, in 1212, when, preached to by the half-frenzied priest Nicholas, and fired by the words he told them and the promises of glory and miracles he held out to them, fifty thousand children escaped from their homes and, led by a boy of fifteen, named Stephen, started joyfully upon their way. The terrible sufferings of that unhappy band are painful to read of, even after

all these years, and, perhaps, most painful of all is the thought of the betrayed remnant sold into life-long bondage at the slave-markets of Egypt. A very interesting chapter is that on "The Two Great Orders," the Hospitallers and the Templars. The full-page coloured plates are striking in style, vigorous and appropriate. They greatly help the text by presenting the Crusades as a living, moving undertaking.



*From The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou (Heinemann).*

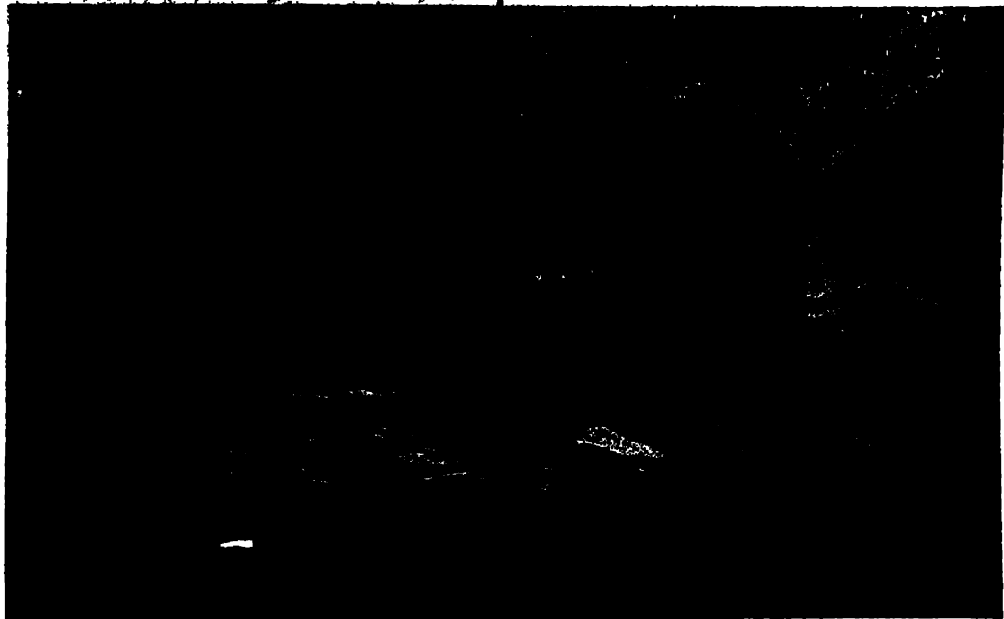
**A FINE STURDY DOG.**



**THROUGH  
SIBERIA:  
AN EMPIRE  
IN THE  
MAKING.**

By R. L. WRIGHT  
and BASSETT  
Digby With 70  
illustrations  
12s 6d net  
(Hurst & Blackett)

Messrs Wright and Digby are two American journalists who made the journey across Siberia in a leisurely manner and also in such a way as to mingle as much as possible with the natives of the country. The result of their observations as to the future of the vast empire which is lying practically untouched at the door of Russia, is decidedly interesting. The authors believe in Siberia. Rapid strides in the development of the country have been made since the opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and particularly in the last few years, when the Russian Government has begun to try to attract settlers to the country. The record of the authors' journey and the hardships and experiences they underwent is lively and in every way attractive. We can strongly recommend the book to those who are in



*From Rambles in the North Yorkshire Dales*  
(Mills & Boon)

**MEETING OF THE GRETA AND TEES.**  
(Photo, A. Sweeten)

search of amusement, neat or combined with instruction. You get both between these covers.

**SIR WILLIAM ARROL. A Memoir.**

By SIR ROBERT PURVIS 5s net (Blackwood)

In his monograph, "Sir William Arrol: A Memoir," Sir Robert Purvis has given us a plain, brief account of the



*From The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou*  
(Helmreich)

**CARIBOU SWIMMING ACROSS SANDY RIVER**  
This shows how buoyant they are in the water, owing to the hollow quilt-like hair of their coats.

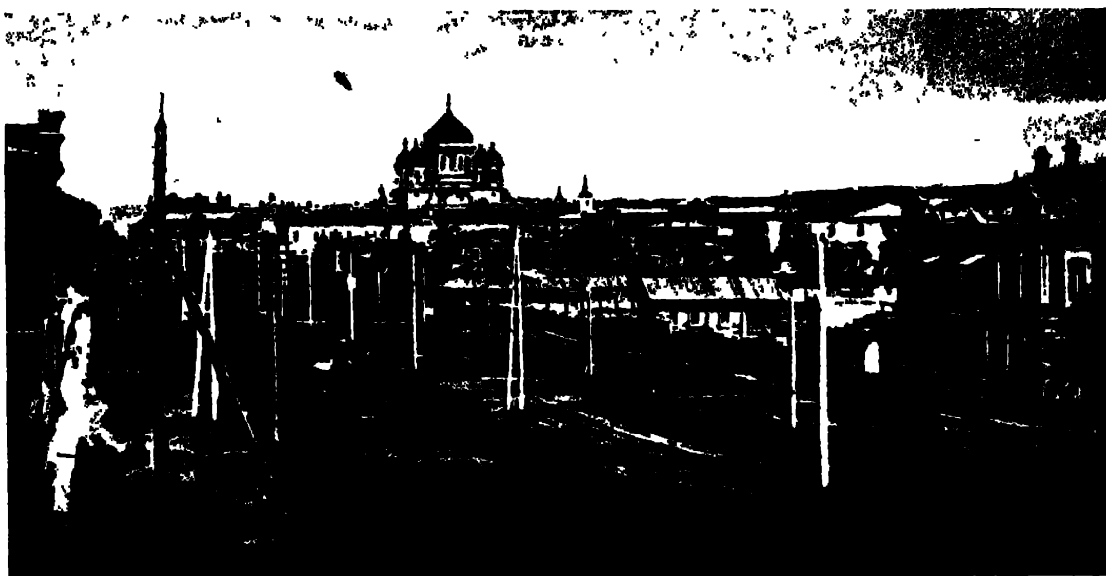


**Jerusalem and the Crusades**  
(Jack)

**THE CASTLE OF A GREAT CRUSADER**  
Built by Raymond of Toulouse at Tripoli in 1103

of ten years, as a "piecer" in a cotton mill, at half-a-crown a week; was next employed by the great firm of Coats, at Paisley, of which concern he afterwards became a director. Later on he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, then started a little "shop" of his own and came near disaster. But being one of the natural heroes of industry, full of fortitude, patience, perseverance and right-seeing, he went on to the great end that lay before him. The story is simply told, and is admirably suitable for a gift-book.

life of the famous builder of the Forth bridge — that piece of engineering which has made the world stare in wonderment. It is another version of the old, old story that is daily telling the dissatisfied and believing of romance alive — as much alive as ever it was. For we learn that Sir William started life, at the age



**From Through Siberia**  
(Hurst & Blackill)

**TOMSK, "A CITY OF ORGIES AND EDUCATION."**



**From Sir William Arrol**  
(Blackwood).

**VIEW FROM NORTH-BRITISH RAILWAY,  
EAST OF QUEENSFERRY.**

## **BAROQUE ARCHITECTURE**

By MARTIN SHAW  
Briggs Illustrated.  
21s net (Unwin)

Mr Briggs sympathetic study of "Baroque Architecture," deals with a complex and somewhat neglected period in architectural history. The larger part of the book is devoted to Italian examples, but the Baroque influence in other Continental nations and in England, and the value of the Baroque period to modern architects receives full attention. It is incomparably the most exhaustive and important work yet published on this subject.

## ORIENTAL CAIRO.

By DOUGLAS  
SLADEN. With  
63 Illustrations  
from Photographs  
by the Author,  
and a Map 7s 6d  
net (Hurst &  
Blackett)

No travel book of recent years has attained greater popularity than Mr Douglas Sladen's "Oriental Cairo," of which a new and cheaper edition has just been published by Messrs Hurst & Blackett. The present re-issue is a handsome, finely produced, and well illustrated volume, and—being easily the best guide to Cairo extant it is certain to be received with marked favour by a very large public.



From Oriental Cairo  
(Hurst & Blackett)

A MEDIEVAL STREET IN THE  
ARAB CITY AT CAIRO.

## TWO ON A TOUR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

By A. W. SEARS. Illustrated with Photographs  
by the Author. 2 Dollars. (D. Appleton)

The author, who we gather is Mrs Sears, undertook this apparently delightful journey in company with her husband, "Orange-blossom," and a Swedish maid Martina. All were determined to find nothing but pleasure, and at the end the verdict is that South America keeps calling them to go to. Jamaica, Panama (where mosquito known), Callao, Iquique (where rain has not fallen for 158 years), Valparaiso, are all visited and everywhere there are fun and brilliant descriptions of a Kinglake sort, until the journey across the Andes takes the travellers to the roof of the world and they descend racing, "because it is the custom of the country to race down the steep," and arrive at the better-known Buenos Aires and Bahia. We are favoured with maps, but the book will be read, not for its geography or statistics, but for its humanity. The country and the people live before us.



From Two on a Tour in South America  
(Appleton).

A STREET IN BUENOS AIRES.

## A VAGABOND COURTIER.

From the Memoirs and  
Letters of BARON  
CHARLES LOUIS VON  
POLLNITZ. By Mrs  
EDITH E. CUTHELL,  
FR. Hist. S. In 2 Vols.  
With 34 Illustrations  
24s net (Stanley Paul)

The Baron von Pollnitz, who died in 1775 at the age of eighty-three, was in many ways an interesting figure of the old régime of Continental aristocracy. But he had a wider experience than most of his fellows. Falling into dissipated habits at a fairly early age, he seems to have taken naturally to



From A Vagabond Courtier  
(Stanley Paul).

VOLTAIRE AND FREDERIC THE  
GREAT AT SANS SOUCI.  
(From the collection of A. M. Broadley).



From *Pioneers in Tropical America*  
(Blackie)

"THIS GOLDEN BEING EMBARKED  
UPON A RAFT"

wandering from one European to of amusement and profit. In fit of a very gallant and witty kind literature, and the very interesting memoirs which he left behind him have formed the basis of the material upon which Mrs. Cuthell has drawn for the subject-matter of this book. In his day Pollnitz enjoyed a considerable reputation as an author, and even received an unusually kindly "epitaph" from Voltaire. "Well, Sir, Baron de Pollnitz is dead, he also wrote. Frederick the Great, however, was more outspoken. 'Old Pollnitz generously wished to pay his passage to Charon. He did some cheating even the day he died that it might be said he died, as he lived. No one regrets him but his creditors.'" Mrs. Cuthell is to be thanked for having rescued from the limbo that threatened it the memory of this remarkable man, and readers of these brightly-written volumes will share our gratitude for them.

advent  
durable

be named in the native manner. He must be a man of great force of character for he won through, and has now a splendid mission working among the Chaco.

## PIONEERS IN TROPICAL AMERICA

By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.  
With 8 Coloured Illustrations by CHARLES M. SHEDDEN, 11 in Black-and-White, and 2 Maps.  
6s. (Blackie)

"Pioneers in Tropical America" is in many ways the most successful of Sir Harry Johnston's "Pioneers of Empire" series. South America—with which in the present case Central America and the West Indies are included—is pre-eminently one of the glamorous names of the world, and the mention of the early explorers call to mind heroes and pirates with full Stevensonian trappings. Hawkins, Drake, Raleigh, Dampier—these are a few of the great men who pass through the pages of this most enthralling of chronicles. Sir Harry Johnston has done his work particularly well, and has put children more deeply in his debt than ever with one of the most readable "improving" books that was ever written. Mr. Sheldon's illustrations, also, are excellent.

## A CHURCH IN THE WILDS.

By W. BARBROOKE GRUBB. Illustrated 5s. net.  
(Seeley & Co.)

A book that is destined to become one of the classics of the romance of missionary work. In the uncharted wilderness of central South America is a region peopled by the Chaco—a race of pagan Red Indians speaking several unknown languages and wandering about the country without any fixed place of residence. A river separates them from the Spanish settlers of Paraguay, who regard them as hopeless savages and wait till they are weak enough to sweep away. In spite of warnings from every white man Mr. Barbroke Grubb struck into the jungle in search of the Indians who had looted a settlement, and met them and told them he wanted to live with them. Not only at that moment but every minute for many months his life was in danger, for he boldly set himself to win the chieftainship over the tribe. He hunted and danced with them night after night, his face and arms painted red, his head crested with feathers, and his be adorned in the native manner. He must be a man of great force of character for he won through, and has now a splendid mission working among the Chaco.



From *A Church in the Wilds*  
(Seeley).

GIRLS FROM THE



From Prehistoric Times  
(Williams & Norgate)

BISON  
(From a painting in the cave of Altamira Spain)

## THE VOICE OF AFRICA

By LEO IKORNIUS Translated by KATE  
Two Volumes with 70 Plates (2 in Colour) and  
Illustrations in the Text from Photographs and  
4 Maps and Tables 28s net (Hutchinson)

Illustrations  
wings

This fine record of the travels of the Central African Expedition in 1910-1911 may be divided into four parts. The first part is devoted to a narration of the journeys of the Expedition, three to an explanation of its work, its objects and aims and its methods of research, two to the results of that work, and sixteen to testing the material in sections which contain excerpted descriptions of the manners and customs, traditions and monuments of civilisation. It will be seen from this that the two volumes are a good deal more than the ordinary traveller's story, and the book is indeed definitely constructive in its theories and tendency. Unfortunately little justice can be done here to the wealth of interesting material to be found between these covers, but we cannot refrain from mentioning with especial emphasis the results of the devoted work of Herr Carl Arriens, the artist of the expedition, whose drawings, which are to be found in extraordinary abundance, are of the greatest value both from an artistic and a scientific point of view. Mr. Rudolf Blind may be also congratulated upon the very readable English into which the German original has been rendered.

Illustrations  
is the

Poacher' was the *Mary Thomas* sealing schooner falling into heavy fog and thus unwittingly drifting into Russian waters after hunting the seal pack north to Bering Sea. The *Mary Thomas* was captured by a Russian cruiser, who put a young officer in command of her and took one of the crew on board the battleship a ship's boy Bub Russell—to give information which might vary from the tale told by the captain of the *Mary Thomas*. The fate of other poaching seal hunters was well known to the crew of the *Mary Thomas* and Bub had been terrified at stories of cruelty to prisoners in Siberian mines. After giving the information required from him Bub was overlooked by his captors and made his way aft where he could see the side lights of the *Mary Thomas* following in the rear. He watched in the dark night close by where the hawser passed over the stern to the captured schooner. Once an officer came and examined the straining rope to see if it were chafing and Bub unobserved in the darkness had an idea. He reasoned that his crew, guiltless of crime, were yet relentlessly being carried away to a living death in Siberia. He was himself a prisoner with no chance of escape, but it was possible for the crew of the *Mary Thomas* to escape for the only thing that bound them was a four-inch hawser. They dared not cut it at their end because a watch was sure to be maintained there by the Russians left on board. But at his end Bub opened his jack-knife and went

As I told that

## WITH HUNTER, TRAPPER, AND SCOUT IN CAMP AND FIELD

Edited by D. M. H. Illustrated by 55 (Hollen & Hingham)

Mr. Alfred Miles has made a capital boys' book by editing a number of personal stories of hunting, adventure told by eminent hands at adventure too. Yet in our opinion the best story in the book is by Jack London and seems to show that fiction is more dramatic and arresting than truth. "The Lost



From The Voice of Africa  
(Hutchinson).

CAVALRYMAN IN PADDED ARMOUR  
(After a water colour by Carl Arriens.)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *The Diary of Li Hung-Chang* (Constable).

### REMINISCENCES OF INDIA AND NORTH QUEENSLAND, 1857-1912.

By ROBERT GRAY 6d net (Constable)

The author of these reminiscences was a subaltern in a regiment that set out from England in August, 1857, to take part in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. From India, three years later, he visited Australia, and in 1863 he left the Army and turned sheep-farmer in Northern Queensland. Only fifty pages of the book are concerned with India, nor does Mr Gray make any great claim on behalf of these jottings from diaries. The Queensland section is certainly that which gives the work its value. To settle in Queensland in 1863 was to be a pioneer, and a pioneer who has any power of expression can hardly fail to be interesting. No doubt, the "Reminiscences" are calculated to appeal more to Australians than to stay-at-home Englishmen. Yet they will repay the attention of those of the latter class whose minds are open to learn something about any portion of the Empire. To such, the recommendation may be given that they should read the last chapter of the book first. Mr Gray is a man of sane views, and presents the problem of North Queensland— and of the neighbouring Northern Territory— both clearly and fairly. The extremists of the "White Australia" party would be benefited if they would listen to what one who has spent half a century in the north of the great island continent has to say. The book is illustrated by some of the author's own sketches.

### A SUMMER IN CORNWALL.

By M E CURTIS 6s (Dugby, Long)

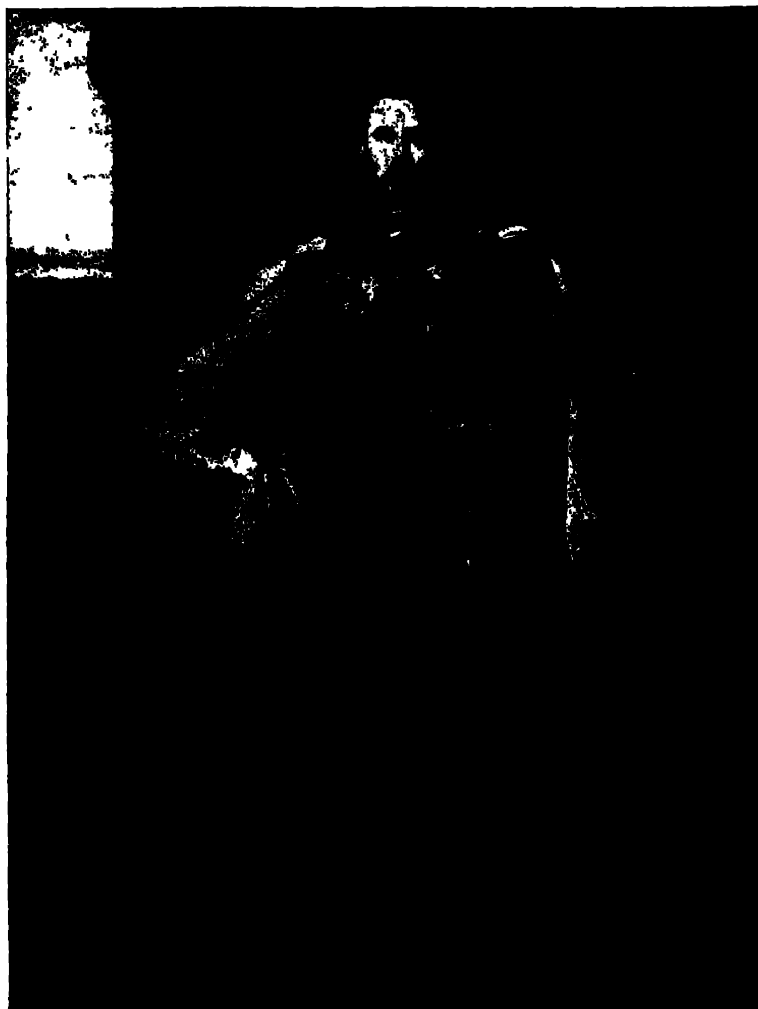
Plot, if we may judge from "A Summer in Cornwall," is not the strong point of Mr. or, more probably, Miss—Curtis. Anyhow, it is the weakest part of the book now under consideration, which is very much more a study in

characterisation than an attempt to write a story. Still, as one can give very little idea of what the book is about without a brief summary, it may be as well to detail the main idea of the novel. It introduces the Eternal Triangle under not very unusual circumstances. A, having married B, goes for the end of the honeymoon to Cornwall. There he falls in with C, a lady of high birth, who has had a tender feeling for him before marriage, and has now become jealous of B. She decides to steal A away from his allegiance. Of course, she fails, and the book ends happily. You can see from this that you are not particularly likely to read the book for its plot, but if you can be induced to do so for its presentation of two or three individual, though not uncommon, types of character, you will find that you have not wasted your time. In its way, "A Summer in Cornwall" is a sound piece of work.

### A ROSE OF OLD QUEBEC.

By ANNE HO 4 WHARTON With 8 Illustrations.  
5s net (H. J. Mott)

For lovers of historical fiction who are on the look-out for a romance that will introduce an unhackneyed period—one of the principal difficulties of the modern historical novelist—will find their requirements satisfied in this very charming story by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. For her background the author has chosen old-time Quebec, and the principal figure, in whom centres the main interest of the novel, is the young naval captain, Horatio Nelson. Readers will find the account of a love-affair that might have altered the history of the world had it been successful prettily and pathetically done. The conclusion of the story is laid in London, and the illustrations of the book are mostly from old prints.



From *Maximilian in Mexico* (Constable).



From *Antarctic Days*  
(Melrose)

JUST BACK FROM THE SOUTH POLE  
THIS TRAMP BECAME IN AFTER LIFE THE  
FAMOUS SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON

## ANTARCTIC DAYS

By JAMES MURRAY and GEORGE MA  
by the Authors and Introduced by SIR LI  
5s net (Melrose)

Here are sketches of the homely side of Polar life by two of Shackleton's men. It is a very human document, with racy stories. Human nature generally prevails, said Mark Twain, and here we have novel illustrations of that truth in an Antarctic environment. The sober and the laughing side of everyday Polar destiny is revealed - "the kernel of the life of the Polar explorer," as Sir Ernest Shackleton says in his cheery and appreciative introduction. After the vivid appeal made to our imagination by the big Polar tomes and chronicles something of this work may seem kindly trifling, more of it like a delicate review of family failings, while part of it gives, as it were, a suburban interest to the Antarctic Circle. But we feel at home with it all, it establishes a kinship between the men who bore into Polar vastness and peril and the men whose adventures are in suburban street-hawking or the boarding of omnibuses. Great and small is humanity, below the stars all the time.

## BEHIND THE VEIL AT THE RUSSIAN COURT.

By COUNT PAUL VASSILI With 23  
Photogravures 16s net (Cassell)

The title of "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court" very fairly describes this book, which, it is pointed out, is not historical, but merely anecdotal. The revelations it promises date from 1855, with the death of Nicholas I, to the present day, and they finish with a very pungent criticism of the present Czar. It is not surprising that the book has been banned in Russia, for the author—who hides himself under the pseudonym of Count Paul Vassili—was no respecter of persons. (He died, we are told, quite recently.) The "Count" gives inside information on the subject of the late Russo-Japanese War, and some astonishing facts concerning Russian prisons. He also deals with

the Berlin Convention, and has nothing but praise for the deportment of the British statesmen who attended it. But, undoubtedly, it is for its revelations centring round the present Russian Royal Family that the book will be read. In these it is often cruel, sometimes amusing, and always intensely interesting.

## MEMORIES OF MY LIFE

By ARTHUR MURSELL 6s (Hodder & Stoughton)

Mr Mursell was born in Leicester on the eve of the great Reform Bill. "Leicester then, as now, was pulsed with politics." Mr Mursell's father was of democratic sympathies, and the youth's early friends belonged to the circle of Edward Miall. He gives a vivid reminiscence of the bitter feeling which pervaded politics at that period, the seething discontent, the controversy over Church and State, and the propaganda of men like Cobden and Thomas Cooper. Later on, Mr Mursell's breadth of sympathy led him to associate with Bradlaugh, and he seems always to have had a saving sense of humour, which kept him from partisanship. But his circle was narrower in early days. He went into business at Manchester, where

Illustrated  
SHACKLETON



GRAND DUCHESS OLGA  
GRAND DUCHESS MARIE



THE CHILDREN OF THE TSAR

THE TSAREVITCH ALEXIS  
(Photos, Dolansonnas and Egger, St Petersburg)



GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA  
GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA



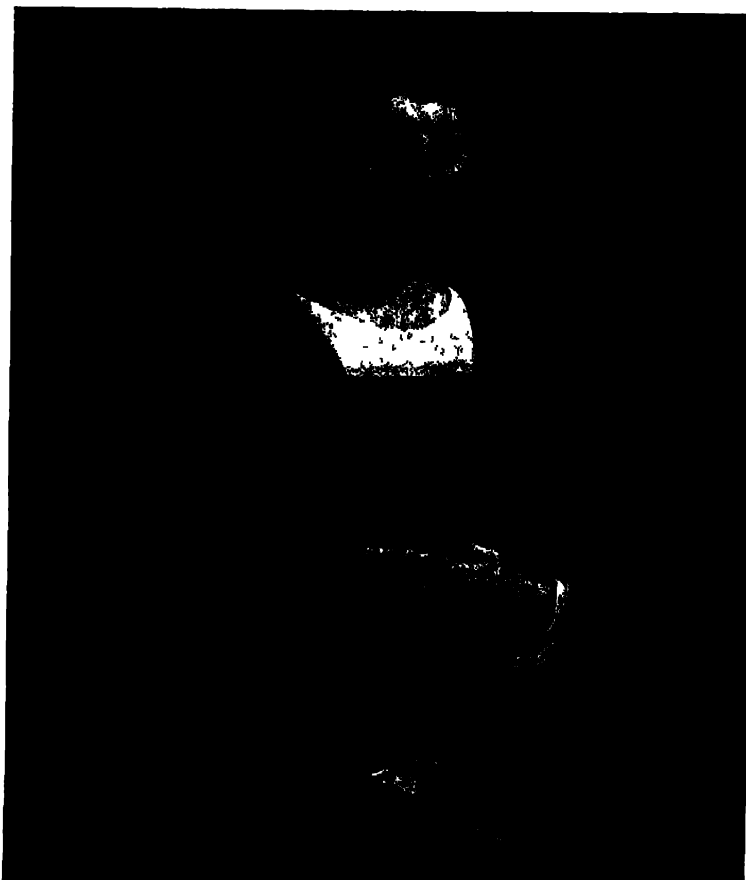
From *Behind the Veil at the Russian Court* (Cassell).

**ARCHBISHOP SHELDON.**  
(after the design by Lely in the  
Sheldon Theatre, Oxford)

One curious experience might be entitled "How I nearly met Dickens." The novelist was lecturing in Manchester, and his host invited Mursell, as a lover of Dickens, to come and see him. "I sallied forth in such elation as I cannot describe, to pay my homage at the shrine of the genius which enthralled my life. I walked four miles across the city to the suburb where the illustrious guest was staying, and stood upon the threshold of the door, with my hand upon the bell. I had been picturing the thought of touching and addressing the creator of Sam

**By LOUIS AMBIER Illustrated 358. net. (Batsford).**

In this handsome volume on "The Old Halls and Manor Houses of Yorkshire" Mr. Louis Ambler makes an exhaustive and deeply interesting study of the domestic architecture of our great northern county. Mr Ambler is an architect and his work is primarily for students of architecture. From a wealth of material in existing old halls, manor houses, and large and small dwellings of every description, Mr Ambler has carefully and skilfully traced the development of domestic architecture in Yorkshire from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the eighteenth, and his lucidly-written and valuable work is illustrated with over a hundred plates from special photographs, and measured drawings, and with numerous sketches and smaller photographs in the text. It would not be easy to praise this book too highly, whether for the careful survey it makes of the ground it covers, the expert knowledge it brings to bear upon the different styles and structural and decorative details of these picturesque old houses, its lucid writing, or the excellence of its numerous illustrations. In every way, it is an interesting and valuable exposition.



**From South America (The Making  
of the Nations Series)  
(Black).**

**CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.**  
From the portrait in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The gift of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The painting bears the words "Sebastian Vespotti, fecit 1492." (Photo. A. B. Nichols.)



## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From Macdonald of the Isles  
(Murray).

FLORA MACDONALD.  
in a picture in the possession of Sir  
John Seton-Stewart of Touch, Bt.

historical facts, and no nastiness. In her preface the author tries to belittle her own work, and to speak of it as mere "scissors and paste." That may be her point of view, but it is doubtful whether her readers—who must, of necessity, be numerous—will accept it. All history must begin with scissors and paste. The historian's art is to make the dry record extracted, often with infinite pains, from the papers of past days into a living story for to-day. And therein Miss Robbins has succeeded. On the other hand, the book has one failing, only too common amongst the interesting books of to-day—it is too short. If it is worth while producing a volume of that kind so well, surely it would stand a few thousand words more in length. Often in this case a story seems to be but half-told, as though space were precious. We want, now, to see a "Book of Dukes" by the same hand, but we want it to be fuller, more detailed.

### LABOUR, LIFE, AND LITERATURE.

By FREDERICK ROGERS 7s 6d net (Smith, Elder.)

Throughout this volume there breathes the same cheery spirit which has faced all the troubles that affect the material side of man's life, and has come out serene and confident that humanity is making for better and grander things. Mr Rogers started life as an ironmonger's errand-boy, at a weekly wage of two shillings, and from that he developed into a book-binder, a commercial traveller, a journalist, a lecturer, and a social reformer. He has lived the life of the workman, and enjoyed it. He took his share in labour activities before there was any money to be

### SOUTH AMERICA.

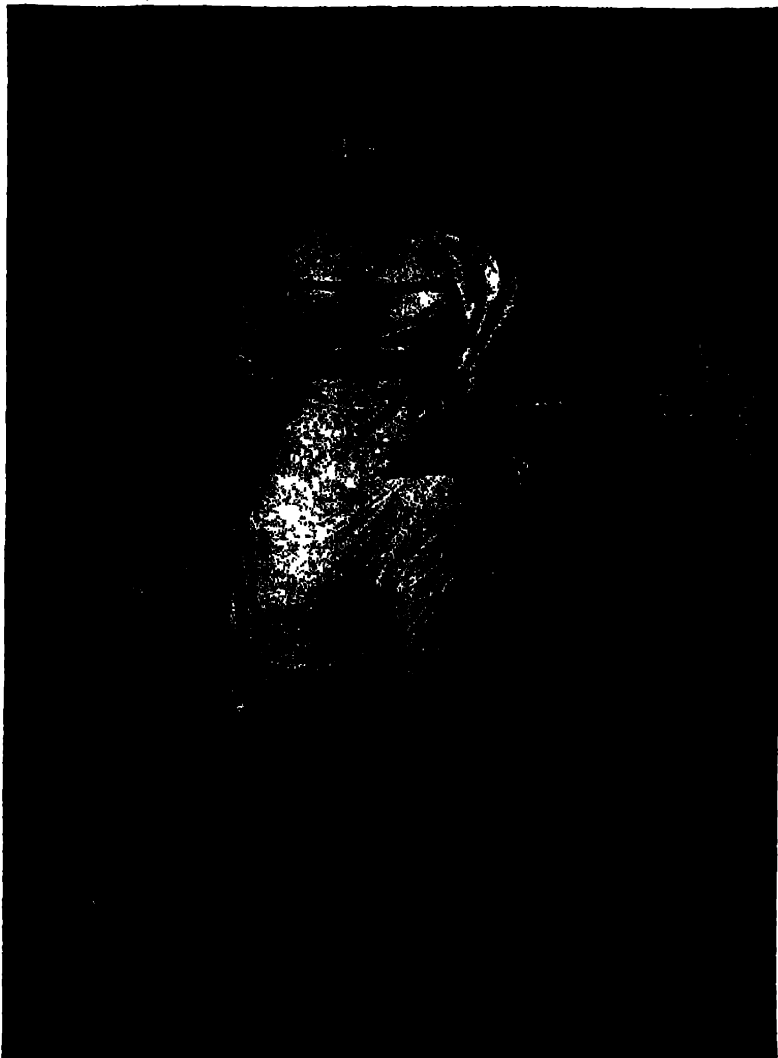
By W. H. KOEBEL ("Making of the Nations" Series.) With 32 Plates and 10 Illustrations in the Text 7s 6d net (Black.)

Messrs Black's admirable "Making of the Nations" series has received an important addition in Mr Koebel's "South America." In this volume the author—well known as one of the leading authorities upon his subject—presents in a concise form a history of the entire Continent of South America from its discovery until the present day. Such a book has long been badly needed, and the praiseworthy clarity of the author's treatment of his subject will, no doubt, ensure it the success it deserves. The volume is admirably illustrated.

### A BOOK OF DUCHESSES.

By ALICE F. ROBBINS Illustrated. 7s 6d net (Melrose.)

There are several ways of writing about duchesses. Until a few years ago, one pictured the author doing the work on his knees, his mind full of reverence. The Victorian chronicler who dealt with such subjects would, surely, never have dared to think of the possibility of his book being a commercial success, and so would have made it wholly dull and discreet. Then, with the publication of a certain cynical old lady's reminiscences, came a revulsion of feeling. Scandal about duchesses, and even more highly-placed persons still, proved to have a very definite commercial value, and we began to have books which lacked not only reverence, but often truth and common decency as well. Now, we seem to have entered on a new phase—that is, if Miss Alice E. Robbins' book may be taken as typical. It is the same book of duchesses—the same and the wholly-pleasant. There is no flattery, no absurd straining of



From A Book of Duchesses  
(Melrose).

ELIZABETH HOWARD, DUCHESS  
OF RUTLAND.

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From Thomas Hardy's *Wessex*  
(Macmillan)

WELLS

period of the negotiation for which the ambassador Jackson was responsible, to be friendly with England and America, and it was the fashion for Frenchmen to affect what they thought were English fashions, with "dirty boots, cropped head and, large whiskers." Such signs as these appeared in the shop windows, "Boots titivated here on the English Gout" (which almost seems too good to be true), and "De Flos and Merryweather makes English Boots", but then, as now, the real nation of shopkeepers (what cheek Boney to call us that!) rooked the visitors, while protesting they loved them. The ambassador was particular for the attentions or inattentions of the harpists nested in the hotels. At Dessem's, where the uns

Sterne stayed during the Sentimental Journey (by the way, Mr Broadley should correct the legend to the illustration of this Calais hostelry, and there are other small slips), the bill was exorbitant, as it seems to have been everywhere else, and the attention embarrassing through its determined inattentiveness. An appeal for shaving-water was answered with assurances that a hair-dresser had been sent for, and so on, in the nature of stale farce. The British minister and his satellites, during their visit to Paris, met several persons of note, including the future Empress Josephine, Talleyrand, Madame Récamier, "Corinne," Madame Tallien, but the glimpses we obtain of these personages of parts are not extremely revealing. The manners of the place and the time evidently shocked one good parson. The ladies dressed to expose themselves. The churches were generally devoted to civil purposes, though Bonaparte was already considering the necessity of reviving religion for state purposes. Morality, to judge from the lamentations of our honest author, was,



From *With Camera and Rucksack*  
in the Oberland and Valais  
(Headley)

VIEW FROM THE JAYBINIAN  
GARDEN, LOOKING UP THE  
GIFFRE VALLEY



From *Things Seen in Oxford*  
(Sceley)

THE FRONT OF TRINITY  
COLLEGE.  
(Photo, Taunt, Oxford)

unquestionably, at a low ebb, as was bound to be in a generation which had seen some of the noblest brought to the gutter and the remains of Voltaire worshipped as if they were relics of God.

### WITH CAMERA AND RÜCKSACK IN THE OBERLAND AND VALAIS

By REGINALD A. MALBY, F.R.P.S., F.R.H.S. With 8 Photogravure Plates, 15 in Colour, and 57 in Monochrome 10s 6d net (Headley.)

Mr Reginald A. Malby's book differs so greatly from the ordinary record of haphazard travel in a mountainous country that it might have been advisable to choose a different title for it. "With Rucksack and Camera" hardly expresses the idea that Mr. Malby is not only an enthusiastic photographer, but is also a botanist of the first ability, and that his trips were made primarily with a view to photographing the flora of the higher Alps in their natural surroundings. However, apart from this we have no further desire to criticise this most excellent volume, which is most fully and beautifully illustrated with views of scenery and of alpine plants.

## THINGS SEEN IN OXFORD.

By NORMAN J.  
DAVIDSON, B.A.  
With 52 Illustrations. 2s net, 3s net, and 5s net (Seeley)

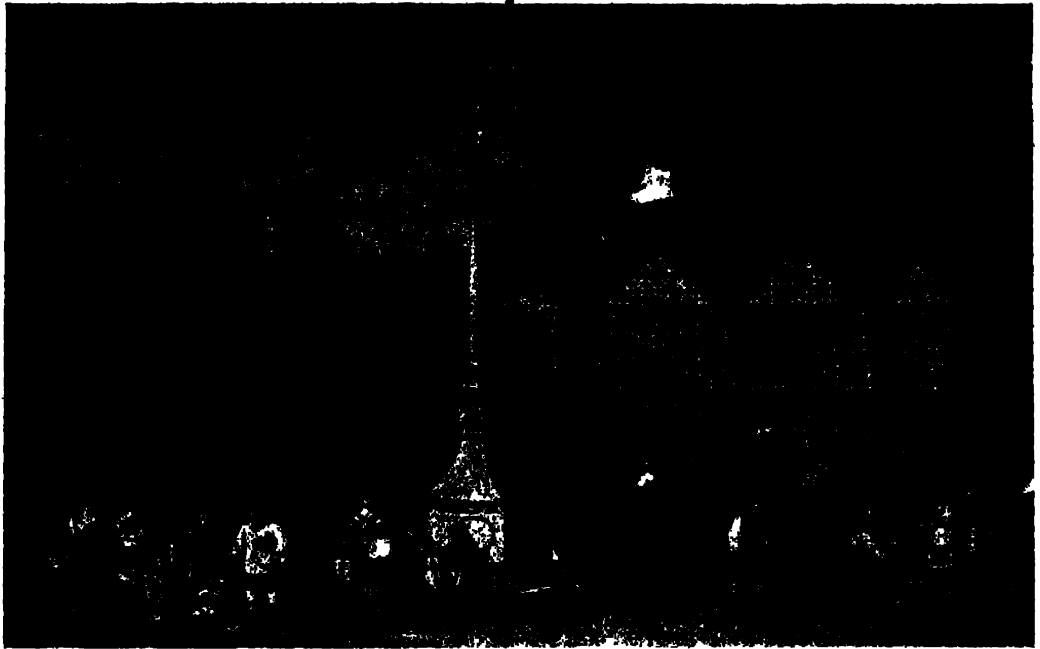
The latest volume of the "Things Seen" series makes far the best handy guide to Oxford we have ever come across, with the great advantage that it has not been written in guide-book style. Mr Davidson has the advantage of a thorough knowledge of his subject, both as regards the present and the past. However, what the general reader will find most interesting are the chapters on the undergraduate, his manner of life, his sports his work, and his expenses. Very wisely, Mr Davidson has written the book from the point of view of one ignorant of 'Varsity life, and while the senior man will find little in the chapters on this subject that will seem to him at all impressive, the freshman should get some very useful hints. A large number of illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book.

## THE AMERICAN MEDITERRANEAN.

By Sir PHILIP BONSAILL Illustrated 12s 6d net (Hurst and Blackett)

Perhaps a better title for this book would have been "The Economics of the Golden West." In the author's opinion the vast extent of the lands ringed by the American Mediterranean, in which he includes the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, the encircling rim of islands, and the coast of the old Spanish Main, are susceptible of wonderful industrial development. As *Elisée Reches* informed us years ago, although lying almost entirely in the tropics, these lands are perfectly accessible to man for all purposes of permanent settlement. One hundred and fifty years ago these today neglected islands were regarded, and justly so, as the most valuable portions of the world's surface. It is really remarkable, as Mr. Bonsaill points out, that the islands have not been developed on really sound lines, instead of having been allowed to drift into a state

of perpetual anarchy and decay. The Dutch and Danish islands are going to rack and ruin, the French islands seem to be drifting steadily toward a race struggle of the Santo Domingo variety. "Whilst even in the English islands the crowded blacks, with all their loyalty to the Union Jack, under which they have for so long enjoyed liberty and even-handed justice, are near starvation, as near as people can be who live in Nature's most generous garden." Mr. Bonsaill's book is, of course, addressed chiefly to American business men, but it seems to us to have a much wider appeal. Nature is bounteous beyond words in that part of the world with which it deals, and there is no reason, except the foolishness and jealousy of man, why all the nations of the earth should not have some measure of good from those bounteous stores. The book is packed with facts, figures, and information of all kinds.



The Oxford County Histories Lancashire  
(Oxford University Press)

WARRINGTON MARKET PLACE IN 1834.



From Ingatestone and the Essex Great  
Road with Fryerning  
(Oxford University Press)

INGATESTONE HIGH STREET  
(From an old print).

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *The American Mediterranean*  
(Hurst & Blackett)

STATUE OF THE LIBERATOR, SIMON BOLIVAR,  
IN THE PLAZA BOLIVAR, CARACAS.

(Courtesy of Collier's Weekly)

### WITH THE RUSSIAN PILGRIMS TO JERUSALEM.

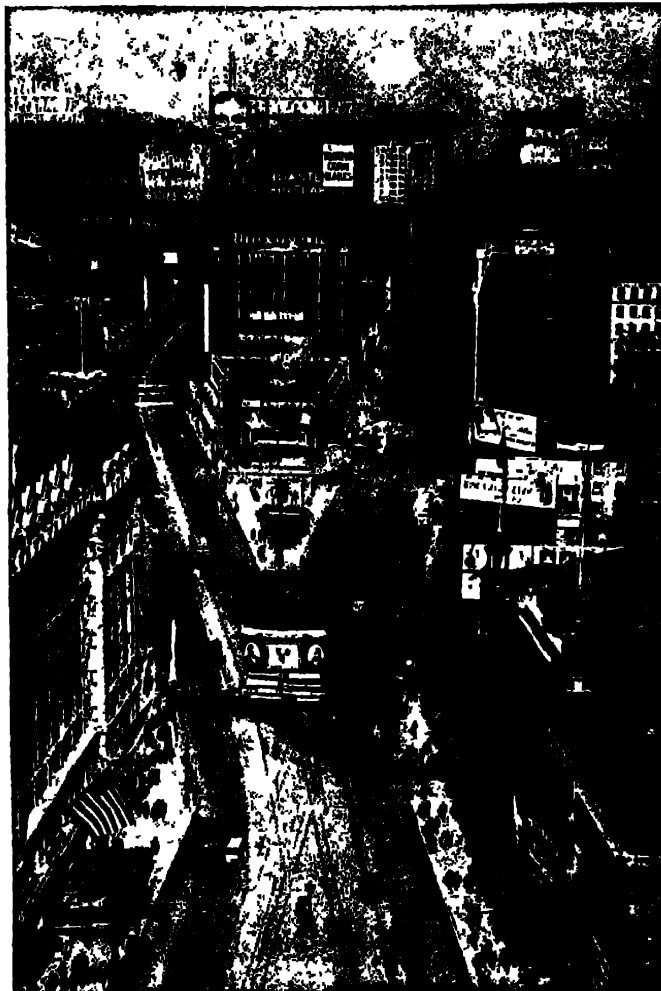
By STEPHEN GRAHAM With 38 Illustrations 7s 6d net  
(Macmillan)

One had read "Inner Jerusalem," by the author of the "Outer Isles," and had felt how petty much of the tourist energy devoted to Palestine was, and how futile the endeavour to invest it with any real spirit of the Holy Land. What remained of the old crusading or mediæval spirit was, all were agreed, to be found exclusively among the Orthodox. And now we have an inside account of the Russian Pilgrims by an English delineator, who is also an artist, who sailed with a large gang from Odessa, and saw them through the various stages of their enterprise. The opportunity would have been coveted by Borrow. The great George would have accomplished his task in a very different way. Mr. Stephen Graham has none of the Borrowian dryness, he writes with sympathy, with metaphor and with unction, but he has achieved a rare task with uncommon fidelity and beauty. He reveals to us the right simple moujik of the great novelists, as he reappears in the pleasant narratives of Maurice Baring, but he also enables us, again and again, to get a glimpse of the real treasure of the humble Jerusalem, the

earthly, is a pleasure-ground for wealthy sight-seers, a place where ever stone has been commercialised either by tourist agencies or greedy monks, where the very candles lit by the pious before the pictures and the shrines are put out the moment they are lit, and sold in sheaves to the

Jews. Jerusalem the Golden, the city of the Vision, the Jerusalem of Tancred, this is a very different place, and the poor Russians are almost the only people to-day who manage to get to this ideal Jerusalem.

The great merit of Mr. Graham's book is that he does not merely tell us all about the external incidents of the journey, extremely curious, barbaric and even sinister though many of these are, but he tells us how the miracle is brought about of a real pilgrim's progress taking place in full blast of the twentieth century. The pilgrims have a hard time of it, especially on the march from Jerusalem down to Nazareth and Capernaum and back, many of them perish in the dust or the storm, and some of the stages almost resemble those of the terrible retreat from Moscow. It is not the popes who persuade them to go, for they are jealous of seeing money go out of their own parishes. The peasants, it seems, often take a good deal of money with them, and spend it in relics or on debauch going back, but never upon the actual incidents of the journey. Neither is it an epidemic. Great numbers of pilgrims



From *My Cosmopolitan*  
(Mills & Boon)

A PATCH OF THE CRAZY-QUILT  
BROADWAY, FROM 42ND STREET.  
(Photo, Underwood & Unkenood).



From Kent (County Churches Series) CANTERBURY, REGULATOR PILLAR. (Allen).

come from isolated and remote villages and march one or two thousand miles even to the port of embarkation. Why do they come? It is often the one voluntary act of a creature of passive routine. It is the sudden inspiration of a contemplative, a man who would in old days have been an anchorite. It is the outcome of a sacred promise or a sudden spontaneous resolution. The incurable drunkard of a village picks himself out of the mire one afternoon, renounces the bottle, and starts off for the Holy City of the Sepulchre. The miser, who has been hoarding for fifty years, gives his money away, and sets off begging to the far-off shrine. The reserved peasant suddenly tells to a stranger the hidden secret, perhaps the crime of his existence, and sets out the same day on an expiatory pilgrimage. Here, again, are the peasants of Tolstoi, or the strange beings who emerge from under the seat in a modern Russian emigrant train. Some of them cross the sea to Jaffa again and again. They catch the Holy Fire at Easter, they bathe in their shrouds in the Jordan. They are terribly dirty, these people, extraordinary characters, some of them are ascetic, and some of them drunkards, but most of them are, after a fashion of their own, genuine mystics.

The pilgrim goes to the City partly in order to prepare himself for death, but also, very materially, to derive from life its greatest happiness—the sweet feeling of the heart in prayer. Follow his life from birth, and you will find these "sweet feelings began in the village church when he was a child. Ordinary life dulled them, caused their repetition to be infrequent, and he began, without knowing why, perhaps, to visit neighbouring monasteries. There he caught his sweet vision again. But the ordinary things of life defeated him, and even at the monasteries he felt seldom. So he went further afield. He went to far shrines, to Solovetsh, to St Seraphim. He left home and went from village to village, and from Monastery to Monastery, ever further and further till he reached the holiest place on earth—the Holy City and Golgotha, where the redemption of mankind was

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

accomplished. Further on the earth there was nowhither; it seems that the soul had found what it wished—though it had not. Satisfied for the time, he returns to his native land, but again, in a little while, appears once more the unconquerable wish to go to that place where were experienced such sweet minutes."

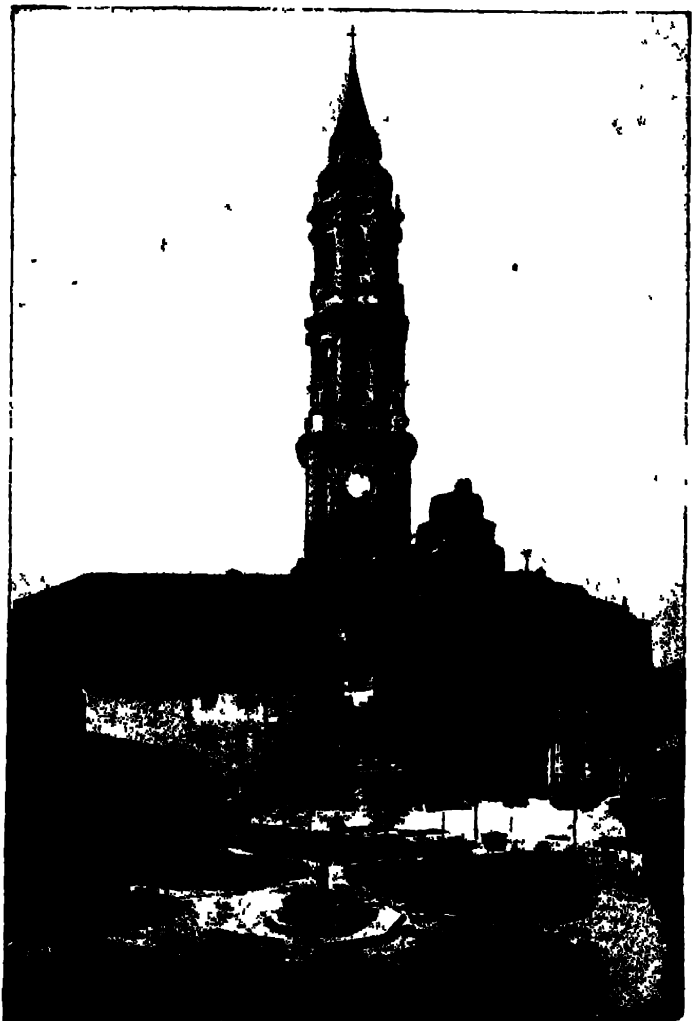
Character, pathos, observation and style are happily compounded in a book which stands high in the rare category of religious travel.

THOMAS - SCRIBNER

## THE QUEENS OF ARAGON: THEIR LIVES AND TIMES.

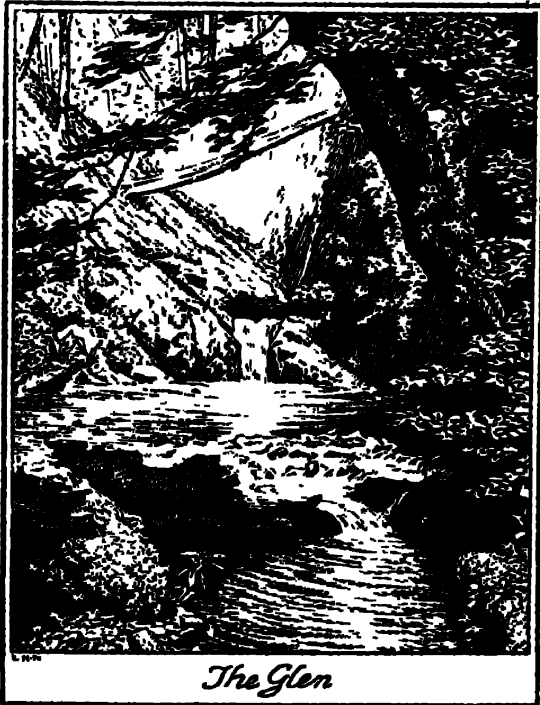
By E. L. MIRON. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 21 Illustrations in Half-tone. 16s net (Stanley Paul).

This interesting volume deals with no fewer than twenty-six "heroines," and covers more than three hundred years of stormy history—from 1035 to 1468. The unfamiliarity of the history of Spain to the average English reader constitutes only a stronger reason why you should get this book without delay, and the author's able treatment of his subjects, and the many romantic stories that centre around them, is an extra inducement. "The Queens of Aragon" is written in pleasant gossiping fashion, crowded with picturesque incidents and events, and, in short, is in every way, a most fascinating book.

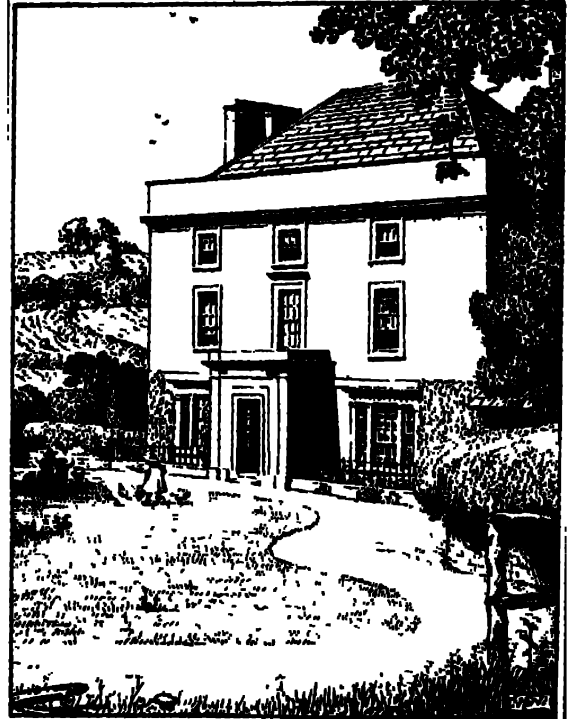


From The Queens of Aragon (Stanley Paul).

LA SEO, ZARAGOZA (Photo, H. A. S. y M. A. S. M. A. S.).



From Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country  
(Lilin Mathews)



*Racedon*

From Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country  
(Lilin Mathews)

## OXFORD COUNTY HISTORIES

The East Riding of Yorkshire By J. L. BROCKBANK, M.A.  
With 60 Illustrations and Maps. Lancashire By F. G.  
W. HEWLETT, M.A. With 6 Maps and 60 Illustrations.  
18 6d net and 24 6d net each (Clarendon Press)

Those excellent little manuals, the Oxford County Histories, continue steadily to increase in number, and two of the latest additions to the series, Lancashire and the East Riding of Yorkshire, are now before us. The object of the series is to interest dwellers in the counties in their localities and to acquaint them with something of the spirit that inspired their ancestors. Both these

volumes are admirably edited and put together, and Mr Brockbank and Mr Hewlett deserve the gratitude of many of the younger generation for their truly patriotic work.

## THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH.

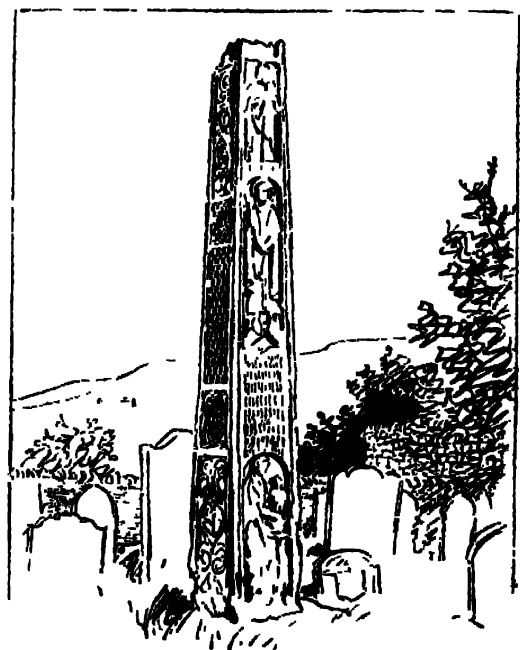
A Descriptive and Historical Account By JOCELYN  
PERKINS, M.A. 7s 6d net (Pitman)

With the reinauguration of the Chapel of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey as the official home of the Order of the Bath, this historic Order of Knighthood will enter upon a new stage. Public interest in it has been reawakened, and this compact little work of Mr Perkins, sacrist and



Highways and Byways of  
the Scottish Border  
(Macmillan)

TOMB OF SIR WALTER  
SCOTT AT DRYBURGH.



From Highways and Byways  
of the Scottish Border.  
(Macmillan)

BEWCASTLE CROSS.









From *The Oxford County Histories* The East Riding of Yorkshire  
(Oxford University Press)

THE CELEBRATED PERCY TOMB OR SHRINE IN BEVERLY MINSTER, WHICH LELAND NOTICED.  
(Photo, Charles Coudling)

minor canon of Westminister, is both timely and welcome. He has drawn freely and with discretion upon the mass of material at his disposal, and his book is embellished with no less than forty-two illustrations, taken from authentic sources, and now for the first time, we think, put before the public in a comparatively inexpensive form. It is a wonderful story, with its roots traceable to the far back days of our forefathers in the forests of Germany, with an interval of desuetude lasting for some sixty years after the accession of Charles II. For the revival, so to speak, we have to be thankful to George I. "It may be taken for granted," as Mr. Perkins writes, "that the historic Church of Westminister will fully rise to a sense of the greatness of its opportunity, and in so doing will forge yet another link in the chain which unites the British Empire to that most venerable and sacred of all the many sanctuaries which grace our island home."

## GIRTON COLLEGE

By F. F. CONSTANCE JONES. Illustrated by MARY CLARKE. 15. 6d. net. (A & C Black.)

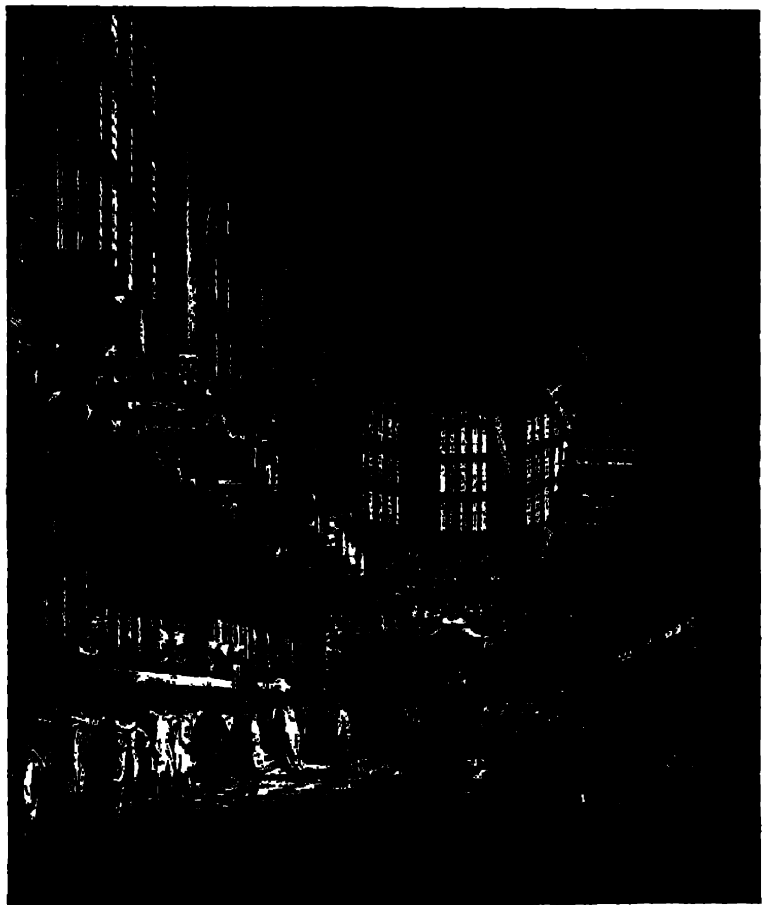
Messrs. Black's reputation in the matter of colour-books is well sustained by this number of their "Beautiful Britain" series, and Girton girls, whether former or present students, will welcome a monograph upon their Alma Mater. Of course Girton, with a mere handful of years behind it (the original building was opened in 1873) cannot compete in archaeological and romantic charm with the great mediæval Colleges of either University.

Of strenuous, vigorous work, of aims carried out to noble ends, it affords a marvellous example. But the indefinable spell of immemorial antiquity is lacking, and Girton presents literally only academic attractions. Hence this short account of her rise and progress reads somewhat in the style of a report. The specimens of Girton verse, however excellent in their intention, do not evoke an Oliverian request for more; the record of literary, philosophic, and scientific publications by past students is rather awe-inspiring than epoch-making. The best thing in this slender volume is the sprightly narrative of Miss L. I. Lumsden, who chronicles some of the obstacles, frustrations, and misconceptions encountered by the pioneers of Women's Higher Education, and tells of the eventual, though gradual, triumph of the determined few. Miss Mary Clarke's illustrations will be of interest to Collegians, but we hardly imagine that the "sweet girl graduates with their golden hair" bear so extraordinary a facial resemblance to one another as here portrayed.

## MY MEMORIES, 1830-1913.

By LORD SUFFIELD. Edited by ALYS ROWTH. 16s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

During the last forty years of the life of King Edward, Lord Suffield was his constant companion. Even when the King went away without him, he nearly always sent for his friend to join him. "I loved him as much as one man can love another," says Lord Suffield, so naturally the greater part of his memoirs is devoted to an account of his intercourse with his royal friend and master. He went with the King to India in 1875, and relates in a very interesting way the events of the brilliant journey. Afterwards he travelled a good deal on the Continent with the King, and got on terms of friendship with the rulers of Europe. Even Bismarck



From *The Most Honourable Order of the Bath* (Pitman)

THE NEW KNIGHTS BEING INSTALLED BY THE DUKE OF YORK IN 1912.

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From Girton College (Beautiful Britain Series)  
(Black)

was extremely affable to him, but Lord Suffield is inclined to fancy that the great statesman hoped to worm some State secrets out of him. Naturally there are no revelations of this sort in "My Memories", but though Lord Suffield is the soul of honour and discretion, he is never dull or formal, and his book is sure to be one of the successes of the season. For it is written with

pic-  
ture

THE STANLEY LIBRARY.  
(Photo P. A. Buchanan & Co.)

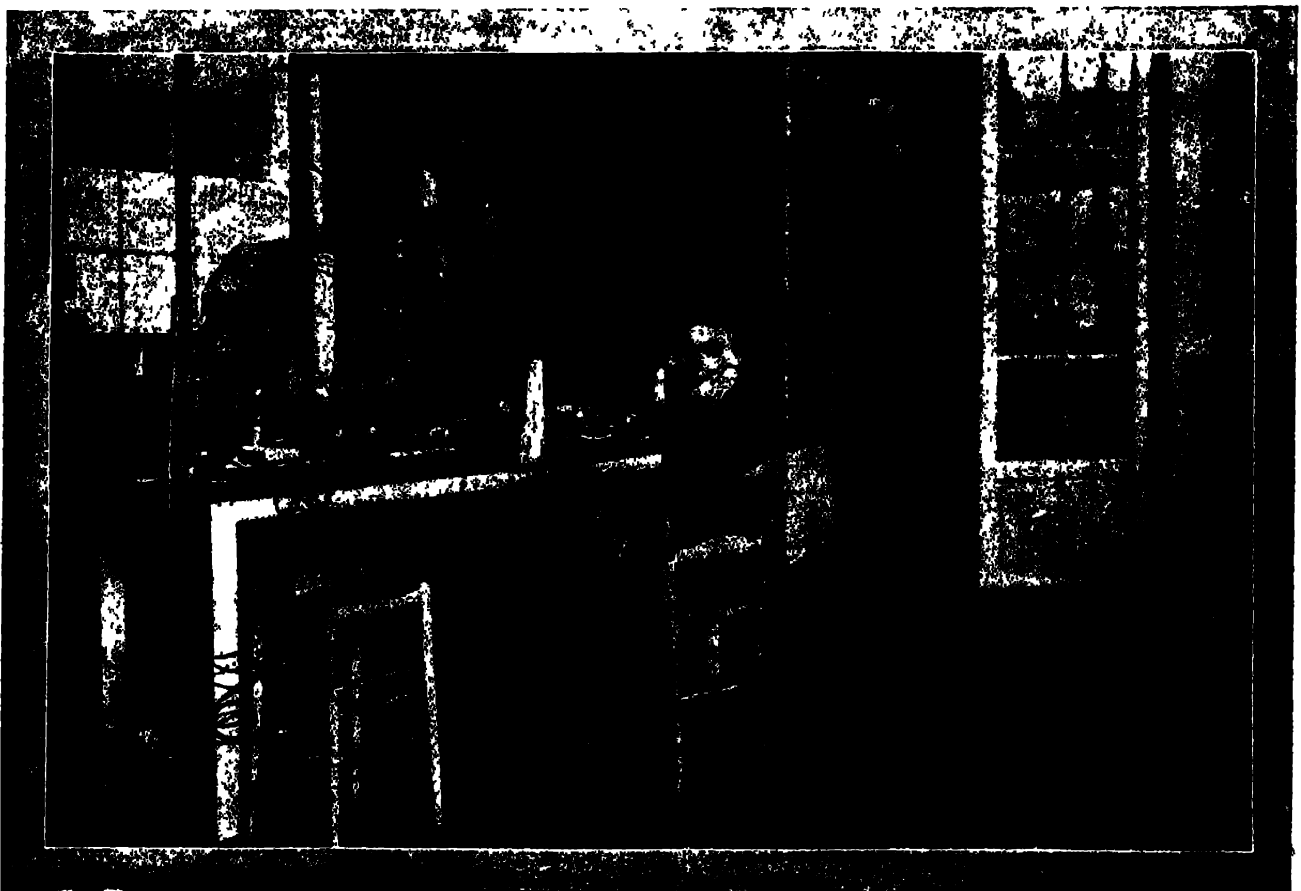
difficult to estimate the importance of the history making, and the value of these volumes in this is more likely to increase than to diminish. The edition gives, as usual, many photographs and a few admirable summaries on the principal events of the year, ranged in a classified order. It is at least as interesting of its predecessors—which is saying a good deal.

humour and good spirit by a sportsman who has a kindly but shrewd power of observation. King Edward is the hero of the book, but a long line of famous men and beautiful women is passed under review and sketched in telling strokes, and several hitherto unpublished drawings by Sir Arthur Ellis add to the historical interest of the account of King Edward's travels in India. The best tale in the book is contained in the preface by Sir Charles Beresford: it concerns Lord Suffield.

### THE YEAR 1913 ILLUSTRATED.

2s. 6d. net (Headley)

The appearance of that capital annual, "The Year Illustrated," will no doubt be welcome to the many who have invested their half-crowns in earlier issues. It is



From The Year 1913 Illustrated (Headley).

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## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *My Memories*, 1830 1913

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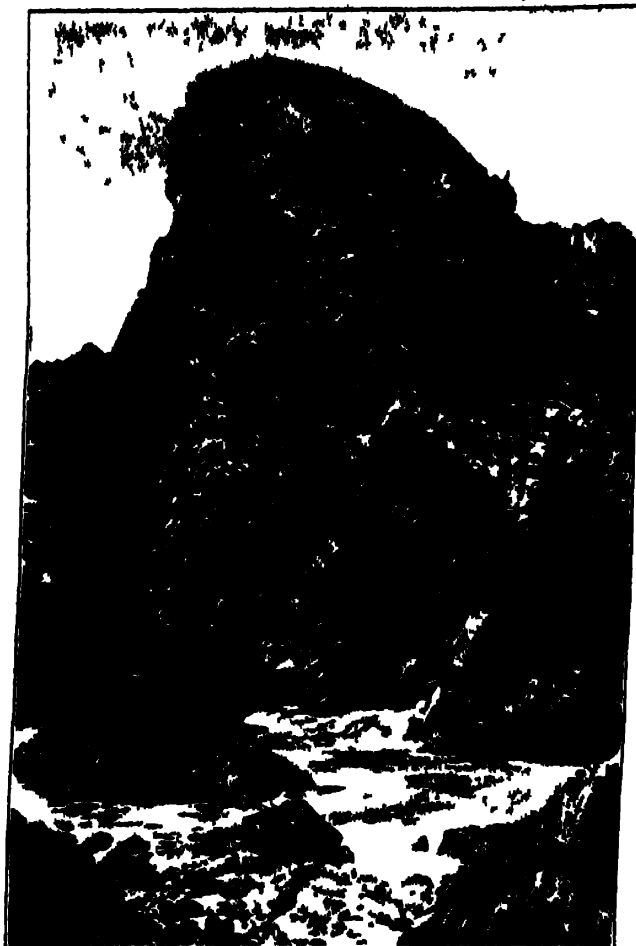


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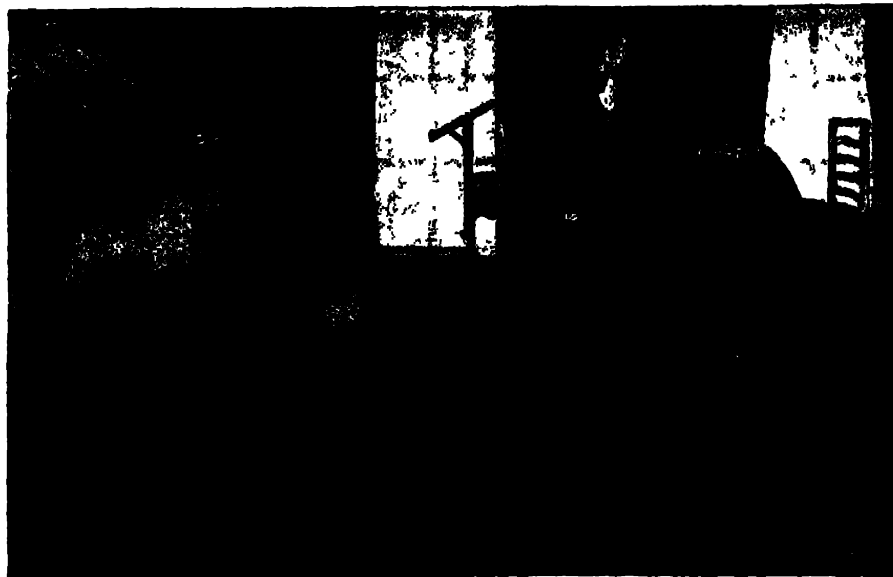
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## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



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have become a serious problem, what with weak engines, small steamers, paddle wheels instead of screws, and execrable accommodation, travelling was indeed a trying and even harassing performance. The *Liverpool Mercury*, giving an account of the *Liverpool* in October, 1838, speaks of the "main or after cabin" as a splendid apartment, 58 feet, in length, 28 feet 9 inches in width at one end, slightly narrowing to 22 feet 4 inches at the stern, and 8 feet in height. From the old "liner *de luxe*" of those days to the *Olympic* dining-room 92 feet in width and 114 feet in length, is indeed a far cry. Not merely because of the difference of the dimensions, but from the fact that this dining-room is of course only one of many rooms of almost similar size on the same steamer. The first vessel to cross the Atlantic, the *Sirius*, took seventeen days for the voyage. She was only a little coasting steamer, and made her trip under steam and sail. Nowadays Atlantic voyagers think themselves hardly dealt by if they are six days from shore to shore. Whilst Mr Fletcher's book will be of interest to the travelling public and that large class who do most of their travelling by the fire-side by means of maps and travel books, we cannot help feeling a little disappointed that he has not given more information

regarding the early days of ocean travel. There are many excellent illustrations which add materially to the value of the book, and we can quite recognise the difficulties by which the author naturally was beset when seeking to deal with so large and important a subject within a comparatively brief space. Should a second edition of the work be called for, it would be a happy thought for the author to add a chapter dealing a little with the romance of travel across the Atlantic Ferry.

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if I sat in it more than a dozen times during the thirty years that Richard spent in Parliament. I am also old-fashioned enough to dislike the development of tea on the Terrace, which has turned that spot, sacred at one time to our legislators, into a species of restaurant."

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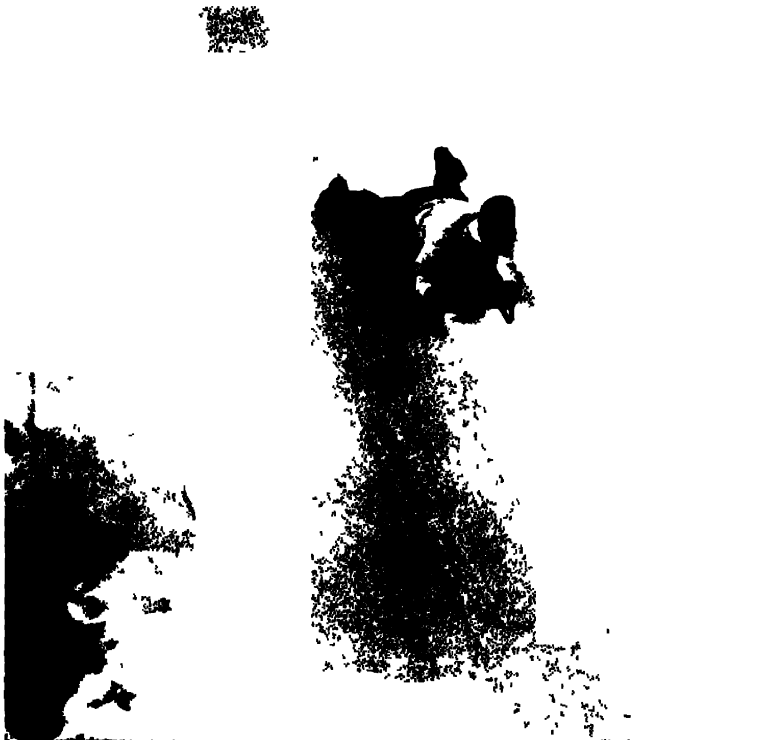
## THE MOUNTED POLICE OF NATAL

By H. P. HOLT, V. an Intro-  
SIR J. C. DARTNELL on Vol. I

To those who know that the Natal Police have a fighting record second to that of no similar body of men in any part of the world, the title of this book will sufficiently indicate its contents. It is full of the romance of adventure in the outlands of the earth. When General Sir John Dartnell formed the corps in 1874, he arranged that all officers were to be promoted from the ranks. The result was that the Natal Police offered an open career to any man of ambition, and lovers of adventure, eager for the chance of winning distinction, flocked to the leader of the small corps from our universities and public schools. They were trained till they were as tough as leather and hard as iron, for the Zulus under Cetewayo were preparing for battle, and the police force had to make up in efficiency what it lacked in numbers. In 1879 the troopers showed the stuff they were made of. Some of them faced slaughter and fought

to a rush under the shadow of Isandhlwana, their horses were bucketed close to them, but making no attempt to retire from the overwhelming Zulu impi, they used their

last cartridge and fell beneath the assegais. Some of them also helped to hold Rorke's Drift. At Majuba, the troopers were held in reserve as cavalry, and could only help the fugitives breaking and pouring down the lost height. They took a very active part in the last South African War, but being split up into small detachments they were unable to win distinction as a body. Acting as both soldiers and policemen, they have had their full of adventure among the black tribes, and often save a big war by a mixture of tact and bluff and intrepidity. Now they are losing their identity by being absorbed in the South African Constabulary, but their fine history as related by Mr. Holt will never be forgotten. He has told their story in exactly the right way; not unduly emphasising the romance of it—there was no need to do that—but making us realise it as it was in reality. This is a book to be read.



Winter Sports in Switzerland  
(Allen).

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AND  
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LITERATURE



## A black and white photograph of a woman sitting in a chair, wearing a light-colored dress, with a large, patterned curtain in the background. The image is grainy and has a high-contrast, vintage feel.

*From The Eagle's Talon*  
(P 1 1)

**THE BLACKSMITH  
BUYS PETER'S  
FIRST ROSE**

A curious conviction of the modern publisher is that the novel reader prefers to indulge in his favourite pastime when the weather is unpleasant. Even in a cosy corner by the fire-side the wind howling in the chimney rain or

and a Month<sup>1</sup> used to amuse himself between dinner and bed time by dozing sometimes by sleeping in a repulsively unromantic manner. If he had had the sense to read a novel—aloud if he were a good reader—or to do something there can be very little doubt that his wife would have got on with him better. Even if you are silent you are more companionable awake than asleep, and besides it is silly to be rude to your wife, as in Theodora's case it led to tragedy. For after five years of married drudgery she had a month's holiday away from home fell deeply in love with another man and returned to find her husband if possible more callous and unpleasant than ever. Perhaps it was just as well that she took and died pretty quickly afterwards though I cannot see any artistic reason for killing her off and feel quite certain that in actual life she would have probably



**SHE MANAGED TO GET INTO  
MY ARMS ALTHOUGH THEY  
COULD NOT HOLD HER**

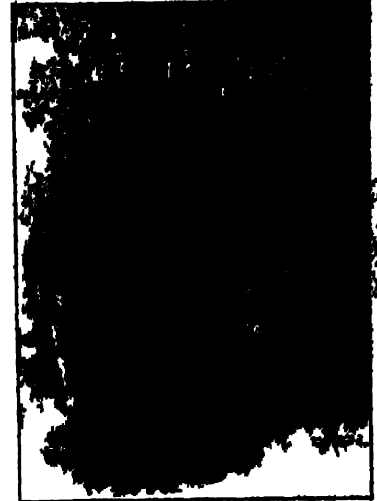
I notice that the husband of Theodora the heroine of *Five Years*

<sup>1</sup> Five Years and a Month By Fanny Morris Wood 6s  
(Duckworth)  
<sup>2</sup> The Rut By J Hamilton Moore 6s (Erskine  
Macdonald)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

very good one. Dolly Armitage, the heroine, is forty-three and her children are grown-up. She has grown so thoroughly accustomed to the rut of the title that her comfortable, dull narrow mode of life has become almost second nature to her. Almost but not quite, for, though she is unaware of it, she is naturally romantic and of course the rut is exactly the reverse of that. So when a philanderer comes along—well, the publisher tells you that with "a little more imagination she might have been a second Madame Bovary." But she wasn't, which is precisely her tragedy. For her husband found her out and "forgave" her in the brutally uncompromising manner peculiar to his class and the philanderer ran away with her pretty daughter. So Dolly's case is a good deal

autobiography in novel form. This is to serve as his new book and the one condition which he makes with himself is that the truth shall be told throughout in the most rigorously legal manner. Fortunately and rather refreshingly this does not entail a very large amount of



GEORGE WASHINGTON  
AND MARTHA CUSTIS  
(From a drawing by Clara M. Burd)  
Frontispiece to *Threads of Grey and Gold*  
(Putnam)



From *Adam Bede*  
(Chambers)

SHE COULD NOT PREVENT HIM  
FROM SEEING HER FACE

worse at the end than it was at the beginning. There is some really excellent drawing of character in this book and in the figure of Dolly's lover, pretentious, cautious and selfish Mr. Hamilton Moore scores a triumph. Few readers will remain unmoved by the tragic development of "The Rut."

Mr. William Hewlett's new book is another realistic novel, very carefully and convincingly worked out but containing perhaps almost more promise than performance. His hero Hugh Middlecomb having reached a certain point in his development as an author has determined in the most approved modern fashion to write his

\* "Telling the Truth" By William Hewlett 6s (Becker)

her life's unfulfilled desire and travel in the East. So for a start she goes to

The Unconscious Quest By J. Reid Matheson 6s (Sidgwick & Jackson)

uninteresting detail, Mr. Hewlett is too clever a writer for that. But it does mean that a good number of the most important incidents would shock Mrs. Grundy. After all I suppose the absolute truth about a good number of people would be rather alarming though I feel still that Mr. Hewlett lays too much stress upon Middlecomb's merely sexual experiences and that there are far too many of them for such a clever man. Nevertheless, "Telling the Truth" is a very honest and capable piece of work and I have a good deal of admiration for it.

Mr. or more probably Miss E. Reid Matheson's "The Unconscious Quest" is of rather a different type and is decidedly difficult to place. Mrs. Lang, an English girl in the fifties with a couple of grown-up girls, likes at last to indulge



From the paper jacket of "Avanti!"  
(Revell)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

Cairo, where she makes the acquaintance of a young Turkish gentleman, introduced to her by a fellow-passenger on board her boat. For some reason or other beyond my comprehension she finds him immensely fascinating, and after a long struggle with herself she has just consented to marry him when she is forced to return to England on account of the illness of one of her daughters. So far as the plot goes, that is the whole of this book, which interested me more as a guide to Egypt than as a novel.

Another sentimental guide-book of this kind is Miss Anna Fuller's "A Venetian June,"

\* "A Venetian June" By Anna Fuller With 16 Illustrations in Colour by Frederick S. Coburn 10s. 6d. net (Putnam)



From *The Chow Chow* (Putnam)



From *My Dog* (Allen).

"THE ONLY BEING THAT HAS FOUND AN INDUBITABLY TANGIBLE GOD."

which Messrs Putnam have just published in an elaborate and beautiful form, with excellent illustrations in colour by Frederick S. Coburn. There is some good work here, though I cannot help feeling that Miss Fuller would have done better if she had made up her mind definitely as to whether she was or was not writing a novel. But on this point the reading public obviously does not agree with me, or there would have been no demand for this *édition de luxe*. Yet another volume of a very similar type is Miss Augusta Gordon Watson's "In Spain with Peggy." Here are two love stories, with complications, both of them ending satisfactorily, and here, too, is an excellent superficial guide to the principal "sights" in Spain. It is all quite pleasantly and apparently fairly efficiently done, and it reminds me of nothing so much as a Williamson book without a motor interest.

"A British Dog in France" is quite out of the usual run. While not exactly a novel, it is obviously fiction, and I have no hesitation in including it here. Fox, the hero, writes his autobiography, and recounts a series of adventures that are uncommonly varied. I should think, even for those of a truant dog in a foreign country. However, Mr Harrison Barker may be warmly congratulated upon a successful piece of "characterisation," and his story should bring vividly home to the public the cruelty with which performing dogs are nearly always treated. The humorously fanciful illustrations of Mr Brightwell are in themselves worth the price asked for the book.

Returning to the novel proper, a batch of well-known authors deserves more lengthy notice than, unfortunately, I have space for here. Of "Writ in Water" I can only say that it exhibits all Miss Grier's accustomed skill in the telling of her story and the firm handling of character. This tale of a rising of negroes on the Island of Lovodic—in the "Amerindian" Ocean—is very probably founded upon some

\* "In Spain with Peggy" By Augusta Gordon Watson With 12 Illustrations from Photographs by Francis Anderson, 7s. 6d. net (Laurie)

\* "A British Dog in France" By E. Harrison Barker With 12 Full-page and 31 Text Illustrations by L. R. Brightwell 6s. net (Chatto & Windus)

\* "Writ in Water." By Sydney C. Grier. With 4 Illustrations by A. Pearce, 6s. (Blackwood.)





From The Chow Chow (Pisman)

episode in our colonial history with which I am unfamiliar. But this is not a matter of great moment, for, whether or not it be the case, the historical and political aspects of the book are relegated to their proper place in the background, where they happen also to be most effective. The plot is equally intriguing and thrilling—in fact, "Writ in Water" is unquestionably one of the best books with which I deal in this article. Admirers of Miss Grier's talent, by the way, will be able to classify it when they are told that it is included in the author's "Century" series.

Mr John Oxenham is one of those authors who may be described best as "reliable." If you have liked his other books you may be quite certain that you will like his new one. "Red Wrath"<sup>9</sup> deals with life in the curious little Isles of Chausey (which are no great distance from our own Channel Islands) and in Paris during and after the Franco-Prussian War. It is an exciting story, with no dramatic detail omitted, and in the graceful figure of Alette Mr Oxenham has added another to his long list of plucky, faithful, and altogether charming heroines. The illustrations, from photographs, are interesting rather than beautiful, but they may have the effect of enticing some visitors to what must be, I am sure, a little-known part of France. Anyhow, I want to go to the Isles de Chausey.

Miss Arabella Kenealy's work is always good, but she seems to be a little tired in "The Painted Lady"<sup>10</sup> which is interesting chiefly as a *tour de force*. The main plot is of the most ancient order of melodrama. The mystery of a birth, rival claimants to a title, the impostor successful for a time, but virtue triumphant in the end, and all the rest of it. The interest comes in with the variations and complications, as numerous as they are varied, with which the author's fertile imagination is able to invest this well-worn theme. The more serious aspect of the book is comprised in the clever study of the effect upon an ill-balanced character of a sudden accession to riches.

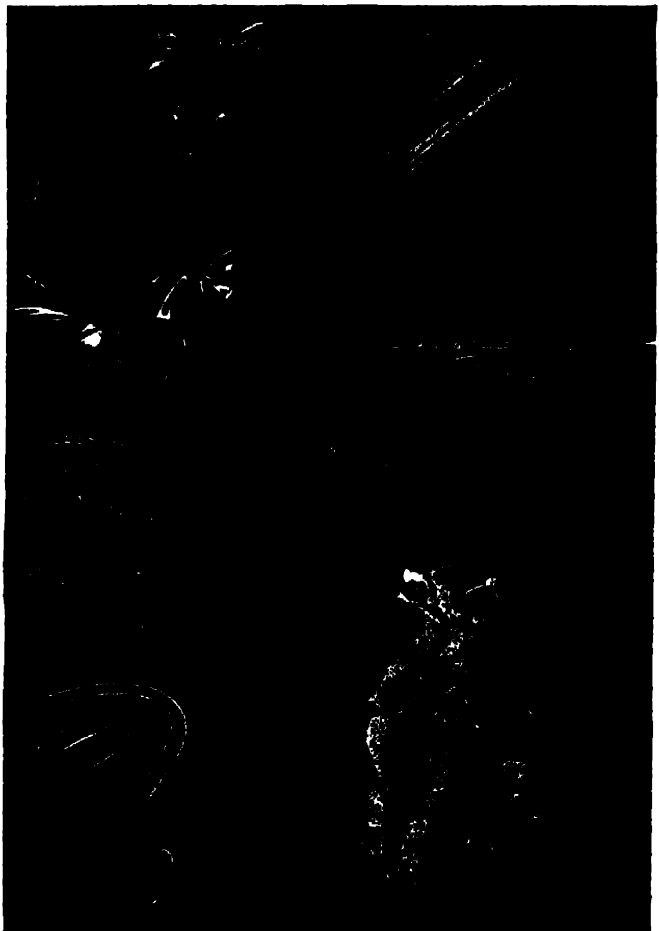
The heroines of "Weeds"<sup>11</sup>—a remarkable book in its way—are of a different type. They are perfectly harmless, and their only wish is to be allowed to make their living in as honest a manner as possible. But owing to force of circumstances and lack of training they find it exceedingly difficult to do so. It is a long book, full of realistic and convincing detail, and it should prove an admirable teacher of the lesson the authors wish to inculcate. Take a lady,

give] her a thoroughly unpractical education, allow her to spend money very much as she likes, and then cast her adrift upon the world. Don't you think the case of such a woman would be desperate? Yet it is what happens with comparative regularity. "London," says Mr. Sladen, "is full of gentlewomen without these advantages (youth, good looks, and personal charm), waiting to do any honest work, but in danger of actual starvation. . . . 'Weeds' shows how the unfortunate victims of these circumstances are put on the rack of anxiety, privation and humiliation." Everybody ought to read this

strong and convincing book, and take its lesson to heart.

Turning to America, one finds that Mr Robert Chambers has not been idle during the past year. "The Business of Life,"<sup>12</sup> his long autumn novel, is thoroughly typical of its writer. The plot is simple, sentimental, and not strong enough for its very lengthy development, the setting is American "smart" society, the characters are

<sup>9</sup> "The Business of Life" By Robert W Chambers With 33 Illustrations by Charles Dana Gilson 6s (Appleton)



Frontispiece to A British Dog in France (Chatto & Windus).

"WHO ARE YOU?" SAID THE POODLE.

<sup>9</sup> "Red Wrath" By John Oxenham With 16 Illustrations from Photographs 6s (Hodder & Stoughton)

<sup>10</sup> "The Painted Lady" By Arabella Kenealy 6s (Stanley Paul)

<sup>11</sup> "Weeds" By Olive Potter and Douglas Sladen 6s (Hart & Blackett.)

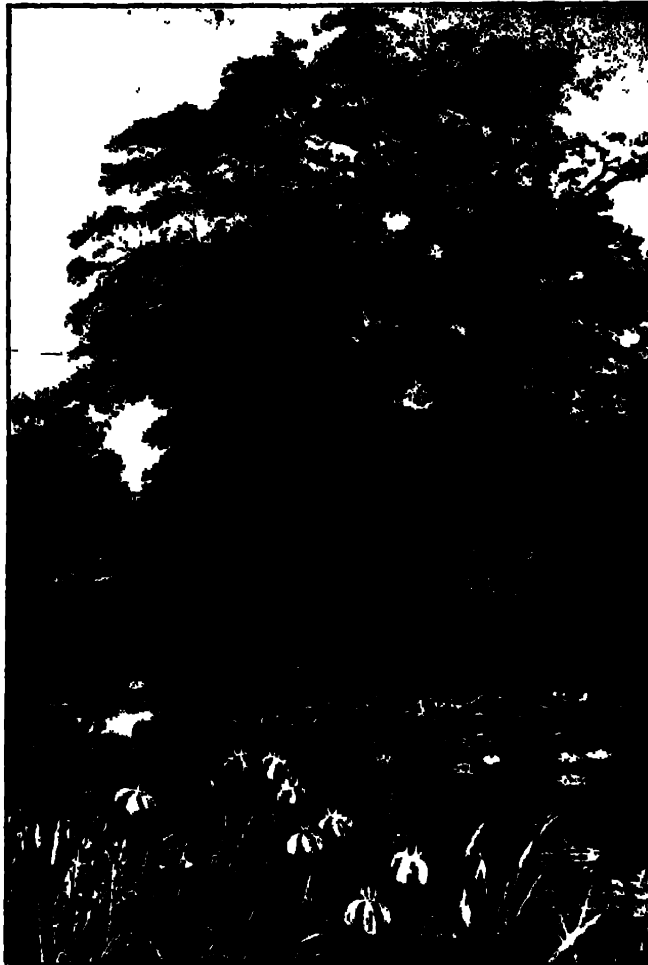
## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

drawn in the regulation pattern, and the dialogue is crisp, bright, and amusing. Honestly, I prefer Mr Chambers in any manner but this, but those people who like this sort of thing will be sure to find that "The Business of Life" is the sort of thing they will like. "The Gay Rebellion,"<sup>13</sup> I was relieved to find, is not a society story. It is a whimsical extravaganza, humorously and brightly written, dealing with a possible development of the feminist movement. It would be wrong to give away the really excellent idea underlying the book, which is just the thing for an evening's amusement.

Another very popular American writer is the late Myrtle Reed, a delightful collection of posthumous papers by whom is presented in "Threads of Grey and Gold."<sup>14</sup> About half the contents are poems, and the essays which make up the remainder of the book cover all sorts of subjects, from "The Technique of the Short Story" and "One Woman's Solution of the Servant Problem" to "Romance and the Postman" and "The Courtship of George Washington."

<sup>13</sup> "The Gay Rebellion" By Robert W Chambers With 4 full-page and many text illustrations by Edmund Frederick 6s (Appleton)

<sup>14</sup> "Threads of Grey and Gold" By Myrtle Reed With a Coloured Frontispiece by Clara M Burd and a Portrait 6s (Putnam)



From Rambles among the Flowers  
(Partridge)

IRIS AND WATERLILY  
AT HOME

Mr. John Ayscough has also made a collection of his short stories<sup>15</sup>—some of them, I must say, very slight indeed—which ought to attract his admirers; and yet another popular writer, Miss Macnaughtan, has already scored a success with a charming tale of Indian life,<sup>16</sup> written in the best manner of the author of "Christina M'Nab" and the "Lame Dog's Diary."

Lovers of the sensational will find their demands satisfied in Mr. Harris-Burland's "Grey Cat"<sup>17</sup> or Mr. Hornung's "Thousandth Woman,"<sup>18</sup> both of which are murder mysteries, the latter book being considerably the better of the two from a technical point of view. Or, in a different style of sensation, Mr. Reginald Hodder's "The Vampire"<sup>19</sup> could hardly be bettered, though I must say that I found the more profoundly mystical parts a trifle bewildering. But there are some real shudders in it for all that.

For the central idea of

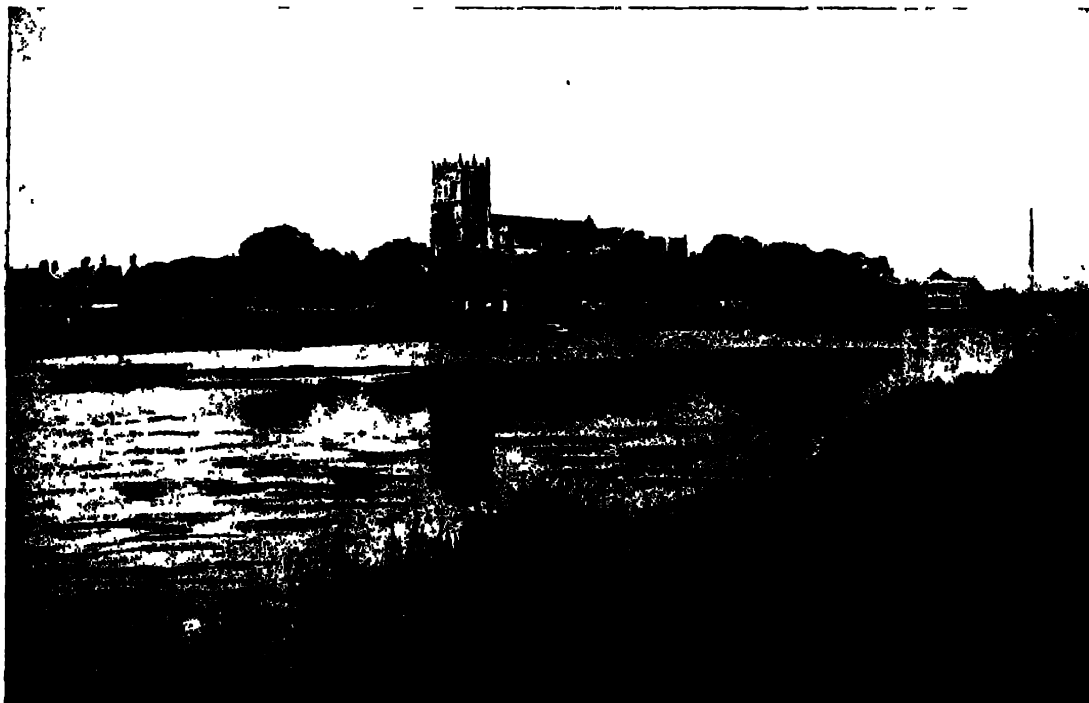
<sup>15</sup> "Prodigals and Sons" By John Ayscough, 6s (Hart & Windus)

<sup>16</sup> "Snow upon the Desert" By S Macnaughtan With 8 illustrations by Gordon Browne 6s (Hodder & Stoughton)

<sup>17</sup> "The Grey Cat" By J B Harris-Burland 6s (Chapman & Hall)

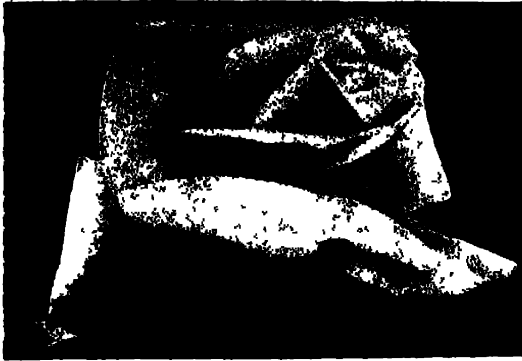
<sup>18</sup> "The Thousandth Woman" By L W Hornung With 4 illustrations by Frank Snapp 3s 6d net (Nash)

<sup>19</sup> "The Vampire" By Reginald Hodder With Coloured Frontispiece 6s (Rider)



The Salmon Rivers of England and Wales  
(Kegan Paul).

THE JUNCTION AT CHRISTCHURCH.



From The Rose Book  
(Cassell)

ROSE MADAME ANTOINE  
MARI  
(A charming tea rose for the garden,  
of lilac rose shade.)



The Rose Book  
(Cassell)

ROSE AMATEUR J  
TEYSSIER (H.T.)  
pretty rose, white with lemon  
yellow centre

his extraordinary tale, "Up Above,"<sup>20</sup> Mr John N Raphael acknowledges his indebtedness to M Maurice Renard's "Le P ril Bleu." Briefly it is that, invisible to the dwellers upon earth, a strange race inhabits the upper atmosphere, to whom our air takes the place of water. When the Shadow People take it into their heads to collect specimens from the earth much as we collect them from the depths of the sea, employing a 'submarine' for this purpose, it must be clear to you that things begin to happen. Admirers of Mr. Wells' earlier work should be especially attracted by "Up Above."



From The Herbaceous Garden  
(Williams & Norgate)

Reviewed in a recent number of THE BOOKMAN

YEW HEDGES AND TRELLIS, HURST COURT

the author has done all that can be expected of him to make it accurate and attractive. There is a good deal to be said for this manner of presenting history, which is followed to some extent by Mr. Schumacher also in "Nelson's Last Love."<sup>22</sup> a companion volume to

The historical novel usually commands a fairly large public in this country, one that ought to be delighted with the very sound and painstaking piece of work that comes

<sup>20</sup> "Up Above" By John N Raphael 6s (Hutchinson)

<sup>21</sup> "His Magnificence" By A J Anderson With Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations in the text 6s (Stanley Paul)

<sup>22</sup> "Nelson's Last Love" By Henry Schumacher With 34 Illustrations (one in Colour) and 2 Facsimiles 6s (Hutchinson)



From The Rose Book  
(Cassell)

ROSE AVOCA (H.T.)  
(A variety of brilliant red  
colouring)



From The Rose Book  
(Cassell)

ROSE LIBERTY (H.T.)  
(One of the best of the red  
varieties)

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *The Merchant of Venice*  
(Greening)

"DO YOU NOT REMEMBER,  
LADY, A VENETIAN, A  
YOUNG SOLDIER?"

These two books tell the life-story of Lady Hamilton in a way that is a good deal pleasanter than that of the ordinary biography, and is also, so far as I can tell, no less accurate. Both are fully—and very well—illustrated.

"Ashes of Vengeance"<sup>22</sup> is of a much more ordinary type, but it is at least a well-written and spirited story of France at the time of the Huguenot massacres. As a first book it shows a good deal of promise, which, I am told, has been recognised by the public already. And while on the subject of the historical novel I must draw your attention to the very cheap re-issue of Messrs. Chambers's illustrated edition of "*Lorna Doone*."<sup>24</sup> Mr. Gordon Browne has seldom done better work than in the adornment of this old favourite.

With its snake charmers, beautiful women, dramatic story, and Burmese atmosphere, "*Fascination*"<sup>25</sup> is a story that is quite amusing to read, and another part of the British Empire, the Transvaal, appears in "*The River of Dreams*,"<sup>26</sup> which is a good, but not wildly exciting, story of diamond mining.

In conclusion, I find that I still have to mention "*The Thunderhead Lady*,"<sup>27</sup> a slight but pleasing love-story told in letters, "*The Paupers of Portman Square*,"<sup>28</sup> a very effective tale worthy of far more praise than I have space for, in which Miss Wylie makes her bow in a novel of English life, and the "*Indiscretions of Dr Carstairs*,"<sup>29</sup> a readable but rather amateurish collection of the "cases" of a society doctor. The rumour that this last book is founded on fact adds to its interest.

L. T. S.

<sup>22</sup> "*Ashes of Vengeance*" By H. B. Somerville 6s. (Hutchinson)

<sup>24</sup> "*Lorna Doone*" By R. D. Blackmore With 13 Coloured Plates and 61 Text Illustrations by Gordon Browne 6s net (Chambers)

<sup>25</sup> "*Fascination*" By Cecil Champain Lewis 6s (Lane)

<sup>26</sup> "*The River of Dreams*" By William Westrup 6s (Hurst & Blackett)

<sup>27</sup> "*The Thunderhead Lady*" By Anna Fuller and Brian Read With 44 Picture Headings by William J. Wilson 3s 6d. net (Putnam)

<sup>28</sup> "*The Paupers of Portman Square*" By I. A. R. Wylie. With Frontispiece in Colour by A. C. Michael 6s (Cassell)

<sup>29</sup> "*Indiscretions of Dr Carstairs*" By A. De O. 6s. (Heinemann)



From *The Business of Life*  
(Appleton).

"—I beg your pardon," said Jacqueline.

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From *Snow upon the Desert*  
(Hodder & Stoughton).

"I COULD DO WITHOUT CONTRAST  
FOR THE SAKE OF PEACEFUL  
GREY DAYS."

means for a fair trial of his uncle, who has been apprehended for treasonable practices. How the hero's quest proved a mare's nest and plunged Denis into a vortex of rascality in which his uncle was the biggest rascal of them all, and how he met the fair Idonia and rescued her from the toils in which he found her, it would be unfair to the reader to tell here. Suffice it to say that the love story of Denis and this beautiful, high-spirited, and wholly adorable girl is cleverly woven into a narrative as full of adventures as the most exacting lover of high romance could desire. Eventually the happy pair are married, and the story ends in some beautifully-written pages, with the death of Denis's father. The day on which he died he sits chatting with them, watching the ships that were to scatter the Armada passing up the Channel, and his last words include this fine motto for Englishmen "In what estate soever we be found, we be neither angry nor afraid." An author who can write thus needs no recommendation.

### THE CHOW-CHOW.

By LADY DUNBAR of MOCHRUM. Illustrated.  
(Pitman.)

One of the principal breeds of dogs which have come into fashion recently is the Chow-Chow (or, as he is now generally called, merely the Chow). However, he is not a particularly easy dog to breed or to rear, though he is well deserving of his popularity when he can be obtained—and kept—in good condition. The present attractively produced volume, therefore, which tells, in a manner very easy to understand, everything that anybody needs to know about the Chow, should make a strong appeal to owners of the dog, while it may also do a good deal to enhance his popularity.

### THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

By a Popular Novelist. With 8 Illustrations in Colour by  
AVERIL BURLEIGH 6s (Greening.)

"The Merchant of Venice" is the first volume of the "Novels from Shakespeare" series, in which "A Popular Novelist" retells in the form of fiction a number of the principal plays. The books, of course, are written in prose of the most modern variety, and the story is naturally entirely lacking in the poetic atmosphere. But the result is not at all a bad modern novel in its way, and "A Popular Novelist" shows that his is a skilled hand, although the reason why it is necessary to "popularise" Shakespeare in this way is rather beyond our powers of comprehension. The kindest way in which to regard the book is to look upon it as an ordinary new historical novel—when you will find it quite up the mark. The clever grouping and brilliant colouring of Miss Averil Burleigh's illustrations makes them very effective.

### IDONIA

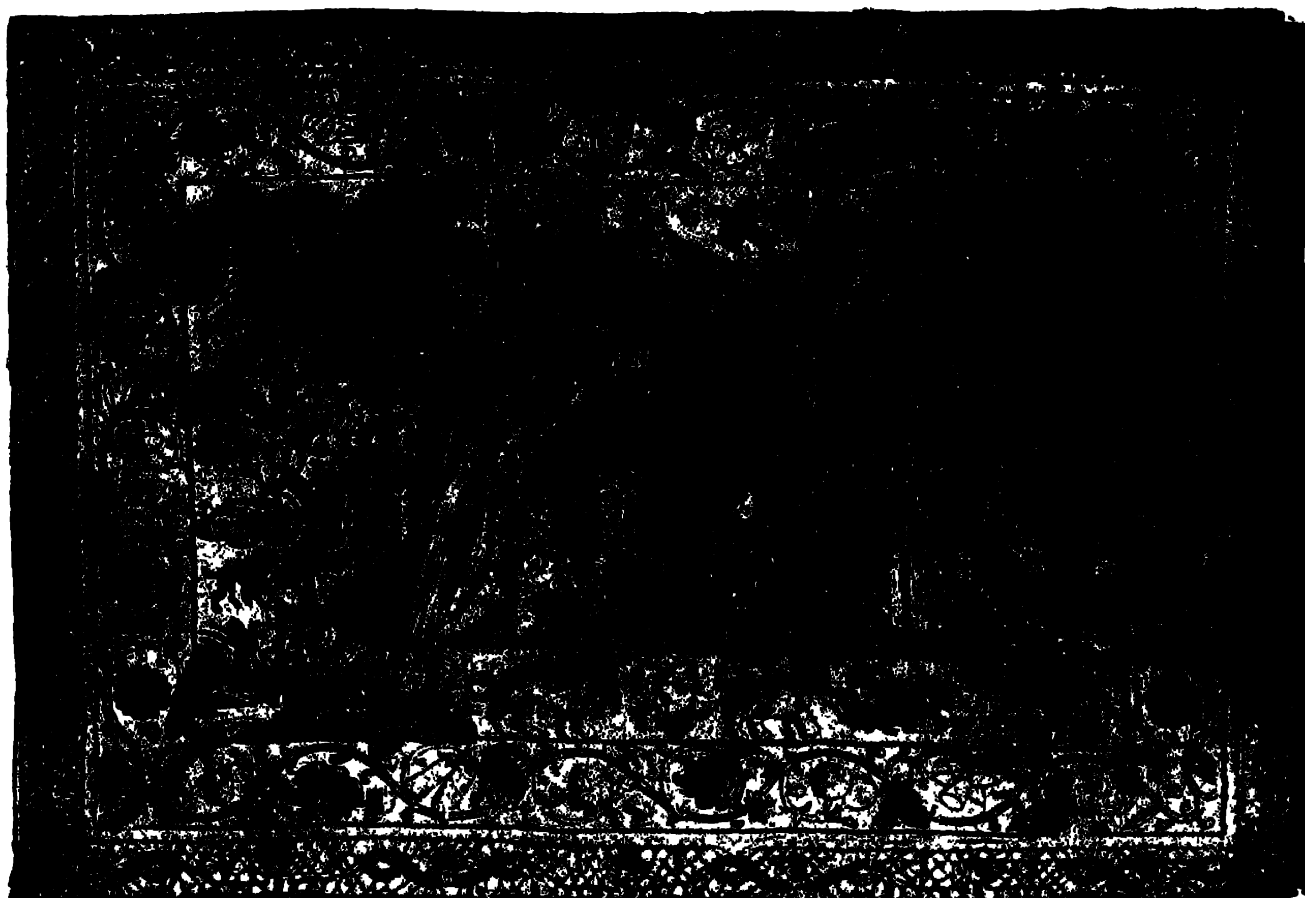
A Romance of Old London

By ARTHUR F. WALLIS. Illustrated by C. E. BRUCK 6s  
(Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

This delightful story more than fulfils the expectations aroused by its secondary title, Mr Wallis having achieved something very near perfection in his portrayal of the conditions and fascination of London in the stirring days of Queen Elizabeth. This he has done in accordance with the best traditions of historical fiction, avoiding all exaggeration in his manner of making distinctive the period with which he deals, with the result that he has given it a true and romantic resurrection in his reader's mind. Denis Cleeve, a callow West Country youth, possessed, however, of a certain stubborn grit, comes to London with five hundred pounds of his father's money to provide the



From *Idonia* (Sampson Low).



From Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries  
(Longmans)

EMBROIDERY PICTURE CHARLES I AND HIS QUEEN.  
Dated 1663 Lord Montagu.

## A PROPER NEWE BOKE OF COKERYE.

Edited by CATHERINE FRANCES FRERE  
With 3 Illustrations (Heffer, Cambridge)

This most quaint and original of cookery books was originally owned by Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury (during the reign of Queen Elizabeth) and his wife Margaret. It is interesting perhaps less from a culinary point of view - though a number of the recipes would be well worth trying - than for its historical value. After all, the consumption of food played quite as important a part in the lives of the Elizabethans as it does in ours, and there are many people who would find it difficult to tell you, for instance, what sort of things Shakespeare ate and others. Mrs Frere contributes a long introduction



From A Proper Newe Boke  
of Cokerye  
(Heffer, Cambridge).

PORTRAIT OF MATTHEW PARKER,  
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, 1572.  
(From the Book of Statutes, Corpus Christi  
College, Cambridge. Photo by Mr. Mason, Cam.)

(over 160 pages) to the book, as well as notes to each recipe, and a glossary. The result is quaint and queerly fascinating reading.

## HIS LITTLE BIT O' GARDEN.

By MILDRED HILL  
With Frontispiece  
18 6d net (Allen Lane)

["A good story for a Sunday-school prize is not so easily come by as to be worth neglecting when there is a chance of getting one. And so there should be a large public for this charming little missionary story by Miss Mildred Hill, in which tenderness, sentiment and homeliness, though clever, characterisation are admirably combined. (its kind "His Little Bit o' Garden" is as good as anything we have read for a long time.)

## THE EAGLE'S TALON.

By GEORGES OHNET. Adapted from the French by HELEN  
MAYER. With 16 Illustrations by A. DE PARVY. 6s  
(Putnam)

"The Eagle's Talon" is an interesting novel dealing with the Couan rising during the Consulship of Napoleon Bonaparte. In Brittany the conspiracies of Cadoudal and his followers have been thwarted and betrayed by the Countess de Montmorlan, and when they transfer the scene of their operations to Paris she is again the cause of their ruin. However, the balance is made more even by the fact that the beautiful spy is herself murdered in tragic fashion by one of the Chouans. Many notable and notorious people pass through the pages of a novel which gives a vivid picture of Parisian life—and, incidentally, retells in an interesting manner many of the intrigues of the high society of the Revolution period.

## AVANTI!

### A Tale of the Resurrection of Sicily

By JAMES M. LUDLOW. 4s 6d net (Revell)

Dr James M. Ludlow has been very popular in the United States as a writer of historical romances, many of which deal with the lands of the Mediterranean. His tale of the Garibaldian uprising in Sicily in 1860 has all the elements of a popular success. There are colour, movement and excitement in abundance. The villains of the Bourbon Court are painted with gusto, charming men of great beauty set out on daring adventures. There is all that a hero should be. The general effect is to give the reader a clear and picturesque view of a fine and stirring event in modern history, about which most persons have little knowledge. The drawing of the characters is of the bold, summary melodramatic kind, but it is all very well done in its way.

## MY DOG.

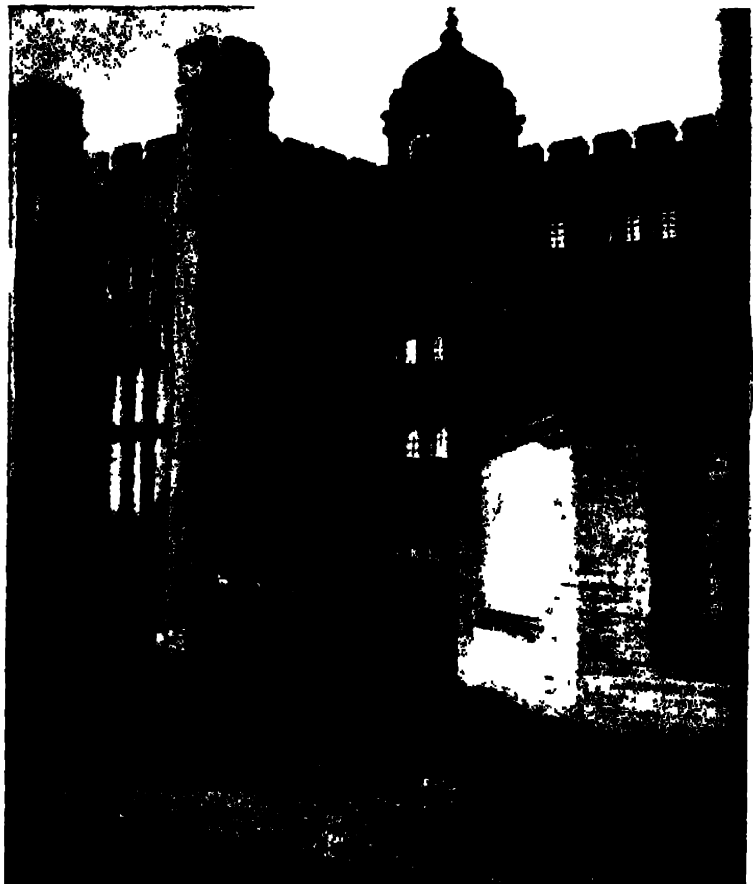
By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by A.  
TEIXEIRA DE MATTO. With Illustrations in  
Colour by CECIL ALDIN. 3s 6d net (George  
Allen & Co)

There are just a few persons who can write of a dog, and M. Maeterlinck is one of them. He has observed his little bull-dog, Pelléas, minutely from the outside, human point of view, but, also, he seems able to see life through the eyes of Pelléas and his kind. "I have lost," he says, "within these last few days, a little bull-dog. He had just completed the sixth month of his brief existence. He had no history. His intelligent eyes opened to look out upon the world, to love mankind, then closed again on the cruel secrets of death." With kindly, intimate charm M. Maeterlinck shows us the thoughts, the youth, the days and the nights of little Pelléas—it is all so simple, so natural, so unadventurous, yet so delightfully written. He says, and truly, "We are alone, absolutely alone, on this chance planet, and amid all the forms of life that surround us, not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us." The book is a little gem, and Mr Cecil Aldin has enhanced it by his bold, clever effective coloured plates of Pelléas at intervals in his short life. The plump little bull-pup lives for us, author and artist have given him personality. Our only quarrel is with the fact that this book, published with coloured illustrations seven years ago, should be presented again now with no word to say that it is a reprint.



From Tom Brown's School Days  
(Sidgwick & Jackson)

QUEEN ADELAIDE AT THE  
FOOTBALL MATCH AT  
RUGBY, OCTOBER, 1888.



From Tom Brown's School Days  
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE  
FROM THE GLOBE.



From *Railway Wonders of the World*  
(Cassell)

THE "FAST DENVER LIMITED," CLIMBING SOLDIER  
SUMMIT IN THE WASATCH MOUNTAINS, UTAH.

## **RAILWAY WONDERS OF THE WORLD.**

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT With 12 Coloured Plates and many Illustrations from Photographs 10s 6d net (Cassell)

"No invention," says Mr Talbot, "since the march of civilisation began has changed the way of the world so completely as that of George Stephenson. No other production of the human brain has introduced such a powerful force of conquest, development, expansion, and settlement as the railway." These are big words, no doubt, but there can be little question as to their truth—and even less so after you have read this book. Mr Talbot is an authority upon subjects of this nature, and he has always written particularly well about railways. In them, indeed, is embodied the new Romance—a fact which, for some reason or other, boys seem to appreciate more readily than their seniors. And, perhaps, it is to boys that this book will make its strongest appeal. The production of the volumes is most elaborate, and the photographs—of which there are a very large number—are both interesting and exceedingly well printed.

## **THINGS TO MAKE.**

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS With Frontispiece and 193 Illustrations in the Text 9 6d (Nelson)

Perhaps nobody knows better how to write a book of this sort than does Mr Archibald Williams. His directions are always so clear, so concisely worded, and so



From *Things to Make*  
(Nelson)

LARGE MODEL LOCOMOTIVE BUILT FOR  
ONE OF THE ROYAL PRINCES OF SIAM  
BY MESSRS. BASSETT-LOWKE, LIMITED.  
(The "Daily Mirror")

admirably simple, that the veriest tyro has no difficulty whatever in understanding them. In the present volume, Mr Williams suggests the manufacture at home of an enormously varied number of objects, from a handy book-stand and a house ladder to wrestling puppets and a self-supplying matchbox, or from an electric alarm clock to a miniature gasworks. It is all very wonderful! And wonderfully well explained.

## **THE BOYS' BOOK OF STAMP COLLECTING**

By DOUGLAS B. ARMSTRONG With many Illustrations 6s (Grant Richards)

The youthful philatelist will find Mr Armstrong a thoroughly experienced and entertaining guide, and his well illustrated volume an invaluable handbook on a fascinating hobby.



From *The Worker's Daily Round*  
(Routledge).

THE SIGNALMAN.



## THE WORKER'S DAILY ROUND.

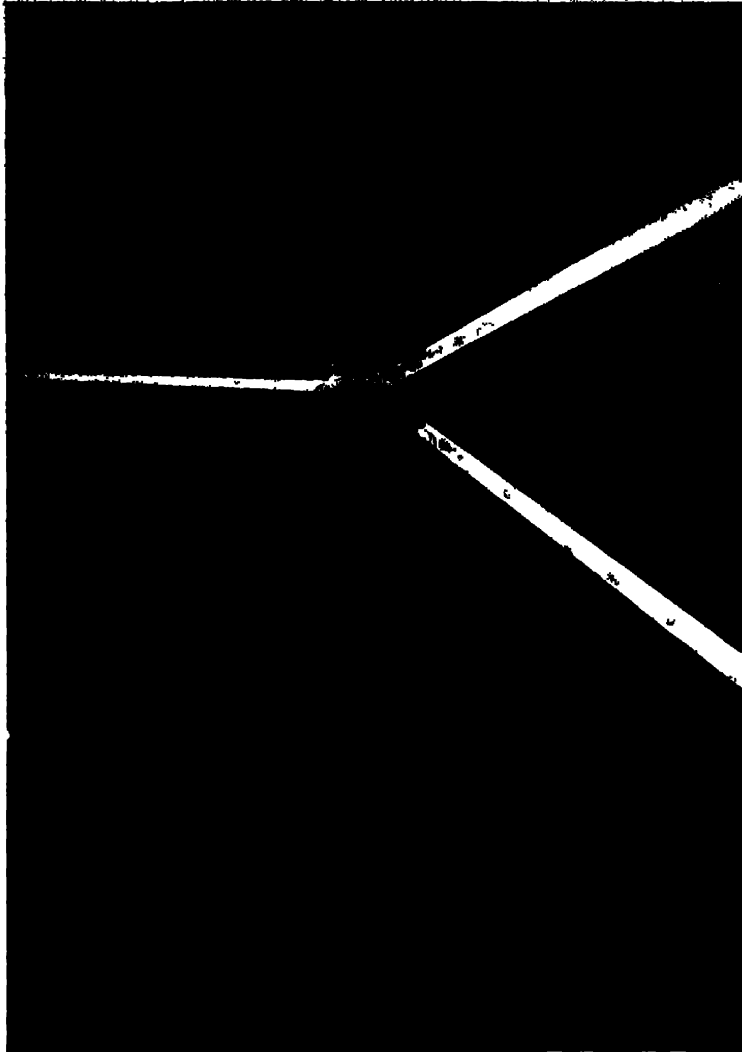
By CHARLES WATNEY and JAMES A. LITTLE 5s. Illustrated. (Routledge)

It was a happy idea which inspired the authors of this nicely-produced book, and the volume might be read with profit not only by children, for whom it is apparently intended, but also by the vast multitude of people who go about their daily work blind to the romance which really invests even the most commonplace objects and incidents of life. The authors had to take a journey one day from London to the North, and they decided to look a little below the surface of things, and enter, by enquiry and imagination, into the lives of each of the many different types of workers whom they encountered on the way, from the taxi-cab driver who drove them to the station, and the porter who hurled their luggage into the van, to the ploughman at his toil upon the sunny uplands along which their train speeded, and so at length to the pleasant little waitress who gave them the warm and refreshing cup of tea at their journey's end. Altogether the lives of twenty-four different workers are depicted, with just enough information to instruct without tediousness, and in a manner calculated to awaken in the young that sympathy with all types of humanity which, more and more, will come to be regarded as the first essential in any campaign of social reform.

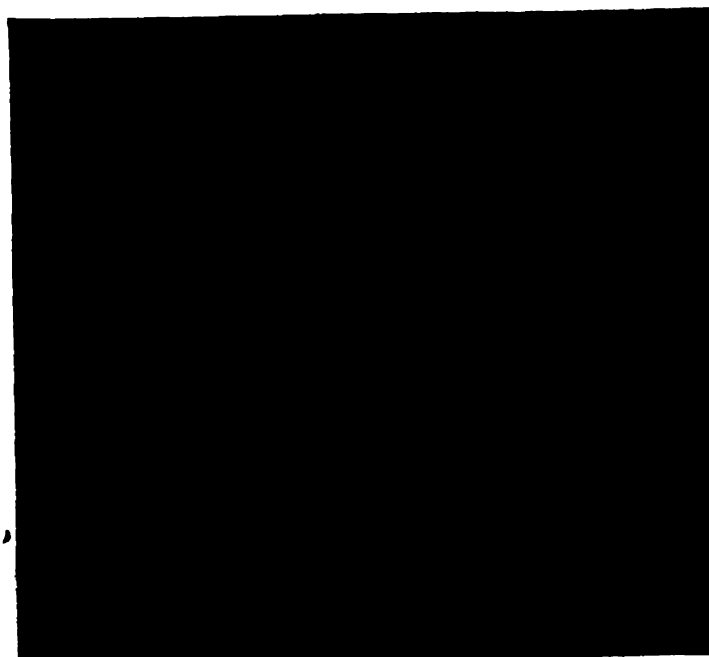
## THE GAME FISHES OF THE WORLD.

By CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, LL.D. Illustrated. 20s. net (Hodder & Stoughton)

Dr. Holder has written a most fascinating book. At first glance we supposed it was purely "fishy," in the sense that only anglers would be attracted to it. But on



Frontispiece to *Lightships and Lighthouses*  
(Hesemann)



From *Astronomy Simplified*  
(James Clarke).

JUPITER.  
Showing belts of cloud, Red Spot (on left), and  
Black round shadow of satellite (on right).  
Photographed at the Lick Observatory.

the whole we are satisfied that it will also greatly charm the general reader, whose tastes are catholic. The survey is wide—no fewer than ninety-two rivers and fifty-five lakes are mentioned—and though the vogue of the book will naturally be greater in the United Kingdom and the United States than elsewhere, it must find a place on the shelves of the educated angler in whatever part of the world he resides. For us in Great Britain it is a matter of pride that so great an authority should find the British angler no less admirable than his rivers are beautiful. But, after all, Dr Holder is almost one of us. Though he dates from Pasadena in California, the frontispiece shows him salmon-fishing on an English river, as becomes a good fisherman whose seventh great-grandfather was a fighting parson in the army of Cromwell. It was on the Tweed, too, that Dr Holder cast his first salmon fly:

"O the Tweed! the bonnie  
I weed!

"O' rivers it's the best,  
Angle here, or angle there,  
I foots are coming every-  
where,  
Angle east or west."

Or he is on the Bible, and recalling the quaint old custom of "Salmon Sunday" (about November 20th), when thousands of people make a pilgrimage to watch the last run of the salmon under Poythorne Bridge, to the delight of the inhabitants, and the joy of the innkeepers. Again, he is talking of India, the mahseer and the hibernating murrel; or taking us in spirit on the Florida reef at night with the tarpon. To the swordfish of Santa Catalina he gives the palm as the finest big game fish in the world, all things considered—strength, endurance, and spectacular characteristics. But the tuna is marvellous, and in the last fifteen years not more than seventy men in the world have succeeded in taking a leaping tuna of

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From Where He Dwelt  
(Sampson Low)

THE RIVER JORDAN



From Where He Dwelt  
(Sampson Low).

THE GOLDEN GATE  
AND TEMPLE WALL

### WHERE HE DWELT. MIND PICTURES OF PALESTINE.

By ALFRED I. SCHOFIELD Illustrated by Views taken  
for this Book 1s 6d net (Sampson Low, Marston  
& Co.)

We have seldom met a more vivid picture of the Holy Land than Mr Schofield has given with pen and illustration in this volume. It is not by self-conscious word-painting that he has achieved this result, but by his quiet descriptions of scenes, and comparisons with the Bible stories. His simple sentences become arresting, the years seem to fall away, and the life of both Old and New Testaments seem to move before us.

"Jaffa is entered by a slit in the wall about six feet square, through this small opening, tourists, pilgrims, Pashas, negroes, Arabs, to say nothing of camels, mules, and asses, and every sort of produce, have passed in and out from time immemorial." "We climb the foothills dividing Philistia from the Holy Land, the country of Samson from that of Christ. The whole gorge is gay with the rock-cystus, the Rose of Sharon, which, curiously enough, is white, while the lily of the valley is a scarlet anemone. Here we take a last look at the gorgeous scene we are exchanging for the barren hill-country of Judaea." As I stood in Rahab's room, I could see where she bound the scarlet cord as evidence of her faith in Jehovah and where she let the spies down into the moat from her window. The illustrations in the volume by their actuality increase the impression of reality and nearness of the

Stories of Elizabethan Heroes - SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE  
(Seeley) AND THE "REVENGE"



From The Great Armada  
(Nelson)  
(Drawn from the tapestry hangings in the  
Old House of Lords.)

THE FLAGSHIP OF THE GUYPUSCOAN  
SQUADRON FIRED AND TAKEN BY THE  
ENGLISH.  
The rest of the Armada continue their course in  
the form of a half-moon. Off the Isle of Port-  
land, both fleets come to an engagement.

Bible scenes. Mr. Schofield in his first chapter speaks of the amazing fact that so many travellers spend months within a few hours of Palestine yet return home without visiting it. His book is excellent in idea and its idea is so well carried out that it should do much to end that neglect of Palestine to which it refers.

### THE SALMON RIVERS OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

By AUGUSTUS GRIMBLE  
Illustrated 75 6d net  
(Kegan Paul)

Mr Grimble is a prolific and well-known writer upon sporting subjects, and he has produced an interesting, and we



Red Wrath (Hodder & Stoughton).

ES BETWEEN BROW AND CHEEK"



From A Venetian June  
(Putnam)

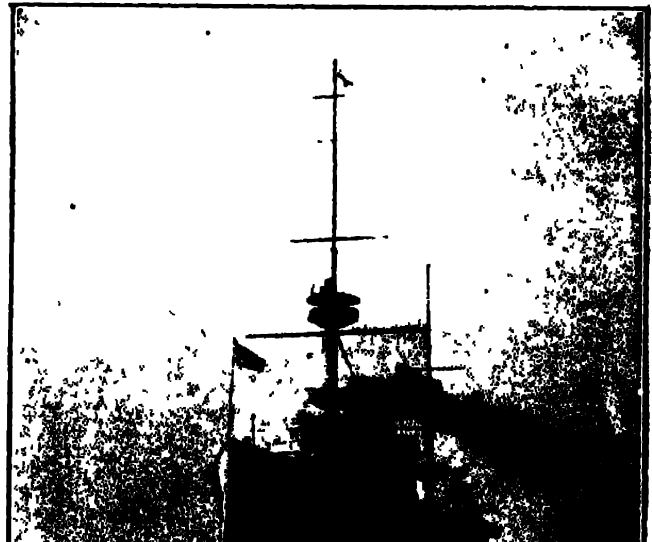
"MAY WATCHED THE  
WATER-LOGGED CRAFT  
AS IT VANISHED UNDER  
A DISTANT BRIDGE."

think, a useful book upon the subject. Salmon fishing it must be admitted is a sport which can be indulged in by comparatively few, at least in this country. We remember a friend who is a great salmon fisher once telling us that every fish that he landed during one season, when he had rented a small portion of a well-known salmon stream, cost him £10. Mr Grimble has dealt in his book with the history of the different rivers for a period of more than fifty years past, and he draws particular attention to the fact that a large number of fishermen yearly seek sport at heavy expense in Scotch or Irish streams only to find their hopes of a big catch or even an interesting time unfulfilled, whilst within a few hours travel of their own doors better sport might have been obtained at far less cost in the, perhaps, less-famous streams of England and Wales. The author has done his work systematically and with praiseworthy thoroughness. This no doubt accounts for the fact that two editions of his book, first issued in two volumes in 1904, have been called for, although the subject is one of interest to a somewhat limited public. One of the most interesting chapters in the book is devoted to the famous Hampshire fishery in the Avon and the Stour. Christchurch salmon is known all over the kingdom for its excellence. It is perhaps a pity that the tables in this chapter, as in some others, do not come down to a later period than a decade ago, and more care should have been taken with the proof sheets. We cannot imagine that Mr. Grimble spells Poole, without the "c" from ignorance, to mention only one slip. The book will be both useful and interesting to salmon fishers, and the numerous reproductions from photographs add to its value.

### STORIES OF ELIZABETHAN HEROES.

By EDWARD GILLIAT Illustrated 5s (Seeley)

I suppose that "Stories of Elizabethan Heroes" ought properly to come under the heading of that class of improving literature which stern parents present to their boys from wrong-headed motives. But this would be far from a fair estimate of this really admirable volume, which gives boys exactly what they like. There are no heroes like the Elizabethan heroes. Even Nelson—perhaps because of his somewhat dramatic vein—is not so much beloved as Drake, and Hawkins, and Frobisher, and Sir Richard Grenville. And here in this book the author



From Flagships Three  
(Aldon Rivers).

THE SECOND FLAGSHIP  
(H.M.S. "POWERFUL")



*Frontispiece to Shakespeare's Hamlet—The Cinema Books, No. 1  
(Stanley Paul).*

"GIVE O'ER THE PLAY."

makes these heroes live again. A sense of historical perspective causes him to throw in now and again a remark which lets the reader see that it is not always easy for him to figure these Elizabethan giants as untarnished heroes, but his boy readers will probably miss these allusions, and worship as they always have worshipped. He deals altogether with ten of the heroic figures, telling the story of their lives and adventures in good, vivid style, and he has a most excellent chapter on the Elizabethan world, which depicts the scene in which these great parts were played. His story of the Armada, which has necessarily to be told more than once, is exceedingly well done.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET:

*The Story of the Play. With 55 illustrations taken from the Cinematograph Film showing Sir J. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott and their Company from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 18 net (Stanley Paul)*

The interest of this



*From In Spain with Peggy  
(Lawrie).*

THE GYPSIES. "THEY WERE  
SEVEN IN NUMBER."

re-telling of the story of Hamlet lies in the fine series of photographs that illustrate it. As a record of acting the cinematograph film is interesting but curiously unconvincing. After having seen both the film and this book we have come to the conclusion that there is more passion in a stationary than in a moving photograph. Why this should be it would be very difficult to say and the explanation is entirely beyond our powers. In fact, for our part, we would much rather have this book than see the film again. But that is only a personal opinion. Anyhow, both book and film have value in that they indicate the methods—though neither can give the remotest hint of the charm—of the most distinguished Hamlet of our generation. The text which accompanies the pictures is quite harmless; there is not enough space for it to be anything more. The picture is the thing in this book, and each one of the fifty-five is a very good thing, too.

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



Whose Christmas novel *The Honourable Mr. Lawwash is revs*  
(Photo by W. Hornby Morris)  
(Sampson Low)

### FIGURE SKATING IN THE ENGLISH STYLE.

By HENRIETTA H. COBB (Ivelagh Nash)

We were about to maintain that the skater is born and not made, but without going quite so far as that, perhaps we may venture the proposition that no one can attain to real proficiency who has not acquired the art in very early years. Thus acquired, it would seem to be an art that never can be quite lost again. After years of abstinence put on a pair of skates once more and you strike out instinctively with the swinging balance familiar to you in the days of old youth skating days of yore in bonnie Scotland when the ring of the steel woke the echoes over the frozen lowland waters! Old folk used to take winters as they could get them home grown the country wrapped in its mantle of snow the cheery music of the steel and merry laughter from the lake where the darkness was swept clear the grey winters lay the keen cold air the exhilaration and the gay vitality. To day young folk fare forth to Switzerland for winter sports. Let them take in their American grips Mr Cobb's guide to Figure Skating! They will find it a manual strictly business like, admirably illustrated and entirely to the purpose.

### RAMBLES AMONG THE FLOWERS

By T. CARRERAS With 4 (coloured and 1 Black and White Plates and 14) Illustrations in the text (Jarrold)

It is the purpose of the present volume says the author to give the young Rambler in

the country some insight into the details of the lives of the floral treasures of the land in which he lives, and by causing him to examine them with care and thoughtfulness make his walks abroad of greater interest than otherwise would be the case. No writer is better fitted to fulfil this purpose than Mr Carreras whose admirable work we have often had occasion to praise before this, and we can recommend *Rambles among the Flowers* very strongly. It is an excellent piece of work well and remarkably fully illustrated.

### THE SCOUT'S BOOK OF BIRDS.

By OLIVER G. PIKE F.R.S. FR.P.S. With 1 frontispiece in colour and 42 illustrations from Photographs by the Author 2s 6d net (Jarrold)

Mr Oliver G. Pike the distinguished naturalist, here turns his attention to the needs of the Boy Scouts and teaches them a series of charming little



From *Figure Skating in the English Style*  
(Nash)

FORWARD OUTSIDE THREE  
(C TURN) (RIGHT FOOT)  
(Photo W. H. Cadby)



Whose new book of essays *Confessions of a Book Lover*, was reviewed in last month's *BOOKMAN*  
(Kelly)

MR E. WALTER WALTERS

lessons about birds and their ways. The *Scout's Book of Birds* is admirably adapted for its purpose, but at the same time it will be a pity if the general public cannot be brought to realise that the book is just as suitable for their reading as for that of the Boy Scouts. It is in fact an excellent and handy guide to the most important British birds and it is extremely well illustrated with photographs from life of the kind that only Mr Pike knows how to take.

### CASSELL'S NATURAL HISTORY

By I. MARTIN DUNCAN F.R.P.S.  
I.R.M.S. Illustrated 2s net (Cassell)

The aim of this elaborate and imposing volume is to set before the reader in simple and on the whole non-technical language the wonderful story of the evolution of animal life from the simplest unicellular organism to the most complex

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

type It is a broad survey of the animal kingdom, the most typical creatures and characteristic phases being considered. In itself it is a fascinating study, raising profoundly interesting considerations. It is obvious that Mr. Duncan feels the fascination from first to last, though he suggests rather than expresses his enthusiasm for the most part, keeping steadily to his avowed object of widening the way of knowledge in an ordered and helpful way. The work, which is eminently clear and straightforward, has manifold attractions, as indeed a spacious romance of nature, and ought to find a host of friends, especially amongst young readers for whom it opens gates of wonderland.



Cassell's Natural History  
(Cassell)

YOUNG MALE AND FEMALE  
CHIMPANZEE.

handy Lotus Library. Our purpose in writing this brief note is more to call attention to the Lotus Library than to one of the best of the several excellent romances that have been issued under its aegis. The Library consists almost entirely of translations of books which have had a success on the Continent and which therefore seem to warrant translation. We are glad to hear that the format of the Library is to be retained and that no increase will be made in the price.

### COUNT BRÜHL.

By JOSEPH KRASZLWSKI. Translated by the COUNT DE SOISSONS. With Frontispiece. 15. 6d net and 25 net (Greening.)

Of course, "Count Brühl" is already pretty widely known, and we understand that a large number of copies of it have been sold since it was issued in Messrs. Greening's

### THE CORNISH COAST AND MOORS

By A. G. FOLHOTT-STOKES. New and Cheaper Edition. With 162 Illustrations. 5s net (Greening.)

Enthusiasm is a fine thing, even in guide-books. Mr. Folhott-Stokes has written a guide-book, a veritable "Key to the Wild," and imbued it with enthusiasm. The work is one that can be read at one's ease by the cosy winter fire, meanwhile one makes plans for one's next tour of the Duchy, finding stimulus not only in the narrative but also in the photographs, which are admirable in themselves as they are admirably chosen. Lovers of Cornwall will be grateful for this edition which is cheap in but one sense—the price is quite remarkably small. There is a full glossary of Cornish names, together with a capital index.



From The Scout's Book of Birds  
(Jarrold)

LITTLE GREBE SETTLING  
DOWN UPON ITS NEST.



Frontispiece to Count Brühl (The  
Lotus Library)  
(Greening).

"THEY PUSHED ON AT  
A 'SMART TROT.'"



From **Wild Animals of Yesterday  
and To-day**  
(Partridge)

**THE LION'S DEATHBED.**  
'His last days are rendered miserable by  
the skulking brutes which eagerly

to pass in review the animals which have been exterminated completely since the dawn of history; to say something about our fight with the other animals, and their more or less inevitable defeat and expulsion, and also, on the other hand, to give humanity due credit for its action as preserver and distributor, by domestication or otherwise, of certain creatures." Mr Finn has something to say about the future, as well as about the past and present. It is intensely interesting to learn clear, well-told details of the Mammoth, the Sea-Cow, the Megatherium and the Quagga, for instance, but it is even more interesting to read Mr Finn's remarks upon the preservation and increase of the animals not yet extinct. This book is written in vigorous style, and plain criticism is given of people who grieve over the extermination of species, yet take no steps to prevent it, and even disapprove if someone else tries to do so. The illustrations are good and help us to realise some of the creatures we have lost for ever as well as those that are still with us.

### **INSECT BIOGRAPHIES WITH PEN AND CAMERA.**

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S. With End Papers, 12 Plates, and 139 other Illustrations from Photographs and Photo-Micrographs by the Author 6s net (Jarrold)

We hope we are not belittling Mr Ward's powers as a writer unduly by saying that this book probably owes its existence to the remarkable series of photographs which it contains. Not only are these latter given in unusual abundance, but almost every one of them is extraordinary. Even more eloquently than the text do they bear witness to Mr Ward's patience and his devotion to the science of entomology. Every one of them, we are assured, was taken out-of-doors with the insect which forms its subject in its natural conditions—and this we can well believe. The book is remarkable value for its pictures alone. The text is naturally less striking, but Mr Ward knows his subject most thoroughly, and is always clear, concise and interesting.

### **WILD ANIMALS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.**

By FRANK FINN B.A., F.Z.S. Illustrated in Colour and Black-and-White by C. L. SWA (Partridge)

The scope of this well-written book is, to use its author's own words, to have "a sort of popular zoological stock-taking, as far as the higher land animals are concerned



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"APPETISING."  
From the Painting by E. Ladell, in the  
possession of Messrs. Pears.



**THE SPIDER'S BEAUTIFULLY-CONSTRUCTED SNARE.**  
From **Insect Biographies with Pen and Camera**  
(Jarrold).

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

### AN ENGLISH GIRL IN TOKYO.

By TERESA EDEN RICHARDSON Illustrated in Colour.  
2s net (Heath, Cranton & Ouseley)

Certain books, from start to finish, would seem to have been constructed solely under the dictates of that nebulous Young Person who presides over the destinies of English literature. Of course, the interests of the school-girl, flapper, *backfisch*, call her what you will, predominate in nearly all that we peruse, but the author of "An English Girl in Tokyo" has adopted, throughout, the plane and point of view peculiar to the maiden of bashful fifteen, and none other. Miss Richardson has provided for that damsel in three-fold manner: first, by a little information as regards Japanese history, politics, and educational methods; secondly, by a dum religious flavouring. Thirdly, by the mildest and most impersonal love-story that ever was depicted by a brush dipped in heavily-diluted Payne's-Grey or some such innocuous pigment. To be serious, this little book is too unabashedly didactic on the one hand, and too vaguely uneventful on the other, to appeal to any grown-up reader. Yet the Young Person aforesaid will not only derive instruction from its pages, but will probably pronounce it "a sweet tale" by reason of its prodigal sentiment. At any rate, it has the merit of some novelty in *mise-en-scene* and the immense success of such Japanese studies as "Little Sister Snow" and "The Lady of the Decoration," does not preclude the possibility of a minor success for books of a less notable calibre.

### LET ME EXPLAIN.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS Illustrated 6s (Wells Gardner)

Until Mr Archibald Williams' book has been seen and read, it seems difficult to believe that so much useful information can be packed into less than four hundred pages. Almost everything a boy could wish to know may be found in "Let me Explain." There is exhaustive information on a host of subjects— aeroplanes, motor cars, wireless telegraphy, the kinematograph, steam engines, and many other things than seem so bewilderingly mysterious and wonderful to the uninitiated—and are



From Let Me Explain  
(Wells Gardner)

FELLING A GIANTIC FIR  
IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.



From An English Girl in Tokyo  
(Heath, Cranton and Ouseley).

indeed every bit as wonderful as they seem. The author gives detailed descriptions of works and mechanisms and his explanations are as clear as they are concise, providing, with over 150 sketches, diagrams and photographs, one of the most interesting, as well as the most instructive of this season's publications. It is a veritable mine of knowledge, and every ordinarily intelligent and healthy-minded boy will revel in the task of digging out the many remarkable and helpful facts embodied in the pages of "Let Me Explain." For reference it will prove an invaluable friend to keep always handy, and boys will not need the novel competition with its substantial prizes, to urge them to read the contents of the book from start to finish.

### RUBBER AND RUBBER PLANTING

By R. H. LOCK, Sc. D. With 10 Plates and 18 Illustrations in the Text 5s net (Cambridge University Press.)

In this particular case it is decidedly unfortunate that THE BOOKMAN is not a financial paper. If it had been, our special expert would have been turned loose upon Mr. Lock's book—much to the edification of our readers. But as it is, "Rubber and Rubber Planting" has come into the hands of an ignoramus, who, however, has at least read it with much interest. It is quite easy to understand, and, in its way, it seems to be unusually well written, while some of the illustrations are quite fascinating. It is topical, and it seems probable that a book of this description, written by a gentleman of an unbiassed turn of mind, has been wanted for some time. That, we fear, is about all that we can say. Except that there is probably one harmless reviewer who knows as much about rubber as any stock jobber who has not read "Rubber and Rubber Planting."



## NOVEMBER JOE.

By HESKETH PRITCHARD.  
6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

November Joe is a Sherlock Holmes of the woods, and this volume of his exploits in the wilder parts and among the wilder inhabitants of Canada has in it a quality of freshness and mental alertness that lifts it easily above the current stream of detective fiction. When you hear November Joe's name for the first time you may easily fall into the same error as Linda Peterham, who had a vision of "a wintry-looking old man, with a grey goatee and piercing eyes." This however, was not the man she was destined to fall in love with, for November Joe proves to be a youthful woodman of fine features and proportions, somewhat illiterate, and addicted to the drinking of tea and the crooning of sentimental songs. His powers of observation and deduction are



Frontispiece to November Joe  
(Hodder & Stoughton)

NOVEMBER JOE.

## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913

little short of marvellous. Take for example the murder at Big Tree Portage, which Joe is investigating in the company of Quaritch, a wealthy sportsman. The two have struck the site of a deserted camp, and while Quaritch can only suggest that two men had slept there under one tent cover, Joe's swift eye and brain are making the following deductions "That the man who killed Lyon is thick-set and very strong, that he has been a good while in the woods without having gone to a settlement, that he owns a blunt hatchet, such as we wood chaps call 'toma-hawk, No 3', that he killed a moose last week, that he can read, that he spent the night before the murder in great trouble of mind, and that likely he was a religious kind of chap." Of course, and here is the baffling charm of the book, the clues are "plump simple" and obvious enough once they are illuminated by the clear



From Rubber and Rubber Planting  
(Cambridge University Press).

TAPPING WILD "HEVEA"



From With Hunter, Trapper,  
and Scout  
(Holden & Hardingham)

"TWIXT BLOOD AND FIRE."

# THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



From Ulster Folklore  
(Illustration 1)

GREY MAN'S PATH FAIR HEAD  
(Illustration 1 with)



From the story of A Muslim Sir Galahad  
(Illustration H R C C)

SELIM

thinking and native cunning of November Joe. A wide variety of crimes are investigated in the course of the novel ranging in character from the blackmailing of a millionaire to the killing of a fox farmer's island. Mr. Hesketh's Irish readers will rejoice to learn that neither the love of a woman nor the lure of a thousand dollars a month offered by the New York police can tempt November Joe to forsake his beloved will. We must be a more of this original and fascinating hero.

## ULSTER FOLKLORE

By ELIZABETH ANDREWS  
Illustrated (Illustration 1)

Fables of the little people possess a perennial charm but few who revel in them know that these stories have descended to us from days when a dwarf race of troglodytes similar to the Pygmies of Central Africa or the Lapps or Finns of Northern Europe was in existence in these islands making raids and carrying off men women and



1. in Rome versus Jesus  
(Illustration 1)

ST PETER  
Bronze statue of the fifth century in the Basilica of St Peter Rome

children captives. Many primitive beliefs have gathered round the furies, their magic power of rendering themselves invisible, of bringing disease to cattle and human beings. Belief in the fury changeling has led to terrible acts of cruelty one occurring in the South of Ireland quite recently. The tales here told of the wee folk are not peculiar to Ulster or Donegal. In slightly different guise they are familiar in various localities and various countries. Stevenson in one of his poems relates the tragic tale of the last two Picts, father and son with whom pushed the secret of the heather ale. The same legend is current in Down, Antrim Londonderry and Kerry but in these places the makers of the heather ale were Dances. The authoress writes in the most interesting fashion of fauns and their dwelling-places Dances and Pechs, rats and souterrains, the folklore connected with Ulster and Donegal giants and dwarfs and devotes a chapter to the traditions of dwarf races in Ireland and Switzerland.

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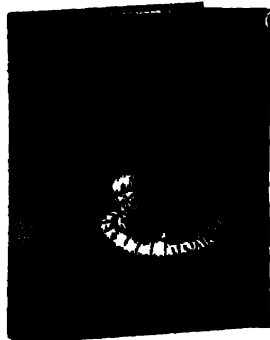
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## CLAIRDELUNE

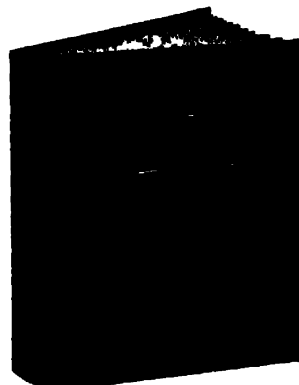
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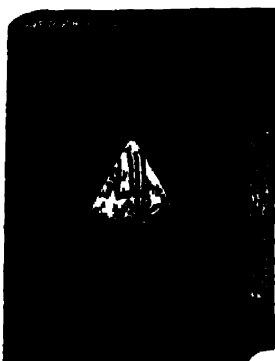
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## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1913



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(Stanley Paul)

"THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS  
HAD AGED HIM"

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This is a true story of Islam in Turkey, of the "man with a black hat and a white life," who bears the gospel message to the Eastern world. Selim is the son of a Kurdish chief, with a soul which spurns the paternal request that he should take to night robbery for a trade, and be rich. His resolve is made after he has witnessed a man searching for a lost sheep and leaving his father to die alone on the road. "Betterment," said Selim, "cannot spring from such people as ours. Somewhere other believers must have received wisdom from God to know how they ought to behave. I cannot stand hesitating between Try and Give up. Somewhere there must be those who will not think it wrong for me to seek God's wisdom. I will search until I find." The parents vainly think to divert him by offering him a wife. Selim's quest is arduous. He becomes a student in a

seminary, joins an order of Dervishes, is left stripped on a mountain road, he is in turn a teacher and a public scribe; his father curses him, his tribesmen gnash their teeth at his name. But, aided by the Protestant deacon Suleiba at Mosul, he wins through, and we leave him in a snug little room in Constantinople, translating the Bible, which is one day to go forth to his kinsmen in the fastnesses—the first Kurdish book to be printed. The story is marked by a fine sincerity, as well as unconventionality of treatment.

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### THE LEAGUE OF ST LOUIS

By DAVID WHITELAW. 6s (Hodder & Stoughton)

The teller of this story is a journalist who is interested in the period commencing with the year 'eighty-two and covering the Terror. Strolling down the rue Victor Masse one cold April night he was the means of saving Edouard Clun Gressier from death



Frontispiece to The League of St. Louis (Hodder & Stoughton).

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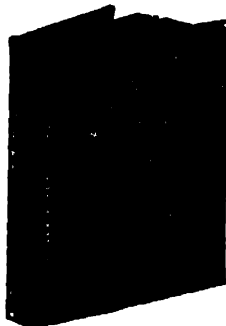
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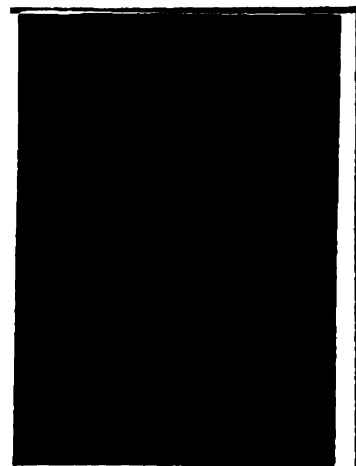
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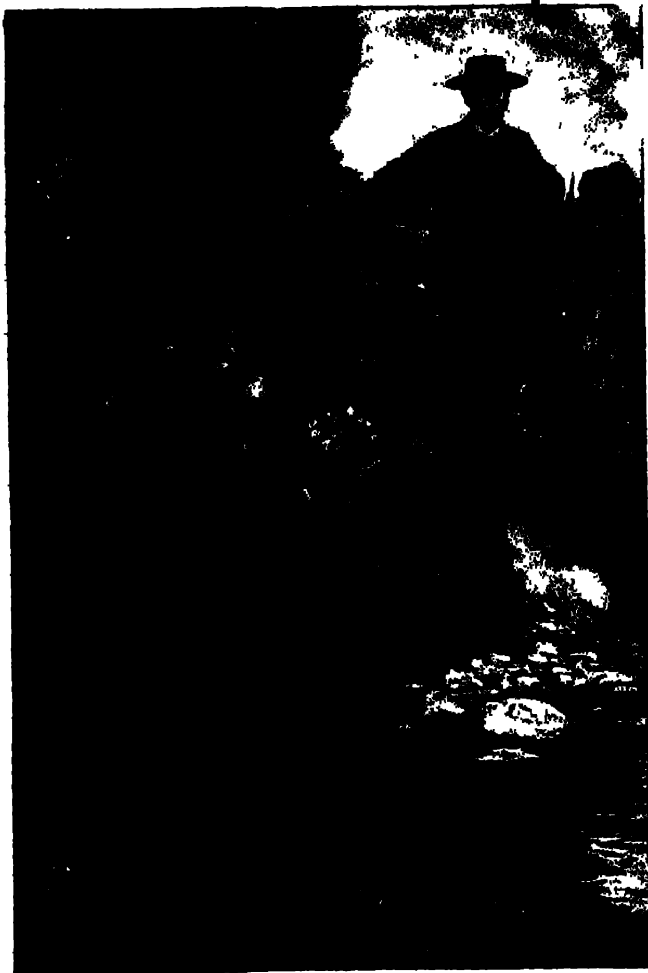


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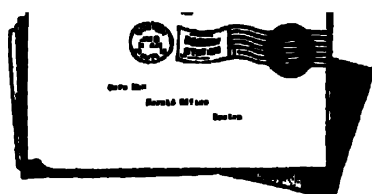
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day, ye didna seem to ha'e caught

ing the best from  
the old gleaners,  
has added to them  
lavishly from his  
own abundant  
store. There is  
not one but what  
is worth retelling  
many times. Deal-  
ing as he does with  
the humour of old  
Scotch divines, the  
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drinking, the  
thistle and the  
rose, of the humour  
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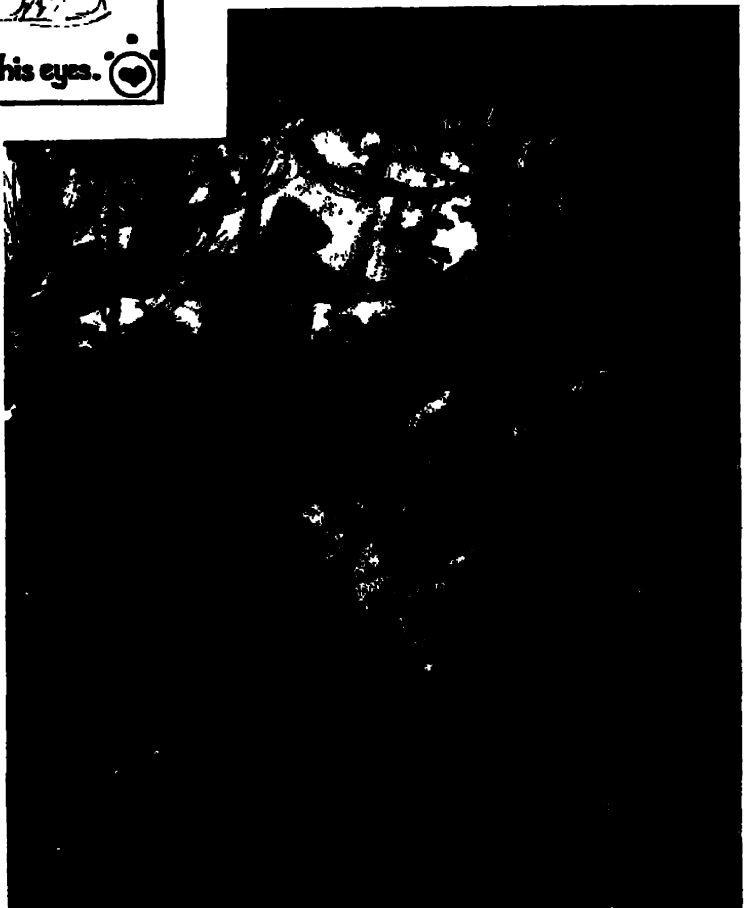
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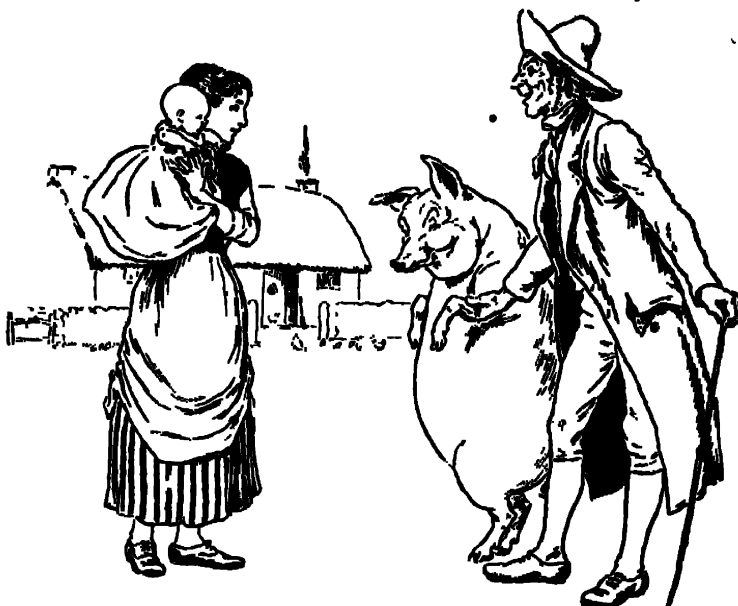
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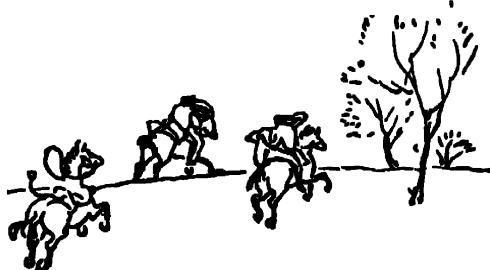
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HE CHOSE THE WOODEN BRIDGE

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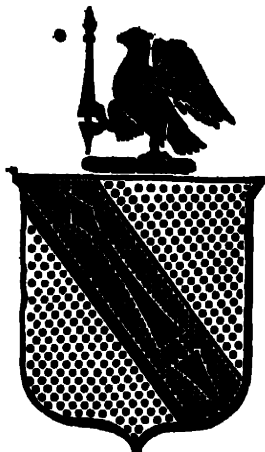
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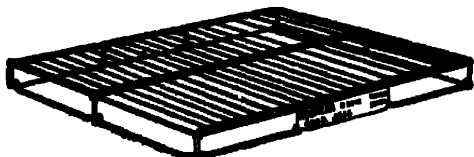
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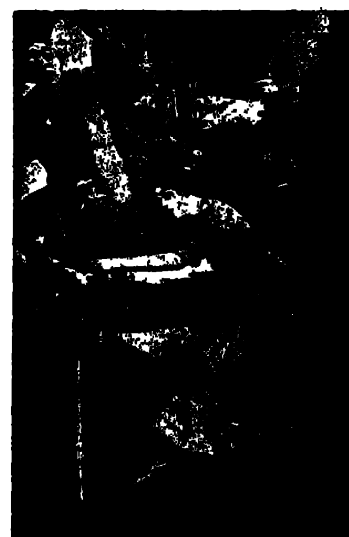
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